

Space Queer Station
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Chapter I.

Oneshot

ring ring ring

Yul awoke at the sound of her old school vintage alarm clock, today was the day, she graduated from the Federation Space Science Academy yesterday she was officially Dr Yul Klid, PhD in Astrophotometry.

Officially ? Well no she was Dr *deadname* Klid, PhD in Astrophotometry, and it was exhausting, she didn't looked like a girl so she never outed herself to the government and changed name. She was worried, why? No idea bigots were a thing of the past and the Federation had all the necessary medical technology to transition she just... never got the guts to do it and now she will be trapped on a space station more than ten thousands light years from home and will not be able to transition...

Anyway, she had a transport to catch, she listed her checklist for the last time in their head. Her clothes? Check. Her cute clothes she never worned? Check. Diploma? Check. Health supply? Check. Everything is okay and she's ready to take her station at the **cough** the *Deep Space Station for Scientific and Engineering research n°1* it's really a mouthfull.

One suitcase, that's all, all her memories, stories, personnal belongings, clothes, for a *lifetime* was in *one* suitcase. She would like to say goodbye to someone but... no one was left on earth. She had no friends from the Academy, her parents died more than a decade ago, no familly, no one. She could leave Earth and no one would miss her there. She hoped the station was better...

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