

The Dividing Line

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Summary

A young officer wonders if she had crossed the line.

Notes

Might be a loose interpretation....

From a future missing scene.

Decker Sinclair lies in the medbed, a situation that she finds herself in more and more frequently in a Starfleet career that has only spanned a period of little over a year. Various lacerations, cuts from an Andorian ushaan-tor, would heal. The worst of which, the deep cut on her left bicep, was in the process of being knit back together—skin, muscle, and a thin layer of fat.

The burns from where Jankhana Fischer, her Andorian-Human captor had applied a great amount of electricity during a so-called interrogation were already mostly healed. An interrogation in which the last laugh was on her, as Decker had forgotten the communications code that Jankhana and her bosses wanted—one that hadn't been changed after she had left Admiral Hunter's employ as an aide.

The nightmares of the pain and contractions from the electricity that had coursed over her body would take longer, as her mother, Dr. Kim Sinclair had told her.

She closes her eyes. She wasn't thinking about her pains. She was thinking about her own actions. Actions that she is sure had crossed the line.

The line between light and dark.

After she and Vilaah G'atorin, with some help from an agent of the Instituted for Analysis and Special Purposes—the civilian intelligence arm of the Federation—had managed to get free of Jankhana, rendering her unconscious.

It was when they had escaped, that Decker had crossed the line. Jankhana had been lying bound on the deck of the ship. Almost as an afterthought, Decker had kicked her in the ribs a couple of times and ended with a vicious kick to the face. One that she could hear the crunch of cartilage when her foot had connected with the nose.

Were those the actions of a Starfleet officer, bound by oath to uphold certain principles? Principles that most civilizations recognized as those of the light.

She looks up as she sees her mother walk over to her bed, her eyes immediately moving up to the screen above the bed. Apparently satisfied that Decker isn't going to drop dead anytime soon, she moves her eyes down to her daughter's face. She shakes her head at what she sees.

"You're worried about what you did to that woman who tortured you," she says.

Decker feels her eyes widen. Kim smiles, then reaches down and kisses her own her forehead. "I know you. Vil told me what you did to her, both after you escaped and during the fight."

She looks away from her mother. Even not looking at Kim, Decker can feel the warmth coming off of her. The love.

“I don’t think you’re suddenly going to start beating prisoners or mutilating them, my love,” Kim says. She reaches both hands up and begins to tick off points. “One, you’d just been tortured by that bitch. I’m not sure that I wouldn’t do more if she ever comes under my care. It was just a broken nose. As for the antennae, you were fighting for your life. It was a fair fight. And you left her alive.”

Decker exhales, herself. “I know. But it doesn’t make it easier to accept that I gave in to my anger.”

“If you’re worried about what you did, then that tells me that this was a one-off.”

Later, Decker tries to sleep. But the sight of the two antennae laying on the floor won’t go away.

When she falls asleep, Kim watches her daughter. The entire experience will live with her.

Demonstrating to Kim that she was nowhere near the dark place of revenge.

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