

Remember Together

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1204) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1204>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Expanded Universes (General)
Character:	Zac Holloway
Additional Tags:	Weekly Challenge: Missing Moments , Parent-Child Relationship(s) , Dementia , Ficlet
Language:	English
Collections:	Weekly Writing Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2023-11-30 Words: 682 Chapters: 1/1

Remember Together

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Summary

Holloway visits his father in the hospital and talk about memories.

"Hey, dad," Holloway said, knocking on the door-frame of his father's open room before stepping inside.

His father, laying in a hospital bio-bed with his arms resting atop a thin sheet, turned his head with effort to look at him.

"Zac," his father said in a hoarse voice, eyes softening in recognition.

"How do you feel today?" Holloway asked as he sat down in a bedside chair, where his father could see him easily.

"Ah," his father said, breathing slow but heavily. "I'm fine. Nurses won't let me get up though," he said, pointing to a wristband on his arm. It was connected to his bed, not as a restraint, but as an alarm.

Holloway smiled, shaking his head. "You know you can't just get up and walk around only a week after a hip surgery, right?"

The old man harrumphed stubbornly. "I didn't need that stupid hip surgery, anyway," he said. "My hip was perfectly fine before."

"Dad, you fell off the roof and shattered your hip, of course it needed replacing," Holloway reminded him.

"Huh?"

"Don't you remember?"

The elder Holloway blinked, eyes shifting. "Oh," he said finally. "Yes, of course I remember that. I just forgot for a moment, that was all."

Holloway watched his father's face sadly, knowing that he didn't actually recall the incident. He knew that his father's memory deteriorated more and more with each passing day, and he wondered what other important things had fled from the old man's memory. Important things about their relationship.

"Hey," Holloway said, leaning back casually and acting like this wasn't a test. "Do you remember that time we went on our last fishing trip before I went off to the Academy?"

A hesitation. "I remember." He didn't.

"What was it that you said to me again?" Holloway asked, trying to draw the truth of it out of his father.

"Which part?" The old man asked. "We talked about lots of things that day." Well, at least he was still the same clever bastard that he always was.

"You know. When I asked you how you felt about me going to the Academy, and leaving home and not joining the family trade?" Holloway asked. He remembered what his father had told him clearly, he just hoped his father did, too.

"I... don't remember," his father admitted, looking defeated. Holloway's spirits sunk, and he must have let it show on his face because his father asked, "what I said was important to you, wasn't it?"

Holloway nodded.

His father took a big, huffing breath. "Son, do you remember the very first fishing trip I took you on? The first fish you and I caught together, the beginning of our very long tradition?"

Holloway thought, then shook his head. "I don't remember it. I was only five years old. But you've told me the story a million times."

"But you being too young to remember it doesn't change how important that memory is to us, does it?"

"No, I guess not," Holloway said. "I can still share that memory, it's just second hand. The memory of you telling the story so many times is what makes it special."

"Right," his father said. "I still remember a lot of the stories from when you were little— too little to remember. I've shared those memories with you before, and I'll share them again and again until they day I die. But now, in my old age, I'm forgetting some of what happened after that. It's your turn to be the storyteller now, Zac. We both have missing moments, important ones. But we have each other to fill in those blanks. We can remember together."

Holloway nodded, smiling. "Yeah," he said, feeling better. "You're right."

"So, what *did* I say to you on that last fishing trip?"

Holloway puffed out his chest, and did his best impression of his gruff father: "*Son, you would have made a kick-ass carpenter. But if you want to be a kick-ass pilot instead, well, I'll never be prouder.*"

"Ah," his father nodded. "And was right. I've never been prouder."

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