

nothing but the rain

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by [ussjellyfish](#)

Summary

Laira is injured in a shuttle accident and Michael reminds her of home.

Notes

thunder storms made me think of being injured, and Laira's the executive so her being hurt was a dysfunction.

It's raining; cool drops caress her face.

No, that's not right. It doesn't rain in space. She's in space.

She was - is - in space. Where it doesn't rain. It rains at home, on Bajor, thick drops when the summer air is heavy.

Her head is heavy. Too heavy to lift.

The drops touch her again, coming and going. Rain doesn't do that.

It can't rain, she's in space. It doesn't rain in space.

Why does she remember rain? Hard rain, drumming on the hull. (It can't rain in space). She's in space.

The windows blew open and the storm came in, and the wind screamed in her ears, then it was quiet. The storm was over.

(the vacuum couldn't hold sound).

"You're going to be all right."

Her mother said that, when the storm was passed. Her mother opened the shutters and showed her the sun breaking through the clouds.

The sun isn't over her.

It's Michael.

Her fingers are the rain.

"Your shuttle was caught in a micro-meteor storm. Cut through your hull before your pilot even knew what hit you. Explosive decompression does a number on you."

Michael's hand holds her face, stroking her cheek with her thumb. "Take it slow."

Laira's voice creaks, like old wood. "Where am I going?"

"Nowhere, for awhile. Your injuries are minor, but kind of systemic, so don't get up just yet."

Numbness holds most of her nerves, as if she's only aware of the core of her being. Something: her shoulder, her hip, her ribs— she hurts.

Michael leans closer, holding her shoulder steady. "Breathe."

"I didn't feel anything."

"Then everything hurt. I know." Michael models breathing slowly. "Your nervous system is catching up."

"Wish it wouldn't."

"Better than the alternative, ma'am." Michael stays with her, making her safe. "Just breathe."

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