My Good Boy, Go to Sleep
by Yatzstar

Summary

The Child has a nightmare, something the Mandalorian knows well and tries to remedy.

Notes

Yes I know I used a variation of this lullaby in another story, but it fits well for fluff in this context so sue me. The lullaby in this story (and the other one) does not belong to me. It belongs to Anne Elisabeth Stengl and the Tales of Goldstone Wood series! If you like fantasy you should read that series because I love it so much I have to incorporate things from it into my fanfiction <3

The Mandalorian felt he made a mistake by letting the kid sleep with him on his bunk. Ever since he allowed it once, the kid would not stay in the bed in the cockpit. He had tried everything to keep him there, including locking the doors, but the kid seemed to defy every attempt. No matter what, he woke up in the middle of the night with a small ball of warmth on his chest.

Why the kid was so intent on being with him while he slept was a mystery to the bounty hunter. He was already with him every waking hour, so why did sleep matter?

His answer came in the darkness one night after another failed attempt at finding a safe place to hide. He woke with a jerk. Something had awakened him, and he lay deathly still as he took in everything around him. The faint glow of the ship’s various control panels illuminated most things,
but he could see nothing of consequence. The ship’s low hum remained steady in the background, signaling nothing had upset their drift in space.

Then what was it?

The mystery was solved when a small noise came from the tiny figure curled against his side. He looked down at the Child, having not even considered him in his familiarity. The Child made noise again, a small trilling that sounded suspiciously like a whimper.

The Mandalorian’s heart clenched. He reached up and switched on the light, never taking his eyes off the kid. In the light, he saw that the little one was curled into a tight ball, his face clenched in discomfort and his ears almost flat against his body.

The Mandalorian swallowed, suddenly feeling a sickening wave of guilt for all the times he had tried to get the kid to sleep on his own.

“Hey, kid.” The Mandalorian shook the Child gently. “Wake up, you’re dreaming.”

After a few moments, the Child stirred, eyes opening and ears twitching. He blinked, looking up at the Mandalorian’s face, and for a moment no recognition was in his gaze.

The Mandalorian attempted a slight smile of reassurance. “It’s just me, kid. I know I look different.”

Upon hearing his voice, the Child knew him, and instantly squeezed himself against the man’s chest, clinging to his tunic with a surprisingly strong grip.

Surprised by his strong reaction, the Mandalorian brought a gloved hand up to rest on the Child’s head. “What’s the matter?” As his hand touched the Child, he felt that the little one was trembling.

An uncomfortable feeling rose in his chest. He knew the power and disturbance of dreams well. In the months and years after the raid of his village, he would wake up in a cold sweat most nights, the image of the droid standing over him seared into his mind, and no comfort to be found in the dark.

The Mandalorian gazed at the Child, and saw his own pain reflected. But unlike him, the Child had comfort.

“It’s okay,” he said, making his voice as soothing as possible. “It’s okay. I know...I know what it’s like.” He stroked the Child’s head, and the trembling slowly ceased.

He sat up, gathering the Child in his arms. “You want to go back to sleep?”

The Child whined, looking up at him. His countenance was still fearful, though not as much as it had been.

“You have to go back to sleep ad’ika,” he said firmly. “Staying up all night isn’t any good.”

The Mandalorian sighed. He knew little about getting a child to go to sleep. He had a vague idea that he was supposed to rock them, sing to them, but he knew no songs aside from the bloody ballads composed by the scum of the earth that were guildmembers.

“Come on, there’s nothing to be afraid of,” he told the Child, to no avail. He started to rock him,
wracking his brain for anything else he could do.

A memory stirred, faint through the haze of a childhood long since left behind, but still there just enough. His mother’s fingers ran through his hair as she sat by his bed, and he recalled the words as her lips moved in a song, in a lullaby.

The bounty hunter felt a lump rise in his throat. He had not thought of that, of her, in so long that he had almost forgotten he had used to have a normal life.

He was jerked from his thoughts as the Child moved in his arms, and he looked down at him. The Child whimpered, and the Mandalorian faltered.

Then he sang.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Go to sleep, go to sleep} \\
\text{My good boy, go to sleep.} \\
\text{Where did the songbird go?} \\
\text{Beyond the gardens of the Moon,} \\
\text{Beyond the vistas of the Sun.} \\
\text{Where did the Dara go?} \\
\text{Beyond the Final Water’s waves} \\
\text{To sing before the mighty Throne.} \\
\text{Go to sleep, go to sleep,} \\
\text{My good boy, go to sleep.} \\
\text{Where did my good boy go?} \\
\text{Far across the starry sea,} \\
\text{Then home to me, then home to me.}
\end{align*}
\]

With every word, the memory he held grew stronger and more vivid, and by the end of it something hot was pressing against the backs of his eyes. However, he swiftly quelled any emotion he felt, focusing his attention on the kid in his arms. He seemed to be soothed by the song, his eyes hooded and a small smile on his face.

“You feel better, ad’ika?”

The Child smiled in response, and the man found himself repeating the song, gently rocking him back and forth. His eyelids drooped lower and lower till his tiny body relaxed entirely in sleep. The
Mandalorian laid him on the cot again, curling around him, but it was a while before he too fell back asleep.

The memory had awakened a strange feeling in him. He avoided thinking of his parents often, as emotions were not something to dwell on in his profession, but that had changed since coming across the Child. Memories of them surfaced more and more as he sought guidance on how to take care of the little one. He remembered them as being nothing but loving, which he found hard to replicate after years of emotional repression.

However, this feeling that stirred within him he likened to relief and satisfaction that he had banished the young one’s nightmares. Is that what his mother felt when she sang him back to sleep? Most likely, he reasoned, and he felt he would be following in their footsteps more and more the longer he had the Child.

With all that in mind, he eventually drifted into sleep again, one arm wrapped around the Child.

The Mandalorian took the Child to bed with him the next night, not bothering to attempt to keep him in the cockpit after the events of the night before. He set the Child on the cot and removed his helmet, an action he still hesitated doing in the presence of another.

The Child looked at his face and smiled brightly. The Mandalorian resisted the urge to smile back and set about removing the rest of his armor.

“Go to sleep, ad’ika,” he told the Child. “I’ll be with you in a minute.”

The Child did not move, merely smiling up at him expectantly.

“What?” he groused.

The Child reached his arms towards the bounty hunter, and he sighed wearily, picking him up.

“What is it?”

Little hands reached towards his face, and he resisted the urge to flinch away. They touched his lips gently, and the Child babbled at him.

The Mandalorian realized. “You want me to sing to you?”

The Child just chirped, and he figured that was what he wanted. He sat down, feeling that just like the sleeping arrangements, this would become the routine. But if it kept the nightmares away, he found he didn’t mind at all.

Go to sleep, go to sleep,

My good boy, go to sleep.

Where did my good boy go?

Far across the starry sea,

Then home to me, then home to me.
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