

# Double Diaries 2: The Journals of Lois and Clark

By Barb Beverly [bshbeverly@gmail.com]

Rated: G

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Summary: Newlyweds Lois and Clark continue to learn about each other as they read through their diaries exploring the early days of their relationship.

Based on the Episode: Never Ending Battle

Author's Note: This story is based on the characters, plot, and dialogues from the television series Lois and Clark, The New Adventures of Superman. The author receives no compensation from this story. Feedback welcomed and appreciated.

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"It's a rainy, gloomy Saturday. So much for our picnic," Lois grumbled from the bed as she looked out the apartment window.

"I could fly us somewhere dry for the picnic," said Clark.

"No," Lois answered, "the rain makes me feel lazy and I want to stay inside."

"Do you want to continue packing for our move?" Clark asked.

"The packing can wait. Let's just sit here and cuddle and read more of our journals," Lois suggested.

"Whose turn is it to start?" asked Clark. "Yours or mine?"

"Mine," said Lois, turning to the entry in Clark's diary and reading. "September 24. Superman, according to Lois, is like a Greek god with eyes that are radiant. Clark's eyes, also according to Lois, are dull and mud colored. Amazing! They are the same eyes! Superman is the 'after' of human evolution while Clark is the 'before'. Cat wants to 'test drive' Superman to see if he's an import. And when I suggested that Superman could just be an ordinary guy, they all looked at me as if I were crazy. Superman is the hottest story in town."

"September 24," began Clark. "Superman! I can't stop thinking about him – his eyes, his looks, the way he talked. He said that he would be around, but where is he? It has been a week! I can't work – I can't concentrate – I can't eat (even chocolate doesn't tempt me). My whole focus is on meeting Superman again. I've never met anyone like him. Clark says that Superman might be just an ordinary guy hiding from all the media attention. What does Clark know? He's the ordinary one. Superman, where are you?"

"I was a pathetic mess back then. Wasn't I?" asked Lois.

"I guess you were if you couldn't even eat chocolate," Clark teased back.

As Lois turned to playfully smack her husband, he said, "Seriously, Lois, I was pathetic mess myself. I was confused and overwhelmed because I did not expect the world to react that way to Superman. I was wondering if I had made the right decision in creating him."

"I'm sure I didn't help you with the way I carried on, but..." Lois paused with a smile, "you were irresistible back then – still are in fact – with the most magnificent and radiant eyes. You are like a Greek god. I think I need a test drive to see just how 'ordinary' you are."

"Let the races begin," Clark responded with a smile.

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Lois brought the journals into the kitchen to read while they were eating breakfast. "Since you are cooking, do you mind if I read first even though it is not my turn?" Lois asked.

"Sure, but when it is my turn to read, you will have to come and cook," Clark answered.

"Aren't you afraid I will burn it again?" Lois jested.

Clark didn't answer. He just pointed to the journal while he started the eggs.

"September 25," read Lois. "I've found an apartment on Clinton. It is a mess but will be a great place after I clean it up. Amazingly enough, Lois burst in shouting, "Where is he?" Lois has not been herself since meeting Superman. In fact, everyone has gone Superman mad. Perry told us that all rules are out the window to find and interview Superman - that we need to be creative to draw S out."

"S?" said Lois.

"Yeah," answered Clark. "I got tired of writing Superman all the time."

"Well, I hope I didn't turn into 'L', said Lois.

"You will always be all Lois to me. Now read," said Clark.

"Lois got upset calling S "hers", her story. Although I'd like to be hers, this is not what I had in mind. I felt like S should lay low for a while, but then he was needed to rescue some suicide jumpers. (Note to self: find another way to change into the suit. The men's room is not the best choice.) No sooner had I rescued one jumper than another person jumped off a building across town. Something doesn't seem right with these two jumpers, but I can't put my finger on it. Still, it will be my first solo article in the Planet. Can't wait to see it in print tomorrow!"

"Uh oh," said Lois. "I remember this. This was not one of my better moments. Why don't we just skip the next couple of entries?"

"No way, Lois. This was your idea, remember? Besides it's not like I don't know what happened," reminded Clark.

"Breakfast is ready. Sit and eat and I will read to you. We'll get through this together, and probably even laugh about it."

"OK, but first tell me what happened when you changed your suit in the men's room," Lois pleaded. "I thought you always wore your suit under your clothes."

