

Mutara's Long Night

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Summary

A vigil kept.

Chandra enters the dimly lit compartment. The only light comes from the blue glow of the stasis units. There are several figures seated or standing around the compartment; her Link is able to make out at least two who are familiar in that aspect.

She glances over and sees her foster-sister standing at one stasis unit. The Enterprise's chief engineer, Mr. Scott stands next to her, looking down at the young man. Kaylin's plebe classmate and Scott's nephew, Peter Preston, lies in the unit.

Chandra nods at Saavik, who stands a slight distance away.

Keeping watch in the long night.

For some, the longest night, not unlike that in the seasonal changes on their homeworlds.

She stops by Kaylin and pulls her into an embrace, giving her a gentle kiss. She moves over to the figure sitting against a bulkhead. The other familiar presence in her Link.

Like her, his short tunic is off; they are both clad in their cadet-red turtlenecks. Like many, their tunics are probably being refreshed. Trying to get the blood and smoke out of them, before the ceremony sending Captain Spock to his resting place in a newly-born sun.

After this endless night.

She slides down next to Jamie Blackthorne. She places her face against his shoulder, closing her eyes. Her hand moves up to the red-and-gold Starfleet Academy insignia pinned crookedly to his chest. Her fingers trace the three pips on the uppermost of two bars at the bottom. The insignia of a cadet commander, the second highest rank in the Brigade. One that she bears as well, along with certain others.

A rank that had done them no good in the hell that had been Khan's ambush.

She looks over at the stasis unit that they are keeping vigil for. A Rigelian h'vast, who had been a part of their small circle. H'va's gray face, with black highlights around his closed eyes, almost peaceful.

Belying the ravages of explosions and fire, covered by the sheet pulled up to h'va's chin, over the remains of h'va's uniform.

They hold vigil for one who can't be here. The one closest to h'va. Emma Rosewarne rests in her own version of stasis, recovering from burns and other injuries in Sickbay.

She looks up as the hatch slides open. She sees two tall figures, one leaning on the other, walk in. She and Jamie both smile at the two women, the last two of the Deltan bond they had formed.

The tallest, who supports the slightly shorter one, lacks a right sleeve on her red shirt, as the remnant binds a nasty wound on her bicep. Eleanora Cavendish helps guide Morgan McMurtry over to them as she walks gingerly on an injured leg.

The two of them maneuver to slide down beside them, finding some way to lean against them. Morgan McMurtry's piercing blue eyes helping to light their small area.

Chandra breathes out, then opens the Link, then the Threads, the physical manifestation of her gifts.

Sending a calming wave to her bonds, including her foster-sister and the one who sleeps in Sickbay.

To the others who keep vigil in the long night as well.

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