Lay to Rest

Stargatewraithfan.wordpress.com

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Plot summary: Ronon has something he needs to do.

Setting: Post war, sometime after my fanfic “Turning Point.” It is not necessary to read it, but know there is peace in the galaxy. The Wraith no longer have to feed on anyone to live and Ronon has completed a “Last Man” style mission with Todd and lived. Shiana is briefly mentioned because her position of power has grown in Pegasus and she looks after the interests of her galaxy, because someone has to.

Themes: Ever had something, a physical object, you outgrew or moved on from and wanted to get rid of it? I think something like this would take the prize for all such things!

Shipping: There are no love scenes, but I kept Ronon with Amelia as the end of season 5 seemed to leave off on.

Potential trigger warnings: Without being too spoilery, gory objects

Author notes: This minific is unusual in that Wraith are not directly involved and I don’t intend on writing this character often or again, but I, as an author and creator, had something I needed to do, to have happen, in my fan canon world.

Credits: MGM created Stargate Atlantis and the Wraith.

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This was the day he had been waiting for-- to do something he needed to do for himself, in secret. Most of the city had a rare day off-duty and even Amelia would not be around. She was out with some of the other women of Atlantis for a spa day, spending the afternoon with mineral-rich clay smeared on their faces and bodies, lying under palm trees on a tropical island. Relaxing. Good for them.

He, too, would sleep a little easier after today.

Everything had been in order for some weeks now. He opened his military-issued backpack from Earth, checking its contents one last time. He had burrowed a hand shovel from botany lab. That was there. The sets of coordinates through a couple of different gates were in there, ready to go in list form. Some Powerbars and water, too, although he didn’t think he would be out long enough to need those. Then, of course, there was the ragged pouch itself. He shoved it to the bottom of the pack and zipped it up, exhaling loudly as he did so.

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As he turned out of his quarters and started to head down the hallway, his team leader came into view from the opposite end, smiling and waving. So much for getting out of the city unnoticed.

“Ronon! Up for a round of golf practice?” John asked when they were close enough he would not have to shout. Before Ronon could answer, John threw in, “It would be in the base of the city this time. Shiana asked us not to hit the golf balls into the ocean anymore. Something about keeping Pegasus clean. I guess she has a point. So, the tees are being set up where nothing can, you know, get lost.”

Ronon stopped, meeting his leader, and shook his head, adjusting the backpack over his shoulders. “Not today. I have something I need to do.”

The Lieutenant Colonel looked at the backpack and raised his eyebrows curiously. “Need any company?” His tone carried a hint that he would like to get out of the city and come along, if he could. Ronon just had to say the word.
“No. It is something I want to do for myself. I’ll be back before evening.”

John nodded. “Alright. Have fun. Enjoy your day off.”

“I will,” Ronon replied. ‘Enjoyed’ wasn’t the right word for it, but he didn’t want his team to worry. This was his task, not theirs.

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The rest of the way to the ‘gate room no one else asked any questions and the travels to his destination were also unimpeded.

The planet and place he picked was a quiet one with moist soil—all the better for digging and for soil bacteria to do their work.

Using the Earth-made hand shovel, he dug, but only got so far down before realizing the reach wasn’t far enough and it was taking too long. Improvising, he deepened the hole with a sturdy stick, pressing down and walking in circles to drill down.

After about three feet, he hit the water table and it started pooling at the bottom. It was good enough for what he needed.

He wiped his forehead and took a drink of water before taking out the pouch. A tug of the string and the cloth came undone. Solemnly, he tipped it over and emptied its contents into the hole.

Necklaces made of Wraith fingers, teeth, and bones, from his years spent as a runner, tumbled into the deep puddle, flashes of blue from the two pieces of finger armor drawing the eye before they dropped out of sight and into the muddy water.

Ronon stared at the spot. The relics had helped to get him through tough times, psychologically, and helped him to survive all those years. Now, they were just a reminder of war, loss, hate—on both sides.

He had no way of knowing if owners of the fingers had regenerated new ones, if the Wraith could even do that, or if the Wraith he had killed were ever revived.
Life as a runner had been fast-paced and didn’t afford close looks at very many of the runner hunters to distinguish among their individual tattoos and hair styles. But, knowing now about how they could bring back the dead with the Gift of Life, it was possible he may have killed some of the same Wraith multiple times. He didn’t want to know. And, at any rate, they had known and assumed the risks when they had hunted him and there was no need for apologies.

Now, he was rid of the reminders, giving them back to soil which made them all and would take them all just the same. His mission with Todd in this reality and the alternate reality John told him about where both he and the Wraith Commander had died side-by-side was proof of that. Hearing the story was one thing, but experiencing it for himself made it all real.

The ex-runner let go of the pouch and blossoms of moisture overtook the cloth material before it, too, sank.

Using the branch, knowing it would be more efficient than the small shovel, he scraped the soil into the hole, burying the past physically and mentally. He tamped the dirt back in place and covered it with leaves and rocks to leave the area otherwise looking undisturbed as he found it.

Before going back, he would clean the mud off of his shoes, his mind clear and on Amelia who was still out having fun in the sun and taking John up on a rain check for golf practice in Atlantis.

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End notes (contains spoilers):

This minific had to be written, to get a particular Stargate prop out of my fanfic world. It was shown in “Reunion” in Ronon’s quarters, in a box, as he was packing. But, he also had other less gory necklaces and pendants which appeared to be made from Wraith finger bones and teeth. Good riddance to them all!