

A Place for Galan

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by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Galan needs help finding his place on the Jemison. Ijeoma can help.

Ijeoma was working in her ready room when there was a bleep from her door. "Enter," she called, and looked up to see her newest, albeit honorary, crew member standing in the doorway, fidgeting. Ijeoma thought it was odd to see a Vulcan fidget, looking so uncomfortable and nervous. But she stopped herself short in that thought. Of course, Galan wasn't a Vulcan. Despite their physical similarities, their culture made Romulans very different from their evolutionary cousins.

"Hello, Captain," Galan said, staying in the doorway.

"Galan," Ijeoma nodded warmly. She gestured to the chairs in front of her desk. "Come in. Sit down."

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," Galan said as he crossed the room and deposited himself in one of the chairs across from Ijeoma. "I can come back later, if I am."

Ijeoma waved a hand dismissively. "Not at all. What brings you to my office, Galan?"

"Well," he started—hesitant, as if deciding whether he should claim he never meant to come here and leave. But he didn't. "I'm having a difficult time finding my place aboard this ship," he admitted.

Ijeoma narrowed her eyes. "Are people giving you trouble?" she asked, knowing that there were some aboard her ship who thought a Romulan had no business freely roaming a Federation vessel. She had laid out exactly what would happen to anyone who harassed Galan, but someone may not have heeded her warnings.

"Oh, no," Galan assured her. "Nobody is giving me trouble. In fact, your crew has been a great deal more welcoming towards me than I would have expected."

Ijeoma relaxed a bit. Good. She wasn't going to have to send anyone packing today. "So, what *is* the problem?"

"Well, like I said, it's that I don't really have a place on this ship," Galan explained. "Everyone has a role to fill, whether it's being a leader or an organizer or a specialist to turn to in a pinch. Me, I'm just Galan. The Romulan."

Ijeoma hummed. "So, you want a job?"

"Something like that," he said. He turned to gaze out the window at the stars. "On my planet, before the war, I was the proprietor of a social establishment in my village. It was the go-to place for everyone to congregate when the workday was done. I knew everyone, and everyone knew me. It's what made me a part of that community." He thought for a moment. "Despite having no desire to ever go back, I find myself feeling homesick. I miss filling a role in a community. So it isn't so much that I want a job—to be honest, I wouldn't be of much use in that respect. But I was wondering if there was anything I could do... *to belong* to this ship."

Ijeoma nodded. "I see," she said, thinking.

Galan fidgeted in his seat and couldn't meet her eyes. "I apologize, Captain. This is a rather silly concern and I am taking up your time." He got up and headed for the door. "I won't waste any more of it." He had almost gotten to the door when Ijeoma stopped him.

"Have you ever been to Observatory Deck 3?"

Galan frowned, turning back to look at her. "I must admit that I haven't."

"Yes," Ijeoma nodded like she expected his answer. "It's been gathering dust for some time now. In fact, I've been trying to think of a way to better utilize it, it's such a waste of space the way it is now."

"Captain?" Galan asked, confused. But Ijeoma turned to her computer, working away at it quickly. A moment later, Galan's PADD bleeped. When Ijeoma looked at him expectantly, he looked at his PADD.

"A requisition form?" Galan asked, frowning. "You've signed off on it, but the form is blank. I don't—"

"I'm assigning you the task of turning Observatory Deck 3 into something useful," Ijeoma said. "Use that form to get whatever you need to fulfill that assignment."

Galan stood blinking for a moment. "Are you giving me a bar?"

Ijeoma smiled. "I'm giving you a place to make your own on this ship. Literally," she laughed. "The figurative is up to you."

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