

# Why?

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*The tale of Erik after the movie/play the way it should have been.*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

**2**

# 1 - Untitled

Why?

## Chapter 1

"Well old man, you have the right to remain silent. But, if you don't talk, the hanging is scheduled for Monday." The lawyer made a pudgy face, but did not scowl. The defendant sat back down, and still had a serious face.

A young woman stood up. "Judge, please don't put my husband in prison, he didn't do anything." the woman was begging, trying not to cry. "Oh, please. He would never do anything like that."

A large woman stood up, looking outraged. "That man stole my fine gold jewelry, messed up my opera, and tugged on my dress while I was waiting to go on stage," she fluffed her large white wig, and sat back down in a puff.

" I call the defendants wife to the stands." The pudgy faced attorney turned bright red at the sight of the young woman, for he had seen her before, but from where, he asked himself. " Ma-ma-ma'am may I-I ask your name?"

"Christine Daae." replied the woman. The lawyer fainted at the sound of the name. Christen quickly ran over to the man only to find, that it was Raoul. She promptly propped him up against a chair that was next to him. "Raoul, Raoul wake up, say something." At that moment the defendant walked over to see what had happened.

" Oh look what he got himself into this time." He laughed

"Erik! I know you don't like him but, the least you can do is help him." Christen shot a dirty look at Erik who had already picked Raoul up and was setting him on the table.

"What's going on? Why am I laying on this table? And why are *you* standing over me, you filthy thief?" Raoul quickly sat up.

"You don't remember a damn thing do you?" Exclaimed Erik, with a devilish smirk upon his face.

"You're not...oh no, you are. Erik?" Raoul replied holding his head.

"No, I'm the idiot that owns my opera house." Erik said sarcastically. " And if you so much as think

about sending me to prison, I will do my best to make your life a living..."

"Erik!" Christine was down to her last nerve, and looking very upset shoved Erik out of the way. "Raoul are you ok?" Christine, paying no attention to Erik's angry voice, was examining Raoul.

"Yeah, I think so." Raoul looked confused.

"Let me explain. After you disappeared that night at the Don Juan performance, well, I had nowhere to turn to so I stayed with my mysterious Phantom. But lately, I wonder if that was a smart thing to do." Said Christine shooting another dirty look at her husband,

Raoul was still sitting on the table, with Christine at his side. Erik was sitting on the other side of the room mumbling to himself about how Raoul could just come back in her life after eleven years and act like nothing happened. The judge and jury looking stunned left the room quietly. The large women went over to Erik and went to slap him but Erik caught her hand, only to find that it was Carlotta that had accused him of the crime. He just told her to get out. Everyone else didn't want to mess with him and just left.

## Chapter 2

Erik was sitting at his organ writing a new piece of music. Raoul and Christine were sitting in the other room catching up on each other's lives. Their son, Erik jr. who was eleven, was at his father's side.

"Father who is that strange man talking to mother?" Questioned jr. examining one of his father's masks.

"Oh, just a fool from many years past. Remind me to tell you the story later. You should get a good laugh out of it." Erik laughed.

Christine walked over to Erik. "Raoul and I are leaving"

"What in the hell are you talking about you're not leaving with that fool." Snarled Erik.

"We are going out for a while." Whispered Christine, so that Jr. wouldn't hear.

"Fine leave us, we'll be fine."

Christine left with Raoul. Erik finally had time to give Jr. organ and vocal lessons. Jr. wasn't the greatest singer, but he had talent on the organ just like his father. He was already starting to play Don Juan.

When Jr. went to bed, Erik took his boat across the lake and went up to the opera house. He went up to box five and sat in his usual seat, held his face in his hands and began to cry. "What am I to do?" He moaned. Suddenly out of nowhere came a voice in the dark.

“Father why are you crying?” Erik turned around looking startled at the voice of a young boy.

### Chapter 3

“Why did you leave me all those years ago?” Questioned Christine looking cheerlessly at Raoul. “ I thought you loved me. Why did you leave me?” Christine let out a loud sob.

