

Accidental Icarus

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Accidental Icarus

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

The Jemison accidentally flies too close to the sun... and gets stuck there.

"I think I'm going to die," Holloway groaned, using his discarded uniform jacket to mop the sweat from his brow.

"Stay strong, Lieutenant," Ijeoma said, sweating buckets herself. "Nors is on it."

"What a place to lose power," Jory said, gesturing to the too-close sun on the view screen. "Do you think we'll get to watch ourselves get sucked into this star, or do you think we'll die of heat stroke first?" They said it in a good natured tone, but Ijeoma frowned at them. Under the captain's disapproving gaze, Jory shrank. "Sorry, Captain, I was only making light," the apologized.

"I know," Ijeoma said, wiping her brow with her sleeve. "Celia," she called, and the holographic avatar of the ship's AI appeared at her side. "Casualty report."

"Thirty severe cases of heat stroke," Celia reported. "Doctor Keytal is doing their best under the circumstances but worries we'll start losing people if we don't get out of here and into a cooler environment soon."

"Thank you Celia," she said, dismissing the AI. Her fingers flew over the keys on the comm pad on the arm of her chair. "How are we doing, Nors?" she asked.

"We're getting somewhere," Nors' voice answered back through the comms. "I think I'll have us up and running in twenty minutes."

Sha'Rel, in the navigator's seat, looked back at Ijeoma and shook her head. She held up all ten of her fingers, then punched a fist into the palm of her hand, grimacing.

Pressing the comm key again, Ijeoma said, "You have five minutes, Nors."

There was a brief pause. "Aye, Captain," Nors responded, voice tight.

There was a thud, and everyone turned around to see that Soran had collapsed from heat exhaustion. Jory got up from their seat and rushed to see to him.

"Can you get him down to sickbay?" Ijeoma asked them.

Jory bit their lip. "Not on my own, no."

"Holloway, can you help Jory take Soran down to sickbay?"

"I would, Captain," Holloway said, panting. He didn't look well. "But I think I'm going to be the next to drop."

"Celia, find someone nearby who is in good enough shape to help out and send them up here," Ijeoma said.

"Yes Ma'am," Celia's disembodied voice said.

It was then that Holloway slumped in his chair. Sha'Rel lurched forward in her chair to catch him, lowering him to the floor. "Zac," she said, patting his face to try and revive him. "Zac, are you okay?"

Ijeoma grimaced. "Celia, find two more people, we've got another one."

"Acknowledged," Celia said, just as someone came rushing in to help Jory pick Soran up off the floor and carry him off the bridge.

Then, there was the sound of a hum, and the main lights came back on. "Oh, thank the stars," Ijeoma said under her breath, before comming engineering. "That sounds like good news, Nors," she said.

"We're back online, Captain," Nors said proudly. "And in only *three* minutes, no less."

"Remind me later to commend you," Ijeoma said. "When will we be ready to fly out of here."

"In just a—" Nors paused for a second. "Right now. Engines are online."

Ijeoma looked to Sha'Rel, who was still trying to revive Holloway. "Sha'Rel, get us out of here."

"Aye, Captain," Sha'Rel said, reaching over Holloway and his chair to the helm controls. "Heading?"

"Anywhere," Ijeoma said. "Warp six."

"Warp six," Sha'Rel repeated, and the *Jemison* suddenly lurched, bolting away from the star they had gotten so dangerously close to.

"Celia, do a full air cycle," Ijeoma ordered.

"Already on it, Captain," Celia said, the rush of air from the vents coming in loud. Immediately, the bridge started to cool down to an acceptable temperature.

"Well done, Nors," Ijeoma said to herself, before comming sickbay. "Doctor Keytal, report."

"We'll be okay," the doctor answered. "Still stablizing patients, but we can handle it."

"Good," Ijeoma said. "Celia, any damage to the ship?"

Celia appeared. "There is some circuitry that has melted near the outer hull. We'll need to go into dry dock for repairs."

There was a groan as Holloway revived. "Are we dead?"

Ijeoma sighed, relieved. "Oh, we're very much alive."

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