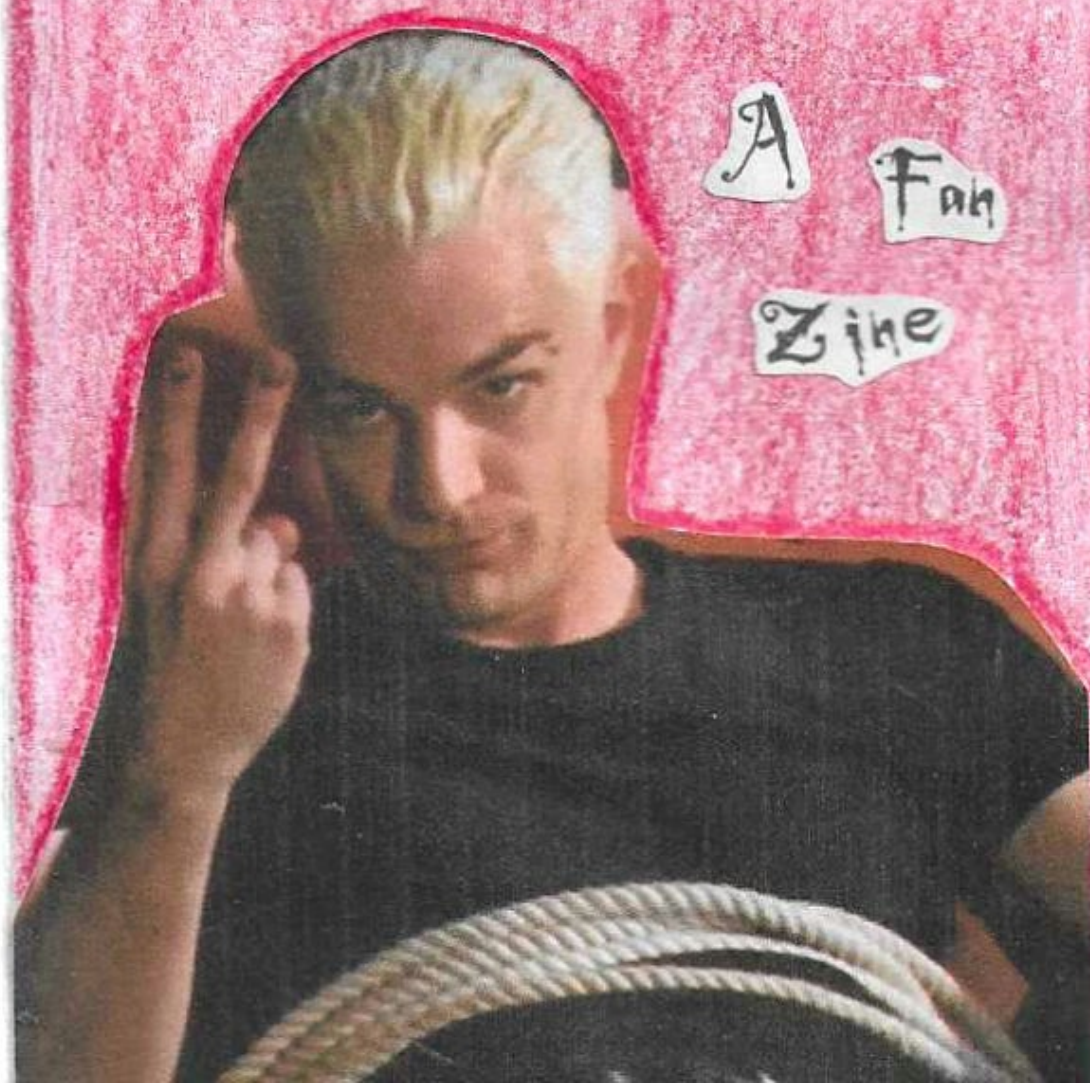


# Spike

A  
Fan  
Zine

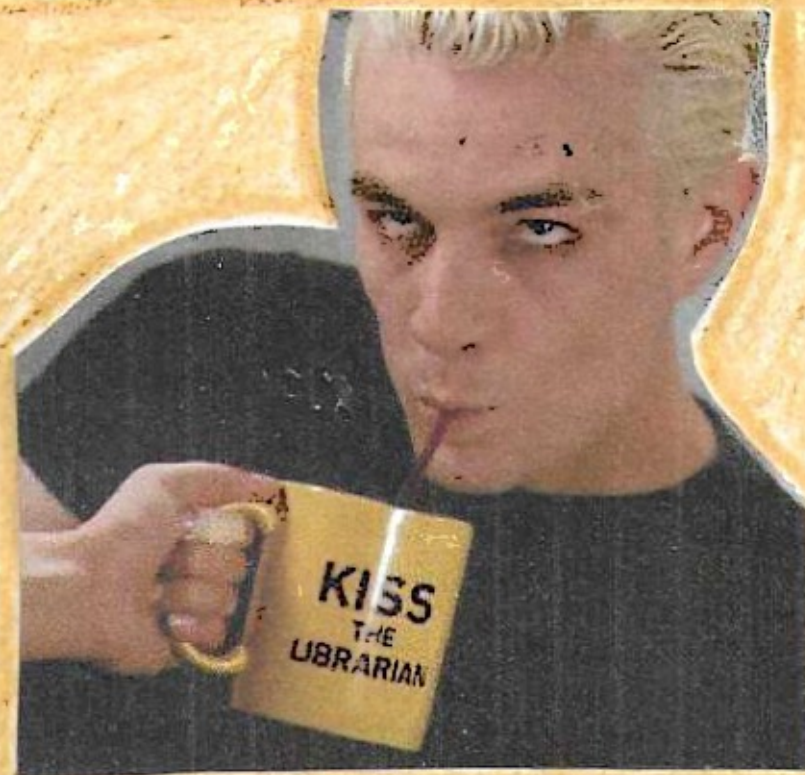




My Spike obsession began in 2017. I was six months sober and fighting a losing battle for abortion rights in America. The romantic in me had become hopeless, sure that I was too wild, too angry, and too broken for any man to love me.



