

T'Varilyn: One Life's Meaning

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T'Varilyn: One Life's Meaning

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

A granddaughter learns that life is what it means to her, rather than others. From an expert.

Notes

This is perhaps in the loosest interpretation of the prompt. And, I'm sorry to say, no dolphins.

Thanks for all the fish, though.

Avestir Province
Vulcan
2261

T'Varilyn slowly moves out to the courtyard. The old woman sits in the morning sun, the warm breeze on her face. Her eyes are closed, but T'Varilyn knows that she is awake.

This is confirmed when a slight smile lifts the left side of her lips. "Hello, little sehlat," her foremother says quietly. In spite of being nearly one hundred and eighty years old, her voice is clear and unwavering.

"Not so little anymore, honored one," T'Varilyn says dryly. "I'm as tall as you are."

The old woman opens her eyes and looks at her granddaughter. One eyebrow raises; T'Varilyn is sure that humans might call the expression slightly sarcastic.

Something that her foremother was known for among their people, from her time among humans. Including being the only Vulcan to serve in Earth's Starfleet, before the dawn of the Federation.

"And what do I owe the honor of your presence, little sehlat?" her grandmother asks.

"I've been approached by the Dean of the University to take a position there," T'Varilyn says.

"That is a high honor, T'Varilyn," she says, after a moment.

"That isn't what my mother's brother says," T'Varilyn replies. "He says that I've been contaminated by my exposure to humans. Going to school and earning a Doctorate in Cultural Exoanthropology at University College, Dublin, when I should've gone to the Vulcan Science Academy, is just one symptom of that contamination."

She sees the old woman's lip quirk up on one side, with an accompanying lift of the opposite eyebrow. "And I'm sure that Stivek blames me for that contamination," she replies.

"Not in so many words, Foremother," T'Varilyn replies. She walks over closer to the woman and bows. "There is apparently a great deal of blame to go around. Including for my parents."

In spite of her foremother's calm, T'Varilyn sees a tiny wave of something pass over her face. She recognizes the brief demonstration of a definite emotion. One that she has seen on her own face when she has been alone.

Grief.

Grief for her son, T'Varilyn's father, and her mother. Lost almost a decade and a half ago, on a Vulcan Science Ministry probe to the edge of the galaxy.

"I'm sure he's most concerned about your use of contractions as an expression of that contamination," her foremother says.

T'Varilyn gives her own version of that expression.

Her foremother's expression transitions to one of a certain amount of wistfulness. "I've questioned my connection to humans. Whether they were the right things to do. I've often questioned my own life and its path."

"I know," T'Varilyn says quietly. "You've told me of them all." She crouches down beside her foremother. "The one called Trip."

Her foremother closes her eyes. "Yes," she whispers. "So do you use 'acupressure' sessions as your excuse, or something else, to be get them out of their clothes?"

T'Varilyn gives her own human-type of expression. She feels her face color in a deep green blush. Something she would never do in public, but she knows that the Adepts of Vehnar have given both of them the balance and the comfort to express themselves in each other's presence.

"Life is strange, no matter how logical we try to look at it," her foremother says. "We think that we have figured out the universe, and then all of a sudden humans appear."

T'Varilyn nods. She wonders if these words are her foremother's. Or if they had originally been spoken in a Florida accent. She'd seen the statue of Charles Tucker III when she had visited the chasm that had been carved through Florida.

"You must find your own meaning in your life, dearest," T'Pol says. "Just as I did."

Later, she helps her foremother remove her robe, as they both sink into the steaming pool.

T'Pol lies back, her mind only half on what her granddaughter has said and the meaning of her life.

Her thoughts are mostly on a young human engineer. As always, in these moments of introspection, she is content with her life and her choices.

Her only regret is that her human friends have such short lifespans. Even at their longest.

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