



Goodbye... (English)

par

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The flames rise in the air. Maybe too much... There are so many burn-alcohols. Maybe...But today, they don't care about anything. That the forest catch fire. That anyone was down toward the smoke that obscures the sky at this moment. They don't care! Besides we want that the sky notices this fire, this inferno, notice our mourning. Yes, this inferno wasn't any kind of inferno. No! Today we said goodbye to a hunter, a son, a friend, an ex-demon, but above all a brother. Today, we said goodbye to the eldest Winchester... Some people are brought together around the pyre. There are Castiel, Crowley, Bobby, Judy... only closest family's friends... even if there are a fiftieth years old redhaired women close than Crowley. All of them know what happened. All have eared about Tessa and all know where Dean's going to end up. The only one who didn't mind the idea was the stiff. Him, he's almost grateful to get back to this void, this promised oblivion. He minds that maybe in this nothingness, he'll met again his little brother Sammy who's dead into a hunt against vampire a week ago. His funeral was significant. When he saw his brother's, pyre die what have definitely catch away his Sammy, Dean knew that his time was running out. He's nothing without him, even if it's not apparently reciprocally. So yes, we called his moron, unreliable or 'idjit' but now he doesn't fucking care! Him, he just wants call someone 'Bitch' and have a 'Jerk' like answer! He wants Sam! And he'll have him! In the name of this useless God!



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