

This I Will Remember
Musings from "Sweet Revenge"
by Brit

“Starsky’s gonna die, Hug.”

I think I said those fatal words more for myself than for Huggy. The disbelief and sense of unworldliness engulfed me from the moment I saw that police cruiser in the lot scrape the car next to it, the first signal that something was wrong. Horribly, inexplicably *wrong*.

So I said these words to try and bring myself back to reality, no matter how much I didn’t want to. I needed to because I wanted to remember. Remember every detail of what happened so I can put the pieces together and start acting like the Detective First Class that I’m supposed to be. Remember so I can catch the bastards that shot...that *killed* my partner.

My friend.

My brother.

Starsky.

Oh man, Starsk. I remember every second like a slow moving shot in a film. I’ll take it to my grave, I swear. And I swear I will remember *everything*. I promise, and I will remember...

I will remember the first moment I saw you. You looked more like a beach bum than another new recruit, at least until they lopped off those curls. I don’t think either one of us liked the other, at least not initially. But there was *something* there. A spark, maybe, ready to be fanned into flames. And a respect that turned into friendship and then a bond nothing on earth, not our own carelessness, not some woman, not my own stupidity, not even death, *nothing* could sever. This I will remember.

I will remember a man closer than a brother. Closer than breath. The only person I’ve ever known who could read my thoughts, read my heart. Know me at my worst and love me anyway. A man who loved and laughed and forgave. This I will remember.

I will remember a man who held me close, held death at bay. Whose love for me surpassed my only feeble understanding of the word. A man whose commitment to me took him to hell and back again to save me time and time again. Who would give up everything, including his own life, if it meant my staying on this earth. This I will remember.

I will remember the man who held the belief that justice would be served. That the system did work. That the badge meant something. That people were worth giving his life for. That God was good and just. And I will remember the man that made me believe in this again as well. This I will remember.

I will remember how much you loved that damned car. I loved it, too, but would never, ever admit it to you. How much I loved ribbing you about it. And how I stopped loving it when I turned the corner and saw it speckled with the bullet holes, red blood against red paint, and your head nestled against its wheel well as your life gathered beneath you on the pavement. I hated it because it protected me from the bullets that separated us. This I will remember.

I will remember your eyes, my friend. Eyes the color of midnight. Eyes that danced over the simplest joy. Eyes that burned like azure coals in the face of wrong. Eyes that pleaded with me to join you in some screwball escapade. Eyes that forgave. Eyes that loved. This I will remember.

I will remember your smile. Especially the one that could light up a room. And the laugh that seem to explode from somewhere deep within. I will remember how you loved life and couldn't seem to get enough of it. How it could knock you down but never kept you there, and how you forgave it for trying. This I will remember.

I will remember the strength of your arms, and hands that served both death and life. The comfort they gave me when the world threatened to destroy me. The strength they gave me when I couldn't go on. The security they gave me when I needed you beside me. The reprimand they gave me when I was wrong. The love they gave me even when I never, ever deserved it. This I will remember.

I will remember the years together, every moment. I will hold fast every face, every soul, every challenge, every triumph, every loss and every joy of our years together. So many years...so few. I will remember the difference you made in so many lives and never kept score. This I will remember.

I will remember your bravery. How even in the face of death, yes—yet again—you stood and stared it down. That big heart of yours wouldn't allow you to hit the ground knowing I was behind you. Knowing that if you had kissed the pavement and gotten out of harm's way you would be risking me if I also hadn't buried myself behind that Tomato of yours. I will never forget that you stood and faced death so I wouldn't have to. This I will remember.

And when the final prayer has been said, your coffin lowered into the uncaring earth, and part of myself buried beside you, I will remember the way you said my name, the feel of your arm across my shoulders, and the call of your heart to mine.

This I will remember until I am with you again.

7/7/00