

Polaris
A missing scene from Bloodbath
by Brit

Awh, Starsk...where are you?

Ken Hutchinson leaned wearily against the frame of the single window in his Captain's office. Tired hands came up to rub his eyes against the migraine that threatened to overwhelm him. Blinking his vision back into focus, Hutch stared out into the dark city. It was an amazingly clear night for Bay City, so much so that the lights of streets and boulevards had to compete with the natural panorama overhead.

It was nights like this that Hutch and his partner would sit outside in his small greenhouse and search out constellations. Starsky had surprised his more educated partner with his knowledge of Greek mythology and astronomy, stemming from his love of the sea and tall ships. His partner's father had taught him about clippers, pirates, and explorers, leading Starsky to learn about navigating by the stars, a passion that followed him well into adulthood.

Starsky would love a night like this, Hutch thought with a smile that briefly flitted across his tense features. I wonder if you can see the sky tonight, Starsk. I wonder if you're still alive. I wish...

I wish I may, I wish I might...

Hutch searched the skies for Polaris. The star danced its aching beauty in the evening's canvass. Centuries of light leading men home.

Hang in there, buddy—I'll find you. I promise.

Resting his weary head against the window pane, Hutch prayed that his partner could still see the stars.



Miles away, a battered figure raised his head, unsuccessfully trying to ignore the constant ache of his chest, shoulders, and arms. His bindings pulled and tore mercilessly against his weary flesh. Dark blue eyes focused past the haze of his pain and took in the clarity of the midnight sky.

The captive scanned the sky for Polaris. Without intending to, he took comfort in finding a constant in the heavens when his own world had dissolved into madness.

Starsky wondered briefly if his partner could see the stars this night...

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