

## Self-Discovery

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## Self-Discovery

by [Tuxedo\\_Mark](#)

### Summary

Eva Nilsson, the blonde spore drive operator on the bridge of the USS Discovery. This minor character quickly became a favorite of mine, but so little is revealed about her in canon. I wanted to give her a chance to shine. Who is she? Where does she come from? Who are her friends? What drives her? This is her story. The rating will go up to Explicit eventually.

**Star Trek: Discovery**

**Self-Discovery**

**Written by Mark Moore**

**Part 1:**

**Starfleet Academy  
(2252-2256)**

**1**

**"Schrödinger's Letter and the Problems That Arise"**

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**Tuesday, August 31, 2252**

Eva Nilsson gently rode Nugget, her light brown Fjord horse, from Seaside, Oregon, heading back toward her home in Astoria. The sun was low on the horizon, and a gentle breeze was blowing. It was a pleasant evening, and Eva was determined to take complete advantage of it.

They started crossing the bridge over Youngs Bay. Eva could see the Astoria-Megler Bridge in the distance. She calculated and determined she had enough time to stop for a while.

Eva pulled on the reins and squeezed her legs. "Whoa."

Nugget came to a stop. Eva dismounted, walked over to the guardrail on the opposite side of the road, leaned against it, and looked out over the water. She let the wind blow onto her face and whip her long brown hair around. She took a deep breath, inhaling the late summer air.

The peaceful silence was interrupted by a notification alert. Eva sighed and took her PADD out of her jeans pocket. She brought up the holographic display. She'd gotten a new message. It was from her majka. Eva selected it and opened it. It read "Come home! It's here!"

Eva was suddenly filled with anxiety. She turned off the display, pocketed her PADD, and ran over to Nugget. She mounted her and leaned forward. "Nugget, it's here! I want you to go fast, okay?" She sat up straight, took hold of the reins, squeezed her legs, and clucked her tongue twice.

Nugget took off, galloping toward home.

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Eva brought Nugget to a stop and dismounted. She ran up the steps of the front porch and into her house.

Anica, her majka, stood in the living room with the envelope in her hand.

Eva ran up to her. "Where's Mor?"

"She's coming." Anica offered the envelope to her daughter.

Eva took it and stared at it in trepidation.

The door to the kitchen swung open, and Anika, Eva's mor, walked out, holding a bottle of Chateau Picard in her right hand and three empty glasses in her left hand.

Anika gasped. "Don't jinx it!"

Anika laughed. "I'm not jinxing it! Starfleet Academy doesn't send *rejection* letters, just a quick message: 'Fuck you, loser. Good luck to you.'"

Anika sighed. "You shouldn't get her hopes up."

Anika set the bottle and the glasses on the coffee table and took out her PADD. She pointed it at her daughter and started recording. "Okay, Eva, open it."

Eva took a deep breath, waited a moment, and then gently, meticulously, slowly opened the envelope. She took out the letter and set the envelope down on the exact center of the coffee table, equal lengths and widths on each side. She moved the bottle of Chateau Picard to the north end of the table, halfway between the edge of the letter and the edge of the table. She arranged the three glasses in a similar manner at the east, south, and west ends of the table. Then she straightened, unfolded the letter, and read it silently. She slowly released her breath.

"Well?" Anika asked.

Eva swallowed. "'Ms. Nilsson: Fuck you, loser. Good luck to you.'"

Anika stared at her daughter in shock.

Eva looked over at her mor and smiled. "I'm just fucking with you. I got in."

Her moms cheered for her.

"Show us!" Anika begged.

Eva showed her the letter.

"For the record!" Anika told her.

Eva held the letter in front of Anika's PADD. Then she folded it up exactly as it had been and inserted it into the envelope without lifting the envelope from the coffee table. Then she ran outside and down the steps.

Eva hugged Nugget and pressed her forehead to the horse's own. "Nugget, my sweetheart, I got in! Isn't that great?!"

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After drinking her share of the wine, Eva led Nugget to the small corral behind her house, took off the equipment, and fed her some oats, which Nugget ate out of her hand.

"Do you like them?" Eva asked Nugget. "Om-nom-nom?"

Nugget finished the oats and walked over to the trough to drink.

Eva followed her. "What am I gonna do, Nugget? I don't wanna leave you. I'd miss you so much."

Nugget neighed.

"Yeah, I know, flimsy excuse. The truth is I'm scared." Eva paused, feeling tipsy. "What if I'm not good enough? What then?" She walked out of the corral and over to the nearby tack house. She opened the door, went in, and put her gear away. Then she walked out, closed the door, and walked back over to the corral. She swung the gate shut and locked it. "I'll be a double failure."

Nugget walked over to her.

Eva gently petted her, stroking her mane. "But the only way to know for sure is to try, right?"

Nugget nodded. Eva looked up and saw the first stars in the evening sky.

"I *wanna* go. More than anything. I wanna see what's out there." Eva looked at Nugget. "Do I have your leave, ma'am?"

Nugget looked at Eva.

Eva smiled. "I'll call you every day. I promise." She kissed Nugget on the forehead. "Good night, Nugget. Sweet dreams. I love you."

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## Thursday, September 2, 2252

Eva had spent the past two days packing for her move to San Francisco, reconsidering, unpacking, and repeating the process. She was leaving early the next morning, it was late in the evening, and she still hadn't packed her clothing to her liking. Gentle, soothing saxophone music played on her sound system, but it didn't help her nerves. She searched through her closet again. While trying to determine which shoes to take with her, she came across her old pair of pointe shoes. She paused and caressed them.

There was a knock on her open bedroom door. Eva poked her head out of the closet.

Anica was standing there. "Your hair."

"Oh, uh, yeah, I figured I'd try blonde. New start, new color, y'know?" Eva explained.

"You mean you wanted a distraction."

Eva sighed, then she grew worried. "Do you mind, Majka?"

Anica sighed. "You *are* a Nilsson."

"By name." Eva paused. "And I'm in no way trivializing Mor's contribution to creating me, but you *carried* me."

Anica smiled briefly, then she frowned. "You're not finished packing yet?"

Eva stood up and nervously squeezed the shoes. "I, uh, I'm trying to determine the ideal pants:shirts:shoes ratio for my suitcase."

"Well, you're not taking *those*, are you?"

"What?" Eva looked at the shoes in her hands. "Oh! No!" She tossed the shoes into her closet. Then she immediately went in there and set them adjacent to each other with the toes pointing toward the door. She straightened and walked out of the closet.

Anica walked over and put her hands on her daughter's shoulders. "Sweetheart, you're driving yourself crazy. You can get new clothes. But first you need to get some rest."

"Oh, I can't sleep. What if I fuck up on my first day?" Eva asked.

Anica shrugged. "So what? You think no admiral has ever fucked up as a cadet? Or as an ensign? Or as a captain? Or as an admiral? You make a mistake, you learn from it. Rinse and repeat. That's the way the universe works. Rinse and repeat."

Eva nodded. "Rinse and repeat."

"You have the makings of a great cadet and a great officer, Eva. Focus on that, not on your compulsions. They're just distractions."

"Easy for *you* to say."

"Yeah, I guess you're right about that. Still, your ride leaves tomorrow at eight, so be up at seven, so go to bed already."

Eva hesitated. "Ten more minutes."

"Warp core breaches won't care if you want ten more minutes."

Eva stared at her majka in shock, her eyes bugging out. "Why would you say something like that?! What is wrong with you?!"

Anica laughed and hugged her daughter. "Good night." She turned and left the room.

Eva didn't get any sleep that night.

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