

Steamed Hams but it's Garashir

Story: Steamed Hams but it's Garashir

Storylink: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/27779878/chapters/68004247>

Category: Star Trek: Deep Space Nine, The Simpsons, Star Trek

Genre: M/M

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Last updated: 12/05/2020

Words: 1540

Rating: General Audiences

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 2 of 2 chapters

Source: ArchiveOfOurOwn.org

Summary: A Steamed Hams-like one-shot featuring DS9's best non-couple-couple I secretly wish were a thing, Elim Garak and Dr Julian Bashir. *Chapter 1*: Julian as Chalmers, Garak as Skinner

Doctor Julian Bashir edged along the corridor of the habitat ring, perplexed at the typically vague directions he had been given by his Cardassian friend Garak. Eventually, he arrived at the tailor's quarters and rang his doorbell.

Garak stepped out and grinned at the doctor.

"Well, Garak, I made it...despite your directions," Julian started.

Garak's grin widened.

"Ah, my dear doctor, welcome!" he replied cheerfully, "I hope you're prepared for an unforgettable luncheon!"

"Yes..." Julian replied cautiously, stepping into his friend's quarters.

Julian took his seat while Garak went to the kitchen. Horrified, the Cardassian saw thick, black smoke rising from his replicator, instantly wiping the grin from his scaly grey face.

"Oh egods, my roast is ruined!" he exclaimed, fearing he had ruined his one chance to impress the lovely human doctor, "But what if..." he looked at the schematic of DS9 on his wall in order to locate the nearest restaurant, "I were to purchase fast food...and disguise it as my own cooking? Ho, ho, ho, delightfully devilish, Elim."

The grin returned Garak's face. Just as he was climbing out of the window in the back of his quarters, Julian entered the kitchen.

Gaaaaarak with his crazy explanations,
Doctor Bashir is gonna need his medication,

When he hears Garak's lame exaggerations,
There'll be trouble on Deep Space Nine!

"Gaaaaaraaaaaak!" yelled the doctor.

"Doctor Bashir, I was just...uh...stretching my calves on the windowsill.
Isometric exercise—care to join me?"

Garak raised a suggestive eye ridge.

Julian admired Garak's muscular legs for a split second before noticing his replicator.

"Why is there smoke coming out of your replicator, Garak?"

Julian narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"That isn't smoke," the clever Cardassian countered, "it's steam—steam from the...uh..." he racked his brain for an Earth dish with the word steam in it, "steamed clams we're having! Mmmmm, steamed clams."

The doctor narrowed his eyes even more, but decided it wasn't worth pursuing the matter, turned tail and left the kitchen.

Garak breathed a sigh of relief and climbed out of the window. One trip to Quark's Bar later, he returned to his quarters carrying an Earth dish he had been told was called "hamburgers." He climbed back through the window and through the kitchen.

"My dear doctor, I hope you're prepared for mouth-watering hamburgers!" he announced cheerily.

"I thought we were having steamed clams," Julian retaliated.

"Uh..." Garak was reminded of his earlier lie, "oh, no, I said steamed hams. That's what I call hamburgers!"

"You call hamburgers steamed hams?" the suspicious squint returned to the doctor's face.

"Yes!" the tailor took his seat, "it's a...regional dialect."

"Aha...what region?"

"Uh...Cardassia Prime?"

"Really? Well, I've spent a lot of time in the Northern Cardassia Province and I've never heard anyone use the phrase 'steamed hams,'" Julian continued to probe his cunning friend, somewhat enjoying watching the alien squirm.

"Not in the Northern Cardassia Province, no, it's a Southern Cardassia Province expression."

"I see," the doctor smiled smugly as he bit into his steamed ham and changed his tactic, "you know, these burgers are quite similar to the ones they have at Quark's Bar."

"Oh-ho-ho, no!" Garak waved a dismissive hand, "Patented Garak burgers! Old family recipe!"

"For Steamed hams?"

"Yes."

"Yes, and you call them steamed hams despite the fact they are obviously grilled?"

"Uh..." Garak scrambled, "you know...one thing I should..." he suddenly remembered his smoky replicator, "excuse me a minute."

"Of course," Julian grinned, feeling he had caught Garak out.

Garak went into the kitchen, found his replicator burning and decided it was time to cut his losses about getting laid and hurry the doctor out of his quarters. He walked out of the kitchen and gave an exaggerated yawn.

"Well, that was wonderful, a good time was had by all, I'm pooped," he hurried, ushering Julian out of his seat.

"Yes, I suppose I should be..." the kitchen door briefly swung open, "good lord, what is happening in there!?"

"Uh..." once again, Garak scrambled, "the wormhole opening?"

"The wormhole opening!?" cried Julian incredulously, "on this stardate, on this rotation of the planet, in this part of the station, localised entirely within your kitchen!"

"...Yes..."

"May I see it?"

"...No."

