

Paths of Sara Sidle

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Unregretfulness: Not look backward, have no shame, feel nothing.

I was always unregretful; I knew nothing was my fault. My parents held the entire fault even though sometimes it was mine. I never cared for it and I never felt anything before, sometimes I would; I would think for hours and blame myself for all of it. In the end I knew it had nothing to do with me, they were the ones in charge and they held all the power and I was left to feel nothing and remember little. That was a long time ago, nowadays I am regretful and I feel that I could have done more that I am the one to blame. Grissom tells me time after time that it isn't my fault or I can't change what had happened. Although I want to change I have to look and not touch and try to feel nothing like him. Grissom is good at that, having and feeling no emotion, sometimes I'm jealous of that feature but with no emotion there is no life...is there? Most things that happen I believe it to be my fault, that I was doomed one day for this but I'm always reminded that it is the nature of things, the nature of life and that I'm not responsible although I feel deeply about the situation and then I take it too far. Grissom has taught me not to latch on and to remind myself that everything happens for a reason, good and bad. The bad situations I want to change and the good ones I want to hold onto but nothing ever lasts long enough to make a complete memory out of it. Some cases stab you in the back for week's even months but I've tried not to look back on them and at most times I fail. He doesn't know, he doesn't look back, and he defiantly feels no shame in what he does or what he tells me.

Jealousy: Suffer pangs of jealousy, view with a jaundiced eye, heartburning.

I was always jealous. I was jealous of everyone and everything, I believed that everyone was better off than I and in the end I was right. I was that kid, the one who had nothing but somehow, knew and felt everything. My parents were jealous of other parents; even jealous of my teachers and people they knew. We were all jealous of one another in some way, I was mostly taken as the smart one in my family and everyone wanted that. I can get jealous but not as much as before, nowadays I'm happy with what I ended up with, material items and non-material items. Some days I feel as if others are jealous of me and I think to myself, "Why? I have absolutely nothing that they could possibly want in their perfect life." But then I realized that no one has a perfect little life, not even Grissom although it sure does seem like it. He has everything he needs and everything he wants and I am jealous of him, jealous of the person that he is and wishing I could be like that. I'm mainly jealous of his lack of emotions and how he never jeopardizes anything, personal or work related. He is perfect and every great man wants to be like him because he is above great. He has the answer to every question and he can display it any way he pleases and still makes a proper statement that will still leave the questioner puzzled. Jealousy can easily take over the mind and the level of your person; I have been able to learn that. If it wasn't for what I was able to see in others I would have ended up vain and hateful although most times I am. He doesn't suffer pangs, he doesn't view with jaundice, and his heart is defiantly not burning; he already showed me what his simple heart can do for himself and the people he loves.

Hopelessness: Not a prayer, not a hope in hell, one calls the glass half empty.

I was always hopeless. I was hopeless about everything, my family, my life, and myself. I had nothing

and I had very little hope although I was born Catholic and that hope is something that can never erase I felt that it did over time. My family was defiantly labeled hopeless, we couldn't get anything together and every thing we did try went down hill. I always saw the glass half empty and never half full and most times I still do see it half empty. It's hard to have hope in yourself as well as other people that desperately need as much hope as you are striving for. Hope gives you faith, which gives you peace that gives you life, I have none of those especially hope. I can't continue the chain to life, I only know one person who sees hope in everything they do. Grissom, is filled to the brim with hope; he's the one who is always half full...most times he's to the top full. He has hope in his life, for himself, colleagues, victims, suspects, witnesses; he carries it all for everyone to have. Sometimes I do have hope but it fades away easily and I can't bring it back. Hope is something that comes in a flash and leaves the same way. It's hard to hold onto and it's hard to use, sort of like magic. You can perform and everyone will be stunned or it can go bad and everyone will know how you screwed up. Everyone tests hope; weather in day-to-day life or even in sudden death. He doesn't need a prayer, he doesn't rely on hope in hell, and he does see the glass half full; he has given me hope for a better life that I could easily share with him if I had enough hope to make it happen.

Lamentation: Hard luck story, death song, cry oneself blind.

