

Words Have Meaning, Names Have Power

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Summary

Verelan and her son meet T'Lyra's parents

Verelan was used to the Vulcan tradition of eating a meal in silence. Her teenage son Mahan was incidentally familiar. His mother's wife and grandfather's husband were both Vulcan, but growing up in a home overflowing with Romulan refugees, neither found it especially logical to impose their preferences.

It was a different matter, though, to visit T'Lyra's family on Vulcan. Their home, their culture, their rules. More than once, Mahan had a purposeful look on his face and opened his mouth as if to speak, only to be shot down by a sideways glance either from his ri'nanov or ko-mekh.

After their meal, they retired to the courtyard to talk. The sun was setting, which eased some of the blazing heat of the sun, but the air was still hot and dry.

"T'Lyra-kam," Tyvek, her father, began. "Despite your unusual circumstances, I hope you have found a logical path in life."

"I have, sa-Mekh. Virnat has a large refugee population, many of them children. Verelan's father and his partner opened their home to as many as they could. I have spent the years as a teacher and am set to resume my commission with Starfleet."

T'Lyra's mother, V'Las nodded. "The choices that caused you to be bonded to Verelan were not logical, but it seems you have made an attempt to regain logic within your unusual circumstances."

Mahan's spine shot up straight, and he opened his mouth to speak. Verelan placed a calming hand on his shoulder. "Learn to value Vulcan directness. Elements know our own people could benefit from that kind of candor."

"And in the interest of candor and transparency," T'Lyra added. "Verelan and I have had a name change. I am now D'Tek T'Lrr T'Lyra t'Luin."

A heavy moment of silence before Tyvek turned to address Verelan. "I was under the impression that your house clan was Khaethaetreh."

"It was." Verelean would have been content to leave it at that, but the expectant look from T'Lyra's parents demanded further explanation. "I was briefly married before I left my home planet and reunited with T'Lyra."

"And now her ex-wife has to share her name and her House with a sworn enemy and her family," Mahan added, speaking with such bold authority about events that happened before he was born.

Verelan took a deep breath. Leave it to a teenager to be so proudly un-diplomatic. "It's more than that. My house clan no longer exists, but I do find some satisfaction in thinking about how frustrated Odime t'Luin must be at the whole affair."

"There is no logic in this." V'Las answered.

"We agree on that." Verelan gave a small nod. "But this is the reality of our situation."

"Verelan." Tyvek sat a little straighter, and he spoke with an assertive force. "I would like to speak with you briefly. In private."

Carefully, Verelan gripped her cane and eased herself up to her feet. Tyvek led her back inside and stood just inside the door. He was tall and lean like his daughter, and Verelan had to tilt her head back to look him in the eye. "Please keep it short, I don't do well staying on my feet for long."

“What did you say to convince T’Lyra to change her name?” More of that Vulcan directness.

“It was her idea. She thought it would be logical to share a name with her bondmate.”

“I find that implausible, and I still suspect that you may have had an undue influence in this decision.”

Verelan looked down. “My mother was convinced that T’Lyra had been trying to manipulate me from the moment we met. I suppose it was too much to hope you would be more open minded.”

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