

## Facets

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## Facets

by [Planxty](#)

### Summary

La'an shares some wisdom with a girl she just welcomed into her home.

### Notes

Takes place after "Where Wolves Fear to Prey" which ended with La'an taking in three teenage augments rescued from Ceti Alpha V

A new morning came, the first full night since the drastic and sudden change in La'an's household and the tenth night in her new accommodations. The standard flag officer's quarters were fine when she was on her own, but now she needed more space after adopting three teenage augments. She got little sleep these days, with so much work to do and so many questions for the support network she was building (her situation was unusual, but she wasn't the only person in the galaxy to take in older refugee children), but somehow she was still awake and full of energy at an early hour.

Aada Hassing, the most talkative of the trio and the youngest at thirteen years of age, was up and full of energy too and had already helped herself to a massive platter of fruit and a cup of tea. La'an sat down at the table across from her.

"Have I told you this planet amazes me?" Aada asked as shoveled a handful of berries into her mouth.

"Three times already, but I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. Umeko seems indifferent, and Elena hasn't spoken a word to me."

"Umeko doesn't express herself much, and Elena has always been like that, she almost never talks, even to people she likes." Aada took a sip of her tea.

"I was worried she wasn't talking because she's been terrified by this whole experience."

"Terrified? No, I don't think so." Aada looked down at her plate and picked up an apple slice but did not eat it. She took a deep breath before she spoke. "I might be, though. Terrified, I mean...maybe a little."

"I won't lie, it's not going to be an easy adjustment, but I think you're capable of it."

Aada looked down when she continued. "It's more than that. You must understand, you've been living your life with Khan's last name for... what? Almost a hundred years?"

"I'm not that old!" La'an answered with a chuckle.

"You're older than anyone I've ever known."

"Technically, no. Your grandmother was born in the twentieth century."

Aada forced a smile. "How was she remembered, historically speaking?"

"Well, Runa Hassing wasn't considered important enough to make it into the history lessons in standard school curriculums. I knew about her only because I used to have an interest in the Eugenics Wars and did my own research. She was a footnote. She was in charge of an airline manufacturing company in Seattle and shifted its focus to the production of nuclear weapons, wrote extensively about why and how the human race should be improved, had a small cult-like following, was briefly President Elect of the United States, suspected to have won that election

through illegitimate means, and vanished before the inauguration.”

“To hear her talk about her life, she made herself seem so much more important.” Aada sighed. “Is it bad that I’m disappointed?”

“You had an expectation and found out the reality was different, nothing more.”

“She told me she did awful things on Earth and deserved whatever punishment the universe could throw at her but would never say any details, and Maya told me about how heartless and unpredictable she used to be, but I never saw any of that. She was kind, and warm, and generous.”

A heavy silence fell before La’an took a steadying breath and spoke again. “Aada, people are...” She choked, stumped over what to say.

“People are messy.”

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