

Wait For Me
Musings from "Starsky's Lady"
by Brit

Case closed.

Usually it was a good feeling. A great feeling. One that filled me with a kind of a high. A...a *satisfaction*, I guess, to know that me and Hutch had done our jobs. Had done a good job. But not now. Not this time. All I'm feeling right now is....

Nothing.

Not one blasted thing. Empty. Drained.

Dead.

I'm sorry I had to put the flowers I brought you on the ground. Your tombstone won't be finished for another week. I hate to just lay them there on the dirt. I suppose the grass will grow soon. I guess...

This is so wrong. This isn't the way it's supposed to be, me sitting here without you, an incredible sunset, life going on as if nothing happened. As if you never existed. I...I'll go nuts if I keep thinking, keep picturing you lying in that box just a few feet below me. Keep thinking that I'll never see you again, never hear your voice, never....

Never is just too long a time.

I'm sorry, Terry, just give me a second here. I know I promised not to do this, but I don't know how to stop. It's just that it...it just hurts so much. I think I'd rather go back to feeling numb, because the hurting is tearing my guts apart. I know that you're not here, not buried here. It's just your...your *shell*. Your soul's somewhere else. Flown far from this crummy world. *But not too far away. Right, Terry?*

Prudohlm was sentenced today. Hauled him away ranting and raving. I've never seen that much rage in one person. No. No, I take that back. I've seen it in myself. I've never hated someone so much as I do him. If Hutch hadn't been there with me, I don't know what I would have done. I watched that psycho fight the cuffs and all I could do was stand there and wish he'd break free, make a run for it. Give me a chance. Give me a reason and just one more chance. *Just one more...*

Awh, don't mind me, I'm kinda tired. I've tried to sleep, but when I close my eyes all I see is you. I want so much to picture you lying there next to me, holding me, but all I see is you lying on the stretcher being hauled to the ambulance. You lying in that hospital bed, trying to tell me goodbye. You lying cold in your coffin...

I try to remember the good times we had. There were so many—playing ball with the kids, the all-night Monopoly tournaments, dancing in the moonlight. If I could just have one minute more with you... *Just one more?* Who am I kidding? I'd never settle for one lousy minute when what I really want is a lifetime.

I want you here with me. I want to feel you filling my arms rather than....*than this*. I can't tell you how much I miss holding you, your head tucked under my chin. Feeling your breath warm against my throat. Oh, Terry. My arms ache so much for you.

You told me that you'd be there for me. That you'd be there when I need you. I need you now, Terry! *Please! I can't do this without you!* You said you'd be here "some dark night." It doesn't matter what time it is, right now it's always night. My world feels like its fallen apart and I can't find the pieces.

You made me promise, *though friends never promise*, that I wouldn't change. I'm sorry Terry. I'm so, so sorry, but I have. I didn't want to, but I did. How can I not change when half of my heart's been ripped out?

Well, it's getting late, I guess. I can see Hutch leaning against the Torino waiting for me. He said he wanted to give me a minute alone, but I know he'll come see you when I stop back tomorrow. It's been hard on him too. I know he misses you a lot.

Well...

I'll be back tomorrow. Don't worry about me or all the crazy things I just said. Just don't go too far away from me, okay? Oh, and about the other half of my heart that wasn't buried alongside you? Don't worry about it. It'll be all right. Blondie's got it.

I love you, babe.

Wait for me. You promised.

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