

Where Nobody Knows Your Name

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Where Nobody Knows Your Name

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Saavik. A Boston Bar. That is all.

Oh, and compassion for a fellow survivor of Mutara.

Notes

Author's Note: A h'vaster is member of one of the five distinct genders of natives of Rigel V, other than a male or female. (My headcanon)

This was born of a meme provided by Gibraltar on the Discord Server.

Earth, North America

2286

Saavik exits the public maglev and starts up the steps. She closes her civilian jacket against the slight chill. As she comes out onto the street of the area known as South Boston, she can hear the voices of passerby, with the same twang that she remembers from the woman she is has made this trip to visit. She looks from left to right. The street shows no sign of the recent unpleasantness from the probe that had been looking for an extinct species. All while she had been on temporary assignment on Vulcan. She shakes her head shoving the slight regret away, as she checks her PADD for the address.

She wonders how Emma Rosewarne, Starfleet cadet on medical leave, will react to her visit. It had been several months since the Battle in the Mutara Nebula, when Emma had been injured and so many had been killed.

Including, as she had heard from Emma's close circle in the Academy, the Rigelian h'vaster of the child that Emma would carry to term for about ten months total, Roged Meeliy.

She wonders about her reception because Emma is currently in limbo. She'd already completed her the requirements for her academic degree in political science, but the injuries on her senior cadet cruise had interrupted her technical studies as a navigation/command officer. When she returned to duty, presumably after giving birth, she would either have to repeat her senior year, or she could choose to serve two years as a noncommissioned crewmember to complete her term of service, if she chose not to continue as a cadet.

Saavik stops as she matches the address above the glass front to her note. A sign hangs out over the sidewalk, near the street. One of the hangars is broken, so she can only see the first two letters of the name, a 'C' and an 'H'.

She takes a deep breath and opens the door. She is assailed by the noise of many voices talking at once, as well as the heat of many bodies clustered around the bar and at tables around the periphery. Her mind is assailed by dozens of thoughts in close proximity. She raises her shielding to prevent her from being overwhelmed.

She hears a familiar voice close to the bar. A voice raised in anger. The crowd parts, moving away from the bar. She sees Emma Rosewarne standing in front of the bar, facing off with a large human, who is looking down at her. Emma isn't a short woman, but is dwarfed by the male.

Saavik feels her eyebrow raise as she sees that Emma points a length of wood at him. Her eyes flash defiantly at the man. Saavik realizes that the length of wood is a baseball bat, from her membership in the Baseball Club at the Academy.

Emma is dressed in a tanktop and cutoff shorts. The bulge of what will someday be her and Roged's child is very apparent, as the top barely covers it. Her defiant expression is unwavering. Saavik takes in a crying young woman standing with Emma between her and the male.

Saavik moves closer, wondering if her hand will fit over the trapezius muscle of the antagonist. She is saved from having to find out, when the male turns and quickly exits the bar. She hears applause from the patrons. Emma grins sheepishly and curtsies, lowering the bat. She returns to the bar and picks up a towel, watching the crying young woman's friends take her in hand to the restrooms.

"Hello, Emma," Saavik says. Emma turns slowly around, her expression wary, until she sees Saavik. A smile breaks over her face and her eyes, which her friends had always described as 'sparkling' gain that property. She moves towards Saavik, her arms out, but she stops. Saavik nods, then allows Emma to engulf her in a tight hug.

"Lieutenant Saavik," Emma says. "It's good to see you!"

"And you, Emma," she says.

"What are you doing here?" she asks.

"I came to check on you. I heard of your...troubles with the Academy Board."

Her smile fades. She looks down and lifts a glass that Saavik can only hope is water, taking a sip. "I'm not going back to the goddamned Academy," she says in her distinctive accent. "When I get off leave and give birth to Zari, I'll do my two years and get out."

Saavik says nothing. It is at that moment that she sees that the serious burns that had marked Emma's pale skin have completely healed. She takes a deep breath and says, "That would be Starfleet's loss, Emma," she says evenly.

Emma stares at her, the anger fading. It is replaced by tears forming in the brown eyes. She reaches up and pulls a lock of her dark bronze curls out of her face and reaches down for a mug, pulling a draft handle back, filling it, then pouring a shot from a bottle of whisky. She hands that to a patron, who smiles at her.

As Emma turns, she grimaces, and places her hands at her back, pushing it forward. Saavik moves closer to her, pulling a chair out, concerned.

Emma waves her away, saying, "I'm okay," she says. The look of pain on her face belies her words.

At that moment, several patrons come up, their glasses empty. They look forlorn, but don't immediately press Emma. Saavik points at the chair, her expression 'Academy instructor-insistent'. Emma reluctantly sits.

Saavik takes a deeper breath, then pulls off her leather jacket. She is clad in a teal blue civilian shirt.

Emma smirks, glancing at it. "The gang here likes a little skin showing on their bartenders," she says, giggling with a slightly devilish tone. Saavik stares at her, then sighs. She unbuttons a couple of buttons.

She turns and looks at the beer taps. *You're a Starfleet command officer, with advanced degrees in astrophysics and computer science. You can pull a draft beer.*

She takes a mug and moves it to the spout. It only takes a couple of tries, before she pours a draft with a perfect head on it. The man smiles appreciatively, his eyes going from impatience to gratitude in one look.

"You're a friggin' natural," Emma says, as she relaxes.

Saavik looks at the myriad of liquor bottles as she moves between the different taps to fill the orders.

"Don't worry, hon," says an older woman waiting her turn. "This is mostly a 'shot and a beer' crowd today."

During a respite, she rolls her sleeves up. She does notice that her sartorial choice has drawn many more smiles from all of her customers. She isn't sure how she feels about that, but she has no shame. Saavik looks down at Emma. "You know it's only a year, right?"

She nods, her eyes downcast. "I know. But I'm ready to get out and do stuff. Mutara taught me that life can be short. I don't want to waste any more in classrooms."

Saavik nods as she opens a bottle of cider and hands it to another customer. "Well, I do know you, Emma. You'll excel on whatever path you take. If you do chose to go out on the 'fleet, I think you'll be direct commissioned in no time. That Starfleet Cross with the ruby bloodstone on it will help. You earned that and paid for it, with your own blood."

Saavik pulls up a bottle of whisky. It slips out of her hand and flips, but she catches it making it look like she meant to. She flips it again a couple of times to the cheers of the patrons.

Thankfully she catches it and pours it directly into four lined up shot glasses. The applause increases.

Emma shakes her head. "If this Starfleet thing doesn't work out, you've got a place in Southie. My uncle could use you here, for when he's in jail. I think that they like you."

There is a loud chorus at the door. It sounds like someone is yelling one word, a name.

"Norm!"

An older, heavyset male in what looks like cheap business attire walks in. Emma's eyes widen as they both see that he is dragging the earlier

behemoth towards the bar by his ear.

He twists the ear, lifting the bullet-like head up and setting it on the bar.

None too gently.

“My nephew has something to say to you, Em,” the apparent ‘Norm’ says. “And to you, ma’am,” he says to the young woman who had been crying earlier.

“Sorry,” he mumbles.

He shoves the nephew away from the bar, placing his shoe in the young man’s ass. He sits on the corner stool and looks at Saavik. “What does a man have to do to keep from dying of thirst around here.”

Saavik shakes her head and places a large mug filled with Sam Adams draft in front of him. She can feel Emma’s grin from behind her.

Just before she comes up and hugs her from behind. Saavik closes her eyes as she feels the moisture from Emma’s own eyes on her shoulder. She places her hands over the cooler skin of Emma’s arms around her middle.

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