

I wonder  
by Carol Sandford

'Sometimes, just sometimes, I would like to take Ms. Troi, sit her down and give her the lecture of her life. I don't think it would get me anywhere, but damn, it would sure make me feel better.

Y'see, I have a problem. Her. Simple as that.

Ha! If only.

I would love to tell her that whatever she does and, wherever she goes, I am with her. If not in body then certainly in spirit. To most that sounds creepy, but to me, to us, its as natural as breathing.

But the infamous Ms. Troi has a habit of pushing me to the utmost limit. She has 'other men' and has a nasty habit of falling 'in love' with them. Okay, I'll be honest, I have women, but they are as shallow to me as a saucer of milk.

But Deanna... Deanna goes the whole hog, and it drives me insane. Why? Because she forgets I'm with her, in heart, soul and worse, in her head. You might say that it is the same for her, and it is. But, Deanna is capable of shutting 'me' out. Whereas I, I am not quite so adept.

I have to endure it all. Her passion, her sorrow, her wants and her fire. I see it, I watch it. I ~feel~ it. But its not the same for her. At least I don't think so.

No, it can't be. I can't believe that she would be that indifferent to my little liaisons. I can't believe that she doesn't ~know~. But if she does, she does a damn good show of concealing it.

And that begs for another question that needs an answer; Why? Why does what I do not bother her? I know we are friends. Very good friends. And I know that deep down she loves me, as I love her. But hell, why doesn't it rattle her like it does me when we reach out for someone else?

Why?

Even when I fell in love with Soren, she acted like it was okay. Like it meant nothing to her that I was about to sever what we had between us. Maybe she had a special inkling that it was doomed for disaster and that the relationship would end even quicker than it started. And damn it, it did.

Heck, she even pushed me into Beverly Crusher's arms. SHE PUSHED ME! How the hell was I supposed to take that!? I thought I was eternally grateful to her for allowing me that freedom to choose. But now, now it eats me alive that maybe the love we have between us

isn't quite as strong as I thought.

But how can that be? We're supposed to be Imzadi. We're supposed to be life partners. So why are we not only screwing around with other people, but screwing around with our own destinies.

I don't understand it. I don't understand ~us~ anymore. And I want to, so much. I want to be able to tell her that wherever she goes, I am with her. That whatever she does, I am watching over her shoulder, whether it be right or wrong.

That what she says, I listen, I absorb, I cherish. I wonder if she does the same for me. My gut tells me she doesn't. My heart wants to tell me she does. My head doesn't know the hell which way to go! It lost its way about the same time she told me in one minute that she wanted me to be the captain of my own Starship, and then promptly burst into tears and begged me not to go.

Hot and cold? More like fire and icicles. I didn't know where I was. But the one thing that was constant was how much it bothered me that she didn't seem to care, especially when I did, desperately.

I noticed it most when I went to her when she was upset. My arms were always open wide and she always went into them. Always. But when it was the other way around, it was still me that sought her out.

For a while it rankled. That I needed her more than she needed me. That she was the stronger one and I was the weaker. The one who needed ~her~ But now I know different. I think she does care, she cares so damn much she doesn't know how to deal with it. So she does the next best thing, she shuts off. She pretends.

And there I have her, in the palm of my hands. I feel I have the upper hand because ~I know~ , and I would love to tell her. I would love to sit her in a damn chair, pin her in so that she can't escape and tell her a few facts about our life, just so that she knows that I'm on to her. That I know she cares so deeply about me, she has to shut herself off to deal with all the things that I throw at her.

Just like I do to her.

But now I want her to react. I want to look at me with jealousy when I take a lady out. I want her to delve into my head and ride the wave along with me. Maybe she would be shocked to see what really goes through my mind.

Sometimes I even shock myself.

Because when I'm making love to another, in my mind's eye, it's her, it always is. Not very nice for the lady laying beneath - or above me, but luckily she's not telepathic, nor empathic.

Because when I'm feeling sad, it's only Deanna I want. I want to tell her that when I'm sad,

its usually because of her. Us. Because I want her to know that she's driving me, and my body insane.

I don't want her to actually ~do~ anything about it. I just want her to know.

I wonder what she would do?

I wonder?'