

## A Quick Study

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1294) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1294>.

Rating: [General Audiences](#)  
Archive Warning: [No Archive Warnings Apply](#)  
Category: [Gen](#)  
Fandom: [Borderlines](#)  
Relationship: [Original Character\(s\) & Original Character\(s\)](#)  
Character: [Decker Sinclair](#), [Siobhan Lincolnton](#)  
Additional Tags: [Border Patrol](#), [The Lost Era \(2293 - 2364\)](#), [Friendship](#)  
Language: English  
Series: Part 2 of [Borderlines: Missing Scenes and Preludes](#)  
Stats: Published: 2024-02-02 Words: 553 Chapters: 1/1

## A Quick Study

by [B\\_Radley](#)

### Summary

A new Banshee joins the ship.

### Notes

A prequel, of sorts, for tomorrow's story.

Ensign (Midshipman) Decker Sinclair picks up her bag and moves off of the transport pad. The transporter operator eyes her like some new species of bug that he needs to get off of his boot. He stares at her with his blue eyes, inset into gold striped fur.

The Caitian starts to say something; dollars to doughnuts, as her grandmother had once said, he was getting ready to say something snarky.

At least until he sees the single pip of her rank on her delta.

"Welcome aboard, sir," he says with a hissing sibilance. "Glad you could finally join us."

Apparently her rank didn't matter too much in the senior technician's eyes, when it comes to snark. *Must be a Border Patrol thing*, she thinks.

The hatch to the transporter room opens. A young woman of about Decker's age, with a slightly darker hue of red to her mass of curls, more freckles than even Decker, and with darker features, steps in. Decker sees that she is wearing the pip-and-a-half of a lieutenant, junior grade on a delta pinned to a tanktop, over uniform trousers.

"You must be Sinclair," she says in a thick English accent. She holds her out hand, at the end of a fairly muscled arm. She is shorter than Decker by about three inches and more solid. "I'm Siobhan Lincolnton. Call me Shiv, when we're not in front of the crew. I'm the acting captain."

Decker feels her eyebrows go up. She has maybe had a year in service on Decker. "This is the Group leader, right?"

"Yeah. But we've only got three ships. This one, a marine cutter, and one Lancer.

"So what's my billet?" Decker asks, picking up her bag.

They walk out into the passageway, passing crewmembers who nod at Siobhan, and look warily at Decker. A smile quirks Siobhan's lips up on the side that Decker can see. "First officer," she says.

Decker stops. "What the hell?"

"They didn't tell you? There's only three officers on the ship, until the Group commander gets here. Kaylin Stone-Hunter, the squadron commander, me, and thee."

"I've never even been on a Morrigon before."

"Hope you're a quick study, babe," her senior officer says. They turn into a compartment marked Wardroom.

As they move to the center, a speaker activates. An electric gong starts up, sounding repetitively. Over the speaker, a calm voice intones, “General Quarters, General Quarters, all hands man your battle stations. On the starboard side up and forward, on the port side, down and aft.”

She can hear running feet just under the repetitive sound. She realizes that this is one of the vessels, perhaps only in the Border Patrol, that uses an ancient twentieth-century system for calling the crew to stations, instead of the standard siren-horn on most Starfleet ships.

Decker turns to Siobhan, when she realizes that she is alone in the compartment. She has no idea where her battle station is. She curses, then drops her bag to the deck and turns, pulling off her service jacket, leaving her in the white pullover. She manages to grab her delta as she heads out of the door. As she runs, she puts the delta on, then pulls the sleeves of her shirt up.

Siobhan’s words echo in her ears. *Hope you’re a quick study.*

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