

What Do I Want

by Brit

One of the guys at the station was getting ready to play Santa Claus for some school and was practicing his "Ho, ho, ho-ing." Asked me what I wanted for Christmas this year.

What do I want...

I'm standing here looking out the window at the darkening sky. It's raining again, sleeting really. Pretty cold for Bay City. The roads'll be a mess in the morning. And there's a bunch of condensation on the pane. The moisture there collects into a small circle and runs down the glass like a tear.

And I think of you. Think of how hard this week seems to have been on you. You always get a little down around the holidays. But for some reason this year's harder. And I don't know how to make it better for you...

What do I want...

I want you to be happy. You deserve every second of it.

I want to be sure that you know that I'll always stand beside you, no matter what. Where else could I be?

I want you to not hurt so much. You don't deserve what's thrown at you. I wish I could protect you better.

I want you to see yourself the way I see you. Then you'd know how incredible you are.

I want you to know how proud I am that you're my partner, how honored I am that you call me friend. How blessed I am.

What do I want...



The telephone rang, breaking David Starsky out of his reverie at the window. Running his hands across his face, he moved through the darkened apartment to the telephone.

"Hi, yourself. Me? Nothin'. I'm...I'm not doing anything."