

Normality
by Carol Sandford

I lay in bed, just on the brink of sleep. I was tired. Actually I was exhausted. Counselling the crew after the latest mission had reduced me to a frazzled crisp, and I desperately needed some R & R. But most of all I needed sleep.

Lots of it.

There had been no time for relaxing with my friends. Beverly had had more than enough on her plate with the injuries some crew had sustained. Thankfully none were major. The weekly game of poker had even been postponed, and that was a shame as we all could have used that precious quality time to unwind, catch up and more importantly, to laugh again.

As for Will, I had barely seen him. he had been up to his ears with doing the rota's to allow for the changes that had occurred with the mission, and then of course doing the reports.

I didn't envy him that job.

Tomorrow was another day, one I was sure would be as normal as normal could get on the Enterprise. I sighed deeply as I snuggled down further into my coverlet as the thought of normality swept through me, managing to settle my mind and my body.

That was until I heard the unmistakable sound of a woman's high pitched squeal; A squeal that indicated that she was been manhandled and enjoying every minute of it.

And guess who the man was that was handling her?

Uh huh, the only man on the ship with a reputation even larger than him, William T Riker.

I waited for his door to open, but was surprised at the silence. But then my heart fell with one almighty thump as I realised what they were doing.

Kissing. Thats what they were doing, right there in the corridor.

The image in my mind was so vivid I might as well have been hiding around the corner watching them. I found myself listening intently, I couldn't stop myself, even though it was worse than torture.

The woman giggled again and I wondered if I knew who it was. I berated myself, of course I knew who it was! I was the ships Counselor, I knew everyone. And somehow that made it worse.

And I wondered if she knew who I was. I wonder if she knew about Will and I.

But then I thought, 'What about Will and I? There is no Will and I.

Well, not at the minute.

I heard his door finally open and close a heartbeat later and I wondered if he would ply her with more wine before he bedded her, or whether she was the type to go at it from the word go. I must admit, I went right at it.

But then, I did love him.

I still do.

I always will.

I'm pathetic.

I'm jealous.

And lonely.

God, I'm lonely.

Roll on tomorrow; To normality; To friendships; To maybe's.

Maybe it'll be my turn tomorrow.