Raoul embraced her and replied, “I was scared.” Christine had a confused look on her face. “ I was afraid that if I stayed I would lose you forever. So when I left, I left in shame. Never to see you again... or so I thought.” Raoul let go of Christine and turned the other way. “You must think me a fool for letting you stay with that beast. He's a vicious creature and cannot be trusted. Come away with me take your child and leave. I will drop all charges from that beasts record. If you'll just stay with me.” Begged Raoul. Christine let out a loud sob and began to cry.

“I cannot leave Erik alone. His heart would be broken forever. He brought hope to my life. He helped me through my loneliness. I cannot betray him, I have pledged my life to him.

He is my Husband. I have changed him. If I leave he will kill himself, I-I love him.” Christine hung her head and put her face in her hands. Raoul put his arm around Christine.

“Your husband must be looking for you by now.” Raoul sighed. Raoul went to stand up but Christine pulled him down back into his seat.

“ We need to talk.” Said Christine whipping away her tears.

### Chapter 4

“You startled me. Why did you come up here?” questioned Erik whipping away his tears.

“ I got worried when you didn't return after two hours. So I came up looking for you. You know your not supposed to be out know.”

“Go back to bed.” Demanded Erik. “I am going out for a walk.” Erik turned and left.

As he walked trough the dark, empty streets he thought to himself “What has my life become. Should I leave, and let my son stay with them or do I take him with me.” He kept walking and said to himself. “ What should I do?”

“Sir, why are you out so late? Do you not have a home?” Erik was startled at the voice of a cop that had been patrolling the streets. “Sir, why are you out so late?” said the cop impatiently.

Erik stopped and turned to the policeman.

“Just out for a stroll.”

“Are you now? Wait in know you, you're that thief from court today. You escaped.” Erik turned and tried to run but it was too late, the policeman was already beating him to the ground.

Later that night, realizing that Erik had not returned Christine went out looking for him. Little did she know her son had followed her.

“Mother where is father?” questioned the young boy.

“Little Erik, why did you follow me? You scared me.”

“I'm worried about father. Earlier after you left, I went up to box five to find him crying. Then, he demanded I go back to bed and told me he was going for a walk.”

“Oh dear! Erik go back to bed, and don't follow me!” Christine was getting more and more worried as the night went on. For she feared that he might have done something rash, like leave or worse.

## Chapter 5

“Where am I?” Blinked Erik, as he looking curiously about the room.

“You don't remember?” The cop let out a laugh. “I caught you last night while you were looking for something to steal.” He let out another laugh.

“I'm not a thief. And if you don't mind I have to get back to my son.” Erik went to move but realized that he was tied down. “Why would you have to tie me down? I'm not a murderer you know.” Said Erik angrily.

“That's not what I've heard. The men that own the Opera Popular have told me all about your past. Two killings. Impressive, but not impressive enough to get away with it. I've caught you and the hanging is in three days, unless you come up with a way to get out, but I doubt that should be a problem.” The cop hit him over the head again, and knocked him unconscious. Erik let out a loud grunt before his head hung lifelessly with drips of blood coming from the top of his head.

“Erik where are you?” Christine was racing through the streets, whirling between people. “Erik! Erik!” By now she feared the worst. “The only place I haven't checked is the courthouse.” She thought. “Oh please let him be there, safe.” By now she was half way there. Weaving in and out of people. “ I hope little Erik doesn't wake up.” She thought. “He'd be so upset if I didn't find Erik. I hope Erik didn't get upset when I went out with Raoul. What am I thinking he wouldn't leave his son.” Christine had tears streaming down her cheeks.

She turned into the courthouse. “Have you seen my... ERIK!” She saw her husband behind the cop hanging lifelessly on a chair. “What have you done to him?” Christine ran over to Erik and tried to wake him but couldn't, though he was still breathing. “Don't touch him! I'll be right back.” Christine set off at a run to find Raoul.

“Raoul are you home?!” Yelled Christine.

“What's wrong? Why are you yelling? And why do you have blood on you?” Raoul came out of his house.

“It's Erik, he's been arrested. And the cop knocked him unconscious and I can't wake him. Come we must hurry.”

