

Vigil

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Vigil

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Spock and Bones wait for Jim in the transporter room.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 23
Prompt: Presumed Dead

"What are you doing down here?"

Spock turned to see Doctor McCoy joining him in the transporter room, dressed in pyjamas and looking like he hadn't slept in days.

"I could ask you the same thing," Spock answered tiredly, turning his gaze back to the transporter pad.

McCoy grumbled as he crossed the room and sat down beside Spock. They both just watched the transporter pad in silence for a few long minutes.

Finally, the doctor put his face in his hands and sighed. "Why are we doing this, Spock?" He asked. "We *know* he's dead. Atoms spread in the wind like ashes. Why are we here pretending that the transporter might just fire up and bring him back?"

"There's a chance that we can find him again," Spock said, not bothering to pull apart the doctor's metaphor like he usually would. Right now it didn't matter that there wasn't wind in space. "A minuscule chance. But a chance nonetheless."

McCoy scoffed. "Yeah, a chance in *hell*," he lamented. "Isn't it illogical to bank on chances this remote? To believe he can still be brought back alive?"

"Indeed," Spock answered quietly. "It is quite illogical. But I've found that sometimes it is necessary to hold onto the hope of such possibility, despite the improbability of it. Even if it is just to delay acceptance of the reality. I suppose that is why I am here."

"Yeah," McCoy gave a heavy, resigned sigh. "I know he's dead, I just don't want to believe it. I guess that's why I'm here, too."

They kept the rest of their vigil in silence, waiting for someone who would never return.

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