

# Goodbye dear friends

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*The AIDS virus has taken it's toll on Collins. His final goodbyes and he reunites with Angel. Please Review and I hope you enjoy it.*

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**Chapter 1 - Goodbye Dear Friend**

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# 1 - Goodbye Dear Friend

There was a big thump on the floor as Thomas B. Collins fell to the ground weak from the virus that had taken the very life of his love. He was so weak and couldn't move. He swore that he heard Angel telling him to get up and fight the virus but he couldn't, he wouldn't. If it meant he would be with her again. He felt wetness and now panic. Was he bleeding, did he hit his head? He was going to die, drowning in a pool of his own blood. He couldn't move maybe he could yell for help. He heard the door of the loft open, relief.

"Collins, Roger, I'm home." Collins could hear his friend say.

"Mark" Collins managed to say weakly.

Mark rushed over the crumbled body of his friend noticing he had fallen and hit his head pretty badly.

"What happen?"

"I'm not sure I think my legs gave out. I also feel weak."

"I'm calling an ambulance." Mark told him using his scarf to tend to the wound on Collins' head.

"Fine." Collins replied.

He knew what was going on; I guess you can say he didn't want to worry his friend. The virus was soon going to take his life. There was nothing he could do but lie and say it would be alright. Who was he kidding Mark knew and dreaded this moment. To lose yet another friend to this fatal disease would be awful. He knew; they all knew it would come sooner or later. As the ambulance drove away leaving a terrified Mark standing watching in disbelief Maureen and Joanne rushed over.

"What's going on?" Maureen asked.

"It's Collins, he fell." Mark replied watching the ambulance turn the corner and disappear.

"Is he alright, how did he fall?" Joanne asked.

"The virus, he's weak." Mark stuttered.

"Call Mimi and Roger, Mark. Joanne and I will meet you guys at the hospital." Maureen said bossily.

Mark nodded and headed back into the loft. He was trembling now as he picked up the phone dialing the number for the Cat Scratch.

"Hello, Cat Scratch Dance Club." The manager said cheerfully.

“Uh, yes I need to speak to Mimi Marquez please.” Mark said his voice shaky.

“She is about to go on you will have to wait.”

“No, I need her now. Our friend is dying and we just need her.” Mark yelled into the phone. “Tell her it’s Mark whose calling.” He said now calming a little.

There was quietness at the end of the line then he heard the timid familiar voice of Mimi.

“What’s going on Mark? Is everything ok?”

“No, its Collins, he’s in the hospital.”

“I’ll get Roger and meet you guys at the hospital.” Mimi told Mark then hung up the phone.

Mark grabbed his coat and took off to the hospital. Meanwhile Mimi made her way to the Life Café where Roger was hanging out. She ran over to him tears stained her face. She didn’t know what was happening but was already crying.

“Mimi what’s wrong?” Roger asked seeing her.

“We need to get to the hospital, Collins isn’t doing to well.”

“Let’s go then.” Roger said standing up, grabbing her and pulling her out of the Café.

Mimi and Roger rushed into the waiting room to Mark, Maureen and Joanne. Collins’ had been terribly ill the last few days and he had never told them. He had kept it a secret until Mark had found him sprawled out on the floor and weak this morning. This was a nightmare just as it had been when they lost Angel.

“Is he alright” Mimi asked.

” The doctor said he may not make it through the night.” Maureen said standing up. She had been crying it was obvious her face was flushed red and her eyes were still a little teary and puffy. Maureen sat back down on Joanne’s lap, Joanne was trying not to cry but you could tell she badly wanted to. Mimi looked around at her friends then collapsed to the ground. Why was this happening? Why now?

“It should be me in there not him. With all that has happened to me it should be my time not his. He has so much to live for. “

“Mimi don’t say that neither of you deserve death. I want him to live as much as you do.” Roger told her.

“I can’t believe this is happening again” Mark said sadly.

“Me too” They all said at once.

There conversation was interrupted by Dr. Martinez who had just come from the room Collins was in.

“Is he alright?” Joanne asked in a saddened tone.

“I’m afraid he is getting weaker by the moment. He is awake if you guys want to go say your goodbyes. I’m afraid he isn’t doing to well.”

"He really is dying" Mimi thought out loud.

"How long does he have?" Maureen asked

Dr. Martinez sighed looking over their gloomy faces.

"I'm afraid he could die at any time."

"Should we go see him?" Mark asked afraid of what was going to happen.

"Of course" everyone said together.

Collins was lying in the bed he was so weak that he couldn't move. He knew that the doctor had told his friends that he only had a few hours left. He too didn't want to believe it. He was so scared; the virus had taken hold of him so quickly. He managed a small smile as his friends entered the room.

