

If It Sticks, It's Bones

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If It Sticks, It's Bones

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Summary

It's Monday morning on the bridge, and Bones is being uncharacteristically not-bitchy.

Notes

Written for Fictober 2022
Day 21: "I never said that."

Wrote this after learning that apparently you can tell bone apart from rock by licking it. If it sticks, it's bones. If it doesn't stick, it's a rock.

"Captain, permission to do a coffee run?" Uhura asked, struck by the inevitable grogginess of Monday morning. "I'm dying here."

"Granted," Kirk croaked, equally groggy. Chekov and Sulu gave a tired cheer for Uhura, this week's coffee angel. Uhura headed for the turbo-lift to get to the officers' mess, narrowly dodging Doctor McCoy, who was just stepping from the turbo-lift onto the bridge.

"Good morning, everyone," said Doctor McCoy in an energetic tone as he walked onto the bridge an hour into alpha shift. "How's the morning?"

Kirk, Sulu, and Chekov all groaned with exaggeration. Spock and Uhura, who were professionals, did not follow suit, however, Uhura did start pressing the 'elevator close' button impatiently, having no patience for any grating cheeriness before she'd had her coffee.

"Bones, it's Monday morning, how do you think it's going?" Kirk turned in his chair so McCoy could see the bags under his eyes.

Sulu turned to look over his shoulder, leaning an arm across the back of his chair. "What's up with you this morning, Doc? You're... uncharacteristically chipper today."

"Yeah, what happened to your usual, bitchy self?" Kirk asked, too tired to make it sound like an innocent jab.

"Excuse you," McCoy said. "My usual self is *not* bitchy. I'm not-bitchy all the time." Kirk scoffed, and the Doctor turned to Spock. "Tell him, Spock."

"Actually, Doctor," Spock replied, not looking up from his station. "The Captain is correct, I would estimate that approximately ninety-seven point six percent of the time you are, to use your vernacular, 'bitchy.'"

"Gee, *thanks*, Spock."

"Wow, Bones, you aren't even gonna clap back?" Kirk remarked after a moment of silence passed, making it clear that McCoy wasn't going to be firing back any retorts.

McCoy rolled his eyes. "No, I'm not going to 'clap back,' I'm just here to say hello, why are you all so hostile?"

Sulu snorted. "Who are you and what did you do with the real Doctor McCoy?"

Meanwhile, Chekov was sitting at the helm, half asleep and barely tracking the conversation. He started to drift into dreamland, when ghostly voices played back in his mind:

“You’re uncharacteristically chipper today.”

“What happened to your usual, bitchy self?”

“No, I’m not going to ‘clap back.’”

“Who are you and what did you do to the real Doctor McCoy?”

Chekov snapped awake and leapt to his feet. Everyone turned to look at him. “Captain! I have reason to believe there is an imposter among us!” Everyone looked around at each other, then realized that Chekov was pointing at McCoy.

“Oh, very funny Chekov,” McCoy said. “Can’t believe you’re all in on the bit. It’s not even that funny.”

“I can prove it,” Chekov hissed. “I can prove that he isn’t the real doctor!” He startled everyone by charging across the room towards McCoy, who stepped back in alarm but was halted by a wall. There was nowhere to escape as Chekov cornered him, seized his wrist, and promptly licked the back of the Doctor’s hand.

McCoy jerked his hand back. “Chekov, what the *fuck*?”

“The Captain said that the real Doctor McCoy would stick when licked!” Chekov said, a touch manically. Doctor McCoy looked past Chekov at Kirk, who raised his hands defensively.

“I never said that,” he protested.

Chekov turned on Kirk. “You-”

Spock, who was too tired to be amused by this bullshit, cut in with an explanation. “Captain, I believe he is referring to a conversation in which you stated that one could differentiate rock from bones by licking it, and if it stuck to one’s tongue, it would be proven to be bone.”

Sulu squinted. “That’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“But oddly accurate,” Spock added.

“*Oh*,” Kirk said in realization. “So you thought you could tell a real Bones from an imposter Bones by licking him?”

“Yes,” Chekov said, matter of fact.

Kirk looked at him expectantly. “Well? Did he stick?”

Chekov frowned. “I cannot remember.” He turned to grab McCoy’s arm again, supposedly to give him another lick. McCoy, perhaps reflexively, punched Chekov in the face. Chekov, properly stunned, hit the ground like a sack of bricks.

“Ah, shit,” McCoy muttered. So much for ‘do no harm.’

“Well, now I’ve seen everything,” came a tired voice from behind him.

McCoy jumped so high he thought he saw angels, but it was just Uhura, who in a way *was* an angel for bringing back a tray of coffee. “Jesus Christ, how long were you standing there?” McCoy asked, voice pitched a bit high due to the scare.

Uhura sighed and gave a long blink. “Long enough to know that it is definitely a Monday.”

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