

Bathroom Humor

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Summary: Clark just can't take his young son anywhere, it seems.

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This takes place in the Martha & Lara altiverse, although you don't have to read any of the others beforehand.

"David, are you sure you have to go right *now*?" Clark made a point of announcing their arrival loudly, and he opened the door with a bang that almost broke it. Fortunately, David took no notice of the zipping and scuffling sounds in the far corner.

"Yes, Dad, I *do*!" David whined, annoyed. He practically ran into the bathroom at full speed, making a beeline for the first empty stall.

Clark sighed and assumed his waiting position, leaning against the wall next to the stall. A few patrons who wandered in cast uneasy glances at him standing there, so he made a show of staring at his watch. "David?" he called after a few minutes, "are you okay in there?"

"Huh? Oh. Yeah," David's voice echoed off the tiles. "I was just reading something."

"Reading something?" Clark returned with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, somebody wrote a poem on the door. Dad, what's a—?"

"David, if you're done, then get out of there this minute," Clark ordered, his voice a little bit clipped.

David obeyed.

"Did you flush?" Clark asked him.

David returned to the stall and pulled the lever. The 'whoosh' of flowing water sounded almost like thunder in the open, tiled space.

"Now go wash your hands." Clark supervised to make sure that his son used soap, a product which he seemed to have a terrible aversion to at times.

David lingered at the sink, glancing around during his ablutions. Suddenly, he lit up. "Hey, Dad!" he cheerfully called out while drying his hands with a paper towel. "Can I have a quarter for that candy machine?"

Clark quirked an eyebrow in confusion. "What candy machine?"

"This one," David said, bouncing over to the dispenser in question.

Clark's face turned a bright shade of pink. "David, that is not a candy machine!"

"Gum machine?" David asked, inspecting it closely.

"No!" Clark said quickly, his face growing hotter. "It's not candy, it's not gum. It's nothing you're supposed to eat."

"Then why does it say it comes in Banana flavor?" David asked, confused.

Snickering broke out among the other stalls, and from behind a few urinal partitions. Clark felt like he might just die and sink into the floor. "David, your mother and sisters are waiting. Let's *go*."

"But candy—"

"It's not candy! It's..." Clark thought quickly. "It's broccoli."

David blinked in confusion. "Broccoli?" he asked, his face curling into disgust.

"Yes!" Clark continued. "Flavored broccoli."

"Ew!" David glanced at the machine in revulsion and—finally—walked back towards his father and took Clark's proffered hand. "Who would want banana-flavored broccoli?"

"Grownups really like broccoli," Clark answered flatly as he led his son away. "I can think of a time when I sometimes wish I'd had some myself."

"You're weird, Dad," David intoned as the door slammed itself closed behind them.

THE END