

tauvolau mak

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by [pilcrowtudinous](#)

Summary

Domaystic prompt A: Konmari

T'Lyn and T'Veen have moved in together. They have different approaches to their living spaces.

Notes

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

There are many things about sharing a living space with T'Veen that T'Lyn finds enjoyable. It is convenient, in many different ways. The other is nearly always available when one desires companionship, whether it's for meditation, scientific inquiry, sexual congress, or even mere conversation. T'Lyn has never been one for the banalities of listening to others retell the events of the day, but somehow when T'Veen does it, it's fascinating. T'Lyn could listen all day to T'Veen explaining the resequencing edits she made to the warp core manual – and she would be content.

T'Lyn knows that objectively – logically – no individual is perfect. T'Veen is the closest to perfect of anyone she has ever met.

‘Why do you need this, T'Veen?’

T'Veen takes the trinket from T'Lyn and T'Lyn recognises the faint twitch of her lips that indicates fondness. ‘A friend gave it to me for my birthday. I turned seven.’

‘Could you not take a holimage of the... item and dispose of the physical intrusion on our space?’

T'Veen narrows her eyes. ‘It may be a physical intrusion on your space, but it is a welcome presence in mine.’

T'Lyn holds up a small sehlat figurine. ‘And this?’

‘My parents gave that to me when I received my first perfect score in a test.’

‘You have received many perfect scores in many tests. Isn’t the knowledge of your own success a better memento?’

‘It is not better. It is different.’

T’Lyn tries not to let her frustration influence her demeanor. ‘I see. What about this?’ She holds up a candle, wick still intact. ‘It is unused. Should we light it tonight?’

T’Veen pauses. ‘I do not like the fragrance.’

‘Then why do you retain it, T’Veen?’

‘It was a gift.’

‘From whom?’

‘A friend.’

‘A close friend?’

‘No.’

‘Are you still friends with this individual?’

‘No.’

‘Then why do you retain it?’

‘I... do not know.’

T’Lyn releases a deeply held breath. ‘I see. I believe I have discovered a new personal research project I need to undertake. I will be back before dinner.’

T’Veen bites her lip – a habit that T’Lyn would see as juvenile in anyone else but that she finds endearing in T’Veen. ‘All right.’

T’Lyn takes longer than intended to return, but she is still home before dinner. She is greeted by the continued sound of metal clinking against ceramic, and the rustle of fabric and packing material.

‘Was your research successful?’ T’Veen asks, a worn garment in one hand.

'I believe so.' She holds up a padd. 'I considered a variety of methodologies from across different societies and have concluded that this one is likely to be the most effective in our situation.'

'Methodologies for what?'

'Agreeable cohabitation. It is called Konmari.'

'I do not recognise that name.'

'It is not a Vulcan tradition, although I will admit that I briefly assumed that it was a name in a pre-Surak dialect. It is, improbably, from Earth.'

T'Veen raises an eyebrow. 'You wish to guide us to more agreeable cohabitation through a Terran methodology? That is an unusual suggestion from you, T'Lyn.'

'I concur. And yet, I think it will suit our situation.' She hands the padd to T'Lyn. 'I have retrieved the original reading material on the matter. The methodology was devised by a Human woman named Kondō Marie. I propose that you familiarise yourself with the concepts and then we can return to the process of unpacking.'

'You think that I require Human guidance for the process of unpacking?'

'I think that perhaps you would benefit from some of the tenets of her approach to the accumulation of objects.'

'And my engaging with this material will please you?'

'It would. I would take your engagement with the material as acknowledgement that our preferred environments may require some level of compromise in order to reach an optimal level of--'

'Agreeable cohabitation. I understand.' T'Veen places the padd on the table. 'I will read this after dinner. I have preprogrammed the replicator with tevmel.'

Tevmel is T'Lyn's favourite. 'That was very thoughtful of you.'

'I know.'

T'Lyn has already prepared for bed when T'Veen appears. She places T'Lyn's padd on the dresser then turns back to face her. 'I believe I can attempt this methodology. I understand that you are not a sentimental person when it comes to objects and that you prefer your space to be sparse. I know I am unusual in this proclivity.'

'We will find a middle ground that works for both of us. I do not wish to take away the tendencies that make you unique, T'Veen. Logically, they form who you are as an individual and it is you as an individual that I love. Not another.'

‘And I love you. I will begin to implement the methodology now.’

T’Lyn shakes her head. ‘Tomorrow. Come to bed.’

A faint smile crosses T’Veen’s face. ‘I did not say I wouldn’t come to bed.’ She kneels on the bed and crawls over to where T’Lyn sits upright, the covers pulled to her waist. She reaches for the straps of the simple nightgown she is wearing. ‘This garment does not spark joy. I must remove it.’

‘Very well,’ T’Lyn replies, lifting her arms to facilitate the nightgown’s removal. ‘If your observation follows the methodology, It would be logical to do so.’

T’Veen nods. ‘I am glad that we are in agreement on this.’

End Notes

'tauvolau mak' is probably grammatically unsound but in theory it should mean something along the lines of 'incite joy'

x-posted from AO3

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