

Battered

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by [trekfan](#)

Summary

Taking place in the "Yesterday's Enterprise" universe, this story is a small snapshot of one of the events in that universe. This story takes place a few months before that episode.

November 28th, 2365

The lightning in the turbolift flickered on and off, the power levels struggling to maintain consistency. He didn't blame the ship or engineering or even the powers that be; this was the result of a long, slog of a campaign that was predicted to last weeks and instead was in month five. The *Belligerent*, for all her wonders, wasn't even fully kitted out when she left dock.

This was a rush job, plain and simple, and it was one he wasn't sure he'd live through.

The turbolift jolted to a halt, another result of low power, and the doors opened to reveal a battered corridor ahead. He made his way out, his stride deliberately short as to not aggravate his untreated knee injury, and entered sickbay.

The sound of lifesign monitors beeping in a morbid chorus greeted him — some operating at a manic pace, others barely making any sounds at all. He stood to the side of the doorway and watched silently.

God, they were all so young.

It would be easier if these faces were people he actually knew — at least then he'd be able to offer them some personal comfort, something meaningful and not generic.

But he didn't really know any of them. They were fresh recruits when they shipped out five months back, barely out of the Academy, and they had gone through the accelerated program; they only received the most basic of instruction before deploying.

"Captain." The cool, measured voice of his CMO cut through his thoughts and he turned to see her standing beside him, her medical overcoat stained with blood — red, not Vulcan green, so definitely not her own.

"Doctor Dulara." Moz Ragnow nodded towards her office and she understood the silent order. They proceeded into it, passing the biobeds full of wounded, and he tried his best to project an air of calm.

Once they were in the office and the doors were shut, he sank into the chair and grimaced.

Dulara took off her overcoat, took out a tricorder, and scanned him without a word. "Your knee continues to worsen."

"I'm not here for that."

"That is illogical and irrelevant." She prepared a hypo and met his eyes. "I can relieve the pain, but a full surgery is required to repair the damage."

He nodded and she pressed the hypo to his neck. A cool feeling washed over him and relief soon followed. He flexed his knee and found it numb — a far superior feeling to what was there before. "Thank you."

"Thanks is illogical as well, but I accept it." She set the tricorder down and lowered herself into her own chair. "State the purpose of your visit."

He smirked. He appreciated the directness. "Grim as it may be... I wanted to know the number of casualties. That last engagement was rougher than we expected."

She arched an eyebrow. "Are my reports not prompt enough?"

"That's not at issue," he said with a shake of his head. "I just needed to know, myself. Before anyone or anything else got in the way."

She pinned some of her long, dark hair behind her right ear. "Captain, if you're experiencing regret from the last battle, I would advise you not allow yourself to. That particular emotion is quite dangerous."

"The number of casualties, Doctor. Please."

Dulara leaned back in her chair. "63 dead, 124 wounded. Out of those, I estimate another 20 will die within the next day." She clasped her hands together atop her desk. "Anything else?"

He blinked at the numbers and pushed down a sick feeling in his stomach. "No, that's all." He stood and gave her a long look. "Sometimes I'm envious of your control, Doctor."

She leaned back in her chair. "Looking in control and being in control are two different things, Captain. One is far easier to achieve than the other."

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