

Family

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1170) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1170>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Alternate Original Series
Relationship:	James T. Kirk (AOS) & Winona Kirk (AOS)
Character:	Winona Kirk (AOS) , Spock (AOS)
Additional Tags:	Family , Friendship , Canonical Character Death , Star Trek Into Darkness
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-11-18 Words: 996 Chapters: 1/1

Family

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Winona has always been afraid that her son would end up like his father. Then Jim's first officer contacts her with an almost unbelievable story....

Notes

Written in 2013, originally posted on Livejournal.

On Stardate 2259.68, a spaceship crash lands in San Francisco. 2000 miles away in Riverside, Iowa, Winona watches the disaster unfold on the news that and knows, with a bone-deep certainty, that it has something to do with Jim.

She spends the next few hours pacing, returning every so often to stare at the vid-screen in search of any new scrap of news. She tries to contact Starfleet, but there must be hundreds, thousands of worried family members with the same thought, and she can't get through.

When the comm beeps she jumps for it, then spends several seconds with her hand over the button, paralysed with the thought of hearing her worst fears realised.

But in the end she forces herself to make that final motion, slipping into the seat beside the comm as the screen switches on. The man on the screen is vaguely familiar, the ears and eyebrows marking him as a Vulcan. He begins to speak. "Mrs Kirk? I am Commander Spock of Starfleet. I have some news about your son."

The name rings a bell and she realises why he seemed so familiar; this is Jim's first officer. And he's calling instead of Jim. That can't be good. She can feel her heart pounding and swallows hard, forcing out the words, "Tell me."

His gaze grows slightly distant as he recites, "Approximately four hours ago the Federation Starship *Enterprise* was involved in an attack which knocked out both impulse and warp drive. The ship would have burned up in the atmosphere were it not for the actions of Captain Kirk, who gave his life to restore power."

She's pretty sure he keeps talking after that, but she can't hear it over the screaming in her head. Jim's dead. Jim's *dead*. She remembers a fight years ago, begging him, pleading with him not to join Starfleet, so afraid that he'd end up like his father.

She wishes with all her heart that she'd been wrong.

She tunes back in just in time to hear Commander Spock say, "-be a chance to save him."

Anger surges through her, briefly chasing away the grief. "What chance?" she demands. "You just told me my son was *dead*."

He looks uncomfortable, and a small, idle part of her brain wonders that she can even tell. "That is true. However our CMO is working on a serum that may... revive him."

Before she can react to that, he launches into a story so outrageous and unbelievable that if it were anyone else, she'd accuse them of making it up. She's tempted to do so anyway, Vulcan or no Vulcan, and only the desperate hope that what he says is true keeps her silent. "You really think that this "super-blood" can save him?" It sounds unbelievable, but she'll take unbelievable if it'll get her her son back.

"At this point it is merely speculation, but the tests look promising," Spock replies. "We are... hopeful that it will work."

Hopeful. Not a word she'd expect to hear from a Vulcan. "I want to be there," she says. "When you give him the serum."

"There is nothing you can do for him," he says.

"I don't care. I'm his mother; I want to be there."

He stares at her for a few seconds, then his expression seems to soften. "You are very much like your son," he says. She gets the impression that it's meant as a compliment. "He is currently being held in the Starfleet Medical Center in San Francisco. I will relay your request, but I believe it can be arranged."

She nods, managing a tiny smile. "I'll be there tomorrow." She'd be there now if she could, but there are things she has to do first. Loose ends to tie up, especially since she doesn't know how long she'll be gone. And of course she'll have to contact Sam....

She is brought out of her thoughts by Spock saying quietly, "Mrs Kirk, whatever happens, I wish you to know that your son-" he pauses minutely before correcting himself "-*Jim* was very brave. His actions saved the entire crew of the USS *Enterprise*, and potentially many others on the planet below."

Against her will, Winona feels tears welling up and has to blink them back. "You know," she says, "when George died, everyone kept telling me what a hero he was, as though that made it better that he was gone." She takes a deep breath and adds, "Maybe I'm selfish, but right now I don't give a damn how many lives he saved. I just want my son back."

Spock is silent for a long moment, then replies quietly. "I understand."

It's barely noticeable, but something in his tone tells her that she's not the only one affected by all this. "You care about him too, don't you?" she asks. "Jim, I mean."

For a moment she thinks he isn't going to answer, but then he says softly, "He is my friend. I was... greatly distressed by his death."

It would be a fairly routine admission for a human, but for a Vulcan it's huge. She wonders, not for the first time, what the relationship between her son and his first officer actually is. "He always liked you," she says. "His letters... even when he was complaining about you, I could tell."

She thinks she sees him blush slightly, but it's gone before she can be sure. She sits back in her chair and glances regretfully at the clock. "I should probably go if I'm going to be in San Francisco by tomorrow."

He nods. "I understand. I, too, have matters to attend to." He lifts his hand in the Vulcan salute and says, "Goodnight, Mrs Kirk."

"Please, call me Winona." She manages a wan smile and adds, "And watch over Jim for me."

He inclines his head in acknowledgement. "I will do so... Winona. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," she echoes, and watches as the screen goes dark.

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