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Rating: PG 13

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Title: Pictures of you

Chapter five: The Shadow

Five years later

Looking at the man that sat in front of them, Sara could feel her longheld fears rising up inside of her. Dr. Matthews expression was as placid as ever, but his eyes betrayed a sense of pity, which she found to be foreboding.

She grabbed Grissom's hand and squeezed it lightly. Hoping that a little physical contact, would reassure him now as much as it had in the past. She wanted him to know that no matter what the doctor said, she would be there for him.

In return she received her husband's gentle smile. Grissom was acting just as calm as everyone else, but she could tell from his starkly upright posture, that he was afraid. She was sitting in a room full of facades, her own threatening to crack.

Inwardly she lamented over her feelings of helplessness. She would do anything to drive away the shadow that had hung over their lives for the past year. It arrived so suddenly, yet all long it had been preparing to make an entrance, biding its time.

Thinking back, there had been little signs. Grissom would forget someone's name or number, and later a birthday or anniversary. But she had told herself he wasn't young anymore, it was probably to be expected.

'Today was perfect.' Sara lifted her arms and placed them around his waist, before pulling him down to her. 'I don't want it to end, Gil. You have to promise not to go to sleep.'

He laughed gently, stroking the flowers which still lay in her hair. Sara had been a beautiful bride. She had worn a simple white gown, with straps and a bodice. It had taken his breath away and at the altar he had suppressed a gasp. However, she passed most of the night in her bare feet, after taking off her elegant, but painful shoes.

He understood her fear of forgetting this moment. But he knew she had no real need to be afraid of that. As their only guest, an amateur wedding photographer, had taken the perfect picture of them on their special day.

'Don't worry honey.' Grissom replied, kissing her lightly on the side of her neck, before following its contours upwards to find her soft lips. 'Tomorrow you'll wake up and it will be even better than today. From now on, everyday will.'

The first time she had truly been scared, was one Friday in August. Emily was supposed to be going to a sleepover at her friend Laura's house. They had known each other for only a few months, but were already inseparable.

This worked out well for Sara, because although she loved her daughter with all her heart, she still longed for time alone with Gil. Their work stopped that from happening as often as she'd like, but tonight they would have the whole evening to make up for it.

She had taken the day off, to make time for buying a new dress and some groceries for the special meal she was cooking. Five years ago, when Emily had started school, she had been able to go back to her job full-time. It was a stressful life, but she found it had its rewards.

Expecting Grissom at five o'clock, when the hours struck six, Sara began to get worried. She paced backwards and forwards across the living room, stopping every five minutes, to open the front door and check outside. At seven o'clock, she finally gave in. They had agreed not to needlessly call each other at work anymore, as both found it dangerously distracting. But this was an emergency.

He answered on the third ring. The sound of his voice, flooded her with relief. She spoke quickly, her heart beating just as fast, 'Gil, are you ok? I've been waiting over two hours for you to come home.'

His reply sounded unsure, 'Sara? Is that you?'

'Of course it is! Where are you?' She said anxiously.

There was a pause. The longest she'd ever experienced.

Finally his voice meekly came through, 'Honey, I'm lost. I can't remember the way home.'

Sara knew that something wasn't right. She could no longer deny the truth. After finding Grissom, she called the doctor and an endless array of tests began. Then there wasn't a day that went by, when she didn't feel like crying.

Inconclusive results and scattered incidents of confusion, peppered the next twelve months of their lives. Until last week, when he had been found by students wandering in the corridors, searching for his class. He had been placed on a cautionary suspension and the dean was just as worried as everyone else.

There had to be a cause. Sara had to find out what it was, before it was too late.

'Sara, I don't know what to do about this.' She saw Grissom's face, so defeated and confused. It hurt her to see him like that when she knew the way to make it all go away, even if he was too afraid to acknowledge it.

'Well I do, and by the time you figure it out, it might be too late.' Leaving him there in his office, she felt her heart stayed behind with him. From then on, until the time they finally got together, Sara became a hollow shell.

In this new room of anticipation, an answer arrived. It was the stuff every sleepless night had been made of and Sara physically shook as her heart began to break. Dr. Matthews repeated his statement, for a second time, making sure they both knew it to be fact.

'I'm sorry, but it's unmistakeable. Gil, you 're suffering from Alzheimer's, a rare and degenerate disease.'