

# Standing for Something

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*The first DxS fic I've ever bothered to write. Somewhat tragic... A one-shot, partially from Sam's POV and partially from third person. After Danny, before college, she waits for someone she knows won't be coming home.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/lotrgal55/43581/Standing-for-Something>

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# 1 - First Act

## Standing for Something

*// "I never thought this could happen."*

*What a \*terrible\* way to start the story of my life. No one ever thinks anything bad will happen, ever, and when they do they don't really believe it. So... why go with a cliché?*

*But it's already begun.*

*That big stormcloud that had been floating around for years finally cracked. Dad found a real job, something that didn't involve convenient windfalls at the appropriate times, I got into the college of my choice.*

*We're moving.*

*All my things are in boxes. Posters, CDs, old ring-binders and notebooks. My clothes, practically everything I'm not wearing right now, are crated up in plastic and already out in the car. All that's there is a bed and some paint. It's hilarious, except I'm not laughing. And neither are you. If you're out there somewhere, Danny, tell me.*

*I'm not waiting around.//*

*- - -*

Danny had taken his final exit more or less one year ago. Sick. Dying, maybe, if that was possible, but he never said a word. He just left, promising his hardest and loudest that whatever he had he was going to find a cure for it. Several months later, he wasn't home. SEARCH the parents, they were too busy chasing after non-existent beasts and wondering why there seemed to be fewer and fewer ghost attacks after their only son had run off...

*// Just one way to keep them safe... everyone. Seal off the city, as best he could... Most of it. Fewer ghosts, maybe, fewer deaths... less damage... but he let something else in.//*

*No way to contact him. No mobile phone, no beeper- // what was he thinking? If he got worse... got lost... don't say it, please don't even think it-//*

What if he came back?

And they were gone?

... The question she'd never bothered asking. Aren't ghosts already \*dead\*?

*---*

She climbed off the bare mattress top and brushed herself off. Little shreds of sawdust from the lighting they had taken out covered everything, trailing where things had been moved. Instead of her usual

lilac-and-greys she wore no makeup whatsoever. None. It was a landmark event. She'd never gone without the perpetual liner-and-lipstick routine since age 12. Without it... well, even her mother had trouble realising it was still her. Sam'd always been pale, but she looked blanched, and unhealthy. Half-dead already, just from worry.

And for once, she hadn't protested when they told her to put on something cheerful for a change.

Funny how simply looking normal can make you unrecognisable.

And she took her place by the window, pushing aside the few pieces of paper and knickknacks left on the sill. And watched the stars.

The night before... it had snowed. Black sky, white canvas beneath.

Dark on light.

Fair on raven.

More clichés...

*// Don't make me say it. It's me and you again, isn't it?//*

This was the last night. No more waiting. No more tempting fate.

Loving Danny... meant you were used to being let down.