

## Ruminations

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by [Planxty](#)

### Summary

Maya confides with Saavik about some heavy thoughts

### Notes

I was drunk when I wrote this, hope it makes sense.

Maya had grown accustomed to the Vulcan tradition of sharing a meal in silence, but once the plates were cleared she had a habit of speaking everything on her mind she had been holding back. There were thoughts that spiraled, took control, and swept up her mind like a landslide.

"I don't know how long I'm going to live," she blurted out with a sense of urgent desperation. She was close to seventy years old, and the only sign of aging was her silver hair (which had started to turn before she hit forty). No menopause, No declines in her strength or fitness. In many ways the tempo of her aging matched her Vulcan partner.

"No one knows how long they will live." Saavik answered.

"You're right, but I mean...I don't know what to expect. I don't know if I've grown old yet or not, or when I will...I have no frame of reference." She never saw Augments like herself reach an age where it affected their health.

Saavik held up her two fingers, and Maya pressed the tips of her fingers to her partner's.

"It is not logical to place too much value on expectations."

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