I was always lamenting. I was a very lament person mostly because of what I grew up with. I would cry and weep for hours and days and no one would comfort me or sing me to sleep. I was ignored and called a pain. Some days I couldn't cry out of fear and even though I wanted to I had to keep it bottled in. I could easily break down anywhere I went; school, home, bus stop, work. I've broken down a lot at work and even in front of people. Usually they would stare or have no interest or leave me alone to remain in that state. Grissom was different, he was the only one who comforted me and took the time to understand my reason. It's hard not to cry sometimes, he told me it's not good to keep it in. Most times I wish I could let it go but my emotions over power me and I have to let go at the drop of a hat. Grissom never cries about anything, not cases or personal difficulties or even when I was trapped under the car by Natalie (Catherine told me.) He didn't even cry when I left but I did leave him shocked and disappointed. He watched me cry so many times, at work and at home; of course he was always there for me and I just felt like a burden to him. He said I wasn't but he didn't know how I felt at times like these years ago were I was just another fork in the drawer. It was either the booze or the tears that made me blind, I usually turned to one of the two or Grissom had his eye on me for a long time until I promised him and I promised myself that alcohol was something I needed to leave behind, good thing I did. He doesn't have a hard luck story, he doesn't have a death song that he sings, and he doesn't cry himself until he's blind. That's my job, to become another lament person among the weepers and sad story singers.

Dullness: Lowness of spirit, sing a familiar tune, moth-eaten.

I was always dull. Even if it might be hard to believe my life was like no other, it had a family and a house and even a television. I went to school, got grades and report cards, graduated and even got a couple of jobs. At the last moment I met someone and he changed my life; but it's still very dull to me. Why? Because it's everyday living, anyone can do what I did and that doesn't make me on top of the world at any moment in time. I always wanted to be someone who had action in his or her life, firefighter or an astronaut. I'm a crime scene investigator and most times there is a ray of suspense but it is day-to-day living and after awhile you get sorta...sick of it. Grissom doesn't think so; every day is like another door opens that he couldn't open the day before. He's like a child at Christmas even if he

already got the same present he still thinks it's a new view. He even notices that all people aren't dull, which to me is hard to seek in others. He has some sort of vision about all people and that each one has or lacks something that another person has or lacks. He makes me think a lot but mostly because that is what I have to do on this job, think. He showed me that our lives aren't dull and that everyday we are something more than the day before and that everyday we have something that happens that we wish to hold onto forever. He's kinda wrong about that but then again he is right, everyday holds something new that tinkers the brain. He has no lowness in his spirit, he never sings a familiar tune, and he is never moth-eaten. But as Gilbert Grissom always says like a moth to a flame.

Pity: Open ones heart, be cruel to be kind, fall on ones knees.

I always pitied. Mostly about my family, never really about others and myself. I hadn't really cared for others as much as I should but I did care for my family although they didn't care enough for me. People looked down on us and thought that we were just another ray of sunshine. I've pitied others but like I said, mostly my family. It was until after, later in my life were I started to care for other peoples lives and how they cared for mine. Some helped me and some didn't but I was finally beginning to understand the odd word and feeling of sympathy. I used to pity my Mother and Farther because of how their life ended up to be like, they were stuck with each other, my brother and I. After all my years in school, meeting the people I'm with on a day-to-day basis I've felt for them and actually pitied others. Working in the crime lab can really boggle your mind, even trying to get your head around some of the stuff we see happen. When Greg got hurt trying to save a mans life (which he did) I felt pity for both of them. The man was hurt and even looked down to as weak; Greg was hurt although he saved another beings life his Mother was going to freak on him. I guess feeling pity for others could be good and bad, it could get obsessive. I never felt pity towards Grissom because he doesn't need it. He probably showed pity to me, numerous times and I didn't even realize it. He knew what I've been through and he probably pities me every time something unfortunate happens to me. He doesn't need to open ones heart (unless it's for a scientific discovery), he doesn't have to be cruel to be kind, and he doesn't have to fall on ones knees. The only time he was exposed to that was when I broke down in front of him and I fell to his knees and he opened his heart to me and made me feel safe.

Sadness: Heaviness of heart, suicidal despair, burst ones bubble.

