

A Disaster of Intergalactic Proportions

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Rated G

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Summary: Lois' thoughts when Clark leaves for New Krypton.

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Author's Note: These are supposed to be Lois' thoughts after Clark flies off to New Krypton. As such, it has no plot and very little by way of a beginning and an end — more just a place where we can hear her thoughts and a place where we no longer can. Hopefully, despite the lack of these generally crucial story elements, it's still an enjoyable read.

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Thanks to Erin for GEing this for me.

My first relationship, if you could call it that, was in the first grade. His name was Ben, and he got my attention by pushing me in the school yard. I guess for an elementary school relationship it ended okay, but at the time it stung. The truth was that I didn't even like Ben that much. I had only agreed to go out with him because he asked.

Still, when he came and told me that he had a crush on Tabitha now, and by the way, could I return the heart pendant he had gotten me (plastic and clearly gotten out of a vending machine), I was hurt. But I was Lois Lane and even at six, I knew better than to let that show. I returned the heart to Ben as asked, but first I used the cigarette lighter I stole from my mother to melt it until its original shape was unrecognizable.

I didn't date again until college. Sure, I had gone out a time or two with Joe, the captain of the football team, in high school, but we hadn't really been serious. I had a strange sort of popularity — everyone knew me and I was well liked, but I guess I sent off a "don't mess with me" vibe, as aside from Joe, no one ever asked me out. And I liked Joe well enough, but we were agreed that our relationship was not a romantic one.

So, my first real relationship was in college with Paul. And it was a federal disaster. Of course, I guess you could say it wasn't even a relationship. My being in love with him certainly didn't mean it qualified as one. But we did go out a few times and, desperate and stupid, I even slept with him. In my mind, that meant we were serious. Clearly not in Paul's though, since he was sleeping with Linda less than a week later.

After that, I decided college boys weren't for me, and I swore off dating until I graduated. And then repeated my mistake my first year at the Planet with Claude, after which I decided newspaper men weren't for me either.

I hit a bit of a dry spell after that, although that wasn't that surprising. If newspaper men weren't for me and I spent all my time working, dating was going to be difficult. Given the nature of my previous relationships, though, I was more than okay with

that.

And then I met Lex Luthor. I have to say it wasn't like meeting Lex made me yearn for a relationship again or anything like that. It was just that it's hard not to be flattered when the third richest man in the world is courting you. And then he asked me to marry him, and given Superman's rejection and my inability to meet guys I was willing to date, it just made sense to say yes. I knew Lex and I would never be one of histories great love stories, but I had thought that we'd be happy enough.

Shows what I know — if Paul and Claude were federal disasters, then Lex was an international one. I mean, how else can you describe an engagement to a man who turned out to be the biggest crime boss in Metropolis and possibly the country?

I almost considered that perhaps it was dating that wasn't for me after that. If it weren't for Clark, I probably would have. But I was already half in love with Clark by then, and so while I wanted to swear off all relationships, I also believed that Clark was different. Even if he had a nasty habit of disappearing right in the middle of an important conversation.

So, I didn't decide to leave dating for another lifetime, and instead I got involved with Clark. When he slipped the ring on my finger, I knew — my dating history was over, because I had finally had a relationship that was not a federal disaster. We were going to live happily ever after. Well, after we got past the resurgence of Lex, clones, and a psychiatrist who needed to have his license revoked.

Now, though, happily ever after seems too far away to count on, and my relationship with Clark has jumped from being the first non-federal disaster to being an intergalactic one. Leave it to me to fall in love with royalty of another planet. So, now Clark is off fighting a civil war on New Krypton and I'm alone again.

In my heart, I'm waiting for him to come back and marry me, but my brain knows better. Clark isn't coming back. He's already married to Zara and back among his people. I know what he said when he left, but he grew up on Earth — he hadn't had a chance yet to appreciate what it would be like to be with other Kryptonians. The signs were there, though, even before he decided to go. The way he spoke about them it was clear, he felt an affinity for Krypton and its ways, even if he wasn't conscious of it yet.

So, this is it. I mean, it can't get any worse than this. And if high school boys are nearly afraid of me, and I won't consider college boys, newspaper men, or multi-millionaires, who's left? Clearly, the only men to consider would be aliens or heroes here on Earth. But I was engaged to both and now he's off being a hero in a galaxy far, far away.

I can't determine exactly how I feel about it all. I'm annoyed, but with whom? Clark — for being the man I know he has always been, unable to say no to anyone in need? With Zara and Ching for taking him away? They didn't know what they'd be taking him away from, and were only trying to do what was best for their people. With that Lord Nor guy for trying to start a civil war that required Clark to go to New Krypton? Well, that wasn't such a bad person to lay blame on, but it wasn't as if I could pretend that Lord Nor was trying to destroy my chance at happiness. He doesn't even know me.

No, I guess if I'm being honest, I'm mostly annoyed at myself. You'd think I would have learned my lesson — love was not for me. Why did I keep trying?

I walked over to the dishwasher to put my spoon inside. I was out of cookie dough ice cream anyway. What now? What is it you do after the love of your life leaves you to save another planet?

I glanced at the clock. It was eleven o'clock. I was pretty sure I was expected at work tomorrow — there was no reason for Lois Lane to be off just because her friend Superman had left the planet. So, I should probably make some attempt to go to sleep. Well, at least after one more glance out the window to see if I

could still see New Krypton.

It was a bright star in the night sky. Had Clark arrived there yet? Where on the planet would he be — was he even on the side I could see? Could he look out his window and see Earth? Maybe more to the point — if he could, would he?

I sighed. Was this the price for falling in love with Superman? It wasn't fair. I hadn't fallen in love with Superman in the end. I fell in love with Clark Kent — a farm boy from Kansas. How much more humble could you get? How was I supposed to know that my farm boy was from Krypton?

I gave the dot in the sky that was New Krypton another glare before heading to bed.

THE END