

## A Shadow at the Foot of the Bed

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## A Shadow at the Foot of the Bed

by [MirandaFave](#)

### Summary

Weekly Challenge #30: Liminal

The transition of time, or place, or maybe mindset; that strange space between two things.

In the aftermath of a mission gone wrong, crew, friends and T'Vel herself struggle to come to terms with events. A missing or future scene in the Kestrel story.

Dashiel turns from Chomsky's eyes to look upon the sleeping face of T'Vel, his features battling a quarry of emotions before he bows his head sadly. He is torn but it is not his place here at her bedside. Even if it was a kindness and a gesture her Vulcan nature might not need, he wants to offer to be here for her. He stands slowly and almost dares to reach out to lightly touch her arm, as though the brief graze might linger as a memory or a presence, a small boon for the Vulcan but he does not. Once more he looks at the overhead bio-bed feed. His lips tighten into a thin line before departing the room. He and Chomsky link hands wordlessly, she offers him comfort for his inability to provide T'Vel comfort.

Judy Monroe watches the pair through plexiglass, her eyes tired and sad as she fights the sense of regret. She looks across the span of the room to T'Vel's bio-feed, noting the steady and muted readings, a small comfort in the indication of the Vulcan's recovery for as her eyes fall from the screens to T'Vel's face, Judy sees what the readings did indicate, the façade of T'Vel's sleeping appearance.

The Vulcan remains in her state of make believe, eyes closed, affecting sleep, closing herself to the world, shutting out those who cannot dare to reach out to her. Judy doesn't think she has ever seen anyone so lonely in the verse as this scene. Her heart breaks for T'Vel.

Molly Cartwright enters Judy's office then, her purpose to view through the window the recuperating Vulcan and Judy meets the intrusion with a hurt accusation. Molly juts her chin, not needing Judy to say the words to feel the sting of the accusation. Yet even as she knows the charge, Molly does not enter T'Vel's ward, does not stand at the foot of her bio-bed, does not offer the companionship nor the comradery the Vulcan has to surely crave. Even as Judy moves to speak, Molly raises her hand to halt the words. Judy sees that Molly is too tired to argue and Judy too is worn and tired from this day and the toll it has taken. But still, she turns to look back out at T'Vel.

"She's heavily medicated. Barely awake. Hardly asleep." Molly says nothing but keeps watching. "Just there. In her head. Where there is no recourse. She needs someone. Someone to reach out. Instead, she lingers in the twisted limbo of her mind."

Judy looks then to Molly pleading.

Molly tries to ignore the haunted look, to keep her gaze upon T'Vel. But Judy's look draws Molly to look at the doctor. Choking back guilt and hurt and a myriad of emotions that Judy cannot parse in that moment, Molly states, "I can't do what you want. Not now."

"But..."

"But nothing, Monroe. I'm too angry. Too tired. Too disappointed." A long beat. "Too ashamed. And it's all, all too late. And too little. Try your guilt trip on McGregor. Or better yet, her son. Meantime, I'll stop in with Keren and see how *he* is recuperating." The look of accusation thrown towards T'Vel.

Judy's voice croaks with fatigue and being emotionally wrung out. "That's unfair."

Molly's retort is a whiplash. "It's all unfair. Didn't they teach you that in medical school? Life 101."

Molly takes to turn to leave, her hand rests on the doorframe but her body is turned slightly in the direction of the medical ward.

"They did teach us that. It's why they taught us not to go through this life alone."

Molly's face screws up in that moment as she looks to the ceiling, failing to bury a tsunami of feelings. "Well. I guess we fucked up that lesson!"

Judy winces. It strikes her then. A one-word reason. "Paul." Molly nods.

Judy takes Molly's shoulders in the embrace of her arm, pulling her aside to her private office.

Acutely aware, T'Vel's eyelids flutter, bio-scans fluctuating slightly as she struggles for control. But she stills herself then as she senses the presence, the shadow that falls across the foot of her bed...

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