I was always sad. Almost everyday of my life was filled with sadness and I couldn't get it out of my system. I was in therapy when I was young; I needed to become a happy child that has bouncy hair, bright smile, and a childish laugh. Sick, it was too sick for me to be like that and I never wanted to be anything like that. I was dark, creepy and I kept to myself and looked down on myself. I thought and saw everything as a shade, nothing was colored in my life, not even my dozens of coloring books that I barely even touched. If I did touch them I would use gray, black, dark blue and brown to color even the most joyous pictures. Everyone though I was suicidal, I even got a link of that word toward my name from some kids in school. Sara Sidle is suicidal; I "thanked" my parents' everyday for giving me that name. Maybe it was destiny, but really it meant princess and I thought I was going to be even sicker than I already was. After meeting Grissom I became more and more happy and light hearted about my self and even around others. He would always make me smile and even Greg and Nick, they were like my remedy that I always needed when I was younger. Grissom can make me smile anytime even when it's in a dying moment. Thinking about him puts a smile on my face and even I swell up with tears, he's the only family I have (next to my colleagues at the crime lab.) Grissom can make anyone smile with his personality and the little things he says that put people in a happy mood, he's like a big ray of sunshine

overpowering the darkness from the clouds. He doesn't have a heavy heart, he isn't in a suicidal despair, and he doesn't burst anyone's bubble. He's that all around fun loving and caring man that anyone can cheer up to when they socialize with him. It worked for me.

Discontent: Ill humor, fail to satisfy, cold comfort.

I was always discontent. I was very hard to satisfy, with any topic brought to the table. I would criticize and always question everything and never take anything or anyone for what it was. I always needed more and I was spoiled to the point of asking questions. I always felt that most things were missing something to them, like a soul or a purpose. After awhile most people would ignore me or even block me out completely. Even my teachers in school would get irritated after I asked questions, I was never happy with what they had already given me. Even in learning new games or habits, I never was able to accept it. People were the hardest, I was always discontent with people, and I learned that no one could do anything I specifically wanted them to do. But I learned over time, people are people and there is no way to change that fact. I hated how most people were, how they acted, what they looked like, what they were interested in. I especially hated guys; they were mean and always pushing us females below them. I never had any real serious relationship with anyone, except when I moved to Las Vegas and started work there, people were happier and even being able to understand them was a big turn on. Grissom makes me feel content, he knows what I want and he even makes up for things that he know I can't live without, or even specific standards. I've changed myself a lot for him as well and we were able to make each other feel a lot more content. He doesn't have ill humor, he never fails to satisfy anyone, and he never has or gives cold comfort. He showed me how a certain someone can make another feel content, together.

Desire: Wishful thinking, aching void, land of hearts desire.

I was always in need for desire. I always had desire within me, to do great things, to have great things to be a great thing. I always wanted more than I could handle, always more than I could chew and alas I never got anything. I wanted a family that would treat me like a child, I never got that. I wanted love and to give love, I never got that. I wanted a life and someone who would support me and love me, I never got that either. Every reasonable thing that I wanted I never received, all the hatred and harshness I got. My parents never desired anything for my brother and I, just for us to move out of their way and me. I always had desired love, any form wouldn't be bad. Hugging, kissing, touching, sensual; I needed love and I couldn't get that from my family. I turned to kids at school, dated and then we couldn't get it to work numerous times. It was hard for me to pick up and date again, I felt that love wasn't for me I never had any practice. After I left from San Francisco to Las Vegas, I begun to see that desires are fulfilled and actually do happen, I was shocked. People were more living and caring for each other and even for me. I couldn't believe that somewhere in the world people actually cared and loved one another, and not even faking it. After meeting Grissom I felt a love for him that I could never give or show anyone, he was the one I cared for and loved. He loved me and I loved him and we were able to keep it together. He doesn't have any wishful thinking, he never has an aching void, and he' never been to the land of hearts desire. I have him and he has me, hugging, kissing, touching, sensual he has given it all to me and I have given it back.

Hate: Shudder at, not stand the sight of, hate someone's guts.

