

Help Me Remember

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Rated PG

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Summary: Lois asks Clark to tell her about the day they met.

Story Size: 389 words (2Kb as text)

Hey, Clark, do you remember how we met?

If it was a Tuesday or a Thursday... Did any of that matter to you? If I asked you to tell me what I was wearing, would you answer me?

What would you say if I asked you to tell me how we met? Would you say that I just interrupted your interview and you stole my story to get the job? Or would you just say that I blew you away or whatever?

What would you tell me?

Do you remember if it was raining, or the fact that there was an accident right outside the building? The way there was traffic because of it, or how annoying the blaring horns were? Nobody could get any work done that day.

Do you even remember what you were wearing? Or how you kept fidgeting with your glasses? Did you want me to see the real you that badly, Clark?

Do you remember any of that?

I think I completely ignored you when we first met. So typical of me, right? I feel like such a snob when I try to remember that day. Was I really that rude to you at the beginning?

You were so gracious that day, Clark. You had so much strength in you. It wasn't really obvious, but it was hidden just beneath the surface. Just a breath away from discovery.

You were so full of light, too, that it went straight to my heart and warmed up all the emptiness that was left behind, inside of me. You were like a breath of fresh air that I couldn't outrun, so clean and naive. So full of hope.

You never did lose that, you're still all of that.

Did I have the same kind of impact on you? Did you experience things as profound when we met?

Do you even remember what the story you stole was about? And don't you dare say you didn't steal my story, Clark, because you did.

Tell me, Clark, do you remember that day?

Please tell me about that day, Clark; help me remember how it all began.

THE END