

Charades

By Lynn S. M. [lois_and_clark_fan_at_verizon.net (Replace_at_with@)]

Rated G

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Summary: A game of charades proves awkward for Clark.

Comments and constructive feedback welcome.

Semi-standard disclaimers apply: No one in this story is mine.

Angle brackets [] represent Clark's thoughts.

Every year, the Daily Planet's Christmas party had a new twist or two. After the "white elephant" gift exchange, Jimmy called for everyone's attention in order to explain the next new event for this year.

"Hey, gang, listen up. Charades is next. Everyone needs to write the name of someone famous on a slip of paper, fold it, and put it into this hat." He held an upside-down Santa cap. After everyone complied, Jimmy held out the hat to Clark. "C.K., how about going first?"

Clark reached into the hat and retrieved a small sheet. He unfolded it and read the single word on it. [No! Not him! Anyone but him!] He looked again, glad that he was physically incapable of blanching. He knew that if he could have done so, he would have. He looked a third time, hoping against hope to see something else written there. But not even the Man of Steel could change the writing on the wall, uh, the paper, just by looking at it. It still said, "Superman". He resigned himself to his fate. If he had to do this, he would try to get it over with quickly.

He climbed onto a chair, bent at the waist and held his arms straight out in front of him. He then jumped off the chair and landed on the floor with a thud.

People started guessing.

"A diver."

"I know! Mark Spitz!"

"Spitz was a swimmer, not a diver...Maybe he's supposed to be Greg Louganis?"

Clark was frustrated. How could he look like Superman without looking too much like Superman? He traced an "S" on his chest.

"Hey, no fair! That's cheating!!! You're not allowed to write in Charades!"

"Sorry, C.K., I have to agree with Ralph on that."

"Ya know, son," Perry said with a twinkle in his eye as he patted the younger man's back, "you may be one of our star reporters, but you sure make a lousy Superman!"

[And that's just the way I like it, Chief. That's just the way I like it.]

THE END