

# Hurt like Hell

[By Sentarla](#)

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**Warning:** For people who don't want to be spoiled, I have put a warning at the end. Be warned however that many people don't like this type of story. If you're at all uncertain, read the warning.

**Summary:** A short dark P.O.V angst piece.

Notes: This piece was created after too little sleep, too much Sarah McLachlan (if that is possible) and some dark thoughts. The song quoted is called Hold On and is found on Sarah McLachlan's Fumbling towards Ecstasy CD. The song can be taken so many ways, and I am planning to do a light version based on the song one day, but this one came out first. Thank you heaps to Bonnie who once again is to thank for grammar and spelling, without her, this would be soo hard to read. Please email me your comments, I really would like to know.

**Disclaimer:** No matter how much I dream, deep down I know that I don't own The Sentinel and related characters. I imagine though that if I did after this fic, there is no way they would want me to <sigh>. I also do not own or make money off the talented Sarah McLachlan, I just listen to her.

*Italic = song words*

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~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

*Hold on*

*hold on to yourself*

*for this is gonna hurt like hell*

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

Pain, pain like I have never felt before fills my body. It seems like it is never ending and I so wish it would.

There are times I feel it stop, but they are so few and far between. I wonder what it would be like for the pain to stop. Is that possible?

What would that be called...peace?

I don't remember much, I remember pizza and laughter. I remember feeling happy but tired. Then after that, all I can remember is a flash of light, and a loud crunching noise, then silence.

I feel trapped, trapped in the pain. When the pain stops I see a jungle; it is so beautiful and it calls to me, but when I try to move, I can't. I am held back by something and then the pain swallows me up.

I'm tired, so tired...

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

*I lie awake and pray*

*you'll be strong tomorrow and we'll see another day*

*and we will praise it*

*and love the light that brings a smile across your face*

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

It's been six days, six days since my world changed. One moment I'm laughing over pizza and the next..the next I'm lying on the ground with people screaming all around me.

Gone is the table we were sitting at and in its place is a blue Land Cruiser. Puzzled, unable to comprehend what I can see, I call for my Guide.

I can hear the soft sound of his heart, but it sounds strange. My sight follows the sound under the car. Moving closer, ungracefully fumbling over broken table and chairs, I reach the car and look for my friend.

First I see a leg sticking out from under the car. Then I notice the small trail of blood that is slowly making its way from under the cooling car.

On my hands and knees I search for my partner, not believing at first that the leg and blood is his. When I follow the leg to the rest of the mangled body I stop, unable to breathe or make a sound.

The car must have ploughed straight into him. We had been sitting in front of the store's large glass window. The table had been between us with Blair near the window so he could soak up as much of the sun as possible.

One of the now destroyed table legs had lodged itself into his upper left chest and from the look of his mangled right leg, the front tire of the car had shattered the leg bones as it...as it rolled over him.

I sit there unable to move, unable to form a simple thought or help in any way.

I feel a hand on my shoulder; a fellow diner is trying to move me out of the way. I can see her mouth moving, but there is no sound. I think she must have left for a moment, because next there are more people with her, moving me away from the car, away from my Guide.

She takes my place and does what I could not do; she crawls under the car while I sit there, unable to move.

Six days later I'm still sitting, unable to help and feeling so helpless. The doctors have told me that the damage is too great. Pain depressants are not working and my Guide is in constant excruciating pain.

The table leg destroyed his left lung and the right refuses to stay inflated for more than a few hours. Sandburg's leg is beyond repair; the knee was shattered and the other bones were reduced to fragments. One of the fragments the doctor told me severed a main vein in the upper leg. They were going to amputate at first, but now, like vultures, they are waiting for him to die, so they haven't bothered. I nearly cried when the doctor told me the worst injury my Guide had suffered. His fourteenth vertebrae has been shattered. It is here, I was told, that all his pain is coming from.

The doctors want me to let him go, to let them turn off all equipment that is keeping my Guide beside me, but how can I? How can I agree to let go of the only person in the world who understands me? It would be the same as killing myself.

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

*Mmm oh God if you're out there won't you hear me*

*I know that we have never talked before*

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

How much can a person take? I have spent almost a week watching my two closest friends slowly die day by day.

I won't lie to myself: when one goes the other will follow. I could try and fool myself and develop a plan of support for the survivor, but I have not been that naïve for many decades.

It's hard seeing them like this. Ellison is like the walking dead; he has not moved from the kid's side unless I forced him, and if he did move I had to guide...no, not guide, I had to support him because although the body was moving, his consciousness was still in the room with his partner.

I can't describe how I feel; I want Sandburg's suffering to end, but at the same time I'm not ready to say goodbye to my friend.

The person who caused this whole nightmare is dead. Even now I am not sure whether I am happy or sad: did the driver get off too lightly? I just don't know.

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

*my love*

*you know that you're my best friend*

*know I'll do anything for you*

*my love*

*let nothing come between us*

*my love for you is strong and true*

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

Blair, forgive me, but I can't watch you suffer anymore.

I could not find Naomi and after the dream / vision. I know what I must do.

I saw a wolf dragging a useless lower body around, trying to follow a black panther. The wolf's eyes spoke of unbearable pain and longing, but also devotion. It was obvious that no matter the cost, the wolf would follow the panther. I wept with despair; how could I ask that of my Guide?

When I woke up I sought out the doctors and set in motion the beginning of the end. My only wish would be that you would wake up just once, so I could see your eyes and say goodbye, begging your forgiveness for failing as your blessed protector and Sentinel.

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

*am I in heaven here or am I...*

*at the crossroads I am standing*

~~~~~OOOOO~~~~~

The pain is leaving once again. I wonder how long it will last.

I try to pull away, to reach the distant jungle, and fail. Then a cool refreshing breeze washes over me and I am free!

Running, laughing with the freedom, I head for the jungle, for sweet smelling air and the soothing sounds.

Just as I am about to reach the outer edge I hear a loud snarl behind me. Slowing down, not wanting to stop, but unable to resist the sound, I look behind me.

There, also running for the forest, is a beautiful black panther. Within moments it is beside me and it changes into my Sentinel.

Smiling at each other, walking side by side, we enter the jungle.

I have the answer to my question now.

When the pain stops it is called Heaven.

~Fin~

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**Warnings:** This is a death story of main characters.

Re-reading this, years after writing it, It still effects me. What did you think?