

Especially Not With Socks

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Especially Not With Socks

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

The crew goes on a beach vacation. Galan's clothing choices are a point of contention.

It had been a long time since Captain Ijeoma Okoro wore civilian clothing. As she stood in front of the mirror, hardly able to recognize herself in one of her own favourite sundresses, she realized that it had been far, far too long since she had gone on vacation. This shore leave was much needed, and well deserved.

There had been other opportunities for her to take shore leave, of course. It's just that she would rather be around her crew, and generally people took their shore leave alone to get *away* from everyone else, so she always ended up staying aboard the ship with whoever wasn't on shore leave rotation. This time however, she and her senior staff had planned to go on shore leave together. So, finally, she allowed herself the much needed break.

Choosing Earth of all places had been Galan's idea. Ever since he had come to be a fixture on the *Jemison*, he had garnered a fascination with humans and their many cultures. And since he had never been to Earth before, nobody else had had the heart to veto his choice. At least he picked a tropical beach resort, and not some dusty inland city with historical significance.

Finishing off her outfit with a big pair of sunglasses and an even bigger sunhat, Ijeoma grabbed her tote bag with her beach goer's belongings—beach towel, water bottle, a novel, and enough sunscreen to lower an army's risk of getting skin cancer—and headed out of her bright little resort suite to meet up with her crew. They all had made plans to go down to the beach together. When she got down to their meeting place in the lobby, she spotted Galan and stopped dead in her tracks and gaped at him.

"Hello, Captain," Galan said cheerily when he saw her. "You look lovely."

"Galan," Ijeoma said flatly. "*What* are you wearing?"

Galan stood square and looked down at his outfit. "It's inspired by traditional Earth garments of the early 21st century," he said, taken aback by her reaction. "I thought it was fitting. Was I wrong?"

At that moment, there was a sputtering sound from behind Ijeoma as Nors made their appearance, choking on a mouthful of fruit juice from the breakfast bar as they spotted Galan.

"What are *those*?!" Nors exclaimed, gesturing with her whole arm at Galan.

Deadpanned, Galan put his hands on his hips. "Alright," he said. "Clearly I have done something offensive. I apologize for the insensitivity and appropriation."

"No, it's fine, Galan--" Ijeoma started, but was promptly cut off by Nors.

"It is *not* fine!" they said. "Just look at him!"

"Nors!" Ijeoma scolded, shooting them a glare. "*Really*, Galan, you haven't done anything untoward."

"What's going on— Galan, what on Earth are you wearing?" Soran asked as he entered the lobby.

"What's Galan wearing?" another voice asked hearing him. Holloway entered, trailed closely by Sha'Rel, who immediately burst out laughing. Holloway tried to be polite and keep from laughing, but had to flee the way he came to regain his composure.

Another second later, and the short J'naii doctor entered the lobby, looking confused. "Is something wrong with Holloway? I just passed him in

the—" they stopped as they laid eyes on Galan. They blinked very slowly, then turned in the direction of the breakfast bar. "I need a coffee," they mumbled as they took their leave.

Galan threw his hands in the air in exasperation. "Would somebody *please* tell me what's so terrible about my attire? I feel like I have told a joke and the only person not in on it is *me*."

Soran chuckled and clapped Galan on the shoulder. "Your outfit is fine, Galan," he said, ignoring the resulting scoff from Nors. "It's just that... none of us have ever seen a Romulan in a Hawaiian shirt, jorts, and crocs before." He paused, looking down at Galan's feet. "Especially not with socks."

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