

## Hogmanay

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## Hogmanay

by [B\\_Radley](#)

### Summary

Mommas don't let your babies grow up to be engineers. Let 'em be captains and science officers and such.

(With apologies to Ed and Patty Bruce, and Waylon and Willie)

*Falkland, Kingdom of Fife, Scotland*  
*31 December 2293*  
*2330 hours*

Montgomery Scott watches the festivities as he sips his Dunreith, the house whisky of one of the MacKenzie septs that had somehow found themselves one of the protectors of Falkland Palace, hundreds of years ago. He closes his eyes, enjoying the burn of the drink.

His eyes take in the scene of the residents of this part of the ancient village, well away from the Palace, which had once been one of the homes of the Stuart kings and queens. He smiles to himself as he sees the people preparing for the stroke of midnight. When the old year turned into the new. He grins as he sees the numbers of dark haired villagers preparing for their role in the shift.

He runs the hand free of the whisky glass ruefully through his now-gray hair, with only touches of the dark that would be sought-after in a few moments.

*Just enough, though*, he thinks.

He closes his eyes at the thought of the old year. One that had brought both promise and intense grief. Promise for the galaxy as a whole, in the still-new Khitomer accords, that had the potential of bringing true peace between the Federation and the Klingon Empire, still reeling from the almost total destruction of Qonos' moon, Praxis.

Scotty feels his heart seize once again at the thought of the grief. The loss of one of the people who had been an outsized influence on his professional life, as well as a member of his chosen family, at least eventually. He keeps his eyes closed as he sees the void of space at the forward end of the *Enterprise-B*'s secondary hull.

Where James Kirk had stood only a moment before.

He shoves the grief back into the small box in his mind as he hears a murmur through the crowds. He sees his two guests moving down the street towards him, oblivious to the fact that a number of people in the houses move to block entrances to their houses discreetly.

Montgomery smiles broadly as newly-promoted Commodore (E) Mary Elizabeth Decker walks up. Mary is clad in civilian clothes, in contrast to the taller and younger woman who stands next to her, looking self-conscious in her cadet's uniform. The fact that she wears a delta on her chest shows her to be a second-year cadet, or a 'youngster' in age-old Academy parlance. She looks around her with eyes that seem to be, along with the freckles, the most prevalent features of her thin face.

Mary reaches over and takes his hand, then moves to kiss his cheek, engulfing him in her arms. "Hello, Scotty," she says, pulling back and looking at him. Her eyes show concern, but she doesn't say anything about his loss.

*Starfleet's loss*, he thinks.

She turns to the young woman, who straightens. "This is my daughter, Decker," Mary says. He notices at that particular moment as he shakes Decker's hand, a palpable distance between the two women.

“Hello, Mr. Sinclair,” he says, knowing that Decker’s last name comes from her other mother, a Starfleet doctor who is now estranged from Mary. He’d heard that they were headed for a divorce, but that Decker loved both of them equally.

“Captain Scott,” she says, smiling. “It’s an honor to meet you. I’ve heard so much about you, from my mother and others.”

He returns her smile. “I’m hearing that you’re making a name for yourself and bringing honor to your own name.” He lets his expression soften. “I knew your grandfather and your uncle.”

She nods, her own expression solemn. She looks around her at the joyous scene. “This is quite the celebration,” she observes.

He nods. “We Scots take our transition from the old to the new seriously. This’ll last even to the second of January.”

Decker looks at her mother. “Mom, I’m going to look around a bit, while you catch up with Captain Scott.”

Scotty can see that distance between them again. “Okay, Bug,” she says. “Don’t wander too far. I want to celebrate the New Year with you.”

Decker nods, then turns.

Scotty pipes up. “Lass, don’t try to go into anyone’s house if you’re not with us after the New Year turns, unless I go in first or you see a dark-haired person go in.”

Both Deckers raise their eyebrows.

“It’s tradition, called a First Footing. The first person a homeowner allows into their home after the New Year determines their luck for the rest of the year.” He grins. “Those with dark hair are the luckiest and most sought after to be the first in.”

