

How to Disappoint Your Father With Five Simple Words

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How to Disappoint Your Father With Five Simple Words

by [starry_fool](#)

Summary

Sam procrastinates an important phone call with his dad

Notes

Guess who is still thinking about the ramifications of s2e6! It really got me thinking about how Sam ends up in TOS and how we got from here to there. Conflict-averse Sam has to face conflict at some point, eh?

The prompt for this fic was this horoscope:

Everything's perfect. Well, almost! So, what's keeping you from experiencing a sense of ease in the here and now? The truth is, you know what you want. You know what you came here to create in this lifetime. So, stop waiting for somebody else to validate your journey or wave the green flag before you can chase after your wildest dreams. Oh, and one more thing! There's no right time to have that conversation. Summon the courage you need and call upon your spirit team. You'll be glad you got it off your chest.

Sam stares at the computer. He's asked around for civilian research positions before, but the more he thinks about the offer he received yesterday, the more he wants to accept it.

Leading a civilian life is something his father has stopped him from dreaming about since he was a little boy. The only possible career imaginable was a Starfleet captain. He can still remember the screaming match they had when Sam changed to the Xenanthropology major in the Academy without warning.

Eventually his father came around. Science officers could climb the ladder just as well as anyone. Temporary commissions and the Bridge Officer's Test were paths to the possibility of a second George Kirk in the captain's chair.

But now he has to tell his father 'No'. That the dream has died for good. Even though Jim will surely fulfill it in a few years...

Sam has always had trouble telling his father no.

Aurelan knocks on the door. "How is it going, honey?"

Sam sighs. The computer is still turned off. "Not very well."

"The computer has to be on for you to call, you know?"

The door is still closed, but Sam isn't surprised that his wife could guess what was going on. "I know."

He paces, gathering as much courage as he can. Aurelan and the kids are the whole reason he's determined to leave Starfleet behind for a civilian life. He's lived the life of a child who has to follow their parents from posting to posting; he doesn't want to subject his children to it. If his children join Starfleet, it'll be because they chose to, not because it was their only possible career choice.

A small part of him wonders if he should call Jim in advance to warn him of the horrendous mood their father will be in after his call. Then again, Jim has always been spared the worst of their father's ire. That will almost certainly continue, especially now that he will be the only possibility for a son of George Kirk to take the captaincy.

He turns the computer on, steeling himself. His father might not even answer his call.

Of course, thinking that is just tempting fate. His father picks up immediately, a practised neutral expression on his face.

"George." It's been years of practise to stop himself from flinching when being called that name. He can't disappoint his father yet, not when the words he will use to shock him are yet to be spoken. "What is this call about?" His father is already in a bad mood then. If Sam was a few years younger, he might make some paltry excuse and put off the call for another time. But he's older now, and he's finally going to do what he wants—his father's reaction be damned.

"Dad," he starts, not bothering to hide the smile on his face. No matter what his father says, he knows he's making the right choice. "I'm resigning my Starfleet commission."

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