“Wait what makes you think I'm going to help that beast. What has he ever done for me?” Raoul went to go back into his home when suddenly.

“Wait, think about my son, how would he feel?” Christine had tears rolling down her cheeks.

“You no I can't bare to see you hurt. Let's go. “ Raoul grabbed Christine's hand and they set off.

“We're here.” Raoul lead Christine into the courthouse. “Oh my god what happened?” There was a small pool of blood below the spot where Erik's head hung.

“I'm surprised your friend over there hasn't told you. I caught him stealing.”

Suddenly, out of nowhere came a moan from the other room behind the cop. “Chri- Christine? Get out of here, he'll hurt you.” Erik said woozily.

“Oh shut up you filthy thief!” Shouted the cop.

“ That is no way to talk to a person. Let him go or I will talk to the judge for inmate abuse.” Raoul exclaim. Christine looked up at him and gave him a hug. At that very moment Erik lost conciseness again.

“Oh Erik.” Christine ran to his aid. “ Raoul help me carry him home.” Christine was very upset at how anyone could hurt Erik so badly that it could nock him unconscious. “Why?” She broke down in tears.

## Chapter 6

"Mother, Father where are you?" Jr. went looking all around and was startled by a man's voice.

"Little Erik go into your room." Raoul whispered. "And don't come out unless I tell you."

"But who are..."

"Go now. No questions." Raoul brought Erik into his room Christine followed. Raoul laid Erik down on his bed, limp as a rag.

"Is he...alive?" Christine's eyes started to water. Raoul checked for a pulse.

"Yes, he is alive, but just barely. It's a good thing we got him out when we did."

"Little one! Raoul told you to stay in your..." She never got to finish

"What happened to father? Is he ok? Why won't he wake up?" He started to cry. Christine embraced him. "Why won't he wake..." But grief overcame him.

"He is ok." Christine told young Erik as Raoul left the room. "He is just... just... resting. For now go outside with Raoul."

"I hate him." Whined Jr.

"Just go." Jr. immediately left at the tone of his mother's voice. "Oh Erik you know better than to leave the opera house at night. Why would you do something like that? Why?" She was now hysterical.

"Christine come sit outside." Raoul told Christine.

"Raoul why did you help him back there? Why would you help someone that tried to kill you?" Christine whipped the tears from her face.

"I can't bare to see you hurt. If I really hated him I would have left him for dead." Laughed Raoul. "I'm going to make sure that he's ok." Raoul walked into the room Erik was laying in. "Look what *you* got *yourself* into." Raoul laughed while checking Erik's pulse again. Then, out of nowhere came a small painful laugh.

"You think a hit over the head can hurt me well your wrong. You always were a fool." Erik went to get up but fell back down, for he was too weak to even sit.

"Who are you calling a fool, you're too weak to sit. If you hadn't gone and went for a walk your wife wouldn't be sitting outside crying right no, and your son wouldn't think your dead." Raoul was bandaging up Erik's head with a cream colored bandage which quickly turned red when it touched his

skin. Raoul tightened it so tight, that it made Erik wince. "All I'm trying to do is help you and your hear yelling at me."

"Oh shut up and get out of my room." Before Raoul left he gave sharp rap to the top of Erik's head that made him let out a small yelp.

"Raoul how is he?" Christine questioned.

"He should be back to his usual antics in a few days. But for now he can't be moved." Raoul replied angrily.

"I'm going to see him. Watch little Erik for me." When Christine walked into the room Erik had drifted back to sleep. Unknown to Christine that he had woken up just minutes before. "Erik my love I am so glad that you're ok." She said. "He looks so peaceful when he's sleeping." Thought Christine. She kissed him on the forehead. He opened his eyes "Erik! Your okay." Christine hugged him. Erik let out a yelp of pain. "Oh I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..."

"It's alright. I'm just glad to be home. I thought I'd be hung." Erik said softly.

"There is no need to worry about that now, all that matters is that your safe." Christine looked up at his head. "Oh Erik your head, are you sure that it's okay? It looks pretty painful.

"Oh yeah it hurts and that little pretty boy out there made sure of that." Erik replied coldly.

