

The In-Between

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Summary

A series of shorts and one shots involving different situations on-board the Enterprise, mostly because I'd like a place to keep them all, but also (of course) for your enjoyment.

Most Recent Chapter: A study of statistics (or the one where T'Pol is a Vulcan about wanting to hang out with her friends)

Notes

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

"C'mon, T'Pol, you're actin' like we're going into a warzone!" Trip resisted the urge to roll his eyes when her eyebrow went up in response. "We'll be *fine*."

"Statistically, you have stated that you would be fine before 82.73% of the missions that have almost ended catastrophically."

"What?" Jon looked up from where he was readying his pack, and Trip almost groaned. T'Pol was just being dramatic.

"I have checked the records, captain, and the data speaks for itself." T'Pol angled herself towards Jon now, and Trip finally *did* roll his eyes, ignoring the sideways look Jon gave him. "The likelihood that a seemingly benign mission will become dangerous is 89.84% when you are involved, and 77.54% when Commander Tucker is involved. If you are together, then the percentage increases to 96.12."

"89 percent?" Jon asked, brows lifting as Malcolm cleared his throat from behind T'Pol.

"Sir, I'd like to reiterate my request to send a team down with you."

Trip thought that Malcolm looked far too smug to not have been involved in T'Pol's sudden obsession with their mission statistics. He opened his mouth, one second away from calling the lieutenant on it when Jon addressed T'Pol.

"What are the statistics for missions that *did* end catastrophically?"

"Captain?" T'Pol had a glint in her eye, and Trip wondered if she could tell where the line of questioning was going.

"Earlier you said something about missions that *almost* ended catastrophically." Jon clarified, and Trip tried to keep his face neutral. "What are the statistics for how often the missions *do* end catastrophically?"

T'Pol wasn't frowning, or at least Trip was certain she'd deny it if he accused her. "12 percent. But we cannot rely-"

"*Captain*-" Malcolm also interjected, clearly just as frustrated with Jon's train of thought. Trip bit the inside of his cheek.

"Would it make you feel better if you came?" Jon asked.

Malcolm turned red, and T'Pol's eyebrows went up, eyes sparkling just enough that Trip knew she liked the idea. "As a Vulcan, I do not 'feel' anything about the situation. The statistics do improve if I go with you, however." Trip couldn't help but notice that she didn't list them, while Malcolm spluttered behind her.

"All right, then, suit up." Jon grinned. "We're heading down as soon as you're ready."

"Of course, captain." T'Pol said, stepping fluidly back out the door just as Malcolm exploded.

"Commander T'Pol's presence only makes this mission even riskier! If something happened and we lost all of you, then-!"

"You wanna come too, Malcolm?" Trip interrupted the diatribe, and Malcolm shot him a venomous glare. Jon laughed out loud, and the glare moved to him.

"I'll be ready in just a few minutes, *sir* ." Malcolm hissed, and Trip was glad that the lieutenant couldn't slam the door behind him when he left.

Of course the mission was a disaster.

End Notes

I'll be real, Malcolm wasn't supposed to be in it originally, but my boi popped out of nowhere - I had no control, lol. Anyway, this is just a scenario that was playing around in my head for a while, and I finally decided to write it out. I hope it was as enjoyable for you to read as it was for me to write, and I'd love to hear any thoughts on it regardless :)

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