I always hated. People, things, stupid stuff that I could never find any good about it. People hated me

and I hated people, it was easy as that. Most of the time I found my love in books and movies, things that was not real. Other times I would just hate to be there, hate to be with someone, hate to be who I was. People freaked me out and I hated it, just like my family, I hated them and how they treated my brother and I. I also hated my brother; he was loud and was either always high or drunk. My father was just rude to everyone and never gave a damn, he was an abuser and my mother was a drunk and eventually a murderer and a suicidal woman. I hated the idea of having a family, and I always thought that everyone lived the same way that we did until high school. After that I knew something was wrong with the people and the place I grew up in, I thought everyone had parents like mine. I begun to hate myself and the people around me, they had it good and they would complain. After I moved away from San Francisco I thought it was going to be the exact same way of living, everyone hating each other. After I learned that the residents and my co-workers at the crime lab didn't hate each other at all, they worked together and made the most ideal family. Grissom taught me a lot about not hating each other and being able to accept and love people for who they are and not what they are. I met so many different people and each one I was able to connect to their life, it made me feel that I had a place among people. He doesn't shudder at anyone or anything, he can always stand the sight of, and he never hated anyone's guts. Gil Grissom isn't full of hate and he knows that neither am I.

Disappointment: Turn sour, not live up to expectation, run into a stonewall.

I was always a disappointment. Usually to my parents and teachers, I could never fulfill anything that they wanted me to fulfill. I was never able to fulfill anything that I wanted to achieve and I felt of myself as a failure. I could never make anyone happy about my goals or achievements (I didn't have many) and they didn't give me the support that I needed. No one was there to back me up for the decisions I made in my life, good or bad. Everything I did ended in sadness or regret and nothing was ever brought to good. Justice is one of these things, always talked about but nothing is ever done to make it one hundred percent realistic to the expectations. I now that first hand and even if I didn't I would now by past experiences. Even now in my life there are times when I have disappointed others and made them feel that I could not be relied on and not to be trusted. I was never trusted and always looked down upon and no one wanted me to now anything. Having my mother kill my father was a disappointment; it was something I never would have thought of to happen. Of course it did and I was left to figure it out for myself. If ever I disappointed myself more than anyone else I came in contact with, I made poor choices in everything, from books to movies to the guys I've dated. Especially guys, they were always a big disappointment, except when I moved to Las Vegas and began working at then crime lab. The guys there aren't disappointments especially Grissom. He doesn't turn sour, he lives up to expectation, and he never runs into a stonewall. He always finds a way around it.

Fearfulness: Cold sweat, sit upon thorns, go to pieces.

I was always filled with fear, mostly for myself. When my mother killed my father I was full of feared and later on I was feared. People thought I would turn out to be the same way as my mother. I feared people in general, never wanting to get crushed by them. I feared life, it was beautiful but if you looked close it tricked you and it's the most horrid thing ever. Fear was going with a social worker and going to foster care, I never got out of that. Everyone's life is filled with fear and mostly it is hard to get rid of, because we don't understand the science behind of it. That's why I majored in science, I wanted to get rid of the fear in everything that I was afraid of. But I figured out that science isn't always the answer, it's simply the human mind and the thoughts of others. Being at work everyday with dead bodies and murders and people who commit crime is fearful. There are a lot of dangers when working in the fight for justice.

People get hurt or killed on the job everyday. Holly Gribbs was killed on her first night, she didn't know and neither did we. Warrick was killed too, although he was accused of murder, there was still fear and that's why he was shot. Knowing about fear and experiencing fear are two different situations that people tend not to understand. Grissom doesn't show how afraid he is at times, especially when working on a case. He never has any emotions or difficulties and he has no fear in his job; he takes it lightly. Maybe is afraid to show his fear, everyone sees him as a strong leader and individual and no one could stand if he broke down. Maybe that's why I'm afraid of him sometimes, it seems so inhuman. Grissom never breaks into a cold sweat or sits upon thorns and he is never too afraid or full of fear to go to pieces.

Dislike: No love lost between, not be one's cup of tea, raise one's eyebrow.

