

## Lost Causes

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by [used\\_songs](#)

### Summary

Is the abandoned station a lost cause? Beginnings should be hopeful.

Riker leaned back. "Do you want me to accompany you?" he offered, looking around the wreckage and grimacing. "O'Brien sure has his hands full with this posting."

Picard straightened his uniform, "No. I'm going to check on the materials we beamed down for Chief O'Brien. I want to make sure everything is in place for him before he arrives." He sighed. "Then I'll talk to Commander Sisko. You try to get a sense of the zeitgeist on the station and the Bajoran officers the provisional government has put in place. We don't know that much about them, and I'd feel a bit better about knowing that we are leaving Sisko in charge if I know that he has a reliable command structure."

"Because we are all terrorists, right?" A Bajoran woman in a uniform interjected. "That's what you mean, isn't it? Because the Federation thinks that Bajoran freedom fighters are terrorists, and that we stand in the way of your peaceful coexistence with the Cardassians."

Picard frowned, and Riker quickly said, "I'll stay here while you talk to O'Brien's team and meet with Commander Sisko." Picard nodded and strode off through the dark corridor. Then Riker turned to the Bajoran, angling for a fresh start in the conversation. "Commander Riker of the USS Enterprise." He smiled.

"I know who you are," she replied sharply. "One of many atheistic colonizers who are willing to overlook war crimes when it serves your political and economic interests."

Riker sighed but persevered. "But I don't know who you are."

"Spare me. I'm a Bajoran terrorist, standing in the way of the Federation assimilating my homeworld. Major Kira Nerys."

Riker frowned, shifting to lean toward her. "You may not want to use that word assimilate, at least around my captain."

"That's right," Kira cocked her head, refusing to back away. "He was assimilated by the Borg, wasn't he? Wolf 359." She smiled. "So he knows all about losing bodily autonomy."

Stung, Riker said pointedly, "Your government asked for the Federation to come here."

"Not all of us are happy with the decision to replace one yoke with another one," Kira retorted. "And now I have to go. I have a meeting with one of the ministers where I'll be trying once again to convince them that we don't need the Federation, or Star Fleet, or any of you." She turned on her heel and stalked off, pausing to toss over her shoulder, "Was that enough of an idea of what the Bajoran officers are like for you?" as she abandoned the conversation.

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