

blue winter hymnal

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| Character: | Beckett Mariner , Jennifer Sh'reyan |
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by [pilcrowtudinous](#)

Summary

Jennifer takes Beckett on a trip to Andoria during shore leave. She may or may not have thought through Human vs Andorian physiologies.

Notes

In response to the Ad Astra Discord Weekly Challenge Prompt: Fair Weather

(title is an Andorian play on the Fleet Foxes song 'White Winter Hymnal')

(I realise that Andorians are said to mostly live underground, but emphasis on the *mostly* and also Jennifer isn't exactly a traditional Andorian name so let's just say that she's not from a traditional Andorian community. Creative licence etc etc)

'You said it'd be nice weather.'

'I did...'

Beckett gestures wildly down at herself and the enormous coat she's wearing, flutters a hand in the direction of the view of undulating hills capped in snow. 'You have *got* to be joking.'

'No...'

'It is *frigid*.'

'Sure, it's not starship-warm like you're used to but it's beautiful. Look at that sky!'

'Yeah, yeah, it's bluer than that cute Andorian ass of yours. But babe, come on. It's inhumanly cold.'

'I don't know if you missed the memo, Beck, but *I'm not human*.' Jennifer looks upwards and closes her eyes, breathing deeply. 'This is my favourite time of year.'

'You said we'd go *swimming*.'

Jennifer opens her eyes and looks at her. 'We are!'

'Is there like a secret hot tub somewhere?'

'The lake is *right here*.'

Beckett snorts. 'Watch me get hypothermia and die. Boimler will never forgive you.'

'I don't know what you see in that little weirdo.'

‘Hey now, *I* can call him my little weirdo.’

Jennifer shrugs and pulls a towel out of her bag, followed by a second that she offers to Beckett. Beckett waves it off with a laugh. ‘Didn’t you hear me mention the whole hypothermia thing? You want a cute frozen popsicle girlfriend?’

‘I want a girlfriend with a strong constitution.’

‘Oh I have *strong constitution* out the wazoo. I also have a strong enough sense of self-preservation to not throw myself in a lake that’ll then get me thrown in sickbay.’

‘Your prerogative.’ Jennifer kicks off her shoes and strips off her shirt and pants. ‘Now you can just watch this cute Andorian ass of mine take the plunge.’

Beckett shivers, rubbing her hands together and stamping her feet, little snow flurries catching on her curls. ‘Well, I guess I can handle that.’

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