"Not to begin with," answered Clark. "I carried it in a gym bag planning to change into it when needed. The men's room wasn't private enough so I went to a stall which wasn't big enough. I ended up putting my elbow through the door and scaring away some gentleman who was standing outside the door." Clark laughed as he remembered the incident. Lois laughed along with him. "After that, I started wearing the suit under my clothes. It was uncomfortable at first, but then I got used to it. Now, I don't even notice it at all."

"Well, I love the way you spin and change into Superman. I will never forget the first time I saw it when - " Lois began.

"Lois," interrupted Clark. "Stop stalling and let me read."

"OK," Lois pouted, realizing she wasn't fooling her husband after all.

"September 25. I saw Superman today – at least from a distance. He rescued two suicide jumpers. He flew away before I could talk to him, but Clark was there. Clark got the story – and I did a terrible thing. I told Clark to go back to the Planet and write up his story for submission. Then I submitted it myself by phone. I stole it! I've never done anything like this before in my life. How could I do that to someone who has only been kind to me? It's Superman. He's mine – my story! I found him. Perry says that all rules are out and Superman is fair game. Well, if Perry's rules are out, then so are mine. I will trust no one. I will pursue all leads and sources – even if they are not mine. I'll do anything; go anywhere to get to Superman. I even followed Clark to his new

apartment because I thought Superman was there. I must get the story first. That's all that matters. I just hope Clark can forgive me when he sees the morning edition."

"So you were looking for Superman when you burst in to my apartment that day?" Clark asked. "I wondered what you were doing there."

"You're just being nice and avoiding the subject of my unforgiveable behavior," said Lois.

"No, I'm not," answered Clark.

"Yes, you are," Lois argued back waving her fork at him.

"Lois, I'm not. If you read the next entry, you will get my response. It will make you feel like you are right there just the way you wanted. I'll even forego my turn and let you go first," Clark said gallantly.

"So thoughtful of you," muttered Lois in a sarcastic tone.

"September 26 – 6 am. I can't believe it! I woke up this morning to find Lois' name on the article about the jumpers – not mine. When I told Lois about Superman's rescue at the scene yesterday, she advised me to go back to the Planet and write the story. Meanwhile, she must have called it in and then snuck home – getting the credit and the scoop. It seems so out of character for Lois even though I've only known her a short time. What is it that is making her so crazy? Or does she always act like this and this is the first time I've seen it?"

"Oh, Clark, thank you," Lois interrupted. "Even back then you knew that I was not acting like myself. I am so sorry that I did that to you and that I never gave you a proper apology. It has always been so hard for me to admit when I'm wrong. I was so wrong then. Please forgive me."

"All is forgiven and was forgiven long ago, Lois, but thank you for the apology," answered Clark with a kiss. "Is it my turn to read now?"

"No," answered Lois glancing down at the page. "You wrote more later in the day."

"September 26 – 10 pm. I think S is being tested – his strength and speed. Today S went into a building because of a bomb threat, and it exploded as soon as I entered. The police say that it was radio-controlled – intentional. I can hardly believe it. Someone is willing to hurt innocent bystanders in the pursuit of determining my abilities? Even Lois got hurt in the explosion, but she is more upset for S – calling him a "poor man" and trying to imagine how he feels. How can she be so in tune to Superman, sensitive and thoughtful, and yet oblivious to Clark/me?"

"All Lois said to me for stealing my story was that is was my fault, and then she patted my on the cheek saying she hoped I learned a "life lesson." "There is no 'we'," she said. Then she turned around and stole a source that came in to speak to Eduardo – a source about S, of course. Jimmy says that Lois has always been an aggressive reporter. Her nickname is Mad Dog Lane, but he's never seen her this bad before – all because of S. Someone needs to stop Lois and teach her a "life lesson". Jimmy suggested Godzilla – sounds good to me."

Lois looked at Clark with a grimace. Then they both smiled as they remembered the life lesson Godzilla taught her. Lois got up to clear their breakfast dishes as Clark began to read.

"September 26, Someone tried to kill Superman today! They lured him into a booby-trapped building and blew it up. That poor man! He's here to help us and some wacko tries to kill him.

"Speaking of wackos, I met a doozy today. He thought he was President Grover Cleveland. I only talked to him because he said he had information about Superman. What does it matter if he came to speak to Eduardo? I did Eduardo a favor by sparing him from this guy. Anyway, all rules are out – right? All is fair in the pursuit of Superman.

"Clark was not happy this morning about my name being on the jumper story in the morning edition instead of his. I could see the hurt in his eyes. I should have apologized to Clark for stealing

his story, but I couldn't do it. I used his trust and inexperience against him and told him that he got what he deserved – that I hoped he learned a life lesson – that he should trust no one. Depend on yourself only – there is no we, only me.