I have always disliked many things in life. People, objects, choices, emotions, and even love. People in general are always disliked, choices they make, things they say that sort of stuff. Objects are disliked because people tend to them more than themselves or their families and material items can get in the way of developing a true relationship with other human beings (not much lost there). Choices I believe are hated the most especially when you make a choice that seemed right t the start but then turns into a horrible mess that you later have to clean up and start anew. It's hard work starting anew, believe me I've done it a hundred and one times. Emotions I would think is one of the hardest to accept, people always want to be strong and reliable but our emotions five that away and make us look weak and in caring and unsatisfied even when we are. Love is the most disliked thing in the whole world by my books; people can't even show love and when it is shown it's never pure. Love is always phony and seen as a trend and not a sincere commitment. People take love for granted and I've learned that the hard way. Most things can be disliked until you keep going at it and eventually you become a slave to that disliked factor. People can be forgiven, objects can be placed, emotions can be set, and love can be fixed. Gil taught me that, not everything as to be seen as a dark and evil source. Grissom have never lost love, and he's always been someone's cup of tea, but he does seem to raise his eyebrow at things that he dislikes but he always finds a reasonable assumption for it.

Unpleasantness: Turn off, give offense, and try one's patience.

I always thought things were unpleasant. Nothing was beautiful or relieving. Everything was full of sorrow and pity and nothing could ever be beautiful again. Every single thing in the world had a fault and nothing was seemed as too bad or too good. Nothing was able to content anyone and everyone felt that nothing could give him or her what he or she wants. The only thing that can do that, make everything beautiful is someone to share the world with, a significant other. I've been looking all my life for someone who can be my identical match. My parents where never loving to each other and I always wondered how they could stand each other all those years and even have my brother and me. All through high school I looked for someone and never found anyone, I was either to smart, or too nerdy to be his or her girlfriend. Guys always wanted that popular girl who couldn't tell decimals from percents. The guys always wanted someone with a lower education than them; it was kind of a control to show the girlfriend who was boss. I was to smart for the guys and girls and no one could have made a close match. In university things changed, I met guys who were in the same IQ level as me but turned out to be real jerks, cheating on me, having affairs that kind of bullshoot. I decided to take another turn in life and not worry about finding someone and just worry on my grades and my work. I wanted pure perfection and nothing took me away from what I was capable of doing. After I met Grissom at a seminar it was either his charm or his marts that made me realize it was a guy like him who I was after. Soon

enough we became in a committed relationship. He doesn't turn off, or give offense and he never try's anyone's patience.

Solemnity: Repress a smile, sober-sided, grave as an undertaker.

I was always solemn, never being able to lighten up or take a joke. I was too serious and I never quite understood how to take a joke. I was always in a vegetative state where as I was a robot, doing the same thing over again. Work, schoolwork, grades and knowledge were all I cared about and also trying not to get abused when I got home. It was hard for me to see the bright sides of things; I never understood the meaning of that since I saw everything as a dark vibe. Most things to me were evil and I never gave anything a second chance to show the goodness of it, especially my family. My Dad used to be able to take a joke that was a long time ago. He always wasn't that bad, but once he turned to alcohol I knew that he would never be the same again. My mom was lighthearted until the day she seeked freedom from my father and killed him. My brother wasn't a close person to me and I never knew him as most siblings do. Everything I experienced was bad and full of darkness until I ended my schooling and started what I loved to do, after I moved to Las Vegas I finally understood what the good things in life were and I was able to take jokes more easily than ever before. Greg showed me that anything you do can have fun in it, I mean look at the guy. He comes into work everyday with a big silly grin on his face and he might have been in a traffic jam for hours and he's still smiling. I wanted to be like that since I was young, and being in Vegas helped me be more open. Grissom showed me how to lighten up and not to so much as a workaholic, which I still happen to be. Grissom never represses a smile, he's never sober sided and he is never as grave as an undertaker.

After seeing all of these paths I've taken in my life I've learned something, to be the best and to never take anyone's crap. I've learned to be a better person and to rely on people even if I don't trust them or know them to there 100. After being in Vegas for eight years and being with my co-workers and supervisors and the people I've learned to trust I've become a whole new person than what I was when I was eight. Grissom showed me so much to do with life even when I didn't know it; he was there for me just like everyone else I work with. If it wasn't for Grissom my paths would never have changed and I would still be that jealous, disappointed person I was all my life. Without the love he gave me I would have wound up in a black hole, waiting for my life to end. Without Grissom my life would have never begun.

Sara Sidle