

A lesson for Geordi
by Carol Sandford

Alexander Roschenko sat fidgeting in the Ten Forward lounge waiting for his dad to arrive. It was his birthday and his father was going to start the evening with dinner.

Fiddling with his straw, trying to make it stand up straight in his extra thick strawberry milkshake, he looked half interestedly around the room at the other occupants. Couples sat close together, talking in whispers, and Alexander inwardly snorted at the fruitily of the exercise.

His father had already told him of the Klingon way: of reciting poetry, and roaring like a banshee. Alexander remembered eating the carpet with laughter when he had heard.

He sniggered as he took a healthy swig of his drink, but turned to the door expectantly when he heard its swish, expecting, and hoping it was his father. It was not. The chief engineer, Geordi LaForge entered and headed his way. A huge grin was on his face, and Alexander briefly looked behind him to see if he was smiling at someone else, but there was nobody else there.

Geordi approached the young lad and slapped him heartily on the back, "Hey there birthday boy, I just left your dad, he wanted me to apologise for being a few minutes later than planned, he's just finishing up something."

Somehow Alexander wasn't surprised, a birthday dinner wasn't high on his fathers list of priorities, but Geordi didn't need to know that. "Okay, thanks Geordi."

He was surprised again when the engineer didn't move away, but settled down beside him, indicating to the bartender that he wanted his usual drink, which silently appeared before him barely seconds later. "Thanks." Taking a deep glug, Geordi gasped with delight, feeling instantly refreshed. "Ah, thats better, boy did I need that."

Alexander watched him with interest, fascinated by not only his looks, but by the visor seemingly glued to his face. He knew it wasn't because he'd seen him take it off, only just managing to hide the gasp at his first image of Geordi with huge pure white eyes.

Curiosity got the better of him and he found himself asking, "Geordi, can I ask, do you wear the visor to bed?"

Geordi chuckled, baring his impossibly white teeth, "No Alex, I don't, nor do I wear it when I have a shower, or when I listen to music, or when I...No, no I don't."

Appearing very grown up, Alexander said importantly, "I know sir, you don't wear it when your reciting poetry."

Geordi laughed out aloud, "Where on earth did that come from. how old did you say you were

today?"

Alexander flushed hotly, but being a Klingon braved the moment out, "I am 13 today sir, I am now a man, according to my father, he has told me what is to be expected of me. I know what a man, a warrior, has to do to find a mate."

Geordi couldn't hide the smile as he imagined Alexander approaching some poor young girl and showed the Klingon way of dating. "Okaaaay...Have you actually tried to...find a mate on board the Enterprise?"

Alexander shook his head quickly. "Oh no sir, I'm only just 13 today, maybe tomorrow I will start the hunt."

Geordi couldn't help himself as he chuckled with glee. "Do you have anyone in mind. Is it going to be an human girl, or are you just going to set your sights for a Klingon woman?"

Geordi bit back the grin as he watched Alexanders face try to look serious as he pondered the question. "Well, of course I would like to mate with a Klingon girl, that would please my father, but I know there are no Klingon girls on board, so maybe I will be attracted to one of the humans."

Geordi pursed his lips thoughtfully, " Okaaaay, are you going to try to court them the same way as a Klingon girl?"

"Of course! There is no other way for a Klingon warrior. I will be triumphant."

Geordi waved his hand as he he tried to voice his curiosity, "So...your going to recite poetry and roar to whoever you chose to make your mate?"

"Yes sir."

Just then the door opened and the Counselor entered with the doctor, throwing them a quick smile in greeting before heading off to a table.

Geordi was watching the youngster as he continued to watch the two women. "Two very nice looking ladies aren't they Alex?"

Alexander blushed furiously at being caught. "Um, I guess. A little too old for me though, I want my woman to be young and fit and healthy to bare my sons."

"Uh huh...So, just supposing, the Counselor was very young, and free and interested, would you try to date her?"

Klingon's do not date. Klingon's find their mate, perform the mating ritual, and that is that. That is the Klingon way."

"So...you would recite poems and roar at the Counselor if you were to try and mate with her?"

"Yes sir."

Geordi pondered the thought before quietly saying." Hmm, interesting."

He studied the young man thoughtfully before asking him earnestly. Do you think the Klingon way would work for me?"

Alexander thought about the question carefully. "Maybe. Why don't you try it out on Counselor Troi sir, you are both old, and single. She would make a good mate for you."

"Hmm, you think?"

Alexander nodded eagerly.

"Hmm, she IS a fine looking woman, she would give me fine looking sons. But what about Commander Riker?"

Alexander thought about that for a second. "Well, Counselor Troi obviously doesn't want him to be her mate, they aren't together are they? Maybe she doesn't think that Commander Riker has enough honour. I think that you are a man of honour sir."

Geordi eyed him speculate, "You think huh?"

Alexander nodded vigorously.

"Hmmm."

Alexander was surprised when Geordi suddenly stood up and yanked his tunic top down. "Okay, I'm going for it. I'm going to try the Klingon way. Wish me luck."

Alex grinned. "Yes sir, good luck sir."

Geordi approached the two women, boldly coming to a stand in front of Deanna, who looked up at the darkly handsome engineer with interest. "Hello Geordi, keeping young Alexander amused I see."

Turning briefly to Alex, unsure of what to do next. Alex indicated with his hands that he should kneel. The two women glanced at each other with a puzzled smile as Geordi suddenly dropped to his knees before the Counselor. Shock etched their features as Geordi began to recite.

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
I have decided that my love for you is true
Violets are blue, roses are red.
I can never seem to get you out of my head.

Deanna Troi, be mine for ever more
I need you with me, of that I am sure.
Walk with me, hand in hand, together as one
Let our passion add even more heat to the sun
Let our love flow like a never ending stream
let me fill your heart, let me fill your dreams.
Please be mine Deanna Troi, I do love you true
Let me show you how much, please show me too.

The lounge had fallen into a stunned silence as Geordi had begun talking, but not as much as the two women who stared down at him with their mouths hanging open, and their eyes even wider.

The next moment, the entire room claps their hands over their ears as Geordi let one almighty roar, shattering the stunned silence, until, at last Geordi stopped and once more, the room fell quiet.

For all of five seconds.

Then the room erupted into gales of laughter. Only two people stayed mysteriously quiet as it seemed the whole ship fell about with laughter. Geordi wandered over to Alexander, frowning openly. "Why are they laughing, what was so funny? What did I do wrong Alex?"

Eventually Alex began to chuckle himself, and Geordi looked at him perplexed. "What?"

Amidst the gales of giggles, Alex managed to squeeze out. "Oh Geordi, you forgot to take your visor off!"