"Superman, where are you? Please come around so I can interview you first and stop acting so crazy."

Lois looked at Clark sitting comfortably at the table with a huge smile on his face. "What are you smiling about? Are you trying not to laugh at me? I already apologized for acting like such an idiot!" said Lois defensively.

"No, no! I'm not laughing at you," answered Clark pulling Lois onto his lap. "I was just thinking of your conversation with the wacko. Did he really think he was President Cleveland?"

"Yes, he did, and he ate half my lunch before I found out that he was a wacko!" Lois complained before they both started to laugh.

"Clark," Lois questioned as the laughter died down. "Did you ever find out who was testing Superman's abilities? Is it written in your journal?"

"Yes, I did and yes, it is, but let's forget the journals for now," said Clark closing both journals knowing that reading further about Luthor's treachery would only cause Lois pain. "What do you think about Hawaii for a romantic getaway and picnic? I know of perfect, white, sandy beach where we could loll in the sun and forget all this miserable, rainy weather. Sound good?"

As curious as Lois was to keep reading the journals, she put her curiosity aside and trusted Clark and his judgment. "Let's go!" she said. "Do you think 'S' can give us a ride?"

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"That was just what I needed!" Lois exclaimed after she and Clark returned from their getaway. They had spent a wonderful afternoon in the warm sunshine and sand, away from the stress and bustle of Metropolis. "We should do that more often."

"Yes, we should," agreed Clark. "If only..." He turned his head to a sound only he could hear.

"Somebody needs Superman?" Lois asked.

Clark nodded. "Sorry, Lois. I'll be back as soon as I can," he said, and with a twirl of blue, he was gone. Lois was getting used to this sudden interruption in their daily lives. At least she knew why he was always leaving in the middle of conversations. No more flimsy excuses.

Clark returned much later to find Lois in bed, resting against the headboard, journals in her lap. "Everything OK?" she asked.

"Just a warehouse fire. No one was hurt. It appears to be an accident, not arson," Clark answered walking into the bathroom. Lois heard the shower turn on, then off, and only a few seconds later Clark came out dressed for bed and drying his hair with a towel.

"I wish I could get showered that fast," commented Lois. "Are you ready to read?"

"Lois, the next few entries are going to be hard ones. Are you sure you want to get into this right before bed? You'll never get to sleep," Clark said.

"I know you are trying to protect me because it was Lex testing you. Am I right?" declared Lois.

"Did you read ahead while I was gone?" Clark wondered out loud.

"No, I did not! I am an investigative reporter, you know! I figured it out!" Lois sputtered indignantly.

"Sorry!" said Clark hands raised in surrender. "Alright, let's get this out into the open. You go first."

"September 27. 'As long as Superman stays in Metropolis, innocent people will die.' That is what Luthor told me when I confronted him today. He is the one who has been testing me, and he says that he won't stop. He wanted me to be prepared to accept that responsibility. I came to help people, not hurt them. I don't know what to do. I'm trapped. People are getting hurt because I

created Superman. As long as Superman is active, Luthor will hurt the innocent. I am not prepared to accept that responsibility. Superman must go!"

"September 27," Clark continued from Lois' journal.

"Nothing much happening here. No one has seen Superman since the explosion. Clark seems to be working on an angle about the jumpers that Superman rescued the other day. Even though he had every right to say there is no "we" and keep the information to himself, he still shared it with me. How can Clark be so forgiving and stay sane when Superman needs to be found? Why isn't he acting crazy too?"

"So, it was Lex testing you," said Lois. "Why?"

"I think he was just trying to learn about his enemy – Superman, and he was willing to go to any lengths, hurt anyone to get his way," explained Clark.

"Why didn't you tell me any of this – especially when I was engaged to him?" Lois asked.

"Clark wouldn't have had this information to share, and Superman didn't have that kind of relationship with you." Clark went on, "Besides I had no proof, no hard evidence about any of it."

"So you decided to stop being Superman? That's why no one saw him for days and days?" Clark only nodded. "What made you change your mind?" Lois asked.

Clark just pointed to his journal in Lois' hand. "It's not my turn to read," said Lois, but Clark just pointed to the journal again.

"September 28," Lois read. "All is quiet – no more tests – no Superman. Lois and I are still at odds – only a 'we' when it is convenient for her. When will she learn to trust me?"

"October 1," Lois read with a catch in her voice. "'Metropolis needs Superman – the idea of Superman – to believe in – to build hope around – he can't be everywhere, but whatever he can do, that's enough.' Those are Lois' words. Is she right? Just do what I can because Metropolis needs Superman? Don't let Luthor or anyone else stop me? Just being myself and doing my best is enough."

