

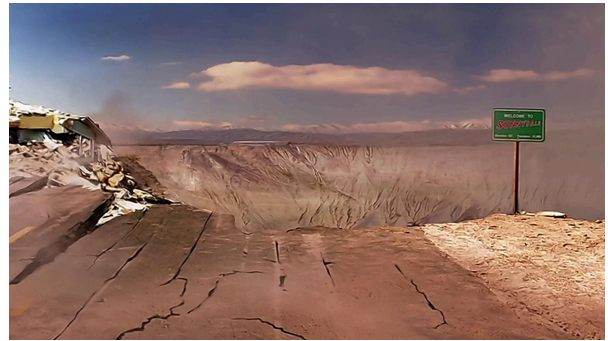
Saber's fanfic written between season 3 and season 4 of Buffy, between May 18, 1999-October 20, 1999.

Buffy 7x22 Chosen: Airdate May 20, 2003

*In the dusts of hell  
Lurked the blackest of hates  
For he whom they feared  
Awaited them...*



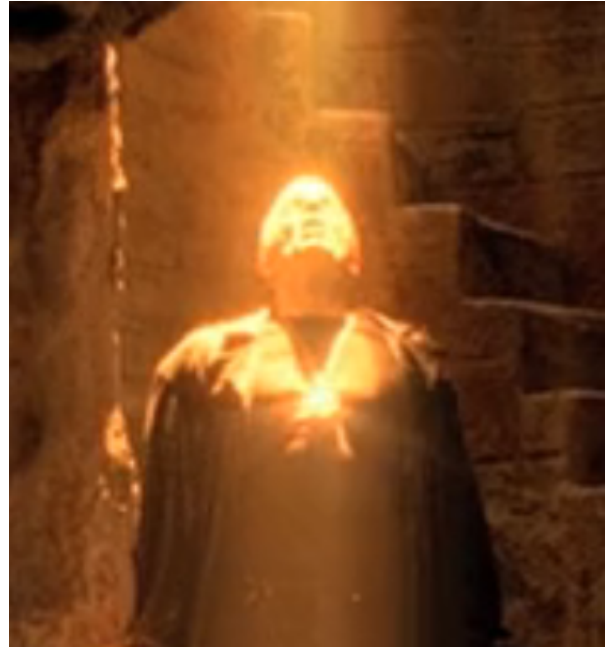
In fact, Sunnydale didn't exist at all. There was a big crater where the town had been



"From the various reports given, the original object was possibly spherical in shape, roughly four inches in diameter...leads to the conclusion that it is a prism of some sort. The material of the shard is either glass or a precious stone..."



"To use the Crystal, all you need is sunlight to hit it.



And voila, like a prism, the light will be, um..." Xander glanced down at his notes. "Refracted and a rainbow will shoot out all the other facets."



The glass shattered and a single beam of sunlight streamed into the museum. It struck the Crystal of Rathra, as well as his hand, and rainbow of colors shot from the sphere. He did not move as flames ignited on his hand and began traveling down his arm.



It smashed straight through the ceiling, sending mortar and structuring down into the room.



"He was there at the end, holding up the Crystal of Rathra in the sunlight, despite being a vampire, to destroy Alistair once and for all..."



"We did it," Xander said.

"Barely," Buffy added.

"I seem to recall it was Spike who 'did it,'" Giles pointed out.

"We kinda got caught," Oz said.

"Technicalities," Xander said.

*In the beginning  
Good always overpowers the evils  
Of all man's sins...*

