

Five Communiques in a Family

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Five Communiques in a Family

by [Sharpest Asp](#)

Summary

The communications of Amanda, Spock, and Sarek, before and during the original five year mission.

Notes

Nothing from *Discovery* or other newer canon is referenced in this.

Written for Unsent Letters 2024

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Amanda moved about the kitchen with purpose. "Computer, open most recent communique, Starfleet Academy," she said as she began mixing the ingredients for fresh bread, an indulgence for herself for the day.

"Acknowledged."

The playback began immediately, with Amanda glad to hear it, though she tuned out the chatter of the official date and time it was recorded. She should adjust the playback function to account for that.

Greetings, Mother. I am well, in response to your inquiry. I have recorded this for a delayed delivery so that it will be available to you on the anniversary of your birth. May the day be logical and in order to prevent any distress to you.

Amanda smiled; her son was trying so hard to be more Vulcan than even her husband.

Classes are of varying difficulty, with the purely scientific ones granting me little intellectual stimulation. The social and historical studies necessary to my path are posing unique challenges, as I endeavor to categorize other species' choices against logic inherent to the structure of their societies.

I am not always successful at this, but will continue to, as you have put it, 'try to see other paths'. I am using your linguistic highlights to put more aggressive peers on a contemplative path as to if their choices are correct. I never thought the use of 'bless your heart' would have practical effect, but it led to much confusion, wariness, and then retreat on the part of the North American human I offered it to for their boorish behavior.

My gratitude for such an education. Continue to live long and prosper.

Amanda had begun to laugh and now had to wipe at the tears her mirth had caused. Trust Spock to turn her dialect into a peaceful weapon to defend himself with. It was a pity she could not share it with Sarek; if he would unbend a little, he'd see the logic and practicality of it.

"Computer, file a copy in my personal recordings, and make a copy for file 'Armistice'."

"Requests completed."

Some day... some day there would be peace between father and son, and he would have access to those recordings.

Spock settled back on his narrow cot, attempting to settle from the emotions of those in his hand-to-hand class.

"Computer, play new correspondence."

He listened to the messages from instructors, from those few peers who had found sociable interactions worth pursuing with him. One from off-world, stamped to Vulcan, caused him to raise an eyebrow, and then he heard his mother's voice.

Spock, I thought I would give you notice that your father will be on Earth. He has a conference with two new delegates to the Federation. While it is unlikely your paths would cross, it is not outside the realm of possibility, should the delegates wish a tour of the Academy.

Spock closed his eyes, filing the dates given away. He would endeavor to be at satellite campuses, rather than allow the slight probability of encountering his father to rise.

He still has not spoken of your choice, or the conversation with me, but T'Pol has stated your logic was correct. 'Spock will prosper', that was her phrasing.

That brought a modicum of peace to the part of Spock that wished to remain in good standing with his own people.

I miss you. I hope you are making friends, and I will accompany your father on his next journey to Earth, to see you and others of our extended family there.

Spock almost smiled. He'd spent an Academy holiday with his mother's family, and found that they tried, very hard, to accommodate him in ways he did not usually find on Earth.

Live long and prosper, my son.

"Place recording in permanent memory," he told the computer, and found that he was far less agitated, having heard her voice.

Sarek came in quietly, hearing his son's voice, and knowing that it was a recording.

...posted to the U.S.S. Enterprise. I have little doubt I will be able to acquit my duties as Science Officer in accordance with expectation and regulation. The Command courses were of interest. I will be less able to maintain consistent communications...

Sarek passed on through, still disapproving of the choice Spock had made, yet he would never wish his wife to lose the comfort of contact. He would meditate, and give her the time to 'bask' in her maternal pride.

Amanda put her outer robe on its hook and went immediately to the computer to record her message so it could be transmitted. She was most displeased with the entire event, but not, she admitted, with her son.

In some small way, she was pleased, even, that he had been spared the necessity of a union with T'Pol, even as she was baffled by her son emerging whole and unharmed from the blood fever.

She recorded her usual greetings, then launched into the meat of the matter that concerned her, as a mother.

Spock, I am relieved your recent trial was concluded safely. I hope that this message finds you well. T'Pol assured me that all has been corrected in regards to Starfleet, on your behalf.

I do not know how or why, but it is a relief that your friend — do not question that word, son — survived. After a luncheon with the newlywed couple, I am convinced that T'Pol took the only action your — our — culture allowed her. Yet on a personal level, I find it reprehensible it had to come to such.

She is going to look into ways to make it more feasible to allow dissolutions with no fault on such matters. I will give her my support toward that effort alone.

Amanda wished she could speak more openly, ask the true questions on her mind, but such was not the Vulcan way.

Live long and prosper. You and your captain.

She actually smiled at her last words, and hoped her son confirmed or denied the logical assumption behind them in his next letter.

The yeoman hastened her steps to catch up to the First Officer, waiting until he acknowledged her. "I have this for you from the Vulcan party. I was instructed to await their departure before delivering it," she said, holding out a folded piece of paper.

"Thank you, Yeoman," Spock intoned, before looking at his companions. "Until duty," he said by way of parting, leaving both men curious, the doctor speculating out loud and the captain chuckling at some of it. Spock went to his cabin, where he sat down to read the words written not in his mother's hand, but his father's.

My son.

We have never understood one another, I see now. Yet, logic dictates that you, as I have, followed the course most correct to your nature and, as your mother would say, your heart.

I would be remiss if I did continue to hold the latter part of that against you, given how you came to exist at all. Let us move forward, and begin with a new eye toward duties, familial commitments, and correspondence.

Live long and prosper, in the path that logic opened to you.

Spock sat back with more emotion than he had allowed to grip him through the experience of the conference. For an instant, he let himself relish the feelings of a son reclaimed, vindicated perhaps.

Then he reached for his recorder, to dictate a communique for each of his parents, the first such to Sarek in far too long.

End Notes

"Bless their hearts" is a post running around on tumblr, and many thanks to the OP there for thinking of it.

Thanks to SLWalker for cleaning it up.

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