

In Space, No One Can Hear You In Space

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In Space, No One Can Hear You In Space

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Sha'Rel and Holloway are locked out of the Jemison when their comms go down.

Notes

Weekly Challenge

Prompt #38: In Space, No One Can Hear You [Blank]

"Think we can head back now?" Holloway asked.

Sha'Rel nodded, looking over her instruments. "We've got a sufficient sample."

"What do you think this thing even is?"

Sha'Rel shrugged. "Guess we'll find out after the labs get a look at it."

Holloway rolled his eyes. "Well that's no fun. At least *speculate*."

Rolling her eyes back at him, Sha'Rel relented. "Well, it's a big space cloud. Maybe it's part of a debris field. Maybe we'll find out it's actually alive."

"Maybe it's gas passed by a giant ravioli alien," Holloway suggested.

Sha'Rel punched him in the arm. "Grow up. And hail the *Jemison* while I line us up for final approach."

Holloway chuckled, and tapped at the comm panel. "*Jemison*, we're coming home. Open the shuttle-bay doors."

There was no response. The doors to the shuttle-bay did not open.

Frowning, Holloway tried again. "Open the shuttle-bay doors, *Jemison*." When nothing happened again, he turned to Sha'Rel. "Are we being HAL-9000ed right now?"

Sha'Rel frowned thoughtfully. "I don't think they can hear us," she said. "Are you sure you're on the right channel?"

"Shuttle's always on the right channel," Holloway muttered, but he checked anyways. "Yeah, we're set to hail the *Jemison*, alright."

"Hmm," Sha'Rel hummed. "Maybe something is malfunctioning. We'll have to look at it once we get back on board."

"What's your plan for getting us back on board?" Holloway asked. "We can't open the doors from out here."

"I know," Sha'Rel said, and steered the shuttle away from the doors.

"Where are we going?"

"Observation Lounge Three."

"What—?"

"Window."

"Still not following."

"Just give me a minute."

Sha'Rel concentrated on bringing the shuttle up close to the ship, alongside the large window into Observation Lounge Three. As expected, the lounge was full of people playing games, getting lunch, and just hanging out.

"Start waving," Sha'Rel said.

"What?"

"Get their attention!"

"Oh," Holloway said. He started waving through his window at the people in the observation lounge, trying to flag them down. But when that didn't work, he started pounding his fists on the window in hopes that the noise would get their attention.

"Stop that, they can't hear you!" Sha'Rel scoffed. "Try this," she said, passing a heavy-duty, high-lumen flashlight over to Holloway.

Holding the flashlight up to the window, Holloway switched the beam on and off. Eventually, some of the people closest to the windows looked up and saw them. They conversed among themselves, then one of them went over to the bar and talked to the Romulan barkeep.

"Galan's coming over," Holloway told Sha'Rel.

"Do you think he knows Morse code? We can try signalling in Morse code," Sha'Rel suggested.

"Do *you* know Morse code?" Holloway asked. "Because I sure don't."

"Guess that's off the table then..." Sha'Rel said, thinking.

In the meantime, Galan had walked up to the window, raised a hand in greeting, then gave them a shrug that clearly meant 'what are you two *doing?*'

"What do I do?" Holloway asked.

"I don't know," Sha'Rel said, focussing on keeping the shuttle at a safe distance from the ship. "Use... Charades or something."

"Charades? Really?"

"Do you have a better idea?"

"*Ugh*. No."

Holloway pointed at his ear, then drew a line across his throat, hoping to convey that their comms weren't working. Galan seemed to understand, and flashed 'OK' with his fingers.

"Alright, I think he knows our comms are down," Holloway reported.

"Good, try and tell him we need them to open the shuttle-bay doors."

Holloway grimaced, and tried to figure out how to mime that. He ended up putting his hands together as if in prayer, then slowly separated his hands outward. Then he used one hand to point to himself, and gesture through the space he had made.

After squinting at Holloway for a moment, Galan gave a slow nod of understanding, then tapped his comm badge. His mouth moved as he talked to someone, then he flashed Holloway a thumbs up, and made a shooping motion.

"I think that worked," Holloway said. "Doors should be open."

"Lets get back on the ship," Sha'Rel said, and pulled the shuttle away from the window and back towards the shuttle-bay.

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