"Well, Garak, you are an odd fellow, but I must say, you steam a good ham," Julian was still smirking at Garak.

As the doctor began to walk away, the tailor got in a quick look at his rear and gave him a thumbs-up. Suddenly, Odo came rushing along the corridor.

"Garak!" he exclaimed, "Your quarters are on fire!"

"No, Odo, it's just the wormhole," he replied breezily, aware Doctor Bashir was still within earshot.

"Humph," said Odo, muttering something about sending a fire response team to the Cardassian's quarters.

****Chapter 2*: Garak As Chalmers, Julian as Skinner***

Garak walked briskly towards Doctor Julian Bashir's quarters after having to break into the computer system to find them. The good doctor had been rather flustered when he'd tried to invite Garak to his quarters for lunch and given him totally incomprehensible instructions. Finally, Garak made it and rang Julian's doorbell. Julian answered the door with a warm smile.

"Well, my dear Doctor, I made it...despite your directions," Garak grinned back.

"Ah, Mr Garak, welcome!" Julian replied, "I hope you're prepared for an unforgettable luncheon."

The doctor's face lit up into a stupid grin.

"Yes..." Garak said cautiously, entering Julian's quarters and taking his seat.

Julian went into his kitchen and was greeted with a distressing sight—his replicator was smoking. He waded through the smoke and checked his burnt, blackened roast.

"Oh egods, my roast is ruined!" he exclaimed, "but what if...I were to purchase fast food...and disguise it as my own cooking? Ho-ho-ho, delightfully devilish, Julian!" he schemed, feeling just as devious as his Cardassian friend.

Julian lifted his long, wiry leg to step out of his window when Garak appeared in the doorway with narrowed eyes.

Juliaaaaaan with his crazy explanations,
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"Dooooooooooooooooor!"

"Garak, I was just...ah...stretching my calves on the windowsill—isometric exercise! Care to join me?"

Garak licked his lips at Julian's gorgeous legs before noticing his replicator.

"Why is there smoke coming out of your replicator, dear?"

Julian froze for a split second, then his augmented brain kicked into action.

"That isn't smoke, it's steam—steam from the steamed clams we're having—mmm, steamed clams."

Garak narrowed his eyes even further and left the kitchen.

"Phew!" Julian breathed a sigh of relief and climbed out of his window.

After a quick trip to Quark's, he returned with several overpriced hamburgers on a silver platter. He stepped into his dining room with a forced smile plastered to his face.

"Garak, I hope you're prepared for mouth-watering hamburgers!" he announced.

"I thought we were having steamed clams," the alien probed.

"Oh, no, I said steamed hams," Julian scrambled, remembering his earlier lie, "that's what I call hamburgers!"

"You call hamburgers steamed hams?" Garak raised a suspicious eye ridge.

"Yes! It's a...regional dialect," Julian attempted to explain.

"Aha...what region?" Garak grinned menacingly.

"Uh...London?" the doctor said uncertainly.

"Really?" the tailor's grin widened, "well, I've been to North London and I've never heard anyone use the phrase, 'steamed hams.'"

Julian gulped.

"Not in North London, no, it's a South London expression."

Garak picked up a steamed ham and took a bite, maintaining eye contact with the beautiful squirming human.

"You know, these burgers are quite similar to the ones they have at Quark's," he commented softly.

"Oh, no!" Julian exclaimed, "patented Bashir burgers—old family recipe!"

"For steamed hams?" Garak raised his eye ridge again.

"...Yes!"

"Yes, and you call them steamed hams despite the fact they are obviously grilled?"

"Uh..." Julian scrambled, "you know...one thing I should..." he suddenly remembered his smoky replicator, "excuse me a minute."

"Of course," said Garak silkily, knowing he had caught the doctor out.

Julian sprinted into the kitchen and saw his replicator on fire. He cut his losses about getting laid and prepared to usher Garak out.

He walked back into the dining room and gave an exaggerated yawn.

"Well, that was wonderful, a good time was had by all, I'm pooped," he hurried, ushering the Cardassian out of his seat.

"Yes, I suppose I should be...good Lord what is happening in there?!" Garak exclaimed, pointing at Julian's burning kitchen.

“Uh...” once again, the doctor scrambled, “the wormhole opening?”

“The wormhole opening!?” cried Garak incredulously, “on this stardate, on this rotation of the planet, in this part of the station, localised entirely within your kitchen!”

“...Yes...”

“May I see it?”

“...No.”

“Well, my dear doctor, you are an odd fellow, but I must say, you steam a good ham.”

As the tailor began to walk away, the doctor got in a quick look at his rear and gave him a thumbs-up. Suddenly, Odo came rushing along the corridor.

“Doctor!” he exclaimed, “Your quarters are on fire!”

“No, Odo, it’s just the wormhole,” he replied, uncomfortably aware Garak was still within earshot.

“Humph,” said Odo, muttering something about sending a fire response team to Julian’s quarters.

