

## **Absolutely Irresponsible, Undignified, And Ludicrous**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16184117) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16184117>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Deep Space Nine</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Miles O'Brien</a> , <a href="#">Julian Bashir</a> , <a href="#">Worf (Star Trek:TNG/DS9)</a> , <a href="#">Odo (Star Trek)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Episode Tag</a> , <a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">POV Julian Bashir</a> , <a href="#">Bar Room Brawl</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-10-04 Words: 731 Chapters: 1/1

# **Absolutely Irresponsible, Undignified, And Ludicrous**

by [morningstar115](#)

## Summary

The Chief grabbed the Klingon, the Klingon shoved the Chief, and the Doctor was tossed over a table. Apparently. Tag to 4x16 "Bar Association".

"Wait a minute! I can't believe it; he's an enter!" Julian Bashir turned to Chief O'Brien, his eyes wide.

"Not for long." O'Brien growled as he stood up.

"Where are you going?" Julian jumped to his feet as well.

"To talk some sense into him!" With that, O'Brien headed towards the second-level entrance to Quark's Bar, which Lieutenant Commander Worf had entered only moments before.

"Commander, hold on!"

"Miles, just because you feel responsible for Rom's strike doesn't mean you can just go and tell Commander Worf not to support Quark's bar..." Julian's protests were completely ignored by Miles, who practically ran down the bar's stairs to catch up with the Worf.

"Commander Worf!" he shouted.

The hulking Klingon was halfway across the bar floor when he finally heard the Engineering Chief. He turned around with his usual scowl firmly in place. "Yes, Chief O'Brien? Is there a problem?"

"You bet there's a problem! Do you know what you're doing?" O'Brien tried his level best to get in Worf's face, but the Klingon *was* quite a bit taller than him.

*Good heavens, does Miles want to get his neck broken?* Julian ran his hand over his hair nervously.

"I am going to get a drink of prune juice from the bar. I would think that would be obvious." Worf stared down at the engineer.

Julian was wondering if he should intercede right about now. Deciding to try talking first, he whispered in O'Brien's ear, "Miles, everyone's watching!" True enough; all the customers in the bar were watching, plus Quark, who seemed the most interested. *Just wonderful, he's probably hoping that this little "incident" results in an increase of customers. He's probably tallying up the probability!*

Miles rolled his eyes. "There's only about half a dozen people in here, Julian! Everyone else is outside!" He turned back to Worf. "You, Commander, are aiding and abetting a man who is responsible for violating the rights of his employees! You are ignoring a strike begun by decent people fighting for a worthy cause!"

Worf's face showed only confusion at this statement. "I fail to see how this... 'strike' is relevant to me if it merely involves the former employees of Quark's."

Julian groaned internally. *I bet there isn't a word for "union" in the Klingon language any more than it's a positive term in the Ferengi language.* "Miles, we can just get out of here right now..."

"Don't you get it, Commander? By being a paying customer in the bar while the strike is going on, you are joining the side of exploitation and tyrants!"

Worf was not impressed. In fact, he looked annoyed. "I am afraid that since I do not have a personal interest in this strike, I am not interested in your...moral debates. Now, if you'll excuse me, I would like to order my drink." He began to turn back towards the bar.

"Oh, no you don't!" O'Brien grabbed the commander's arm. "It's an outrage!"

"Miles!" yelled Julian. *This has gone way too far.* He started forward to intervene.

Being grabbed by somebody apparently made Worf lose his customary cool. He immediately retaliated the unwelcome touch by violently shoving O'Brien away. O'Brien, of course, being typically hot-blooded and atypically riled, rebounded off a chair and headed right back towards Worf. With a growl, the Klingon moved to intercept.

Somehow, the doctor got caught in the middle.

The next thing he knew, Julian found himself thrown through the air. He crashed onto the far side the nearest table and flipped off the edge, managing to bash his forehead hard enough to draw blood in the process. He flopped to the floor, where he lay, as limp as a pile of unmoving changeling goo, trying desperately to catch his breath.

On the upside, his damaged state made Worf and Miles forget that they wanted to punch each other.

On the downside, Odo had seen the whole thing.

*Just lovely.*

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As all three of them were being hustled towards a holding cell, under arrest for brawling on the Promenade, in what Odo called a perfect example of "irresponsible, undignified, and ludicrous behavior", Miles whispered to Julian, "How're we going to explain this to the Captain?"

Julian refrained from answering. *Sisko is going to be livid.*

And all for a glass of prune juice, too.

What a shame. Today had been going so well.

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