"What are you talking about, he wouldn't hurt anyone. He told me. And I trust my friends."

"Then you must not love me." Erik turned away from Christine, tears running down his face.

"That's not what I... forget it you wont listen." Christine left the room.

"What did I ever do wrong. What has my life become. A dark and lonely place, that's what. The only thing I have to live for is my son." He thought. "Maybe he would be better off without me. Maybe when I've gathered my strength I will just leave. For now I should just rest." Erik drifted back into a deep sleep. And started to have horrible nightmares from years past. "No, no, not her don't take her." Erik screamed aloud in his sleep.

"Father, Father wake up, wake up." Jr. was shaking his father to try and wake him.

"What? What's wrong? Did something happen?" Erik tried to sit up but he couldn't. He was too weak.

"What did you need to wake me up for? Why were you shaking me?" Yelled Erik.

"Well you were yelling in your sleep and Mother has gone somewhere with that man, Raoul. I'm worried; they left over four hours ago. But I was more worried about you, you've been yelling ever since Mother was in here with you. Are you okay?" Jr. said out of breath.

"Yes I'm fine. Just a little weak. Did they say where the were going." Erik went to stand up but fell back down from the pain.

"Don't move Father your too hurt, just stay here I'll find them." Little Erik went to leave but was stopped by his father.

"You will not leave this room unless I let you. I will find them." Erik got up and stumbled to a table that was next to the door. "Can you get me a cane from the organ room?"

"No, refuse to let you leave this room. Your too weak, you even said it your self." Jr. exclaimed

## Chapter 7

"Where are you taking me Raoul?"

"Remember the house by the sea? Well open your eyes. What do you think?"

"We're hundreds of miles away." Christine was in aw. "I haven't been back here in years."

"I thought you'd like it. It will give you something to get your mind off of everything." Raoul put his arm around her shoulder. The two of them went up to the house.

"I do hope the boys are okay." Christine looked wide-eyed at the sky.

"Can you spend one hour without talking about that thing." Raoul paused. "Sorry. I didn't mean it that way. It's just... I *would* want to be friendly with him, but your son and Erik hate my skin." Raoul hung his head.

"Like you said, lets talk about something else." Christine patted Raoul on that back. "Just out of curiosity why did you nearly convict Erik of theft? Did you really think that he would risk his life on a stupid thing like that?" Christine stopped Raoul. He looked her in the eyes.

"I didn't really recognize him until I saw you."

"But you did see his name before spoke to him, did you not?" She asked suspiciously.

"Yes that is true. I did see his name. But I didn't think anything of it. Until I saw his face. I have to admit I was a little suspicious when I saw him but, I said to myself it couldn't be, he's probably dead by now. Boy was I wrong. Forget about that, all that matters is that we are together again and we can start over and have a new life, together." Raoul went to put his arm around Christine but she quickly stepped out from his reach.

"How can you say that? I'm married to that man you call a beast. I have a child with him. How dare you. Take me home." Christine went to walk ahead but Raoul pulled her back.

"I lost you once, never again. I wont let you leave. If you try to leave again I will kill your so-called husband with no regard to your son. I will take him here where he can grow to be *our* son." Raoul

exclaimed very full of him self.

“What happened to the man I once knew. Your pure heart as turned cold. Why are you like this?” Christine pulled away from his grasp.

“I will not fall for your childish tricks. I am not as foolish as that Erik. I wont lose you to that weak monster. Yes, I knew it was him at the court, I was hoping for the verdict to be death, so I could have you back.” Raoul grabbed Christine's arm again and lead her into the lavish house.

“Why you monster, how could you say such things? I love Erik. I thought I loved you.” Christine fought a little bit, then stopped, and went with Raoul slowly. She knew if she tried anything Erik would be lost for sure, and her son would have to endure the pain of watching him die.

“What am I going to do? If I don't return, Erik will surely come looking for me. Wont he?” Thought Christine. “He would be killed if he did. Ether way I choose he has to win. Do I end my days with him or do I send Erik to his grave?”

## Chapter 8

“Let me leave. I think I know where they went. Just get me the cane!”

