

*The Last Song*  
*Additional Scene to "The Sacrifice"*  
*by Brit*

*Yesterday you came to lift me up  
As light as straw and brittle as a bird  
Today I weigh less than a shadow on the wall  
Just one more whisper of a voice unheard  
Tomorrow leave the windows open  
As fear grows please hold me in your arms  
Won't you help me if you can to shake this anger?  
I need your gentle hands to keep me calm*

*'Cause I never thought I'd lose  
I only thought I'd win  
I never dreamed I'd feel  
This fire beneath my skin  
I can't believe you love me  
I never thought you'd come  
I guess I misjudged love  
Between a father and his son*

*Things we never said come together  
The hidden truth no longer haunting me  
Tonight we touched on the things that were never spoken  
That kind of understanding sets me free*

*'Cause I never thought I'd lose  
I only thought I'd win  
I never dreamed I'd feel  
this fire beneath my skin  
I can't believe you love me  
I never thought you'd come  
I guess I misjudged love  
Between a father and his son*

The hand on Hutch's shoulder stirred him from his prayers. Haltingly, he lifted his head from the cradle of his hands, tear-stained eyes traveled up the suit coated arm gripping him, to the face of his father.

“Dad?” It took Hutch a moment to find his voice. The hoarseness couldn’t mask the astonishment at finding his father standing in the small chapel of County General. “*How...?*”

The elder Hutchinson eased himself onto the pew next to his son and cleared his own throat. “Harold called us yesterday while they were transporting you and your partner here. Your mother’s out in the hallway talking to him now.”

“You came.” It was both a statement and a question.

“As soon as we heard. Ken, I don’t know what to say. I’m...I’m so sorry to hear about your partner.” The older Hutchinson removed his hand from his son’s shoulder and nervously folded his overcoat in his lap. “You’re all right?”

Hutch couldn’t even find the energy to emit the self-incriminating laugh responding in his head. “Yeah, *I’m* fine. Did Dobey tell you what happened? How he took all this to protect me?”

“Yes, yes he did. It was a very brave thing Starsky did.” Richard looked up at the cross above the altar, hanging before an inset stained glass window. “How is he? What have the doctors said?”

“Not a lot, yet. Other than they’re amazed he’s still alive.” Hutch’s voice choked off with the despairing thought of “what if.” *What if he breaks his word, the vow?* Rage warred with sorrow. “Dad, he did this to protect *me*—to save *me*.”

“I know, son. A friend like that, you can’t put a price on that kind of bond.”

“Dad, if...*if he dies*—” A sob racked the exhausted man’s frame. Hutch’s face again nestled in his hands, elbows resting on his knees. He was too tired to care what his father thought about his tears.

Richard Hutchinson looked in dismay at the raw grief beside him, only hesitating a moment before wrapping his arm across the other’s shoulders. In the quiet of the chapel, the father drew his son tightly against his chest, whispering words of comfort against the onslaught of pain.

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by Elton John/Bernie Taupin