



In The Silence Of The Sea-Wind Dawn

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The old man died as he had lived - laughing, loving, warm hazel eyes sparkling.

Spock gasped in pain. A blinding sense of agonizing loss pervaded his man heart, but his Vulcan soul sighed in relief, and his mind began the slow steady outward reaching through eternity, to join the Captain.

Too soon, some would have said, for the Vulcan. But he, too, had awaited this moment through the long years, awaited it with a strange mingling of hope, fear, and simple anticipation. A new voyage was beginning, one which they would take together, never to be separated by the idiosyncrasies of time, fate, or circumstance.

Already Spock's vision was fading, just a tunnel of wavering images surrounded by softly encroaching darkness.

He had duties to attend to, however. Slowing his own outward reaching as much as possible, Spock forced himself to his numbing feet and moved toward Kirk's bed.

Asleep, Spock would have said, knowing this time it was not true. Yet he touched the cheek, as he often had when Jim was sleeping.

The frail old body lay propped up on pillows, facing the sea. His eyes were closed, and just the tiniest of smiles graced his still-youthful face.

The wide glass doors to the sea were open, the cool ocean breeze sighed across the body, toying with the lock of hair that, after nearly a century, still slipped across the forehead. Sandy blonde to silver, to shining white, that lock had been the same.

Spock gently brushed it back from the Captain's closed eyes; but the sea breeze blew it down again.

The Vulcan's outward reaching continued, past the cottony limits of his dimming vision, his own yearning matching the yearning tugging at his heart and soul.

Drawing his chair closer to the bed, he sat down and breathing deeply, once, twice, pressed the call button next to the Captain's bed.

"Yup," croaked McCoy's age-worn voice.

"The Captain is dead, Doctor."

Silence. Then, "Be r'there."

"Do not trouble yourself to hurry," Spock cautioned the old man, knowing that he would.

Spock's outward reaching began increasing as Kirk's soul slipped further beyond death. That yearning, that aching need to release his hold on this side of life and join the Captain was almost too compelling to resist.

Hurry, doctor, after all.

The door opened behind him, amid latches and creaks. McCoy hobbled in, leaning heavily on two old-fashioned wooden canes, moving slowly over the hardwood floor.

"Spock....?" he asked, aware of the bond Spock and the Captain had shared, unsure why Spock still lived.

Tears ran down the doctor's wrinkled cheeks, but somehow through the blur, he found his way to Kirk's bed. "He died easy, eh, Spock?"

"Indeed, Doctor. No pain, no fear, just peace, and a desire to be on his way."

"Oh God, Spock," cried the tired old man in the faded gray robe. He turned to the Vulcan, watching, knowing. "Not you...of course, you too. Does it hurt?"

"The loss, Doctor...or the gain?" asked the Vulcan, then smiled for the crusty old human who had been his friend for more years than his heart could count.

Spock's vision was nearly gone, the tugging at his soul growing too strong to be denied much longer.

"Sit down...yes," Spock sighed, as McCoy moved to sit in the chair to him. Spock could taste the salt in the crisp sea air, smell the wind, hear the waves lapping around the old wooden dock. Soon it would be low tide, and the tides would be gone.

McCoy's broken, quiet sobbing garnered Spock's attention. "Do not weep, McCoy, we have had full lives. And soon we will be together."

"I know," rasped McCoy, his thin white hands clasped tightly in his lap. "I know...don't know two...who deserve it more. Oh, Spock," he wept softly, "I knew this would happen. I knew...but I'm gonna miss ya both so much."

Spock listened carefully, using the last of his logic to weigh the doctor's words, hearing the desolation and loneliness in the familiar voice. And the Captain had spent many hours discussing this...oh, the decision was instantly agreed upon, but there had followed many pleasant hours of discussion on what reactions their decision would elicit, what words of condolence would be uttered, what words of love must be carefully spoken to counter the denial.

And timing - too soon, and McCoy would flee in his best straight-laced Scottish indignation, afraid of pity; too late - would be too late. They had both agreed that timing would be of the essence, and Jim had left that entirely to Spock's lovingly logical intuition.

Spock's vision was gone. As his body grew numb, the outward reaching seemed, swelled, gained speed; but the reaching seemed to tremble; then slow and become steady, pulsing gently...waiting.

Hurry.

"Doctor," Spock whispered, no longer able to see the figure of the old man whose watch they kept. "McCoy!" Spock again whispered urgently.

"I'm...here, Spock," he sighed tremulously. "I loved ya, too...ya should know that...."

"Join us, Bones McCoy," Spock said in words distantly removed, ethereal, old-like.

"Wha....?" stammered the old doctor, startled. "What!"

'Join with us,' came the words from lips that no longer moved, but pulsed, tenderly, through all of time.

"But, Spock...no...I don't belong!" agonized McCoy between tears. "That's like three at a weddin'...it ain't right!"

'You were always our friend,' was the unspoken whisper. 'You have always been with us. Why should that change?'

"No," wept the old man. "What would...what would Jim think? He...."

'...agreed.'

"He...did?"

'Hurry,' came the words, no longer of the body, but of the mind. 'Put
hand to my cheek, one to Jim's, and reach for us....'

McCoy struggled to his feet. Through the haze of tears, he thought he
Spock bathed in a soft shimmering glow. He looked at Kirk. The glow was
same, and McCoy stood between the two, buoyed up by the golden power of both
was.

The little old man dropped his canes, wobbled a moment, but in that moment,
ached the cool Vulcan cheek, the even cooler human one.

"Jim?" he cried out. "Spock!" and crumpled to the floor.

The three combined auras swelled brilliantly a moment, shimmered and were
ne.



The sea breeze blowing in through the open glass doors was cool and full
mischief. It gently tousled the soft white hair of the Captain, dried the
ears of the doctor, and brushed the lips of the smiling Vulcan.

A single gull cried in the silence of the sea-wind dawn. The waves still
pled against the old wooden dock, but the tide had gone out.

