

Faith

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by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Holloway, Soran, and Jory are stranded in a storm at sea. But Sha'Rel will come to their rescue. Holloway knows it.

"Come on!" Holloway shouted over the roar around them. This was *his* landing party, and he wasn't going to let any of them die out here if he could help it.

A hand appeared from below, and Holloway grabbed hold of it, pulling Jory, the science officer, up onto the roof of the shuttle. The shuttle, named *Hillary*, lurched in the rough seas, throwing Holloway, Jory, and Soran down, where they had to scramble to grab hold of the slippery roof of the shuttle.

The *Hillary* was submerging. They had spent the first hour or so after the crash hunkering down inside the shuttle, but as it began to take on more and more water, they were forced to flee upwards.

A wave washed over their craft before any of them could regain their feet, soaking their clothes.

"We're going to die out here!" Soran shouted over the roaring of the wind and the crashing of the waves.

Just then, Jory lifted their arm, and a blindingly bright streak of red erupted into the sky from the flaregun in their hand. "Now they'll be able to find us!" they shouted.

"It doesn't matter if they can find us!" Soran yelled, panicking. "With the transporters down, they won't be able to get us! The storm's too severe for them to fly another shuttle down!"

They shouted back and forth between getting slammed by waves, until Holloway finally interrupted them.

"*Guys!* Knock it off, save your strength for holding on to this thing!" he told them. "Sha'Rel's the best pilot in Federation space, if anyone can get a shuttle down here without crashing, it's her. I bet she's on her way right now!" He had a strange confidence that the other two were skeptical of.

"Even if she could, the Captain wouldn't let her try— she wouldn't risk more lives," Soran said, his voice hoarse and defeated. "We're dead in the water, *literally*."

"We aren't dead yet," Holloway said. "Just you wait. She'll be here."

The surface of their shuttle's roof was dangerously close to the waterline, its cockpit almost entirely full of water. As it got fuller it sunk faster and faster. Before they knew it, the *Hillary* dropped out from under them, leaving them to try to stay afloat in the rough seas.

There was no more talk. The three were effectively isolated from one another in the water, alone aside from the slightest glimpses of each other as the waves tossed them about. They struggled to keep their heads up, were shoved beneath the water by breaking waves, had their vision blurred by salty water.

A bright orange blur splashed down in front of Soran, who grabbed it instinctively. Regaining a bit of orientation now that he had a flotation device, he looked around for his companions, spotting then floating, vanishing behind a wave. When they reappeared, they were each gripping onto orange life rings, with long cables extending into the sky.

Soran and Holloway made eye contact, and Holloway pointed upward. Looking up, Soran saw the *Jemison's* second shuttle, the *Norgay*, hovering above them, a door flung open. Someone was up there—it was Nors, shouting and gesticulating down at them. Soran tried to

interpret their movements, then looked down and noticed the harness attached to the rope the life preserver was on.

Fingers cold and stiff, he got the harness on, flashing a thumbs up to his sibling in the craft above. He felt himself being pulled from the water and winched to safety.

Nors pulled him into the shuttle, dragging him far from the door and depositing him in front of Doctor Keytal, who was looking rather green. Nors worked at hauling the other two aboard.

Sha'Rel was in the pilot's seat, deep in focus as she worked to keep the shuttle steady.

"We're good!" Nors shouted as they pulled up Holloway, the last to be rescued, into the shuttle and slammed the door shut.

Instantly, the sound of wind and waves and rain was silenced.

"Told you she'd come get us," Holloway said to Soran, breathlessly.

Soran nodded. "And I've never been so glad to be wrong."

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