Who You Gonna Call?

by loveneverfails

Summary

The prompt given: END OF THE WORLD - ghosts.

Notes

A brief fic written for the Paradox-o-Rama challenge the summer of '10. I think it was my second in the fandom, so take it with a grain of salt.

She told him once - the first him - that she believed in ghosts. She'd been met with laughter and mocking, making her feel even smaller than normal. He'd tried to tell her why it was crazy, that the paranormal couldn't exist. But she believed in the very same way he believed in science and string theories. When she'd told Sheldon, she'd expected the same mocking. She'd waited for the same condescending look and 'Penny,' in that tone that made her feel as if he were speaking to a child. But she'd been surprised - his eyes had widened slightly, head tilted to one side, and he'd nodded once in acknowledgment before turning back to his laptop. "Aren't you going to say that's dumb?" she'd asked, waiting for him to go off on a tirade about the logistics of ghosts and why one couldn't possibly be haunting her apartment. "Penny," he'd begun and she could almost hear the exasperated sigh in his tone. "You've met my mother. I learned long ago not to argue with things people believe so strongly in. Even if I, myself, do not."

That night, when she's laying in bed (and trying to ignore the creepy feeling that someone was there, lurking in the shadows) she hears a noise outside her door. It was nearly two in the morning when she peeked out her door into the hallway and saw Sheldon - dressed in a tan jumpsuit, armed with what could only be a prop from a movie - looking back at her. "I believe the proper answer to the question 'Who you gonna call?' would be: Dr. Sheldon Cooper, Ghostbuster."
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