When I started watching *Buffy*, I was sure Spike was the only man strong enough for me. After all, if he could love the Slayer, he could love a woman as full of rage as I was.



It wasn't just his snarky comments, badass leather duster, or unconditional love for Buffy that I liked. It was how far he would go - to the ends of the earth, a battle for his very soul - to be worthy of Buffy.

Spike was proof that a person could change, that love could be redemption.





Spike wasn't the  
first vampire I  
loved, or the last.  
But why my obsession  
with the undead?

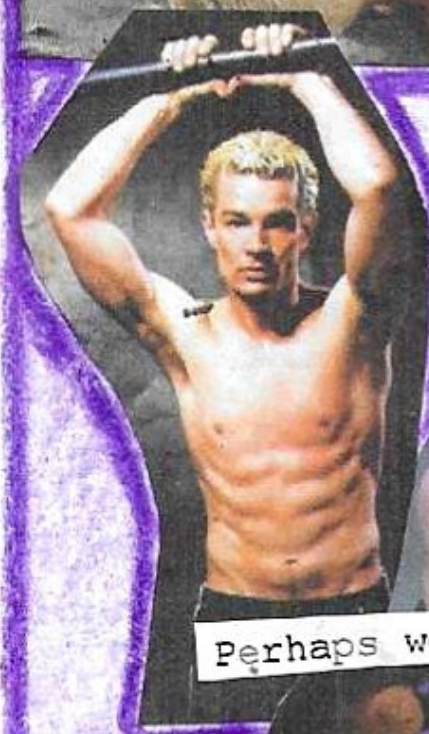
Does it stem from the  
repugnance and fear of death  
that they elicit, elided by a  
longing for the immortality  
they possess? Do I envy them  
their deathlessness, or pity  
them the long, slow, fossilizing  
decay that eternal life brings?



Do I hope that by  
fucking a  
vampire, the  
secrets of the  
veiled past and  
unknowable future  
will be mine?

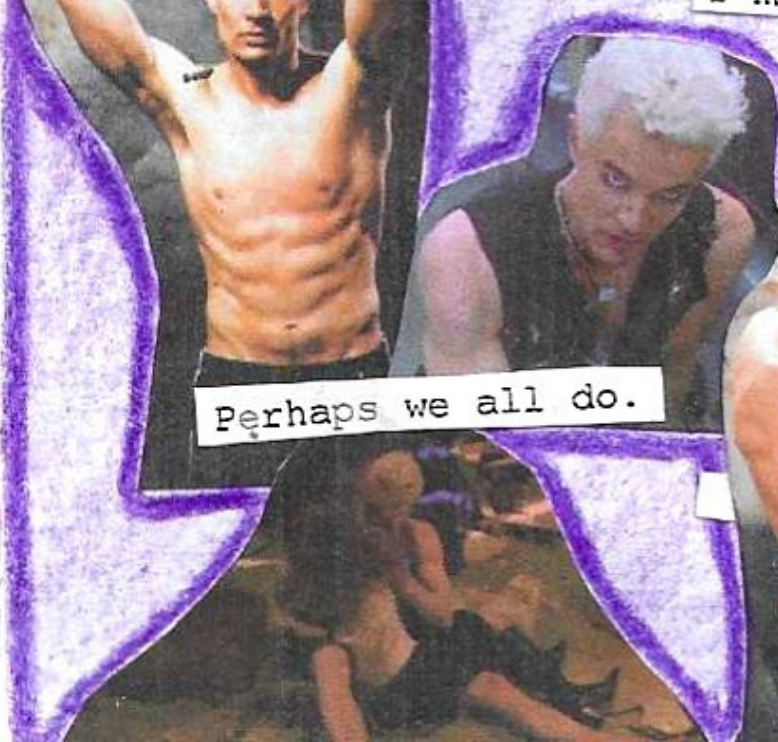


Or perhaps I just  
want someone who



won't treat me like  
I'm breakable.

Perhaps we all do.





"I've been alive a bit longer than you. And dead a lot longer than that. I've seen things you couldn't imagine. And done things I'd prefer you didn't... Don't exactly have a reputation for being a thinker. I follow my blood, which doesn't exactly rush in the direction of my brain. So I make a lot of mistakes. A lot of wrong bloody calls. A hundred plus years. And there's only one thing I've ever been sure of. You... Hey, look at me. I'm not asking you for anything. When I say I love you, it's not because I want you. Or because I can't have you. It has nothing to do with me. I love what you *\*are\**. What you do. How you try... I've seen your kindness, and your strength. I've seen the best and the worst of you. And I understand, with perfect clarity, exactly what you are... You're a *\*hell\** of a woman... You're the One, Buffy."

Buffy Summers : [through tears] I

don't wanna be the One.

Spike : I don't wanna be this good-looking and athletic. We all have crosses to bear.







2.5.01 EP. SABBOB "BUFFY"  
TIME/DATE 2.5.01

827830

A zine by  
Amelia Furlong

@theconquestof  
breadsticks

827830