"I hope that someday I will be able to tell Lois how much her words impacted me. Superman is back – for better or worse. Now I am almost sorry about sending Lois out on a wild goose chase (or should I say a wild Superman chase?) at the Sewage Reclamation Facility. After she stole yet another Superman idea (from Jimmy this time), I thought it was time to teach her a life lesson. I hope the lesson will impact her as much as her words impacted me – to be true to yourself and what you believe."

"September 28," Clark read. "No Superman sightings. Jimmy thinks that maybe he was scared off, but Superman wouldn't run at the first sign of trouble. Clark seems affected by Superman's absence too. He has not been his usual quirky self."

"September 30," Clark read the next entry. "Still no sign of Superman even though there have been fires and shootings in Metropolis. Where is he?"

"October 1," continued Clark. "Clark is hurting. He came back from a story where a young child was seriously hurt in another shooting – and Superman wasn't there to prevent it. But even Superman can't be everywhere. Whatever Superman CAN do is enough. He gives us something to believe in and hope in. I hope that somehow Superman realizes how much Metropolis needs him – how much I need. .... someone at the door ----"

"It was me; my words that made Superman come back?" Lois said with amazement.

"Yeah, they freed me up from the trap the Luthor had wrapped me in – to believe in myself again and what I felt I should be doing. It has not always been easy being Superman especially when the people I loved became targets, but it was the right decision."

"It certainly was," Lois agreed.

"That didn't mean it was easy though. Being Superman meant that Clark had to hide and even lie sometimes. There were days when it was more than I could bear. Thank goodness those days are behind me, behind us," said Clark with a sigh.

"I was thinking about that this afternoon when you flew off," Lois responded. "It doesn't bother me when you need to leave suddenly to be Superman. It bothered me a lot when Clark would disappear with only a flimsy excuse."

"How did we ever get through that?" Clark wondered.

"Simple – because you were and still are my best friend, and I know you always wanted my good," Lois explained.

"Even when I sent you on your wild Superman chase?" Clark teased.

"Even then. Read my entry and then let's be done for today," said Lois.

"October 2. Superman is back! Clark got the scoop, and as much as I hate to admit it, I got what I deserved. I've spent the last hour soaking in the tub trying to feel clean again. Last night a message was delivered with directions to Superman's spaceship. I spent the night at the Sewage Reclamation Facility searching through the bugs and the mud and the frogs. Clark sent me there to teach me a "life lesson" for stealing his story, Jimmy's idea, and Eduardo's source. I didn't think Clark had it in him. He is such a nice guy, but he needed to teach me a lesson. I've never wanted to become someone else just to catch a man, but I've been doing that for Superman. I've become someone I don't recognize and don't even like. I am a great reporter, but I've always tried to be a great reporter with integrity. No more foolishness (hopefully) for Lois Lane. Superman said in Clark's article that he plans to stay in Metropolis. Well, Metropolis is my home as well and the real Lois Lane is here to stay too."

"October 2," concluded Lois. "Lois and Godzilla arrived at the Planet today – covered in mud and mosquito bites and mad as a wet hen. When she confronted me, I couldn't deny that I was the instigator. She congratulated me on my "Superman is Back" front page article in the Planet and for taking her down in the process. She even admitted that she got what she deserved. Then Lois told me to cherish the moment because I will never experience it again."

"I WILL cherish it if rationality will reign again in Lois Lane. I hope her intense obsession with Superman is over because Superman – Clark – I - need Lois Lane – as she really is, flaws and all."

"Where did that silly Godzilla end up?" asked Lois. "I just remember slamming it on a desk."

In a flash Clark was out of the room and immediately back again with Godzilla in hand.

"You had it? Where did you keep it?" Lois asked.

"In the secret closet with my Superman suits," Clark answered. "Should we keep it here on the bookshelf? Or how about in the cabinet with our Kerth awards?"

"Stop teasing and come back to bed," Lois returned. As Clark got into bed, Lois put her arms around his neck and just held him tight. "Thanks for loving me, flaws and all."

"Thanks for being obsessed with me even when I'm just ordinary Clark," Clark whispered.

"Clark, there never has been and never will be anything ordinary about you. It just took me a while to see it. You are one-of-a kind, and you are all mine. Now turn out the lights so I can teach you another life lesson," Lois said suggestively.

"Anything you say, Professor," said Clark switching off the lights. "Anything you say."

THE END