

In the Doghouse Now (with Apologies to Ramblin' Bob)

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by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Last call in San Francisco.

NOTE: No SFPD Uniforms were harmed in the making of this fic.

Notes

I had a friend named Ramblin' Bob
He used to steal, gamble, and rob
He thought he was the smartest guy around
Well, I found out last Monday
That Bob got locked up Sunday
They've got him in the jailhouse way downtown

[Chorus]
He's in the jailhouse now
He's in the jailhouse now
Well, I told him once or twice
To stop playin' cards and a-shootin' dice
He's in the jailhouse now

In the Jailhouse Now by Johnnie Rodgers

Roged Meeliy shoves Jamie Blackthorne off of his shoulder, where his head lolls. Drool slides from his lips as he snores. Roged stares at the San Francisco cops on the other side of the forcefield.

He wonders whose idea it was to drink so much of the engineer's punch he'd made.

Croft comes slowly conscious, his eyes bleary. His reddish-blond hair sticks out in all directions.

An SFPD sergeant stands outside of the cell as a turnkey deactivates the field. He walks in.

"Get up. You're getting bailed out."

Roged doesn't think that getting up is such a good idea, at least for Croft. The sergeant curses as the remains of the dinner from Strands, along with some of the copious amounts of alcohol they'd consumed on their last night on Earth for two weeks, decorates the dark blue tunic.

Both of them manage to get out to the desk area of the station. Roged hopes that they can get out without anyone noticing.

That hope is dashed as a tall Vulcan woman in a pin-perfect monster maroon steps out from behind the desk. Her green eyes stare at them without expression.

Mostly.

Roged notices that the right side of her lip, opposite the highly raised eyebrow twitches once, twice, then three times, then stills.

The two slightly younger women, both wearing cadet's insignia don't bother hiding their glee.

Emma Rosewarne and Chandra are one step from rolling on the floor.

Tears are flowing freely as they hold each other up.

Saavik turns and glares at them. They snap to an exaggerated stance of attention. Roged can tell that they have been imbibing as well from their flushed faces and the fact that Chandra's Threads seem to be running rampant and causing one aspect of his anatomy to shrink his trousers.

Their first officer turns back to them. "You better be at your stations at 0500 tomorrow, ready to weigh anchor for the training cruise."

She spins on her heels, but not before Croft raises his hand in a less than snappy salute.

One that Roged thinks resembles a gesture he has seen in an old Earth comic strip.

By a anthropomorphized beagle named Snoopy.

Speaking of the doghouse, he thinks.

Saavik pauses. Roged can almost feel her jaw clenching, even from behind.

She stalks out of the police station.

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