

*The Rooftop*  
*Musings from "A Coffin For Starsky"*  
*by Brit*

I shouldn't be mad at you, but I am.  
Enraged. Furious. Livid. Incensed.  
*Shakeyouuntilyourteethrattle,somadIcouldspit MAD.*  
WHAT were you thinking?  
You WEREN'T thinking, were you?  
And therein lies the problem, pal.

Awh, Starsk...  
If you had waited one more second, hell—one more millisecond—  
I'd be dead.  
He'd be alive  
and I'd be the one laying in a puddle of my own blood  
on this crummy rooftop.  
But then you would have the answer...  
...the answer that would save you, save us both.

Who said *you* get to make these kind of decisions for *us*, huh?  
Who said you get to die and I have to go on living...  
...without you.

Think, Starsky, *think!*  
How many times have I told you that?  
If you had really thought about it and waited before pulling the trigger,  
you would have remembered that he held the key  
instead of reacting from your gut and shooting him...  
...protecting me, giving up everything for me.  
Damn you.  
What right do you have to put me ahead of yourself?  
What gives you the right to make me go on alone?

*"It seemed like a good idea at the time."*

Dammit, Starsk!  
You can't die now, not while I'm still this ticked off at you.  
*I'm here...just hang on.*  
Hang on, so I can kill you myself when this is all over.