

## The Klingons Have Their Tea

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by [spacedogfromspace](#)

### Summary

Sha'Rel has tea with her parents.

The *Jemison* was in dry-dock for the next week, and its crew were given shore leave on Starbase 21 for the duration of her repairs. Most of the crew were excited about the week off and looked forward to bar hopping and shopping. Sha'Rel was less excited. Nervous, actually. A few weeks ago, she had received a communique from her parents, saying they wanted to pay her a visit, and asking when would they be able to meet up with her. Sha'Rel had told them about the scheduled repairs, and they had agreed that they would meet her on Starbase 21 when the *Jemison* was in dry dock.

They wouldn't tell Sha'Rel the reason for their visit. It could be anything, but Sha'Rel had a bad feeling about it. It must be terrible news if they were travelling all the way out to Starbase 21 just to tell her in person. There had been a knot in Sha'Rel's stomach for the past weeks, steadily growing, until today, where it reached its critical mass. The day she had agreed to have tea with her parents.

She wheeled herself down the hallway of the hotel her parents were staying at, counting the numbered doors until she got to the suite she was looking for. Before she announced herself, she double checked the address she was sent, making sure this was the right floor and suite number. Then, psyching herself up, she leaned forward and pressed the chime on the door's control panel.

A moment later, the door hissed open, and she pushed herself through into a room that was a combination sitting room and kitchenette. Her father was sitting on the couch, posture stiff. Her mother was in the kitchenette busying herself over a tea tray.

"Sha'Rel," her mother said, stopping what she was doing to greet her daughter. "It's good to see you again. It's been a long time."

Sha'Rel smiled nervously. "It has been. You two are looking well," she said, relieved at least that her parents hadn't taken ill. One of her fears was that one or both had contracted some wasting disease, and they had come to tell her they were dying. But no, it must be something else.

"So do you," her mother said. "Have you been eating enough?" she asked. "Are you hungry? We have a replicator—"

"I'm fine, mother," Sha'Rel assured her. She would gain five pounds in one sitting if she let her mother feed her. "Come sit down, you're always fussing so much." Sha'Rel parked herself across the little table in front of the couch where her father sat. "Hello, father," she said. "How are you?"

If her mother's mood made her feel less anxious, her father's stiff posture and stern face only made her more nervous. Something was definitely up.

"There is something your mother and I have to tell you," he said, as his wife set the tea tray down on the table, pouring cups for all of them and handing them out before sitting down on the couch.

"Oh?" Sha'Rel asked, sipping her tea as casually as she could, hoping her parents wouldn't notice the slight tremble in her hand, or hear the pounding of her heart against her chest. "What is it?" She tensed, bracing herself for what was to come.

Her parents looked at each other, silently communicating something. Then they looked back to her, and her mother spoke. "We need to tell you— we haven't told you this before, so we need to tell you..." she took a breath. "We're proud of you."

Sha'Rel blinked in confusion. "What?"

"We have not expressed how proud we are of you," her father said, staring into his tea cup unable to meet her eyes. "And for that we are ashamed. We are sorry. But we want to tell you, now, that we are very proud to have you for a daughter."

After a brief, stunned silence, Sha'Rel laughed, much to the surprise of her parents. She was relieved. *This* was what they came to tell her? "Oh, please don't feel bad about that. You never needed to *tell* me that you were proud of me. I've always known."

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