

## The Last Grinder Reminder

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## The Last Grinder Reminder

by [B\\_Radley](#)

### Summary

Nature vs. Nurture. A cadet is given a different path.

### Notes

Take two on this week's challenge. The correct prompt.

And more words...slightly.

Cadet Siobhan Lincolnton marches to and fro on the quad, trying to remember what the hell this 'Grinder Reminder' from her squad leader was for. She has a vague idea that it might be because she has half a brain more than the thick-skulled wannabe security operator, in addition to a quicker mouth.

She stops, bracing to attention, as a shadow falls in front of her. She locks her eyes to a point over the young woman's shoulder. She searches for a name to put with her face.

Cadet Ensign Stone-Hunter gazes at her. "I've had my eye on you, Lincolnton," she says. "I think you could be something more than a yeoman or a technician."

"Nothing wrong with either of those, sir," she says. Once again without thinking.

The young woman—a fourth year, as all cadet officers were—quirks her lips. She wonders how many more hours she'll spend marching, or scrubbing toilets.

"You're right. But your academic aptitude scores are through the roof, even though your grades from secondary school aren't. My academic advisor and I, Captain Uhura, think that you could flourish, if you put your mind and your heart to it."

"I don't know, sir," she says.

"And someday you'll be telling muscleheads like that squad leader what to do."

Siobhan closes her eyes, as she wonders if she'd spoken aloud.

She opens them to see a smile on Kaylin's face.

She sees her father's face from long ago, smile encouragingly, as he always had.

Another pair of faces, one her own mother, the other that father's brother show contempt at any desires beyond the combined 'family businesses.'

She doesn't care what they think.

She looks Kaylin in the eyes. "Thank you, sir. Where do I sign up?"

All she needed was encouragement.

And generosity.

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