

## Patience

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## Patience

by [trekfan](#)

### Summary

2250: After months of work, Anne Reilly stands oh-so-close to a major archeological discovery ... but what's the rush?

The past few months had been some of the most frustrating and rewarding of her young life — but this, *this* was why she was out here. This was why the research they were doing was worth it. The ruins that stood before her had been undisturbed for thousands of years, but even as aged as they were what remained was stunning.

“Anne? Ready?”

Anne Reilly looked over at Doctor Shrelv, his antennae slightly curled. “Sorry, Doctor ... just got lost in it.”

“Understandable,” the Andorian said. He began to walk forward and she followed, her tricorder recording all the while. “What we have here is likely some sort of outpost, at least by what markings we can readily identify. I must admit, I hadn’t expected to find this place in such good shape.”

She hadn’t, either. Buried beneath the snow and ice of the planet, these ruins had taken months of painstaking work to reach. “Considering this planet’s track record of seismic activity, I’d have thought this structure would have collapsed.”

“Are you still picking up that anomalous energy reading?”

She glanced at her tricorder. “I am — and it’s getting more powerful.”

“Not unexpected.” Doctor Shrelv held up his hand, signaling for them to stop, and took out a transporter beacon from his backpack. “I’ll place a beacon here and camp will beam in supplies. We’ll wait till we’re fully stocked and have some extra support before proceeding further.”

“Is that really necessary, Doctor? The ruins are *right there*. Shouldn’t we keep going?”

Shrelv laughed. “The impatience of youth.” He slid his pack off his back, dropping it to the ground, and then used it as a makeshift stool. “The cold, and I’d wager that energy reading, has preserved these ruins for a long time. A few more hours won’t hurt.”

Anne frowned. “But don’t you want to go in? To be the first to set foot in a place that has been so empty for so long?”

He gave her a mildly disapproving look. “Being the first rarely means being the best in the field of archeology.” He glanced up at the ruins, his eyes sweeping over them. “But I admit, the urge to just ... go ... is great.” He sighed. “There’s no telling what we may find inside, however. Caution is warranted, especially as the Tkon Empire was not known to be particularly welcoming to outsiders. If this is indeed some sort of military outpost, I would expect there to be defenses.”

Reluctantly, Anne nodded. “I would guess the energy reading is part of that. A shield for the structure?”

“Possibly.” Shrelv crossed her arms and shook his head. “It’s amazing how much of this place is still recognizable.”

“It seems almost frozen in time.”

“Frozen for sure,” he agreed. “But certainly not what it once was. The snow and ice, much like on my own world, has a way of preserving things but never capturing the fullness of what was preserved,” he said with a tinge of regret.

Anne looked at him questioningly. “Isn’t it better to have something than nothing?”

“In many cases, certainly. For our particular field of study, absolutely ... but there’s nothing that can truly convey what it was like to be there, in the moment. Archeology is a rather morbid career path: we’re here to study what was, not what is, and our studies will always be incomplete. No matter how much we dig up or analyze, we’ll always be left with questions we can’t answer.”

Anne smirked. “I submit that having questions we can’t answer is a good thing. If we had all the answers, what would be the point?”

Shrelv eyes flashed appreciation. “There’s a reason you were always my favorite student.”

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