"How are you feeling?" Joanne asked already knowing the answer.

"Like crap." Collins replied.

"I should have known you would say that." Joanne said forcing a smile on her face.

"I wish you would get better so you can come home with us." Maureen told him.

"Yes me too. You know I remember this same room from two years ago. When I lost Angel." Answered Collins.

"We remember." Maureen answered softly.

"I want to talk to Mark and Mimi. Mark first." Collins said weakly.

The group nodded as everyone except Mark left the room. He took a seat next to the bedside as he gently placed his hand on Collins'.

"Hey, how are you?" Mark asked.

"I'm Sleepy right now and feel like crap." Collins replied.

"You want me to leave. "I want you to stay healthy."

"No, I want to talk to you. It's important."

"I'm worried about you Collins. I have since this morning."

"Don't worry, Mark. Everything will be fine. Trust me, ok?"

"You're on the edge of your death bed and you want me to pretend everything's fine. Collins I don't want to lose you like Angel."

"You know, I wish I could wake up next to Angel and say it was just one big nightmare. I wish I could hear her voice and feel her touch again. Mark things don't work like that. You one of my best friends and I want you to be the one to keep this family alive. It'll be hard, but I know you can do it. I know Mimi's defiantly going to need your support. I love you and want you to be happy; I want you all to be happy. Promise me you will do that for me.

Tears ran down Marks face as he squeezed Collins' hand.

" I promise. You hung around for us and now soon you and Angel will be reunited forever. You deserve

to be with Angel again.”

"Angel...I will be able to see her sweet face once again. I miss her so much. Mark take care. Now please get Mimi for me ok."

"Ok" Mark said getting up and walking to the door.

Mimi came in and stood by the bed. She was pale, terribly pale, and her limbs seemed weak and stick-like as she brushed a strand of brown hair out of her eyes. Her makeup was half removed, she had obviously been crying.

"Oh, Collins why do you have to leave us so soon? I should be the one in the hospital bed not you."

Mimi told him grabbing his hand.

Collins looked up at Mimi smiling some. He was so pale and looked so weak. He didn't look like himself at all.

"Mimi, I'll be fine. As long as you, my family is here." Collins told her weakly.

"No, I don't believe you. Angel said the same thing and he gone. Our family will break even more if you leave us."

"Mimi you still got everyone else; Roger, Mark, Maureen, Joanne, and Benny. You'll stay together. "

Collins whispered.

Mimi took a seat on the hospital bad. She was soaked with tears.

"You and Angel kept the family together. You can't leave us now." Mimi said almost crying now.

"I love you Mimi. I love you all. You're my Family."

And with one more deep breath Collins was gone. His monitor he was hooked up to made an earsplitting screeching sound.

"No, Collins" Mimi yelled shaking him. "You got to stay with us. Please don't go."

Roger came in and pulled Mimi back as he to started crying. He was watching his as he friend died right before his eyes. Mimi held him close sobbing hysterically in his arms. Maureen and Joanne had entered the room now. Maureen was holding Joanne and they were both crying chaotically together in each other's arms. Mark left the hospital. He to was crying now, I mean what else could he do in a time like this.

Collins' life passed before his eyes, he saw the good and the bad. He saw everyone that he had known and met. He now seemed to be in a tunnel of a beautiful white light. He looked towards the light ahead and back towards the voices of his friends that he heard. When he turned again towards the light he saw someone standing there, Angel, his Angel. Angel wore her favorite outfit. The Santa Claus dress with the zebra printed tights and belt, her black boots and of course she wore her favorite wig. She looked just as Collins remembered. Angel held out her hands towards him.

"Hello love, there's nothing to be afraid of, your with me now. Trust me." Angel whispered.

"I do trust you. I have been waiting for this moment." Collins said smiling.

"I have been waiting too honey. "Angel smiled back.

Collins turned to where the voices were coming from. He smiled some it was his time now.

"Goodbye my dear friends" He told them knowing they wouldn't hear him anyway.

A song echoed throughout the heavens as Angel and Collins walked together hand and hand towards the light.

I think they mean't it

When they say you can't buy love

Now i know you can rent it

A new lease you are my love

On life- all my life

I've longed to discover something as true as this is

So with a 1000 sweet kisses If you're cold and you're lonely

I'll cover you

With a 1000 sweet kisses You've got one nickel only

I'll cover you With a thousand sweet kisses

When you're worn I'll cover you

Out and Tired With a thousand sweet kisses

When your heart has expired I'll cover you

Oh lover I'll cover you, yeahhhhhh

Oh lover I'll cover you

Collins was finally where he wanted to be and for once in his life since he lost Angel he was happy. He was home; with the person he loved so very much.

The End