“No! I wont let you hurt your self.”

“ERIK! GET-IT-NOW! He yelled.

“Father for all you know Raoul could be waiting to kill you. And you're too weak to fight him off. Just stay here, I couldn't bear to see you hurt again.” Jr. went to his father's side.

“Stop being a baby. If the only way for me to leave is to let you come with, then fine lets go. Just don't slow me down.” Erik replied. “Get-the-cane!”

“Yes Father.” Jr. said happily.

On the carriage to the house by the sea, Erik told the story of the opera popular that had accrued eleven years earlier.

“That's how I know that fool.” Erik told his son rolling his eyes.

“What an idiot.” Laughed Jr. “If I may ask, where on earth are we going?” Little Erik's curiosity over came his patients.

"Remember what I said about the house by the sea?" Jr. nodded. "Well I bet he took her back there." The carriage stopped. "Come we must go." Erik was limping along. "My son is right, if Raoul tries to kill me I won't be able to defend myself." Erik thought.

"Father is that the place." Jr. was pointing to a large house.

"I have no clue, but it is a house and it is by the sea." Erik smiled. This was the first time Jr. saw his father smile.

"What are we waiting for let's go." Jr. grabbed Erik's other hand, the one that wasn't holding the cane.

"Well this is it. This could be the last time I see you." Erik hugged his son. "I want you to stay out here. I know how curious you are so don't follow me, no matter what." Erik went to leave.

"Wait." Erik whirled around. "I just wanted to give you this." Jr. hugged his father and gave him a little wooden piano that was only the size of a finger. "As long as you have this with you I will always be there, beside you." Erik smiled at his son and left.

## Chapter 9

"Wait my dear, I think we have a guest." Raoul went to the door of the dusty room and peered out into the hall to find Erik hobbling along the corridor. "Oh look Christine, your love has come to be killed." Raoul drew his sword and walked back into the room.

"Oh please don't kill him. Please. I love him." Begged Christine, on her knees. Erik walked into the room.

"Let my wife go." Erik tried to stand up straight but couldn't.

"Still weak I see. Well then this shouldn't be too hard." Raoul put his sword in front of his face. "Wait I made a promise. Is your son here?" Raoul put his sword down. "Wait you won't tell me. I'll just have to get him from outside. Don't leave. If you do I *will* kill your son." Raoul left the room.

"Erik you did come for me. You didn't bring Little Erik, did you?" Christine's voice sounded nervous.

"Well I couldn't leave him home. He wouldn't let me leave."

"He's going to kill you and make our son watch you die."

"I figured he was going to kill me." The door slammed open, with a bang.

"Father! Be careful." Raoul was dragging Jr. into the room. Raoul quickly tied him to a chair.

“Now where were we?”

Raoul drew his sword once more. He went to stab Erik. But he had move out of the way. Raoul waved his sword left, towards Erik and slashed his shoulder. Erik moaned, and grabbed his shoulder.

“ERIK!” Yelled Christine.

“FATHER!” Jr. tried to get to his father. But couldn't move.

“Got you. Won't be long now.” Raoul laughed.

“That's not enough to stop me.”

Erik dropped his cane and reached for Raoul's sword. He took it from him, and slashed his stomach. Raoul fought to get his sword back and managed to retrieve it. He took it back and stabbed Erik in the stomach. Erik fell to his knees clutching his stomach.

“ERIK NO!” Christine sobbed, jumping to her feet. “Little one close your eyes.”

“No, I have to help my father.” Jr. wasn't tied down very well so it was easy to untie him self. “Father I'm coming.”

“NO! Don't come any closer.” Erik yelled weakly. “Don't risk it.” Jr. stopped in his tracks.

Erik slowly got back up, and went to tackle Raoul. But Raoul was to fast. He had already slashed his other shoulder. Erik fell to the floor. He picked up his cane and plunged it into Raoul's fresh stomach wound. Raoul had fallen to the floor. Erik stood up, grabbed Raoul's sword and plunged it into his back. Raoul moaned.

“I got you.” Erik went over to Christine.

