

Not This Day

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Spike tells you about his view on the day Fred died.

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1 - Not This Day

A/N- My first Angel fic. Technically. I did crossover Angel with Buffy and Harry Potter on another of my fics. Never mind. Anyway, this is just my musings about Spike musing. I hope you enjoy it.

Disclaimer- I don't own Angel or any related character. That belongs to Joss Whendon.

"Not this girl. Not this day,"

That's what I said when he told me. That's all I *could* say. What are you supposed to say when you find out someone you love is dying?

Yes, I loved her. Winifred Burkle. No, I didn't love her the same as Wesley, but I did love her. Anyway, I remember that day.

I remember us— me, Gunn, Angel, Wesley, Knox, and Lorne— standing in the foyer of Wolfram and Hart. I remember the shock and hurt on all our faces— Knox feigning shock, as we would find out later— as Angel said, "Her organs are cooking. In a day, they'll liquefy."

Then I spoke.

"No, not this girl. Not this day,"

Then it was a time for action. Angel, Lorne, and I were to hunt down Lindsey and see if he had anything to do with it. Gunn and Knox were to work the lab. And good ol' Wesley, he had to work his mystic books.

We found Eve. Lindsey's main squeeze. She's the one who set us on the right track, oddly enough. Using her advice, Wesley found out that it was a Chaos God of the Oldest Demons named Illyria that had "infected" Fred. Angel and I were sent to a place called the Deeper Well.

Ah, for a moment I was able to forget the dying girl. For a moment I was William the Bloody again. Angel and I fought the guards the Deeper Well sent at us. Finally, the Keeper called the fight to a halt. His name was Drogyn, and apparently he and Angel were friends.

Drogyn took us within the Well. I grilled him for allowing Illyria to go free. However, he had a great comeback. As we entered the main chamber of the Well, both Angel and I gasped. Thousands upon thousands of sarcophagi of the Old Ones lined the vertical walls of the well.

"It goes all the way. All the way through the earth,"

"Bloody Hell," I muttered.

Then Drogyn told us that there was a way to save Fred. He told us that it required a champion that had traveled from where it lies to where it belongs.

"You've got two of those right here," Angel said, shocking me slightly. However, I knew now was not a time to goad. Not the time for my extraordinary ego.

"But I did not know it was free," Drogyn said.

Drogyn then informed us that if we were to use the spell he had to draw Illyria out of Fred, it would claw its way into every soul between LA and wherever the hell we were at now.

"Hundreds...maybe thousand will die...if you save her," he said.

"That's madness," I said as Angel moved to look over one side of the wooden bridge we stood upon.

"This is a place of madness. I'll prepare the spell. It's your choice," Drogyn said, leaving us to brood.

I hit the railing of the opposite side of the bridge. Then I resided myself to contemplating what would be the *right* thing to do.

Because that's all life ever comes down to. Even undead life. Did I make the right choice? Because if you didn't, you know, from the depths of yourself, that there will be hell to pay.

"Hell with the world," Angel said, making his way toward the room that held the spell.

But then he stopped. Angel was a professional brooder and contemplator. As much as he loved Fred, as much as I loved Fred, we both knew that we had to do something we rarely did when we were soulless. We had to *think* about the consequences.

Finally, after a few moments that felt like eternities, he turned to me.

"Spike," he said.

Did he want *my* opinion? Did he want to know what *I* thought? Being ever the poet, and knowing that I had made up my mind, I knew just what to said.

"This goes all the way through...to the other side," I began.

Angel took a tentative step toward me. I continued.

"So, I figure, there's a bloke somewhere around...New Zealand...standing on a bridge like this one...looking back down at us. All the way down. There's a hole in the world,"

I looked up at Angel. There were tears in his eyes. He knew what my metaphor was about.

"Feels like we ought to have known,"

“Spike...Wesley,” he said, making his point without finishing his sentence.

I shook my head. We already knew the truth.

As much as we wanted to, we couldn't save our girl.

Wesley told me sometime later that what he hated most about Fred's death is the fact that she suffered...and then left him alone. However, he knew that she, in the end, had not been afraid. To this day, we still haven't told Mr. and Mrs. Burkle the truth.

After we arrived back in LA to find Illyria inhabiting Fred's body, we immediately set to work. Illyria was going to raise an army to take over the world. Typical. However, what was inwardly killing us, was the striking resemblance to Fred Illyria still held. I know that I shouldn't have been shocked by this, but I was. I was thinking, hoping actually, that Fred's body had changed completely. But no.

We eventually reigned Illyria in, and she joined us in the last battle. I call it the last battle because so many of us died that night. Illyria, Angel, and I made it, but we went our separate ways.

And now here I am, telling this story to you lot. And what for? I'm not sure. Maybe because you asked. I can't remember now.

But let me tell you this. Fred's death eventually killed us all. Wesley, because he had lost the only person he had ever truly loved. Gunn, because he still blamed himself for all of it. Lorne, because he was the first to see it happen. And Angel and I, because we didn't stop it.

A bit of advice. If you ever have to make this decision, which I hope you never will, do what we didn't do. Save the girl. Yeah, I know. I know what you all are asking. *But what about all those innocent people that died?* Screw the innocences. You don't love the innocences. You don't have to feel the pain of there loss. Well, maybe you do.

It's just a damned situation, isn't it? In that case, I don't know what we should've done. I'm just not sure about anything anymore. I don't know what to do now.

But now I must ask you, do you know?

End Notes: Okay, how did you like that? If you wonder why I choose this particular subject to rant on, it's because that episode, *A Hole in the World*, was my favorite. I loved the dialogue in it, if you couldn't tell. And also, if you couldn't tell, I loved Spike's dialogue the best. Anyhow, please R & R! Thanks!