

*Echoes From The Canyon*  
*Musings from "Survival"*  
*by Brit*

I didn't know how to tell you.

Sometimes it's hard to explain. It's just that I wanted to run away. Run away from what had happened, run away from what could be, run away from what never could be again.

I'd run like that before, you know. I never thought there were four words that could match with the ones that changed everything forever.

*Your father is dead.*

Four words that brought my life to a standstill.

The hopelessness that I felt was enough to suffocate me. So I ran. Mentally, physically, emotionally, I ran.

I remember the sound my tennis shoes made slapping the black top as I pounded through my neighborhood, rushed through alleys, haunted the schoolyards. They echoed and reverberated off unfeeling brick walls. I remember the sound my starving lungs made as I gasped for air. I remember the sound of blood pounding in my ears, my heart thudding in my chest. I remember the sound my own cries made as I called out for my father. But there was no answer, no echo.

I ran because there was nothing else I could do.

I felt such black hopelessness and there was absolutely nothing I could do to change what had happened. There didn't even seem to be a lot I could do about the hell I was living in.

There were no more second chances.

*My partner is missing.*

Four words that brought my life to a stand still.

I would of never believed anything could cut as deep, bring on that same sense of despair. But it did. Tore my guts out. My heart was ready to erupt. Or shatter. I think I went a little nuts. And I ran. Oh God, how I ran....

But this time it was different. This time there was something I could do. This time there was hope. I don't know how or why, but I knew there was still a chance. It might sound stupid, but I knew. I knew you weren't dead. I just *knew*.

So I ran. I looked and I asked and I demanded and I fought and I prayed and I ran, partner. I ran even when all I did was hit walls. Ran even when there was no where left to go. But I ran.

I knew if I stopped then there would be no more hope. No more second chances. No more us.

So I ran.

I remember the sound my tires made as I slid to a stop beside a desolate canyon. I remember the sound my starving lungs made as I raced, gasping for air. I remember the sound of blood pounding in my ears, my heart thudding in my chest. I remember the way when I called out your name that it echoed through the unfeeling canyons.

I ran to catch your killer. Ran around that piece of rolling garbage you call a car. Afraid of what I'd find. Afraid of what I'd lose.

*My partner is alive!*

Four words. And even though I'm the only who heard you groan, I could of sworn it echoed across the canyon. Or maybe that was just across my heart.

Anyway....

I didn't know how to tell you, so I won't try and figure out the words. I'll just listen to you grouse as I push your wheelchair past my car. I'll just indulge your warped sense of what a car *should be* by giving you another rolling piece of garbage to drive, knowing that it'll make you happy. Knowing you'll understand. Knowing that you'll hear what's echoing around in my heart even if I don't say the words.

You're the smart one, you'll figure it out.

~Brit  
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