

An Hello to Old Friends

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An Hello to Old Friends

by [MirandaFave](#)

Summary

Captain K'Torra says hello to some 'old friends' whilst adjusting to a new presence on her ship.

Notes

An introduction piece to a side character in a Mov/Lost Era Border Patrol verse currently in development, under the Nightingale series title.

A response to Weekly Challenge #46: Old Friends and Fresh Starts

Patrol Cutter *Red Tail*

Captain K'Torra rises from her bunk, her 'hand' reaching to massage the buzzing in her head. As with every waking, she starts and stops to stare down at the metallic touch of the hand that attempts to massage the hulk of metal grafted to her eye socket. For a moment, the buzzing intensifies, signals bouncing off the inside of her skull like a malfunctioning deflector dish.

With a gasp, she grits her teeth and balls the cybernetic hand into a fist, marshalling all her anger into that compressed spot in the palm of her hand, as though she could choke out of existence the pain and confusion. And then. After a moment. She releases the fist. Releases her anger. Releases a heavy, sighing breath and takes a moment to breath and sit up with eyes closed to drink in her surrounds and her own body. She takes this moment to calibrate herself.

Only then, does she reach under her pillow for the *kut'luch* stowed there. Not all mornings begin as restive as this one. Other mornings, she wakes up in fire and agony and fear with the *kut'luch* in hand, ready to strike at the Klingon in her nightmare. This morning is a more peaceful morning. This morning, she wakes up not to alarms, licking flames and sickening crunches of girders collapsing. Instead, she wakes knowing the cost of those nightmares as she turns the Klingon blade over in her cybernetic hand, tracing the length of the cybernetic arm to where it meets scarred flesh and up to the implants in her head, the skull plate and the cybernetic eye.

Stepping into the closet bathroom, K'Torra looks into the Vulcan visage in the mirror and still tries to reconcile with it after all these years. "Hello old friends." Her cybernetic hand grips the edge of the basin. For a moment, K'Torra relishes gripping with all her strength to tear it from its securings. Anger and resentment are now old friends too.

After freshening up and changing into her Border Patrol blues, K'Torra, steps out into her spartan and tight quarters, eyes – both of them – fixating on the corner alcove. Her meditation candle remains unlit. Perhaps today she will try anew, to find that inner peace that once she sought and claimed. But no. The buzz behind her eye threatens to amplify its volume if she should attempt. Instead, she straps the *kut'luch* to her hip and holsters the regulation phaser to her other hip, before striding out onto the corridors of her *Okinawa* class command.

She seeks the noise and bustle of life aboard *Red Tail*. She seeks the noise of command and decision-making that might blank out the buzzing in her skull and tamper the pain from reaching beyond her threshold.

"Good morning, Captain."

K'Torra stops short before the Andorian officer currently aboard her ship as its acting XO. Lt. Jakhri offers a pleasant demeanour but not too

forward, understanding her own sensibilities and wary of any bad impressions he might make. “Lieutenant.” K’Torra keeps her tone neutrally civil.

“You’re up early.”

She bristles at that. “I was ... saying hello to some old friends.” Jakhri puzzles over that one, knowing the ship is currently running quiet. Yet he offers no commentary. *He already understands that much about me.* K’Torra turns Jakhri about and continues her way to the mess. “Wilson has this watch. Why are *you* about?”

“I ain’t for sleeping more than the few hours I did. Opted to use my being awake to familiarise myself with the ship’s layout and visited engineering. I promised the chief to look and not touch.” Jakhri’s warm smile would win over many another. For K’Torra a spike of errant signals in her head caused her to wince at the smile.

“Can’t wait to get off my boat and into your own?”

“Not at all, y’all been welcoming. Just looking forward. After everything, I’m fixin’ to making a fresh start.”

K’Torra stopped fractionally, jarring their matched pace which she quickly covered. “A fresh start. Indeed. We all look forward to that.” Her voice sounds almost wistful.

Because it is.

A fresh start. Each and every day.

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