

Lost

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by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

After a shuttle crash, Chekov is left with a shattered leg. With no supplies, Doctor McCoy can't do anything about it. Unless...

Notes

FebuWhump Day 3
Prompt: "Bite Down on This"

Chekov was flat on his back, staring up at the blue sky through the tall stands of bamboo that reached up from around him. It could have been relaxing, if he wasn't in so much agony. For a moment he wondered if he had been impaled by a bamboo shoot on his way down. Grimacing, he lifted his head to assess the damage. This one movement was a strain on his entire body, and his head quickly thumped back to the ground. But he had seen what he needed to see. No bloody bamboo shoots poking up through his body. No body parts missing. But his left leg was a mangled mess.

Chekov closed his eyes, waiting for some of the pain to subside. Eventually, everything faded except for the hot searing pain radiating from his broken leg.

He opened his eyes again. He had to get up and find the others. With a great deal of effort, he rolled himself over onto his stomach, tears of pain flooding his eyes when his broken leg protested. Once rolled over, he stopped for a break, breathing heavily. Then, he braced himself for his next move, and dragged himself up onto his hands and his one good knee, dragging the broken limb behind him. This sent a shooting pain through his body, and black spots danced in his vision for a long moment.

He wasn't sure where to go from here. He realized that he would have one hell of a time standing up, and even if he could, how would he manage to walk anywhere? So he decided on a different tactic.

"Hello?" He shouted as loud as he could. "Hello? Is anyone there? I need help!" He listened for a long moment, hearing nothing but the wind rustling leaves, the calling of birds, and the distant sound of waves crashing on the shoreline. A stab of fear struck him suddenly. What if he was alone out here?

"Chekov?" A voice called out, alleviating Chekov's fears. He wasn't sure who it was, but he didn't care. It was one of his crew-mates.

"I'm here!" Chekov shouted, relieved. "I'm injured, I need help!"

"Stay there, I'm coming to get you," the voice called back. This time Chekov recognized the voice as belonging to Doctor McCoy.

The rustling sound of footsteps pushing through the brush got closer and closer, Chekov shouting out once in a while to help guide the doctor to his location until a pair of legs entered Chekov's field of vision.

"What happened to you?" McCoy asked, kneeling in front of Chekov to assess the damage.

"My leg," Chekov told him. "Broken."

McCoy's mouth formed a firm line. "Here, let's sit you down," he said, and helped Chekov switch from his position on hands and one knee to a much more comfortable seated position.

"Did you see the others?" Chekov asked, panting and flexing his weary wrists.

"No," McCoy answered. "Let's just figure you out first, then we'll find them." He knelt down by Chekov's leg to examine it. "Tell me if this hurts," he said, and started prodding the leg gently.

Chekov hissed. "That hurts."

"What about here?"

"That hurts too."

"How about—"

"It all hurts, please stop touching it."

Doctor McCoy frowned. "Seems like multiple breaks," he commented. "I'm going to have to cut your pant leg off, get a better view." He reached to the side, as if reaching for a first aid kit that wasn't there. He stared at the empty space with disdain, then looked around his immediate surroundings. He found a sharp stick, and used it to get a tear started in Chekov's pant leg. It wasn't as clean as he would have liked, and he ended up jostling Chekov's leg a few times, but eventually the cloth fell away, revealing the extent of Chekov's injuries.

"Good god," McCoy said under his breath.

"What?" Chekov asked. "What is it?"

"It's not just broken, it's shattered," McCoy said, shaking his head. "There's nothing I can do to fix this out in the field. Even if I could find my equipment."

"You should find the others and find a way to call the ship for help," Chekov said.

McCoy shook his head. "I can't just leave you out here. I might not be able to find you again. And who knows what hell-spawn lives out here."

"I can't walk," Chekov pointed out.

"You're gonna have to," McCoy said. "Come on." He hauled Chekov up to stand on his good leg, and steadied him as Chekov rode out a wave of pain from his leg. When he was ready to continue, McCoy half-carried Chekov through the bamboo grove, Chekov hopping along at his side. It was slow going, and they had to stop for Chekov to rest frequently. But eventually they made it out of the grove to where they had a better view of the surrounding area.

"Look there," McCoy said as they stopped for Chekov to catch his breath.

Chekov looked up and followed the doctor's pointing arm. A small plume of smoke was coming from somewhere near the beach.

"I bet that's the wreck of our shuttle. There'll be supplies there," McCoy said. "And if there's one place the others might congregate, it's there. Think you can make it that far?"

"Da," Chekov said. In fact, he *didn't* think he could make it, but recognized that he didn't have much of a choice.

It was nightfall by the time they found what was left of their shuttle on the beach. The front half stuck up out of the sand, the back half nowhere to be seen. It was still smoking, so using it as a shelter was out of the question. McCoy helped Chekov settle down into the sand, and left him there to gather sticks for a fire. Temperatures would be dropping soon. Chekov sat uselessly as the doctor built a fire, then scavenged through the wreckage for whatever supplies could be salvaged.

