

Jean-Luc Picard - God
by Carol Sandford

'Sometimes, sitting between my first officer and my Counselor is so excruciating, I'm not quite sure how I manage to keep still, or silent.

Sometimes quite frankly, I feel grabbing the back of their heads and bashing them together to knock some sense into them both. Other times I feel like crying.

Sometimes I see the looks that pass between them. Oh, they don't think I can see them, but I can. I see it all, every emotion; The wistfulness, the love. The passion, the pain.

I also see the happiness that resides within them both just by simply being together.

They're doing it now. The way he's looking at her and she him. Today is a wistful day, I'm not quite sure how I manage to hide my sigh, but I do, I'm getting well practiced at it.

I push myself back in my chair and cross my legs and feign disinterest. How can I not be interested in two of my closest friends?! Will is the son I never had, and Deanna means as much to me as a daughter - more.

I want to see these two people together, even more than I want to see my own happiness happen. They deserve it. Twelve years is a long time to love someone and not have it realised. I should know, its been the same for myself and Beverly, only a whole lot longer.

I can't stop the sigh escaping as I conjure up an image of the flame haired woman that captured my heart so long ago that I can hardly remember a time when I didn't love her. But I lost her to a friend, a good friend, a friend that I didn't mind giving her up to.

And when he died, so did my hopes. I don't think the sense of betrayal will ever leave me and why I can't make my move towards her. I still feel loyal to Jack's memory, I wish to God I didn't, but I do.

But she's here. She's 'with' me, I can't ask for anymore than that. I'm content and so is she.

But this couple either side of me are a totally different story. I 'want' them to be one. I 'want' them to enjoy each other in a way that a loving couple should do. I 'want' to see them with a child or two, it just seems so right. 'They' seem so right.

Sometimes I want to play matchmaker so much by creating a moment that the couple could take up the opportunity to take a step forward and reclaim their relationship. But they never do, and it frustrates the hell out of me.

Heck, what have I got to do, send them on holiday together??!

Actually, that is not such a bad idea.

I hadn't realised I had pushed myself to a sitting position with a very determined look upon my face until the couple in question both turned to me, genuine concern in their eyes. Their surprise was even more evident as I barked out a new course to the helm,

"Ensign, plot a course for the nearest star base. I want this ship to go through a total overhaul, I'm not happy with its performance. I want it checked out and I want it done now."

I could feel a dozen pairs of eyes on me, all asking the same thing; Have I gone mad? Maybe I have. Maybe I don't want my best officers to go through the same torment that I have done for the past twenty odd years. Maybe it is time for me to play God, and God decrees that this very special couple need a good kick in the pants to realise what they are missing and what they want - and need; Each other, together.

Today I am God.