

# A Lois Super Short

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Rated: G

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Summary: A wish-fulfilment fic. It's by Tank. Guess what the wish is?

I've been thinking that I'd like to get back to doing some writing, but I still haven't felt the muse. (That's just a nice way of saying, I'm still too lazy to do much writing).

So I thought maybe I could just do a super short story. A ficlet as it were. Also, since Lois hasn't gotten her haircut in any stories recently, I thought I could kill two birds with one stone ... so to speak.

So, you can guess what the focus of my ficlet will be ...

Have fun.

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Lois chewed her lip as she stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. Of its own accord, her left hand reached up and she ran her fingers through her silky, shoulder-length locks. In her right hand she held a barber's clippers. It was plugged in and the blades had the smallest guard on them.

Did she really want to do this? Would it be worth it?

The first answer was simple. No, she didn't \*want\* to do it, but what she wanted was going to be outweighed by what she needed to do. She had been relying on a fake moustache and goatee, along with a wool cap pulled low to cover her hair, to disguise her gender from the rest of the group. It wasn't as though boys didn't wear long hair any more. Many still did, but the longer styles were less popular than they were a decade or two ago. And it was her longer hair that had nearly got her compromised just last night.

She was still 'the new kid', so she'd been relegated to look out duty, which suited her fine. If things went bad, and the cops showed up, she would be in a position to disappear and not get caught up in the bust.

The boost had gone exactly as planned and soon they were back at the warehouse. There was some of the typical rough-housing that goes on when any group of young boys were together. One of the larger guys liked to pick on the newbie, but Lois had been able to stay out of his way most of the time. This time he'd put her into a headlock and her cap had been pulled off.

She had to fight down the panic she felt as she froze when her long hair fell in front of her face. She quickly grabbed the cap off the floor and shoved it back on her head, but the damage had been done. All the guys had seen her. She didn't know what to do. Should she run, and hope the surprise would give her a large enough head-start, or should she try to brazen it out?

The decision was taken from her when the boss, or at least the man who gave them their orders, came into the room and started barking at them. He hadn't seen her hair and none of the other boys mentioned it. At least not until they finished for the night and were on their way out.

Once they were out on the street several of the guys starting teasing her about being a girly boy. She managed to dodge a few attempts at grabbing her hat, but the teasing and crude comments continued as they all moved down the street. Fortunately, within a few minutes they'd all moved off toward their own homes, and she was free of any more scrutiny.

But it had been close, the glimpse that the crew had gotten had been brief and under poor lighting. Could she trust in her luck to last; or would her woolen cap now become a constant target? Could she depend on youthful naivety to keep her identity safe, or would a longer look expose who she really was? And what about the boss? Would he be fooled by her thin moustache and straggly goatee?

Probably not. And that was why she was staring at her reflection in the bathroom mirror holding a barber's clippers in her hand. She had a decision to make. Did she give up on the story now, before she had any printable proof to give to Perry? Or did she stay with it ... and do what needed to be done?

For a brief moment, she contemplated getting a short wig, but rejected the idea almost immediately. There was no way that the guys, upon discovering her short hair, wouldn't want to give her head a rub, or tug on it in some way. There was no wig that she knew of that would stand up to that kind of up close examination.

That left her with her two choices. She could abandon her story, or she could buzz off most of her hair. There would be other stories, but this was a good one. Possibly even Kerth-worthy. On the other hand, hair grew back. But it would take months to get it back to a reasonable length, and much longer to get it back to where it was now.

What should she do?

She glanced down at the pair of scissors that lay on the sink's counter. Maybe she could use them and cut her hair in stages? She shook her head. No, Lois Lane was an all or nothing kind of gal. She was the kind of person who ripped the bandage off in one quick jerk. Either do, or do not. She was someone who, in the past, had risked her life for the sake of a story and now she was balking at a bad haircut? What was wrong with her?

A small sigh escaped from her lips as she took one last look at her reflection in the mirror, and then thumbed the switch on the clippers. The small appliance roared to life instantly. The sound was surprisingly loud.

Not giving herself any more time to think about it, Lois placed the vibrating blades against her forehead and pushed them up into her thick, dark locks.

Her hair fell in sheaves. Before long she had large piles of dark hair in the sink and about her ankles. It took longer than she had expected because she had some problems in the back where she couldn't see, but eventually she completed her task.

The image that stared back at her now was quite different than the one that had only minutes earlier, but then that was the point. She set down the clippers and brushed herself off as best as possible.

She gave her reflection one last look. "Time to get to work."

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Lois had tossed aside the copy of the Daily Planet that showcased her page one story in the banner headline. The car theft ring had been a good story, and she had nailed it big time. Still, that was yesterday's story, today she was intrigued by the ranting of that crazy man who'd burst into the bullpen shouting something about sabotage of the Messenger program.

She idly scratched at her scalp. It was a habit that she'd gotten into. She actually liked the feel of the short fur-like cap of hair that covered her head, though she wasn't too fond of how short it still was. She knew it would be some time for her hair to grow to a more amenable length, but she refused to wear a wig, or hats. It was no secret that she had cut her hair for the story so she saw no reason to hide the fact.

"Ah, excuse me, Ms. Lane. I guess I'm supposed to work with you?"

Lois looked up into the puppy dog eyes of the hick reporter she'd briefly met in Perry's office a while back. Now he was working for the Planet, and when she'd asked Perry for some help with the Messenger story, he'd assigned Kent to her. She

was annoyed with Perry for saddling her with a greenhorn, just off the farm, so she was ready to lay into him and make sure he was put into his proper place, but she relented. Everybody had to start somewhere, and he was really cute. Who knew? Maybe she could eventually turn him into a serviceable reporter ... some day.

“You guess right. That is, if you can handle being seen with a nearly bald woman?”

His smile practically lit up the room. She could possibly get used to that smile.

“It is shorter than what might be considered usual for Metropolis, but I’ve been all over the world, and believe me; your style would be considered positively mundane in many parts of the globe. Besides, you are a very attractive woman, and I think short hair suits you just fine.”

“Are you trying to butter me up ... Kent, isn’t it?”

“No! I mean yes, my name is Clark Kent, but I’m not trying to butter you up.” He had the cutest blush. “I just call ‘em like I seen ‘em.”

“Right.” Lois stood and gave Clark a pat on the cheek. “Now be a good partner and go get us the elevator. I’ll be along as soon as I grab my bag.”

Clark dutifully turned and headed up the ramp toward the bank of elevators. As she reached over to grab her purse, Lois got a good look at Clark Kent’s backside. She grinned.

This guy just might have some potential after all.

Fin.

THE END