



Spock leaned toward him, elbows on knees. "Doctor, you are not alone in this experience."

McCoy rubbed his temples. The facilitation sessions horrified him. He had thought he would do anything, even conceal the madness he feared, to avoid enduring another one. Only the sensation of having another entity taking over his mind could be worse.

"It depends on the tribunal's verdict," McCoy said, staring into the sand. "The terms may not permit me the freedom to return to Vulcan. Maybe, if you aren't yet healed, if your sanity requires my presen-

"But the facilitation sessions are complete. We need not return to Vulcan."

McCoy glanced up.

"Dr. McCoy," Spock said, "T'Lar spoke the truth. To the degree that is possible to achieve, we are free, each of the other. But we have our own true memories. We retain resonances of each other. I understand you better, too. Can you accept what has occurred? If you cannot, you will suffer. But it will be your own suffering, not mine. If you can take yourself beyond your fear, you will take yourself beyond danger as well."

"Is it true?" McCoy whispered. Spock nodded.

The Vulcan spoke of resonances: the truth of what he said resonated within McCoy.

He rose. "Thank you, Mr. Spock. You've eased my mind considerably. I'll leave you to your meditation. I have to return to Starfleet headquarters. To wait with Jim and the others."