

*I Never Hated Myself More*  
*Musings from "Starsky vs Hutch"*  
by Brit

*I never hated myself more than I do at this moment.*

It's not the first time I've thought that. But I hope to God that it's the last.

The first time I hated myself—*really hated myself*—was with Van. When she walked out the door and out of my life, slamming the door on our marriage, on the vows we made, on me.

I had wanted to try, just one more time. *How many 'one more times' can a marriage withstand?* But she knew before I did that it was over. I never thought anything could hurt so much as our marriage ending. I hated myself then. Took all the blame of our marriage failing on to myself. Knew that if I had just tried harder, tried to be more patient, tried to be more understanding—*whatever*—that we could have made it. The guilt was killing me.

Starsky helped me. He should have walked away. I was a ball of anger, hate, and selfishness. But instead he stayed. I remember him looking me square in the face, his eyes taking on that glint they get and him saying "We'll get through this—*together*." And we would. I had expected to find scorn, but instead I found friendship.

He helped me see how she failed me, failed us. Helped me see that it wasn't *all* my fault and to only take the blame for where I had truly messed up. But not all of it. Not all of it. Still, it took quite a while to get past my self-loathing. But he was there for me. Never let me down once. I half expected him to walk away when he got tired of me, but he didn't. Never condemned me, just quietly accepted my shortcomings and made me see my strengths. Stood by me when everyone else walked away.

The next time I felt that kind of self-hatred was *then*....

Funny how the timeline of my life seems to revolve around my addiction. My forced addiction. Starsky won't let me take the blame for that, either. No one can ever really know...*really* understand what something like that is like. I still haven't sorted it all out myself, even after living through that kind of hell. The fear, pain, degradation, starvation, violation, need, *the need*...that's why I hated myself so much. I couldn't shake the need. I let the heroin drive me to the lowest point in my life. I became this hollow, disgusting, *needing* junkie. I never thought anything could hurt so much as that *need*. But I knew that if I had just tried harder, tried to fight them off longer, was stronger—*whatever*—I could have withstood it. The guilt was overwhelming me.

Starsky found me. He should have walked away. Granted, his record wasn't ever what you'd call spotless—too many 'bent' rules. But he was a good, clean cop—*the best*. Standing by my side, defying the department and IA could have cost him everything. But he didn't walk. I remember him looking me square in the face like before, his eyes taking on that glint they get and him saying "We'll get through

this—*together*.” And we did. I had expected to find condemnation, but instead I found his love for me. He stuck with me every second. Took it all—my anger, my pain, my vulnerability, my *need*. Took everything I could dish out, threw out the crap, and held onto hope when I didn’t have anything left to hope for. Stood by me when he should have walked away.

But now...now....

*I never hated myself more than I do at this moment.*

I was just getting dressed when I heard the door. Kira scrambled before he let himself in, I think she must have given him a key at some point. I could have stayed hidden...stayed cowering in the shadows like the whipped dog that I was, but I couldn’t. I had to face him.

Face him the same way I faced him when I felt like a failure, felt less than a man for a failed marriage.

Face him the same way my need drove me, face him when I was ravaged inside and out, and had no hope left.

*But this time....*

I remember him looking me square in the face, *his eyes*...this time the look in his eyes wasn’t merciful. Wasn’t compassionate. This time it was like looking into the eyes of someone in mourning. Someone who had just lost his best friend.

And this time...he walked away.

*I’ve never hated myself more than at this moment....*

~Brit  
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