

Flowers on the Wall

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

Maya and Bones discuss life, the universe, and everything.

Notes

Takes place between "That Which You have Sown" and "Mirror of the Mind."

Hers is a complicated case with unique challenges. We must proceed with extreme caution.

Bullshit. They just didn't know what to do with a half-Augment and weren't willing to do the work to set aside their prejudice and treat Maya like any other person. Well, he had come all this way and had his atoms scrambled to say his piece: in his professional opinion, Maya posed no threat...a hard sell when the patient in question had recently committed fratricide and tried to steal a starship. It was like talking to a brick wall. He needed a stiff drink.

Before he left the rehabilitation facility, McCoy made a stop at the front desk. He placed a hand on the surface of the desk and leaned in to speak to the receptionist—a young man with a round face—in a voice that was soft yet forceful. “Look, I know it’s getting late, but before I go do you think I could talk to Maya Noonien-Singh for a few minutes?”

“All visitors require appointments,” he answered.

“This isn’t a social call.” A note of irritation could now be heard in his voice. “I used to be her physician.”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

Well, the kid at the front desk came through for him! McCoy was led to Maya’s room and when the door slid open, he was hit with a blast of sound in the form of bombastic classical music. Wait...he knew this one! It was from *Carmen*.

“Computer, stop music,” called a hoarse voice from inside. McCoy stepped through the door to see Maya sitting at a small table, and did she ever look exhausted.

Maya stayed facing forward for a moment, and when she finally turned her head to look she let out a little gasp. “Doctor McCoy?”

“Well, I came here to consult with your case worker and figured I’d check in on you.” He sat down across from her.

“And how did that meeting go over?”

“Like a lead balloon.”

“I’m not surprised. DeMarco has made it clear that she hates Augments, but she used to be worse. She used to speak to me like I was some bizarre science experiment until I reminded her that I wasn’t made in a lab, I was made when my parents had sex.”

McCoy chuckled. “Glad to see you’ve got a sense of humor about it.”

“Laugh to keep from crying,” Maya sighed. “You warned me that I might not have a place in world, but I didn’t expect it to be so bad as

languishing in prison for the rest of my days. And don't correct me, Doctor, I'm tired of being told that I'm a patient and not a prisoner."

"And you're at least as dramatic as your father."

"I think anyone would be dramatic in my position. I thought I had a chance at a new life on a new world, but I've been stripped of dignity and purpose."

"What was your great purpose on Ceti Alpha V, trying to measure up to a bunch of fascist war criminals?"

Maya blinked and had nothing to say.

"It's alright if you feel like you're floundering now, I'm here to make sure that this chapter of your life is a short one."

"I appreciate it," Maya replied with a smile that still managed to reach her tired eyes. "But I might feel better if I had some meaning or direction in my life."

"Welcome to Earth," McCoy teased. "We've been wrestling with that feeling since the dawn of humanity. Just try to do right by people and spend your time doing something that makes your soul feel full."

"Thank you, Doctor, really. I haven't had anyone on my side since Mother died."

"Just living by my own advice. Now get some rest, you look like you need it."

Maya shook her head. "Resting is all I do. I've been sleeping nearly twelve hours."

"Make it fourteen. Doctor's orders."

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