

Of Barley and Daisy

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Of Barley and Daisy

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Sha'Rel, Holloway, and Nors discuss childhood pets.

Sha'Rel was late to her usual lunchtime appointment with her friends. The relief flight control officer had kept her on the bridge for a few minutes longer than usual.

Wheeling into the mess hall, she scanned the room for her friends. She spotted Holloway and Nors deep in conversation at a table along one of the walls, not far from the replicators.

Seeing her enter, Nors flashed a smile across the room and raised a hand. Holloway twisted in his seat to wave at her too, nearly falling out of his chair doing so.

Shaking her head with amusement, Sha'Rel waved back at them before pushing herself to the replicator to get some lunch. She paused for a moment, deciding what her crave was. She chose a grilled cheese sandwich, which Holloway had gotten her hooked on. Then, balancing her tray on her lap, she turned towards her friends' table just a short ways away.

"Sorry I'm late," Sha'Rel said, plunking her tray on the table. "What did I miss?"

Nors grinned, elbow on the table and propping their chin in their hand. "Oh, Holloway was just telling me about a pet he had as a child. Something called a dog. Ever heard of them?"

Sha'Rel shook her head and bit into her grilled cheese. "What is a dog?" she asked.

"Show her," Nors said to Holloway. Turning back to Sha'Rel conspiratorially, they said, "weird little things. And humans call them *cute*. All teeth, them."

Holloway slid a PADD across the table to Sha'Rel. "This is a picture of the dog I had when I was a little kid," he explained. "Her name was Barley. Best dog in the galaxy. I miss that pup," he reminisced.

Sha'Rel pulled the PADD closer to her and looked at the image it showed. In the picture was a ten year old boy—presumably Holloway—with his arms wrapped around a large, furry creature with a long tongue. Both were grinning at the camera.

"A very hairy creature," Sha'Rel observed. "It looks... pleasant," she decided.

Holloway punched Nors on the arm. "See!" he exclaimed.

Nors pouted. "Well of course *she* doesn't think it's scary. She's not afraid of anything, even by Klingon standards."

Sha'Rel raised an eyebrow at them. "You think this—" she stopped to think of what they had called it—"this *dog* thing is scary?" she asked, skeptical at how anyone could think such a fluffy, happy looking creature could be scary.

"Have you seen the *teeth* it has?" Nors asked. "Of course I think it's scary! It could rip your arm off!"

"Believe me," Holloway said. "Barley was the sweetest thing. A big teddy bear."

Nors didn't look convinced. "If you say so... but I don't think I want to meet any dogs anytime soon."

Holloway patted her arm in consolation, then looked to Sha'Rel. "What about you, Cheryl? Did you have any pets when you were a kid?"

Nors' interest piqued. "Do Klingons even *have* pets?"

Sha'Rel nodded, brightening at the memory of her own childhood pet. "We do," she said, swapping her sandwich for her PADD to pull up a picture. "Targs are very popular Klingon pets. They are kind of like dogs, I suppose. But a less hairy, and more cute."

Finding a picture taken many years before, she placed the PADD on the table and spun it so her friends could see.

"Oh, stars," Vessa groaned. "That's horrifying!" she said about the toothy, alligator faced animal.

Holloway took a closer look, admiring the picture. "Well, it's certainly not what humans would call cute. But it *does* have its charms. What was its name?" he asked.

"Daisy," Sha'Rel said.

Holloway blinked, and Nors leaned over the table to peer at Sha'Rel. "*Daisy*. You named that thing *Daisy*?"

"Yes?" Sha'Rel answered.

"What was it in Klingon?" Nors asked.

Sha'Rel blinked. "There isn't a Klingon word for Daisy. Her name was just Daisy," she said. "Is that weird?"

Nors opened their mouth to speak, but only managed an "*ow!*" as Holloway stomped on her foot.

"No, not weird at all," Holloway said. "It's a great name for a... tarn?"

"Targ."

"That's what I said."

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