

Gone Fishing

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1168) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1168>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Expanded Universes (General)
Character:	Zac Holloway
Additional Tags:	Weekly Challenge: Unexpected Appearances , Parent-Child Relationship(s) , Dementia , Ficlet
Language:	English
Collections:	Weekly Writing Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2023-11-15 Words: 697 Chapters: 1/1

Gone Fishing

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Holloway gets an unexpected visitor.

Zac Holloway was in his quarters, reading a report on his PADD and enjoying a cup of coffee. He didn't have bridge duty today, and was looking forward to having a day where nothing stressful or out of the ordinary happened to him.

Or he was looking forward to such a fantasy, until Celia appeared in the seat across from him.

"Hello Lieutenant Holloway," Celia said calmly.

Holloway yelped and jumped, dropping his PADD and spilling coffee on himself. He cursed, wondering if he would ever get used to the way that the AI personality's holographic avatar appeared unexpectedly wherever and whenever she wanted. Regaining his composure, Holloway looked up at her shimmering form, giving her a nervous smile. "Hey, Celia. You know, you should really give me a heads up before turning up like this. Scared the bajeezus out of me. Again."

The holographic woman grimaced apologetically. "Sorry, Lieutenant. Perhaps I will adopt an audible warning in the future."

"No worries," Holloway assured her. "So what's up?" Celia didn't just drop in for no reason. When she showed up, it was usually to notify him of something.

"Doctor Keytal wishes for you to report to sickbay," she said. "They say you have a visitor and should report to sickbay as soon as possible."

Holloway blinked. "Uh... okay. Did the Doc say who my visitor was?"

"They did not," Celia said. "However, I did see him. I am unsure who he is but he is an older gentleman who does not belong to this ship. He seems confused and is asking for you."

"What?!" Holloway exclaimed, jumping to his feet, and immediately heading for the door. "This can't be right, how could he even *get* here?" The door whooshed open, then closed behind him as he left the room. A second later, he turned around, standing in front of the door and prompting it to open again. "Thank you, Celia," he said to the hologram still sitting in his room, then turned around once again and sprinted down to sickbay.

Keytal was desperately trying to calm the old man and keep him from leaving sickbay. The old man, however, was getting more insistent and distressed, and Keytal wasn't sure how much longer they could keep the situation under control.

"I'm telling you, I need to find Zac," he said, repeating himself for the sixth time. "We're going fishing and we're going to miss the shuttle!" He was getting more and more upset with Keytal as they barred him from leaving the room in search of his son.

Luckily for both of them, the doors to sickbay whooshed open and Holloway rushed in, looking worried.

The old man relaxed, and a look of relief crossed his face. "Zac! There you are! Please tell this..." he trailed off, squinting hard at Keytal. "Please tell this gender ambiguous individual we're going to miss our shuttle if they don't let us go."

Holloway blinked. "Go where?" he asked, confused, then shook his head. "Dad, how did you *get* here?"

Holloway's father furrowed his brow. "Get where? We're going fishing, we're going to be late."

"On this starship, dad," Holloway said. "How did you get on this starship?"

"Starship?" the old man said, looking around the room in confusion. "Is that where we are?"

"Do you know how you got here?" Holloway asked, gently taking his father by the elbow and urging him to sit down.

The old man didn't respond, looking about in a haze. Holloway looked to Keytal, who shrugged in bewilderment.

"I don't know where he came from," the doctor said. "Security found him wandering the halls and brought him here."

"What about our fishing trip?" Holloway's father asked nobody in particular. He looked crestfallen.

Holloway patted his father's hand. The fishing trip in question had happened fifteen years past. "It's okay, dad. How about we go next week?" he suggested, knowing he wouldn't be taking him fishing, and in an hour from now his father wouldn't even remember the suggestion. But in the moment, it would make his father happy, and those moments of happiness were what mattered these days.

"Yes, Zac," his father said. "I'd like that."

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!