

Bless You, Dr. Klein

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Summary: Dr. Klein falls victim to Murphy's Law as he tries to repair the red Kryptonite laser.

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Bless you, Dr. Klein...

"Get outta here!" Dr. Klein grunted between clenched teeth. He still felt his nose tickling.

He was not in the mood for Superman's optimism that never seemed to waver — no matter what happened. He was a scientist — he believed in laws of nature, not in wishful thinking. One law he now knew to be true was Murphy's Law : Whatever can go wrong, will go wrong. Every single broken piece of glass in his lab was testament to that.

"Please, Dr. Klein. Let me help you," Superman said gently, covering a burn on his arm with a wet towel. "I know how you must feel!"

"Oh no, no you don't!" Dr. Klein fired back. "I just destroyed years of work in a sneezing fit! And don't get me started on the coughing. I mean, one should think that your extraordinary healing powers would be able to get rid of some tiny, little flu bug. But..." Once again his nose tickled threateningly.

"Please, Dr. Klein, calm down. Do you remember what I told you about controlling your temper?" Superman begged, but it was already too late. He ducked his head as a burst of heat vision turned the last set of intact test tubes into molten glass.

"Last time I checked, I had no temper to control," Dr. Klein shot back angrily and the tickle in his nose turned into a sneeze, unintentionally blowing Superman against the wall. "Oh, sorry, Superman."

"It's okay," Superman muttered, winded. "Just try to relax." He leaned against the wall, holding his ribs. "Close your eyes and concentrate on your breath. You can control these powers."

Reluctantly, Dr. Klein did as he was told and closed his eyes. He listened to Superman's soothing voice and his mind drifted off to all those unsolved mysteries of the universe he was going to uncover as soon as he was rid of those darn powers. The tickling in his nose stopped, causing Dr. Klein to sigh with relief. His back hit against something solid. Involuntarily, he opened his eyes and his calmness was gone.

"Get me back down," he screamed in panic, feeling queasy as he looked down.

"Try to relax," Superman said.

"Are you insane? This is what got me here in the first place! This is the last time I do research for you. I should have known there was a hitch when you first came to me. I should have run off as fast as I could. I should have gone back to treating patients." Dr. Klein muttered to himself. "Didn't you tell me that red kryptonite renders you lethargic? Well, I'm not exactly feeling lethargic!"

Another violent sneezing fit sent Dr. Klein through the ceiling and high into the sky over Metropolis.

"Bless you," Superman muttered with a sigh.

THE END