

## Novel Experiences

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## Novel Experiences

by [Planxty](#)

### Summary

A Vulcan and a Georgia Boy experience thier first Midwestern winter

Snowfall had begun less than an hour ago, but already the ground was covered in a thick layer of white. The storm was predicted to go on for hours and well into the night, and for now the sky was filling with swirling, dancing flakes.

Kirk stood just outside his old family home in Iowa with his two best friends standing on either side. He found the cold air invigorating and only wore a light jacket. McCoy and Spock, however, looked as though they were getting ready for an arctic expedition.

He placed his hands on his friends' shoulders and showed no shame in wearing a big, silly grin on his face. "Well, gentlemen. I'm curious to know to know what a Vulcan and a Southern man think of their first real Midwestern winter?"

"Come on, Jim," McCoy began. "We've talked about this before. It does snow in Georgia, just not very much and not necessarily every year. And I've been to plenty of cold places." McCoy paused to simply appreciate his surroundings, watching the snowflakes swirl. "It might not be the first time, but I still feel like an excited little boy...and also like a tired old ,a who's ready to get back inside to warm up."

Kirk chuckled. "That I can understand. What about you, Spock? You've been awfully quiet."

"Yeah, I'm sure there's bound to be a childlike sense of wonder beneath that unfeeling Vulcan exterior," McCoy teased, "Wait, do Vulcan children even have a sense of wonder?"

Spock stood in contemplation as he carefully observed the snowflakes swirling in the sky, "What you call a 'childlike sense of wonder' I would describe as fascination with a novel experience. As for my reaction to this experience, for the most part, it aligns with my expectations."

"We're in a literal winter wonderland, and all he can say is that it's in line with his expectations." McCoy threw his hands up in defeat. "Well, I've had enough, and I'm freezing. I'm going inside to make a pot of coffee."

Kirk watched him leave to go inside, and after he shut the door behind him, Kirk leaned closer and rested his head on Spock's shoulder. He could tell that Spock could feel that sense of wonder, even if he didn't show it outwardly. There was no logical reason to stand out in the cold and watch the weather, not unless you enjoyed it.

"Jim. The walkway needs to be cleared of snow. I will offer to do it myself, with greater strength I am the most logical choice for physical labor."

"Now, though? It's still coming down, there's no point in..." Ah, now he realized what Spock wanted to do. "I see, looking for a more dignified way to play in the snow? I'll leave you to it, just don't stay out to long."

"I would hardly call performing a necessary task 'playing,' Jim, but yes I have found the current weather conditions to be...pleasing."

"Well, all right then. I'd better get back inside, I'm sure Bones is dying to have someone hear his complaints."

Spock held up his too fingers, and Kirk responded by briefly pressing the tips of his fingers to Spock's. "I'll see you soon, and I was seriously about not staying out in the cold too long."

“Understood, Jim.”

Once inside, Kirk realized there was no harm in letting Bones wait just a little while longer. He stood out the window and watched Spock enjoying the winter weather in his own Vulcan way until he heard McCoy’s voice calling from the kitchen

“Hey, Jim! How do you want your coffee?”

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