

Transfer

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by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Going Home.

Notes

Astute readers may recognize one of the characters. Used with permission. Any mistakes and she could be a random cadet.

Starfleet Headquarters Auxiliary Landing Field

San Francisco, CA

2296

Decker holds her breath, once again in her dress whites. This time for an event, a ceremony, that she would rather not be at, but one that was more important than getting a bauble to hang on her uniform.

As she waits, she focuses on the cadet in charge of the honor guard. She does look to be a senior cadet, with a small stripe of the gold of Operation through the red of Training and Development on her shoulder boards already in place. The dark green threads through the sword belt around her middle shows her to have aspirations for the Security and Tactical discipline.

Decker concentrates on her face. At first glance, it would seem a fairly nonthreatening visage with the rounded features. Two different things tell her that her assessment might just be off. The first is the strong jawline, firm and unyielding.

The second doesn't just tell her that her assessment is off, but blows it out of the water. The dark brown eyes stare at her like chips of hard amber. Fierce, resolute, and giving the impression that the bearer of those eyes might just be willing to put her head through the nearest bulkhead.

If it gave her a tactical advantage. There is something else there as well, something that shows that the fierceness might be calculated when needed.

A glint of wry humor.

For an instant, the cadet's eyes flick to hers from where they are locked on the middle distance. Decker nods at her. She wonders to herself why she had focused on that cadet.

She hears the sound of footsteps behind her, coming down the ramp of her ship. Both she and Chandra move easily to attention, as do the honor guard. The cadet in front draws her sword and brings the hilt up to her nose as the phaser rifles come to the present. She and Chandra slowly lift their knife-hands to the brims of their caps as the three flag-draped photon casings pass by them, borne by the crew of the *Aerfen*, with her two ensigns leading and trailing.

Their hands drop from the salute, again at a slow pace, as all three are shifted into the transports.

The three crewmembers of the *Comstock*, are home, at least in the bosom of their wider family of choice.

On their way to their birth-families, or to a silent resting place at the Presidio National Cemetery Federation Annex, near the Marin County

sections of Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

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