Decker matches his grin. “Let me guess. Redheads are the least sought after. The unluckiest.”

He merely continues to grin for a moment. “At least we’re not tying you both up, like they did back in the old days.”

“Oh, I get it,” Decker says. “Deckers cause chaos whether they’ve got red hair or not.” She gives her mother a smile, whose hair is a lighter shade of flame than Decker’s.

They watch her walk away. Someone hands her glass, pouring her a dram.

“You’ve made something spectacular there. What’s going on with you two?” Scotty asks, keeping his expression even.

Mary continues to watch her daughter walk away. Her eyes widen for a moment as she pulls a stranger into a hug, then gives him a kiss, unbridled laughter on her face at something the young man says. She repeats the kiss on a young woman as the first stranger moves away.

Scotty can tell that Mary, in spite of the perceived distance, is struck by the unbridled joy on Decker’s face.

She turns back to look at Scotty. He instantly realizes. “She didn’t choose engineering,” he says.

Her face crinkles up into a frown. “No,” is all that she says. “She chose navigation and tactical as a secondary.” She exhales. “She wants to get on the command track.”

He watches her, then shakes his head. “So?” he finally asks.

Her hazel eyes flash green at him. Her expression hardens, her jaw setting almost to the point of grinding. “I should’ve known when she chose physics as a major and psychology as a minor, rather than warp engineering. But physics would’ve allowed her to go engineering.”

“Or Science,” he says, deciding in his old age it was his privilege to poke the bear.

The bear is well and properly poked, for at least a few seconds. She relaxes when she sees him smirk. “You old rogue,” she says, a smile widening on her features.

“Why are you worried about her? She chose Starfleet. You’ve got family in Starfleet going back to Earth’s version, with a Decker who died on Archer’s *Enterprise*.”

“I know,” she replies.

He decides to go for broke. “And it could be said that you’re the one breaking tradition from your family. The Decker who was a NASA astronaut was a pilot.”

“And an engineer,” she retorts. “So maybe everybody else broke it. That Decker you mentioned on the NX-01, worked for Trip Tucker, the engineer.”

He stops. “Far be it from me to tell you how to parent. I never was one. But I’ve mentored hundreds of engineers and captains,” he says. He looks down. “I think I may’ve taught Jim Kirk a thing or two.”

Scotty shakes his head, then looks back up at her. “I’m also old as dirt. You can’t get time back. Enjoy her, before it’s too late. Don’t let your distance widen.”

Mary turns away, contemplating the coastline. She turns back as Decker walks up. She gives her a look at the glass of Guinness now in her hand, half empty. Scotty grins as he sees a slight flush on her face behind the freckles.

The first drink hadn't been beer or cider.

To her credit, for this night at least, Mary says nothing, merely taking the glass of whisky that Decker hands her.

They look up and join in as the crowds start to count down. When the moment happens, Decker pulls both Scotty and her mother into her arms. He smiles as he sees Mary lift her hands to Decker's cheek, then kiss her.

A tall woman with dark hair walks up to them. She appears to be in her late thirties, with wideset brown eyes. Decker screams slightly in surprise; she runs over and pulls the woman into a tight embrace.

He notices that Mary's eyes are moist.

Scotty also notices that the distance between mother and daughter is still there, but narrowing. Both mothers also glare at the dark skinned young woman that Decker had kissed, as she walks up and slips her arm and hand into Decker's.

Decker ignores the glares.

He glances down at the mini-PADD in his hand, at the notification.

He is officially retired from Starfleet. His life is his own now, for better or for worse.

He thinks of what he had told Mary. *You can't get time back.*

It was time to explore the galaxy, without worrying about the engines and fuel ratios on a ship.

Of course, he was sure that he still would try to tweak the engines of whatever vessel he was on.

A former engineer who had moved over to command, had invited him to travel as a passenger on the *Jenolan*, a colony support ship in a few months' time.

He moves to accompany the two redheads and the two brunettes for First Footing.

Montgomery Scott smiles. He will get some of his own time back.

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