

*Waiting*  
*A moment from "Sweet Revenge"*  
*by Brit*

Waiting.

I think waiting is the hardest part in all of this. Well, no. This time...this time *knowing* might be harder yet. So, I'll stick with just waiting. It's not like it's a waste of my precious time. Lord knows there's never enough hours in the day. It's just that there's so much that goes along with the waiting.

Fear. Wishing. Futility. Anger. Pain.

Knowing that one's hurting. No—that's not right. They're *both* hurting—only one physically—but they're both hurting.

Hutch thinks Starsky's gonna die. He keeps moving, sniffing out the trail like a hound. But I think in his heart it'll be Starsky's *killer* that he's looking for.

The Captain's barreling around here like a train wreck waiting to happen. It's as if he slowed down for an instant, Starsky would slip away because he didn't try hard enough.

That skinny little Huggy Bear looks lost. He's trying so hard to care of everybody else in all this craziness since he can't do anything for Starsky.

And me? I haven't lost hope. Starsky—my Starsky—he's a fighter, see? So I'm doing what I can, helping out Hutch, following up on leads, making my computer work miracles.

And I pray.

"Minnie Kaplan?"

Finally—my turn.

"Is this the first time you've given blood?"

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