

An Ideal Remembered

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by [trekfan](#)

Summary

2251: After rescuing her sister from a fraught situation, Captain Rose Reilly must begin to confront a truth she's unwilling to admit to herself: that what she remembers of the past isn't what some have lived.

Notes

Written for Weekly Challenge #8, Ideals. A small scene in a much larger story I've been trying to write, in some form, since 2015.

Her ready room had emptied out and it was just the two of them now. Rose looked over her younger sister and crossed her arms. “You wanna tell me what the hell this is about?”

“The dig site,” Anne responded curtly. “It’s about preserving a piece of archaeological history that could change our understanding of ... of everything.”

“It’s not about that.” Rose stood from her chair and sat on the edge of the table near Anne. “You made it personal a minute ago. Explain what you meant.”

Anne pushed herself away from the table and stood tall — taller than Rose could — and took a breath. “You always have to bring it back to something, don’t you?”

Rose suppressed a sigh. This was going to be a fight and she was going to walk right into it. “You brought up our parents.”

Anne scoffed. “I just find it interesting that you were so committed to preserving *that* and anyone with sense could see they weren’t good for each other.”

“They were.”

“Maybe when you there,” Anne spat. “But it was nineteen years between the two of us — I got very different parents. I got parents who were surprised I existed.” She looked out the window, down at the planet below, and her body tensed. “You showed up once a year, if that, to spend time with us. You had a life, Rose ... we had a mess.”

Guilt welled up in Rose. It was true, her little sister had been a big surprise, but that hadn’t stopped their mother from proceeding with the pregnancy. Rose had never asked their mother why but she suspected the woman was lonely. Between Rose being at Starfleet Academy and her father being a busy Starfleet officer, it had left a void.

“Lucius said it was broken long before you came around.”

Anne nodded. “Dad was right. It was broken but you never were around to see it.”

“Mom didn’t deserve what he did —”

Anne whirled around. “She was so cold to him! She treated him like he was a ghost ... treated me like I was a disappointment! She was always trying to replace you with me!”

Rose resisted the urge to stand up — as much as she wanted to, escalating things would lead nowhere. “Mom wasn’t well. You and I both

know that ... and our father wasn't exactly coping healthily either. But I promise you, they were happy at one time and they could have been again if Lucius hadn't decided to blow it all up because he was horny."

"He was miserable," Anne snarled. "I was miserable. This ideal view you have of what they were is stupid. It was never true."

"I don't accept that."

Anne laughed. "And that's why I find it so interesting you won't work to preserve this dig site. For how dysfunctional and broken our parents were, you were desperate to keep hope alive. You were willing to work for that but not this?" She pointed at the planet below. "Thousands and thousands of years of history is just *sitting* there and we can explore it if we just defend it."

Rose locked eyes with her sister. "I haven't committed to any course of action."

Anne stabbed the air with an accusatory finger. "You want to wait for backup and you want to do it safely away from here. That's the *Starfleet* play."

Rose stood and, even if she was a head shorter than her sister, leveled a frigid glare at her. "The Starfleet play saved your *ass* not more than a few hours ago."

Anne looked away. "We would have held out."

"Maybe," Rose conceded. "Or maybe your jury-rigged defensive measures would have blown up in your face. Either way, the Klingons are coming back — we drove one ship off, but they'll come back with more."

Anne shook her head and headed towards the exit. "You just want to run," she said as she walked past.

Rose grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back, *hard*. "If I wanted that, I'd be gone already." She let her go and Anne walked out at a brisk pace.

Rose just stared after her.

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