

## Compare and Contrast

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by [QuailFence](#)

### Summary

He reflects on his relationship with the other man, and wonders why they were drawn to each other.

He does not know why they were drawn to each other. Perhaps it is because when they saw each other, they each recognized that the other had also been handed a secret by their father, and if they allowed it to escape, it would spell doom for both father and son. Or maybe it is due to the fact that when both he and his friend were born, both pairs of parents looked at their child and did not see a son, but a daughter — a fact that each had to inform their parents about once they were able to communicate it.

Of course, it could be that he somehow had been able to tell that, when they were children, both their fathers and mothers (but mostly their fathers) tried to shape them into someone new, someone who would make them proud. It could be that both him and the other man had been torn away from their old life by their parents (but, again, mostly by their fathers,) to a new one, in the hopes that their son could become something more than he could have been in his former life, scarring him in the process. Both of them were uncertain about the actions that their fathers took to give them new better lives — it had been hard and painful and both had days when they wished that their parents had kept on with their old lives — but then, their lives were better than the ones they would have had, if their fathers had not interfered, and they obviously would not have met each other, so it can't have been all bad, right?

In any case, there had to be some reason that they had been drawn to each other when they first met, given how different they were, and still are, to an extent — the young, optimistic, blunt Human doctor and the old, cynical, obtuse Cardassian tailor. Whatever it is, there was something that drew them to each other, something that told each of them *this man is someone worth knowing*. And obviously, that something was right — after they had first met, they had slowly gotten to know each other, had argued over literature, and slowly, tentatively, became friends. Somewhere along the way he had fallen in love with the other man and, he suspected, the other one fell in love with him too.

Then again, did it really matter what drew them together in the first place? Did it matter, the thing that made him decide to learn about the other man? What mattered now was the fact that they *were* together, that he and the other man knew each other and loved each other.

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