

The Return of Ringo

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The Return of Ringo

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Chekov's case of Beetle's Hair has relapsed, but this time, he's gone full Ringo.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 28
Prompt: No, Not Like This

Yup... This one is just a dumbass crackfic referencing other Beatles themed crackfics I did in 2022.

When Chekov returned to the ship after a week long shore leave, he wasn't feeling very well. He couldn't pinpoint what exactly wasn't feeling right, though. It wasn't as if his head hurt, or his stomach ached. He couldn't find the words to describe what he was feeling. He just knew that something was off.

He put off going to sickbay for another day. Both because he hoped the feeling would pass, and because he knew Doctor McCoy would yell at him for asking for help without being able to list symptoms. But by the next day, he wasn't feeling any better. He was feeling worse. And despite the heightening intensity of the feeling, he still couldn't determine what exactly felt wrong.

Chekov reluctantly went to sickbay, hoping that even if he couldn't tell the doctor what was going on, that a tricorder scan would. And hopefully, whatever it was could be easily treated.

Upon entering sickbay, Chekov was surprised to find it empty. But he knew it couldn't be totally unattended. So he crossed the room to Doctor McCoy's office and stood there in the doorway. The doctor had his head buried in the paperwork spread across several PADDs on his desk, and didn't notice him, so Chekov knocked lightly on the door frame.

"Uh, Doctor?"

"What is it, Chekov?" Doctor McCoy asked without looking up.

"Well, I am not feeling so good, sir," Chekov said nervously.

Again, the doctor didn't look up. "What are your symptoms?" He asked.

Chekov cringed. "Well... I do not know how to describe them."

Doctor McCoy glanced up from his paperwork to give Chekov an annoyed look. But suddenly, he looked surprised, and did a double take. "Good god, man!" He exclaimed, walking around his desk to more closely examine Chekov.

"What?" Chekov asked, alarmed by the doctor's reaction. "What is it?"

"Haven't you looked in a mirror at all in the last few days?" Doctor McCoy asked. "How haven't you noticed this?"

"Noticed what?" Chekov asked frantically. "Tell me!"

Doctor McCoy grabbed Chekov roughly by the elbow and dragged him over to one of the bio-beds, leaving him to stand there anxiously while he rifled through a cabinet. He quickly produced a handheld mirror, and held it up to Chekov. "See for yourself," the doctor said grimly.

Chekov stared at himself in the mirror for a long time. At first, he wasn't sure what he was looking for. But then it dawned on him.

"No," he said, shaking his head in disbelief. "No, not like this. Not again!"

Doctor McCoy sighed. "I'm afraid you've had a Beatle's Hair relapse."

"Oh no!" Chekov cried. He grabbed Doctor McCoy by the shoulders and begged, "please, Doctor, cure me! I don't care if you have to shave my head again! Just cure me!"

But Doctor McCoy just shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry, Chekov, but your condition has progressed. I'm afraid you've gone full Ringo. There's no cure for you now."

Chekov's hands fell back to his sides in disbelief. "So... you're saying I have to live with Beatle's Hair... forever?"

"Hate to say it, but yes."

Knees buckling, Chekov fell to the floor, and looking upwards as if to plead to a god above, he despaired. "Nooooooooooooo!"

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