

Hearbeat of Home

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

Cadet Vivienne Albrecht takes time to process her thoughts and feelings after her Kobayashi Maru test and meets the woman who would later become her wife.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

What a mess this day was! Cadet Albrecht somehow managed to make it to the end of her Kobayashi Maru test without having an emotional breakdown, and even in the aftermath she struggled to keep her composure. What struck her to the marrow was imagining this scenario in reality with real lives at stake, that people could die because of her choices. She didn't have the emotional resilience for that, which led her to the conclusion that she was in the wrong career.

She had a few hours to spare and needed desperately to talk to her dad: in person, and maybe get a good long hug too. Round trip from San Francisco to Anchorage would use her remaining transporter credits, but she wasn't saving them for anything else.

Though she had little time to spare, she made a stop at a nearby bar to take a little time to clear her head and get a meal. She wanted to get comfort from her dad, not go to him and cry like a baby.

The bar was dimly lit and warm, a welcome comfort from the damp cold of Alaska in March. Spending so much time down south in the Outside already had her accustomed to a warmer climate. When she was a kid, this kind of weather was suitable for wearing shorts and breakup boots...and her mom would nag her for not wearing a coat.

Albrecht sat down at an empty seat beside a woman with tan skin and sleek black hair. The stranger was reading, so Albrecht ignored her and let her be, until the other woman looked up from her PADD and spoke first as she looked Albrecht up and down.

"Damn. I really am in the big city now, huh? You'd never see a uniform like that where I'm from."

"Where are you from?" She tried to stay polite and pleasant, even though the other woman's statement felt a little too direct.

"Real Alaska."

Great. One of those, the sort of people who felt a sense of smugness over the fact that they lived closer to wilderness/ "To be fair, I doubt if I'll be wearing this uniform much longer. I've been reconsidering a lot."

The other woman looked away and scratched the back of her neck. "That's heavy..." She looked back. "My name's Gloria. And if you suddenly find yourself without all of those Starfleet commitments taking up your time, I think I'd like to show you Real Alaska."

End Notes

Alaska-isms defined

Outside: anywhere not Alaska

Break up boots: heavy rainboots (break up is when the snow melts and it's muddy AF)

yes, people refer to Anchorage as "30 minutes outside of Alaska" (it's me, I'm people)

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