

At War With The World

Avengers One-Shot Series

Von _Kima_

Kapitel 3: Steve: Help

Steve wonders.

Since he woke up in the future – and it really is, he's not dreaming this, he's been asleep for 70 years and everyone he knew is gone – he's always wondering. He wonders what happened while he was trapped in the ice, frozen and conserved like a piece of meat, wonders what has changed and how and why and he doesn't understand any of it. He's always thought he was pretty smart but after waking up, every child seems to grasp basic concepts faster than he does.

He has tried asking Tony – and boy, did that go wrong, you don't ask Tony Stark about technology if you don't want to be called at least six different names and feel even more stupid than you did before – and also Bruce – who has been very nice and understanding but Steve still doesn't get how a cell phone works – but none of it really helped. Steve wonders if he's simply gotten stupid in the past 70 years and what does he know, maybe being trapped in an iceberg does that to your brain and it's not actually his fault he is so extremely dumb now, or if mankind has gotten smarter since the 1940s.

Maybe it has, maybe he's not stupid after all.

But then, he watches Thor and Tony have a glorious drinking contest (which Thor wins, feeling not even the slightest bit drunk, and Bruce and Clint catch all of it on video while Natasha laughs so hard that she almost hits her head on the shelf behind her) and decides that no, mankind is just the same it has been back in the present day. Past. Whatever.

Steve sighs and flops into one of the big arm chairs in the living room. It's 4 AM and even Tony is asleep and Steve has been wandering around the mansion for the last hour, trying to find something to occupy himself with. Normally, he goes boxing when he's the only one awake in the middle of the night but all of his punching bags are in no state to train with right now and he hasn't got new ones yet. Maybe he'll ask Tony tomorrow when they're due and if there's something else he can do in the meantime because the gym is actually the only soundproof room they've got and he can't really train in there right now, can he?

That's why he's sulking in the living room, staring at the dark flat screen TV on the wall and occasionally glaring at the remote he still hasn't figured out how to use. He knows Tony has set aside an entire list of movies and documentaries for him to catch up on history and culture but the last time he has tried to figure out something on his own, he broke the coffee machine and he doesn't really want to relive that experience, thank you very much. Steve leans back and sighs again. Maybe he should try to sleep – but no, the serum did something to his body and he's feeling well-rested and fine even though he's had only about three or four hours of sleep tonight and he knows he'd only toss and turn around in his bed until the sun rises.

Slowly but surely, he's getting frustrated.

He smirks as he imagines what the others would say. Captain America, Living Legend, Hero of the People, frustrated? Impossible!

Except it *is* possible and he's bored and restless and *frustrated*. He wonders if maybe, he can go outside and jog for a bit, do a few laps, anything to not just sit here and sulk, when suddenly, a gentle voice asks,

"Can I help you with anything, Master Steve?" The first time it happened, Steve had decided he'd lost his mind alright and was hearing voices but now, he's almost gotten used to Jarvis. The AI is very polite (which makes him wonder how Tony has even managed to program it because everyone knows Stark couldn't be polite if his life depended on it) and nice (which Tony also rarely is) and Steve actually likes it.

"I don't think so," Steve sighs. He stands up and decides that yes, going for a jog would be nice, when it hits him.

"Actually," he says and smiles a bit. "There is one thing. Do you mind helping me with the TV?"

"Not at all, sir," the AI says and his smile widens. Maybe the future isn't so bad, after all.