

## Nominative Indeterminism

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### Summary

La'an has been thinking about the life of James T. Kirk. Luckily, there is someone on the ship who can give her answers, that is, if he's so inclined.

Or, wanting to talk about one thing leads to talk of another.

### Notes

This was originally written for DesertVixen for the [Candy Hearts Exchange](#).

I am so obsessed with the ramifications of the Jimmy & Sammy Kirk home life dynamic from this episode.

La'an spots Sam at the bar. From the amount of glasses that have piled up next to him, it's obvious that his shift is long over. They've never talked casually outside of work, but between James' visit today and the curiosity that's been growing since their time in Toronto, she figures today is as good a day as any to indulge her interest.

La'an takes up the empty seat next to him. "How's the paper going?"

Sam laughs. "Better than you might think." He puts his near-empty glass down. "It turns out having your little brother remind you how your father devalues your career is an excellent motivator to try to get him to fuck off."

La'an doesn't quite know how to reply to that. Family matters have long since become a thing of the past for her. "How is that working out for you?"

Sam gestures at the glasses. "Conflict-averse, remember?" He clinks his glass to another one. "Tried to work up the courage but didn't go anywhere."

The lull in conversation makes La'an wish she took a quick glance at Sam's file before walking over. She's never been one to excel at small talk or thinking up conversation topics right on the spot. And unlike her time with James, her tongue seems firmly stuck to the roof of her mouth. Luckily, Sam continues on as if the sudden pause never happened.

"I guess that's what happens when you go to the Academy under the name George Samuel Kirk. Not that people pay much attention to the Samuel anyways."

La'an nods. James always talks about their father with reverence, but Sam spits the name out in a way that's intimately familiar to her, the same way that the kids at school would yell out 'augment'. The way a history teacher scornfully reads the name during roll call. The way she would repeat her last name to herself in the mirror.

She thinks about two brothers, one with a ridiculous middle name and the other with a load-bearing one. "Why didn't you change your name?"

"There's no point when the preferred name field exists on forms." Sam swings the glass back and forth in his hand, the last dregs of something green sloshing back and forth. La'an watches it intently. "Got the Registrar to change my name on all the registers to say G. Samuel Kirk."

La'an purses her lips. Right. She should know, considering she has access to all of those forms and files.

"What about you?" Sam starts stacking the empty glasses. The makeshift tower slants precariously. "Why didn't you change your name?"

La'an doesn't have to think about the answer. "It's the only thing I have left of my family."

"Right, sorry."

They sit there in awkward silence. Sam rubs the back of his neck. La'an avoids his gaze, staring at the colourful pools of leftover liquids. Clearly Sam isn't as good as his brother at charm and conversation.

Maybe that's something else they both have in common.

La'an grabs a glass. "What if you help me pick up, and tell me all about the paper you're writing?"

Sam picks up the stack of glasses. "Deal."

Sam happily chatters away about anthropology and the theories that could explain the creatures that live in the deuterium. La'an finds herself smiling back. She'll save the questions about *Tiberius* for later, or at least until their acquaintance turns into familiarity.

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