Death and the Capulets

Posted originally on the

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Romeo and Juliet, Rómeó és Júlia, Elisabeth - Levay/Kunze, Elisabeth (Színház)
Characters:	Tybalt, Juliet Capulet, Tod - Character, A Halál | Death, Nurse (Romeo and Juliet)
Additional Tags:	Character Death, a last goodbye, Crossover
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2015-11-05 Words: 1,234 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Tybalt is dying, mortally wounded by Romeo. Slowly he looses touch with those who were most important for his life and meets the one who is going to take this life from him. He doesn't know, that he is not the only one Death is eager to meet in this house.

He heard his aunt scream as they carried him into the house and lowered his body on the great dining table. He felt how she threw herself over him, trying to embrace him and could hear her sobs, but though his eyes were open he could not see her. "The doctor, the doctor, get the doctor!!!" he heard his aunt yell frantically and then the more calm, yet shaking voice of his uncle adding "And the Friar!" Lord Capulet called, as he took his wife by her shoulder and gently pulled her away, so that she did not accidently hurt Tybalt even more. "Get Friar Lawrence as quickly as you can and tell him what happened!". Tybalt felt his aunt clutching his right hand with both of hers and his uncle taking his left one. It was good to feel them so near to him, if only , and he now forced his eyes to focus so that he could see the door, if only she would come too. He would know that she still loved him, though he was a killer now. He would be able to go in peace then.

The Nurse hurried upstairs to Juliet's room, still clutching the stupid rope she had gotten so that Rome- that murderer could get to Juliet. When Juliet rushed forward to meet her happily and excitingly chatting she was all in a daze. Barely she could make out the girl's words and answered as one in a trance would. At last the news burst out of her. "Tybalt's dead, Romeo killed him, Romeo is banished! And she watched Juliet's face turn pale.

Tybalt heard footsteps, heavy hurried footsteps in the hall and he knew he could not even hope. Her footstep was quick and light. The door opened, the doctor entered. What was he doing there? Why would they even try to save him for the gallows? Life was seeping out of him so why should the man be bothered? He felt how the doctor removed his doublet. Lady Capulet squeezed her nephew's hand tighter, staring expectantly at the surgeon. The man just took one look at Tybalt's wound, shook his head and then, addressing Lord Capulet, said quietly "Has a priest been called for?" Lord Capulet nodded and Tybalt heard how his aunt tried to stifle her sobbing.

"Romeo's banished! Banished!! Banished!!!" Juliet wailed again and again. The nurse was unable, and somehow even unwilling to comfort her in that grief. "Doest thou not think of your cousin?" it burst out of her. But the girl could not hear her over the sound of her own sobbing.

Again Tybalt heard the door open and looked intently on it. Could it be….? But no, it was Friar Lawrence who now hurried into the hall and to his side. His uncle stepped back to make room for the priest. "Tybalt my boy" and somehow the words "my boy" warmed Tybalt's heart. "If there is anything you want me or God to know and you can still say it, do. "I, I " Tybalt stuttered, forcing enough breath in his burning lungs to be able to speak "I did not want" pain rushed through him and he was unable to utter a word for a moment " not want to kill him. An accident" he managed to say, and was not sure he would ever be able to breathe again. The friar looked at him kindly and stroke his forehead comfortingly "I know Tybalt, and God knows too! Ego te absolvo" . the friar applied some ointment to Tybalt's brow, Tybalt felt relieved, comforted, he was prepared to let go now. Just, not really. He was still waiting for forgiveness, her forgiveness.

The nurse could not bear it any more, she needed a breath of fresh air. Nothing made sense anymore. While she hurried down the hallway he met Peter who sat on the steps, utterly broken and devastated mumbling "He's dying, he's dying" ceaselessly. The nurse stopped

"No he's dead, didn't you see him?" "I did" Peter replied without looking up. But he was breathing they, they even called the doctor and the friar in. The doctor left already but Friar Lawrence is still there". The nurse halted in her step and turned around, rushing back to Juliet's chamber.

Again someone had entered, though the door had not been opened this time. Tybalt focused on the newcomer. He was strange, yet familiar. Even though Tybalt had never seen him before, he knew exactly who he was, though his dying brain was unable to form the earthly name one had given him. The man, with unnatural bluish pale skin, silver grey clothes, long black hair and a pair of piercing, indifferent, cold and yet not unkind eyes approached him. When he took his hand, what struck Tybalt as weird even then, since he could still feel his aunt holding on to his hand, while at the same time he saw the stranger taking it, he was struck by how cold his touch was. Cold, but also soothing. Death's touch took away the pain that was wreaking his body. He was not scared of him, but he could not surrender to him just now. He was still waiting…

The nurse burst into Juliet's chamber and grabbed Juliet, forcing her to look her in the face. "Tybalt's dying, but he is living still! Will you go and see him?" Julie was confused for a moment, her thoughts were all occupied with Romeo's banishment so that her cousin, who but days ago had been, together with nurse, the most important person in her life, had almost escaped her mind. Hearing that he was alive still, and that she could say goodbye to him, she struggled to her feet and nodded in response to the nurse's question. "Then go and wipe that face of yours and try to give him a smile, "quick, quick we have no time to lose!"

By now Tybalt could not see the door anymore, neither the door, nor his aunt or uncle or the friar, nothing but the strange face of the man. The coldness of his touch had spread through his whole body by now, mercifully numbing the agonizing pain. Gradually the sobs and whispers of the room grew quieter, or did he just not hear them anymore? Once more the man bend over him, looking intently at his face, he knew what was coming, and he knew he could not fight back any longer. He did not turn his face away as death kissed him.
Too late then, she did not come.

As Juliet and the nurse ran down the hall they heard Lady Capulet wailing loudly. "No we can't be too late! Thought both as the dashed into the dining room. Juliet was overwhelmed by the scene. Her cousin lying on the table covered in his own blood, her mother sobbing desperately by his side, her father almost as pale as Tybalt standing there, still holding his dead nephew's hand, Friar Lawrence, with tears in his eyes standing there helplessly, and, and one man she had not seen before? A strange unearthly appearance. He turned around and gave her a little knowing nod and then was gone. She was too distracted by the horror of the scene though to give much thought to the strange guest.

Little did she know how soon she'd see him again.

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