

Your Delta Waves will be the Death of me

Dean, Sam

Von Idris

Kapitel 3: Hospital

Okay, ihr verdankt das schnelle Updaten nur Jitzu. (Du bist so niedlich!) ^__^
Viel Spaß damit.

Warnungen für diesen Teil: Erneut ist es schrecklich kurz, ich weiß, ich weiß, ich schäme mich. Dafür ist Kapitel 4 schon fertig und länger. ;)

They stay at the hospital for three days (much to Dean's dismay, who keeps complaining about the slobbery food, about the lack of hot nurses, about the fucking clueless doctors, about Sam's constant nagging and hovering and about how he can't sleep properly, because his roommate is an old man named Humphrey who snores). *Yeah, suck it up*, Sam thinks because it's not a walk in the park for him either. He doesn't say it though, because he can see right through Dean's tough guy act and he knows deep down his brother is just as terrified as he is.

The bummer is...the doctors find nothing.

There are a dozen figures in white, hovering around his brother's bed, looking self-important and busy and stuck-up and that's what they find: A big fat *nothing*.
Zero. Niente. Nada.

It's not as if Sam *really* trusts them. The deep ingrained distrust of all persons not-Winchesters is something he is probably never going to shake off; no matter how much he sometimes hates his dad for that.

No, while his brother is stuck with MRT and EEG and other abbreviations, Sam reads a zillion articles online about narcolepsy, brain-tumors with weird side-effects and epileptic episodes that look like sleeping.

Thing is nothing really fits. Dean isn't dizzy, he isn't tired or disoriented, he has no weird headaches and he's not confused or forgetful. He just ... falls asleep at random times with no identifiable pattern and without making sure he's lying down first. It's kind of silly and laughable...except it's totally not.

On the second day of finding nothing the doctors start to hint that Sam is paranoid and maybe there's actually nothing wrong with Dean. People do fall asleep at the

steering wheel all the time after all, right? And falling asleep in a diner, well it happens. It's not nice, but it's not exactly unheard of either.

When they tell him this, Sam hasn't slept for two days in a row and he lives of sugar and caffeine and he's about to punch the arrogant prick in the face. Right this moment Dean decides to pass out, dragging the doctor along in the process. He almost hits his head at the examination table halfway down.

Maybe Sam kind of freaks out a little bit. He might have even yelled and threatened some staff (and later he is glad that his brother is unconscious through it all) and forces them to check Dean for brain hemorrhage and a concussion.

As soon as he is done freaking out and after he has made sure there's nothing wrong with Dean (except the obvious), Sam feels almost kind of smug. There you are, you bastard. *Nothing wrong with him. My ass.*

Then he feels like crying, because Dean looks confused and oddly self-conscious when he wakes up and they still don't know what's going on.

After that the doctors insist the problem might be "psychosomatic".

"Let's blow this freaking shithole", Dean says on the third day, going for nonchalant and failing big time. "I need a burger anyway. The food here sucks."

Sam nods and feels mute and helpless. Later, he gets his ass kicked as he tries to help Dean dress ("Dude, my napping may be out of whack, but I'm *not* a cripple!") and it makes him feel a tiny bit better for a moment. As long as Dean can still bitch about stuff, it's not too bad, right?

There's a moment of awkwardness, when they reach the car. Dean automatically steers to the driver's side and falters mid step. Sam bites his lower lip to keep from saying anything.

He doesn't have to.

Dean looks torn. Finally, he throws the keys at Sam and Sam catches them without taking his eyes off of his brother.

"M gonna kick your ass if you don't take care of her", Dean says and his voice sounds as if he's sure he's never going to drive her again.

Sam swallows and nods, unable to speak, because Dean is pale and his eyes are huge and worried. And because Dean saying goodbye to his baby is so wrong on so many levels. And because Dean did it once already, putting Sam in charge of the Impala and the last time it ended with Dean dying and going to hell and Sam ... he can't even go there.

"Look", he says when he starts the engine, "if it's not something physical it has to be a curse, right?"

"Yeah, that or 'psychosomatic'." Dean grunts, but he actually perks up at the word 'curse'. Curse is good. Curse sounds familiar. Curse is something they know how to deal with. At least Sam hopes they do.

"Dude! Who would curse me?" As he sees Sam's look Dean reconsiders. "Yeah okay, but who would curse me with '*instant napping*'? That's SO lame. That's like the lamest curse I've ever heard of, including this witch in Alabama who made people see talking hotdogs all the time."

Sam snorts. "Yeah, it wasn't so funny anymore when you started naming them after the Rolling Stones and insisted we'd buy them ketchup for breakfast."

^tbc^