Plopping down by the fire near Chekov with an armful of supplies, McCoy sighed. "No medical supplies. Of course they were in the half of the shuttle that *didn't* land here on the beach." He passed Chekov a silver emergency blanket an MRE packet, and a bottle of water. "Food and purified water to last a few days, though."

Chekov tossed his blanket over his legs, partly because his bare leg was getting cold, and partly so he wouldn't have to look at the lumpy mess. "Comms?" He asked.

McCoy shook his head, and tore open an MRE. "No comms. We just have to hope someone will come looking for us when we don't turn up when we're supposed to."

Chekov sighed. There would be no relief from his pain for the foreseeable future. He ate his MRE, grimacing at the blandness of it, and settled down in the sand to sleep. He looked up at the stars as he drifted off. A whizzing light shot through the sky just as he was falling asleep.

I wish for rescue to come quickly, he thought.

Chekov and McCoy waited for three days by the wreckage of their shuttle. None of the others came to join them, even after McCoy figured out how to make a smoke signal with their bonfire. No sign of a rescue team, either. The weather had been fair, and they had enough MREs and purified water to last another week, but what they really needed were medical supplies. Or better yet, a fully equipped and staffed sickbay.

"Chekov," McCoy said, nudging Chekov's shoulder.

"What?" Chekov said, groggily. His vision was blurry.

"I've been talking to you," McCoy said.

"Oh," Chekov said. His head felt foggy. Some moments he wasn't sure where they were or what was happening.

McCoy frowned, and pulled back Chekov's blanket to examine his leg. He grimaced. It was worse than the day before. He sucked his teeth, trying to think of what to do next. He was hoping that the infection in Chekov's leg would have started to get better, unlikely as it was, or that rescue would come, but no such luck.

"I think your leg's gone septic," McCoy said, mostly to himself. Chekov seemed to be in his own little world at the moment. He waited until Chekov regained some clarity, then repeated himself.

"What do we do?" Chekov asked.

"Well, if we let it go the way it is, it'll kill you. Soon," McCoy said, getting straight to the point. "And with no medical supplies, I have no way to treat it."

Chekov sighed, and let his head fall back against the sand. "So I am going to die?"

McCoy paused for a long while. "Well, there is *one* thing we can try," he said.

Chekov had a feeling he wasn't going to like it. He was correct. Doctor McCoy explained that if he could amputate the leg and keep him from bleeding out, Chekov *might* survive.

"But you don't have any tools," Chekov pointed out.

McCoy nodded. "There's some blankets to help staunch the bleeding, and I can use the seat belts from the shuttle for a tourniquet. It isn't the best, but it'll make do until we get rescued." *If* they got rescued.

"And how are you planning on sawing off my leg without a saw?" Chekov asked.

"Well," McCoy said, looking back at the shuttle's open door.

Chekov followed his gaze. "What?"

"I have an idea about that," McCoy said, getting up and brushing the sand from his knees. He picked up a thick stick and walked over to the shuttle. The door gaped open, the wreckage tilted in such a way that the door now slid up and down instead of from side to side. McCoy placed the stick in the doorway, reached up to grip the door, took a breath, then slammed the door down and closed as hard as he could. The stick snapped in two under the makeshift guillotine.

Chekov felt like he was going to throw up.

"Turns out the door is pretty sharp if you pry the seals off," McCoy said. "And at least it'll be quick."

"I think I'd rather take my chances with sepsis," Chekov said, looking green around the gills.

McCoy frowned. "The sepsis will kill you one hundred percent," he said. "Me chopping your leg off is only about an eighty percent chance for death."

Chekov groaned. "That isn't making me feel any better."

"Will you let me at least *try* to save your life?"

Chekov considered, then nodded weakly. What other choice did he have?

McCoy got together whatever supplies he could. He cut the seat belts from the shuttle and tied off Chekov's leg as tightly as he could. He made sure to have blankets nearby, not only to help stop the blood flow, but also to keep Chekov warm. This would be a shock for him. Finally, he found a loose piece of metal and heated it white-hot with a salvaged phaser. If he cauterized the wound in time, Chekov wouldn't bleed out and die. At least not right away.

"Ready, Chekov?" McCoy asked.

Chekov was lying inside the shuttle, his broken leg sticking out. McCoy had shuffled him back and forth to make sure the cut would happen in just the right place.

"No," Chekov said weakly.

McCoy ignored him and grabbed a stick, passing it to Chekov. "Here. Bite down on this. Don't want you biting your tongue off."

Chekov did as he was told, biting down hard and squeezing his eyes shut.

"On three," McCoy said, gripping the door. "One, two, three!"

Everything went blindingly white as an excruciating pain shot through Chekov. Then, as soon as it started, everything went black.