

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag — or Not

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Summary: Cat's musings on seeing Superman for the first time.

My thanks to Corrina for her late night beta reading.

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Disclaimer: The quotes and the action in this piece come straight from the pilot episode of *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*, written by Deborah Joy LeVine. I do not own any characters mentioned herein. They belong to Warner Brothers and DC Comics. I am just borrowing them for a little not-for-profit fun. I just added Cat's thoughts.

"I see it but I don't believe it."

I know that people are blind, but this is ridiculous!

I suppose I should know better. Take me, for example. People look at me and see a flamboyant dresser who likes to have fun. And that's true as far as it goes. But they don't take the time to see anything else. For example, they just seem to assume that because I have a good body and enjoy showing it off, I am therefore brainless.

And yet the evidence to the contrary is right in front of them. I write for the greatest newspaper in the world, for goodness sake! You don't get to hold this position without having a modicum of intelligence.

And now take Lois — just because she completely lacks any fashion sense and she has a "take no prisoners" attitude, they give her credit for having some functioning brain cells. And yet people can surely see that in our little battles of wits, I am usually the one to come out ahead. Hello? I show myself to be at least her mental equal on a daily basis, and yet nobody seems to notice.

So I probably shouldn't be surprised when no one else recognizes Clark as he flies through the window carrying Lois. But it's not even as if he has much of a disguise — All he has done was don a flamboyant outfit, use a bit of hair gel, and ditch his glasses.

And yet no one else seems to recognize him— not even Lois, whose face is scant inches away from his.

OK, I'll admit it. I have a lot more practice than most of the folks here at seeing through disguises. And I am good at it. I have to be to do my job. I need to recognize celebrities through all their greasepaint, wigs, and costumes. Not to mention the times they more subtly disguise themselves so they can walk among the general public without being mobbed.

I wonder whether that is why Mr. Modest Dresser is in that deliciously revealing outfit. Is it because he wishes to be able to continue walking down the street without being accosted by an adoring public, and he knows that that would be impossible after the stunts he

pulled today? Well, whatever the reason, he obviously wants everyone to think he is two separate people.

Here's another thing people don't ever think about: In order to be able to do her job properly, a gossip columnist must not only reveal secrets, she must also be able to determine which ones she should keep to herself, and then not divulge those to anyone. If I were to spill the beans on this particular secret, any chance I would have for a date with that Adonis goes right out the window he just flew through.

And so when I'm asked to clarify my last statement — whether I meant that I didn't believe there could be a man who flies — I dissemble slightly.

"No, Lois Lane finally, literally, swept off her feet. Too bad he's an alien."

Clark's secret is safe with me.

THE END