“Look out. Behind you.” Jr. yelled. Erik whirled around. Erik was face to face with an angry Raoul. Raoul plunged the sword into the left side of Erik's chest.

“I won this round. Your dead.” Raoul laughed.

“NO! ERIK, don't die now.” Christine rushed over to Erik. Erik fell to the floor in a pool of blood. Everything seemed to be in slow motion.

“You still care for this thing?” Laughed Raoul. Jr. picked up Raoul's sword.

“My father would want you dead.” Jr. stabbed Raoul in the heart. After, Jr. quickly ran over to his father. “FAHTER! Oh please don't be dead.” Erik's head was now lying on Christine's knees. His eyes opened.

“Don't be sad.” Erik gave a soft smile. “Good bye.” Erik's eyes closed and his whole body went limp.

“ERIK!” Shirked Christine. Both Christine and Jr. were crying.

“Mother we better take him back home to be buried next to his beloved lake.” Sobbed Jr., wiping away his tears.

## Chapter 10

(Riding in the carriage home)

Jr. had his father's head lying on his lap. He was staring down at him when suddenly his head moved.

“Mother I think he's still alive.” Jr. said excitedly.

“Don't be silly. He's gone forever.” Christine kissed her son's forehead, and dripped tears onto his head.

“Well, we're home.” Jr. helped his mother lift Erik's limp body into the boat.

When they got to the other side of the lake they lifted his body onto the ground. Jr. took the toy piano from Erik's pocket and placed it on Erik's chest. They heard a small moan.

“Little one was that you?” Questioned Christine

“No.” Replied Jr. looking wide eyed at his fathers seemingly lifeless body. “He might still be alive.”

“That's not possible, he's lost too much blood. Nobody could survive that. Not even our Erik.” Christine sobbed. “Help me lift him onto the bed, little one. I should at least bandage his wounds before we burry him.”

Jr. went to go practice his music while Christine tended to Erik's wounds. She was bandaging up his arm when she heard another groan of pain. Erik had opened his eyes after seven hours of being unconscious. He went to move, but was too weak.

“Oh Erik you *are* alive. Don't move. You've lost too much blood to begin with, any more and you will die, for sure.” Erik slipped back into unconsciousness with a smile on his face.

“You saved my life, and I nearly lost you.” Christine whispered. “You risked your life for me.” Christine kissed his forehead. “And you're going to be okay.”

“Little Erik please go and get me a wet rag.” Called Christine calmly. Jr. returned with a wet rag in hand. “You can go back to your studies now, Erik. It will make your father very proud.” Little Erik happily

returned to his studies realizing that his father was, indeed alive.

Christine went back to tending to her husband's wounds. She took his shirt off to reveal the deep gashes on his stomach and chest. Amazingly the wound on his chest had narrowly missed his heart. Christine gently mopped up all the blood on his torso and arms.

"That hurts you know." Joked Erik. Looking up at Christine. He had woken up. Erik went to turn but was stopped by Christine.

"Let me bandage those wounds of yours. You really did a lot of damage to yourself. Raoul narrowly missed your heart."

While Christine was bandaging up his chest, Erik was clutching a pillow in excruciating pain. "It will be sometime before you're back to yourself again. For now you must rest." Christine went to leave.

"Wait before you leave. I must know, what happened back there? I can't remember. It's as if some anger came over me." Erik sat up clutching his stomach.

"Erik lay down. Wait, you don't remember?" Christine asked in disbelief. "Well this might be hard to explain."

Two hours later

"After Raoul stabbed you in the chest our son finished him off for you. We both thought you were, well, dead so we went to take you home to place you by your lake. But when we set you down on the ground you moaned. That's how you ended up here." Said Christine solemnly. "All that matters is that you're okay." Christine hugged Erik.

"Ahhh. I said that hurts." Christine backed away. "I'm sorry. It's just..."

"Say no more you need your rest. I will be just outside if you need anything." Christine went to leave the room.

"Wait, is that our Erik playing that music?" Christine smiled, nodded, and left.

"I now know what my life has become. It is a wonderful and loving family." Erik went back to sleep and had dreams of future happiness.