

The Universal Language

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/916) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/916>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: The Original Series
Character:	Spock , Nyota Uhura
Additional Tags:	Star Trek: III - The Search for Spock , Amnesia , Music , Friendship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-09-10 Words: 546 Chapters: 1/1

The Universal Language

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Uhura visits Spock during his recovery.

Notes

Written for sixbeforelunch in the 2018 Chocolate Box exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

"Spock."

The healer's voice draws Spock from his studies, and he looks up to see T'Rei incline her head in greeting. "You have a visitor. One of the humans."

"Indeed," Spock replies, and T'Rei retreats, replaced by a female human clutching a stringed instrument. Spock frowns, searching for her name. "Commander Uhura?"

She nods, smiling. "That's right," she replies. "I brought you something. I thought it might help."

She steps closer, holding out the instrument, and Spock takes it. He studies it, one hand running over the wooden frame. "A ka'athyra."

"It's not yours," Uhura says, watching him. "I think that's still back on Earth. I borrowed this one from your father." She smiles again, briefly. "I know how much you loved to play, before."

Spock strums the strings experimentally. It does seem familiar. An image forms – female hands, the sound of music. "You also played."

"You taught me."

Spock blinks, frowning. "I do not remember." Empirical knowledge is easily relearned, but his personal memories are proving much more elusive.

"You will." The words are said with absolute certainty. A human trait, Spock decides, as his Vulcan healers have been much more cautious in their predictions.

Uhura looks around, then perches on the edge of a chair. Spock follows suit, still holding the ka'athyra.

"I lost my memory once," Uhura says. "During our first five-year mission. You probably don't remember."

"I do not," Spock agrees.

"Well, it wasn't quite as... dramatic... as your situation. There was a robot, kind of a mini version of V'Ger... but I guess you don't remember V'Ger either?" Her tone rises in a question, and Spock shakes his head. "Anyway, it did something to my brain. All my memories, my knowledge, my thoughts, gone in an instant, like wiping a computer. I had to start from scratch. Learn to read and write again, like a three-year-old. Most of my memories returned eventually, but there are still gaps, things I won't get back. It changed me." She pauses, then adds softly, "I used to wonder if I was really the same person."

Spock nods. "You believe this experience to be analogous to my current situation."

"Not directly, but yes." She gestures at the ka'athra in his arms. "That's part of why I brought you the lyre. In the early days after the accident, when I was still trying to remember... well, *anything*... music was one of the few things that made me feel like myself. I thought maybe it would help you too."

Spock glances down at the instrument, contemplating her words. He shifts his grip and runs his fingers across the strings, slowly at first, then faster, his vague strumming beginning to coalesce into a tune. It seems his hands remember how to play, even if he does not.

A memory sparks in his mind, and he looks up at Uhura, fingers stilling. "You used to sing."

"That's right!" The smile that crosses her face makes her eyes light up. "Would you like me to?"

Spock looks back down, considering the question. "Yes," he decides.

He goes back to playing, and this time Uhura joins in, her voice high and clear. The feeling of familiarity surges, washing over him, and Spock closes his eyes and allows himself to be swept away.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!