

## The Stars Are Bright Tonight

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## The Stars Are Bright Tonight

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### Summary

On a visit to Iowa, Kirk takes Spock stargazing.

### Notes

Written for Allekha in the 2015 Trick or Treat exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

Spock follows closely behind as Kirk moves swiftly across the field, trying not to lose him among the tall stalks of corn. Night is closing in, and the only light for miles is the beam of Kirk's flashlight, sweeping across the ground in front of them.

"We're almost there," Kirk calls over his shoulder. "Just a little further."

True to his word, they emerge from the field a few moments later, and Spock steps out of the corn to find himself in a grassy area bordered by a stream.

"What do you think?" Kirk asks, gesturing around them.

"It is pleasant," Spock replies. It is true.

Kirk smiles. "I used to come here all the time when I was a kid. My own little private space, where no one would bother me. Just me and the stars."

He hands the flashlight to Spock and pulls off his backpack. He sets it on the floor and rummages around for a few seconds before unearthing a blanket. "I've never brought anyone here before," he says, spreading it carefully across the ground. "You should feel honoured."

"Indeed," Spock replies. In truth, he does feel a little honoured by Kirk's decision to share this with him. "Perhaps one day you could come to Vulcan and I could reciprocate the gesture."

Kirk looks up at him with a smile. "I'd like that," he says. "Now turn off that light and come sit down."

Spock does so.

It's dark without the flashlight, but the moon and stars above them shine brightly and his eyes soon begin to adjust.

"Full moon tonight," Kirk points out. "Hope we don't run into any werewolves."

Spock decides not to dignify that with a response. Still, he finds his gaze drawn to the moon, a feature that humans take for granted, but that Spock finds fascinating. He has always wondered if it played some part in the speed of humans' development of space flight – gave them something to aim for during their first faltering steps. Vulcan has no moon, and the journey from powered flight to space flight to warp drive took them many centuries. The humans managed it in under two.

He says as much to Kirk.

"I think you're right," Kirk says, after a moment of thought. "It's kind of like a stepping stone. Far enough away that it felt like a challenge, but still close enough that people could reach it with rockets and fossil fuels. And the sense of accomplishment once we made it gave us a push to set our sights on bigger and better things. Gave us something to strive for."

"And you have continued striving ever since," Spock says.

Kirk shrugs, glancing at him. "It was enough to get your attention at least." He bumps his shoulder against Spock's and adds, "The Vulcans didn't know what they were getting into when they decided to make contact, did they?"

"No," Spock agrees. "We did not." He pauses briefly, then adds, "But I for one do not regret it."

"Why, Mister Spock," Kirk replies, his tone teasing. "That almost sounded like a compliment."

"Perhaps," Spock allows.

He feels Kirk's shoulder press against his, and does not pull away. When he glances at Kirk, his friend's gaze is once more fixed on the sky.

"I'm glad that you decided to come with me," Kirk says. "It feels good to share this with someone."

Spock follows his gaze to where the moon and stars still shine. "Yes," he replies quietly. "It does."

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