

A Battle of Less-Than-Epic Proportions

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A Battle of Less-Than-Epic Proportions

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Summary

Uhura and Kirk have a pokemon battle. Chekov did not get the memo that he is a pokemon.

Notes

Written for Fictober 2022

Day 1: "I chose you."

This is my very first Star Trek fic. It is stupid and the grammar is bad for some reason but I had fun and that's what counts... I think...

If today had been a busier day, Chekov probably would have avoided a visit to sickbay altogether. Unfortunately, it was a very, very quiet day, with the potential for shenanigans buzzing in the air like static electricity, waiting for the perfect moment to discharge.

The potential shenanigans became kinetic shenanigans when, out in the corridor, Uhura rounded a corner and nearly walked right into Kirk, who was heading in the opposite direction. They both sprang back to avoid collision, and their eyes met for just a split second before they both quickly averted their gazes. But a split second was enough.

"Well," Kirk shrugged. "Rules are rules. Hope you're ready for battle!"

"I was born ready." Uhura narrowed her eyes at him and took out her communicator with a dramatic flourish, flipping it open and holding it at the ready.

Kirk mirrored her movements, staring her down. They stood perfectly still, poised waiting for the other to make the first move.

Uhura finally broke the tense stillness by beckoning to Kirk. "After you, Captain," she sneered, oozing confidence.

"Gladly." He responded in kind, and patched his communicator through to the transporter room. "Mr Chekov! I choose you!"

A couple seconds passed before a human form began to materialize between Kirk and Uhura in a shimmering particle beam. He was crouched in a seated position, although no chair was being transported with him. Suddenly finding himself without a chair to support him, Chekov abruptly fell backwards onto the floor with a yelp, sprawling in a rather undignified manner at Kirk's feet.

"What?" Chekov asked, confused and looking around dazed. His face fell when his eyes locked on to the object he had dropped while falling. "My sandwich..." He muttered sadly.

Before he could ask any questions, Kirk dragged him to his feet as Uhura commed the transporter room. "I choose you, Hikaru!" She shouted, and soon Sulu appeared before her. Unlike Chekov, Sulu looked ready for this. And he looked *delighted*.

"My time has come!" Sulu shouted, tearing off his shirt and procuring a sword, seemingly from thin air. He cackled maniacally towards the ceiling.

Chekov spun around from the spectacle and looked at Kirk. "What is going on?"

"Pokemon battle." Kirk said, grabbing Chekov by the shoulders and spinning him back around to face his opponent. "You're fighting Sulu."

Chekov turned around again, looking ever more incredulous. "With what?" He asked, then wondering why his question wasn't 'why?'

Kirk spun him around to face Sulu again. “I dunno, with your fists?”

“Captain, he has a *sword!*”

“Didn’t you bring anything?”

Becoming increasingly more frantic, Chekov babbled in a rush. “Captain I was eating lunch how was I supposed to know I was going to be-”

Uhura clapped her hands loudly, catching everyone's attention. “Are we gonna fight, or what?” She shouted down the corridor at them.

“Yeah!” Kirk shouted back, pushing Chekov towards Sulu. “Chekov! Use... uh... PUNCH OF DOOM!”

Chekov staggered forward, bringing his fists up uncertainly. “Uhhhhhhh,” he droned, walking towards the grinning, sword wielding Sulu. When Chekov was within melee range, he threw a punch at Sulu. There was never a more pathetic punch. The effect that the punch had on his opponent was about equal to being hit with a gently thrown piece of wet spaghetti.

Kirk groaned. “That... wasn’t very effective.”

Uhura grinned, eyes flashing. “Hikaru,” she paused for dramatic effect. “Use EXPLOSIVE LUNGE”

“AaaaaAAAAAHHH,” Chekov screamed as he turned tail, running back to Kirk with a look of sheer terror on his face.

Sulu, with fire in his eyes and the thrill of the hunt writ in his toothy grin, lunged after him. Chekov was no match for Sulu’s alarming swiftness, and in a flash, Sulu had the end of his sabre pressed into Chekov’s shoulder, the flexible, low-carbon steel bowing the blade outward as it stuck. Chekov and Sulu stood frozen in place.

‘That wasn’t so bad,’ Chekov thought. Then, he exploded.

Chekov blinked his eyes open to see three Kirks leaning over him, blurring and shifting in and out of one another. They were saying something to him, but he couldn’t hear anything over sharp ringing in his ears. It didn’t take long before the Kirks consolidated into one, and the ringing softened enough for Chekov to hear voices.

“SUUUUPER EFFECTIIIIIVE,” screamed the delighted voices of Uhura and Sulu from down the hall.

“Chekov! Chekov, answer me, boy!” Kirk was shaking him lightly.

“Captain...” Chekov croaked out. His body felt like mush, and he couldn’t move his arms or legs. He turned his head to one side, and saw that he had landed next to his sandwich.

“Chekov! Why didn’t you come prepared for the fight? Uhura will never let me live down such a humiliating defeat!” Kirk cried.

“Damn right I won’t.” Uhura smirked, appearing in Chekov’s field of view.

“Dammit Chekov!” Kirk pounded a fist on the ground. “I chose you! I... *chose* you.”

While Kirk was wallowing in his defeat, Chekov was eyeing up his fallen sandwich. It was within reach. The floors were pretty clean. It was probably still good. He craned his neck and reached for a corner of the sandwich with his teeth, dragging it back closer to him.

A pair of shoes appeared in front of him. “The hell happened to him?” Asked Doctor McCoy, gesturing to the pile of Chekov on the floor.

“Pokemon battle,” Uhura replied, as if it were an everyday occurrence and totally reasonable explanation.

“He wasn’t prepared to face my epic skills,” said Sulu, sparring with the air to demonstrate said epic skills.

Uhura shrugged apologetically. “Actually, I’m starting to think he didn’t read the email.”

“What email?” Chekov asked hoarsely through a bite of sandwich.

“The one I sent out to the senior staff email list,” Kirk replied. He was now laying face down on the floor. “Y’know. About the Pokemon battles.”

Doctor McCoy gave Kirk a ‘you-are-an-idiot’ look that Kirk couldn’t see on account of him being face down on the floor. “Jim, Chekov isn’t on that email list.”

“What?”

“Chekov isn’t senior staff,” Doctor McCoy sighed and rolled his eyes to the ceiling. “I don’t get paid enough for this. Alright Chekov, lets get you to sickbay and regrow your bones.” He began to scrape Chekov off the floor with what appeared to be a large, flat shovel and started dragging him off to sickbay. Unfortunately, the sandwich wasn’t shovelled up with Chekov.

“My sandwich...” A single tear fell from Chekov’s face as he watched his floor sandwich disappear into the distance.