

New Friends

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New Friends

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Galan makes a new friend while in the Jemison's brig.

Galan sat on the edge of the bed. Aside from the small table and single chair, it was the only furniture in the cell. He was impressed with his treatment as a prisoner aboard the *Jemison*, though. The bed was comfortable and clean. He got three square meals a day. The cell wasn't enormous, but it was big enough to walk around in and get in a bit of exercise. He wondered if he was allowed to talk to the guards. Nobody but the ship's captain had spoken to him in the two days he was here, but he didn't know if the people watching him were allowed to talk to him.

Looking past the force field, he studied the officer on shift. He was a Trill, with black hair and deep tan skin. His wide brown eyes were flicking back and forth as he read a book.

"What are you reading?" Galan asked him, as a test. It *would* be nice to have someone to talk to.

The Trill looked up, surprised. "Oh, it's nothing." He flashed the cover towards Galan. "Just old Trill classic literature. My sister gifted the book to me."

"Is it good?"

The Trill grimaced and shrugged. "A bit outdated," he admitted. There was an awkward silence. "So... you're a Romulan," the Trill said slowly.

Galan cracked a smile. "Very observant. And you're a Trill. What's it like, having lived so many lives?"

A darkness flickered on the Trill's face. "Not all Trill are joined," he said stonily.

Galan dipped his head apologetically. "I didn't mean to offend you. I know very little about your species."

The Trill shrugged. "Well, I guess I don't know much about yours, so we're even," he said, the darkness leaving his expression. "Do you have a name, Romulan?"

"Indeed. My name is Galan, but most people call me... Galan." Galan smiled.

"No last name?" The Trill asked. "Do Romulans have last names?"

"We do. I've rejected mine. I'm just Galan. Do you have a name, Trill?"

"Soran Taureel," the Trill answered. "Call me Soran."

"Alright, Soran," Galan said, testing out the name. "Do you happen to know how far out we are from wherever it is you're taking me?"

Soran thought for a moment. "About ten days, provided we don't run into anything unexpected."

Galan nodded. "I see. I may have to borrow that book of yours. As nice as your brig is, there isn't much to fend off boredom."

Soran quirked an eyebrow at him. "I'd lend it to you, but I'm pretty sure you can't read Trill."

"Ah. You have a point."

"Do you play chess?" Soran asked.

"Chess?" Galan hadn't heard of it.

Soran smiled slyly. "Because I won't lie to you, Galan. Sitting here and watching you do nothing all day isn't exactly exciting, either. I could use something to do other than read this old book..."

"Well," Galan said. "I'll play this game with you if you teach me how it works."

"Deal," Soran answered. "Celia, can you project a holographic chess board for us?"

In response, a blueish, semi-transparent table appeared, bisected by the force field between Soran and Galan. A checkered board in shades of holographic blue rested atop it, with pieces arranged in a starting position.

"Thank you, Celia," Soran said, pulling a chair up to the holographic board.

Galan rose from the bed and pulled his own chair over to sit across from Soran. "Who is Celia?"

"Our ship's computer," Soran answered. "Now, in chess, each of the pieces has its own rules on how they can move..."

Galan found that as he lay in bed that night, he couldn't sleep. Soran destroyed him in chess, but he had enjoyed the company. Restlessly, Galan sat up. An idea struck him, and he was curious to see if it would work.

"Celia," he tried. To his surprise, a holographic human woman appeared in his cell.

"Yes?"

Galan blinked, having not expected the AI to respond to him. He regained his composure. "Will you play me in a game of chess?"

"Certainly," Celia replied, conjuring a chessboard between them.

Galan grinned. Next time, Soran would be in for a surprise.

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