

The solitary side of our nature

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by [TexasDreamer01](#)

Summary

She used this time to retreat, to reflect, and to breathe.

Notes

The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.

-James Anthony Froude, Short Studies on Great Subjects (1867–82), Sea Studies.

It wasn't often that she came to this particular hologram, especially after that eventful occasion with Alexander, Worf, and the multiplicities of Data. The program was still in the memory banks, however, and she had peeked at its log to see if it was still in active use. Only one other person was accessing the file, but at irregular hours, and she took the opportunity to sneak into the saloon every now and then.

The holographic patrons talked to her sometimes, but usually left her to her own devices. She found the effect to be soothing - still a position of relative power here, as much as one could be playing a stranger in a culture that always kept a weather eye out for the changing of hands, but here she could merely lean back and observe. Listening to the clinking glasses as people ate and drank, she could feel the tension of her day leaving in slow, steady slakes of relaxation.

Her job as counselor was satisfying - this would likely always be true, and the challenges that came her way were intellectually stimulating. Here, though, the emotional component was set aside, as simply as she donned her brimmed hat and ordered a drink and a hot meal. The horses stabled outside snuffled and let out soft neighs, the only chatter outside of the card players at the table next to her likewise relaxing after their holographic day at work. She took a sip of her tea, sighing pleasantly at the taste.

Perhaps she could spare a few more moments before work pulled her away again.

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