

Do You Want to be Ringo?

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Summary

Chekov undergoes treatment for an unfortunate affliction.

Notes

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Day 5: "No, anything but that."

Sometimes you just have to make fun of Chekov's hair...

"McCoy to Chekov," the intercom crackled in Chekov's quarters. "Report to sickbay."

Chekov groaned, then keyed the comm pad on the wall. "Acknowledged," he replied, not sounding very enthused. Doctor McCoy had been requesting his presence a lot as of late, insisting on collecting various samples, the acquisition of which were sometimes painful or embarrassing experiences. At this point, Chekov was sure that he had no more samples left to give.

As he made his way down to sickbay, he ran through lists in his mind, trying to predict what Doctor McCoy could possibly need from him this time. He was still drawing a blank as he dragged himself into sickbay.

"Chekov, there you are," said McCoy, giving Chekov a friendly smile. But Chekov knew better, how nicely Doctor McCoy treated him was directly proportional to how terrible the coming procedure would be.

"I am guessing you need more samples?" Chekov asked, dejectedly.

"No, actually," McCoy said. "I've finished running all my tests and I wanted to discuss the findings with you. Have a seat." He gestured to the nearby bio-bed, and pulled up a chair for himself.

Chekov nervously sat down on the edge of the bio-bed, watching as McCoy pulled up his chart on a PADD. He had a feeling that this would be very bad news.

"The bad news is that you have a terrible, terrible affliction," McCoy said, before adding, "but the good news is that it's very easily treatable."

Chekov was relieved at the latter point. "What... is this affliction?"

McCoy looked him in the eyes, and said in a grave tone, "Beatles hair."

"What?" Chekov asked, convinced that he had not heard properly.

"You have Beatles hair," McCoy said, turning his PADD around to show Chekov. On the PADD was a picture of Chekov, and for a side-by-side comparison, a photo of the Beatles taken in the 1960s.

Chekov looked between Doctor McCoy and the images on the PADD a couple times, looking bewildered. Beatles hair?

"Not to worry, we'll get you sorted out right now," McCoy reached into his bag and pulled out a set of sonic hair clippers.

Chekov paled at the thought of being bald for the foreseeable future. "No. No, anything but that." He said, starting to get up, ready to flee.

McCoy grabbed him by the shoulders, stopping him. “You don’t understand Chekov, this can’t be left untreated!” He exclaimed, a high level of urgency in his voice. “You’re already a stage John. You do not want to get to a stage Ringo. You don’t even want to know what happens when you go Ringo.”

“Can’t I just cut it into a different style?” Chekov asked.

“No, we have to throw the whole thing out and start from scratch, or Beatles hair is just going to come back.”

“But-”

“Good god, man, do you WANT to be Ringo?”

“I don’t know!” Chekov wailed.

“Nurse, anaesthetise him for the procedure. We operate immediately.” McCoy said, donning a pair of gloves.

Chekov jumped as Nurse Chapel, apparently the stealthiest person on the *Enterprise*, grabbed his shoulder and jabbed him in the neck with a hypo before helping him lay down on the bio-bed.

The last thing Chekov saw before his vision went dark was Doctor McCoy standing over him, revving up a pair of sonic hair clippers.

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