

The Volunteer

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Summary: Lois volunteers for something she later regrets.

Disclaimer: I do not own any characters in this story.

As Lois and Clark were hard at work on a story, Jimmy approached them.

“Did either of you buy your tickets for your family members for the Annual Daily Planet Charity Fundraiser Event this weekend?” he asked. “This year, we’re using the money we earn to build a computer lab for one lucky school in Metropolis.”

“How will the winner be determined?” asked Lois.

“All the principals of the local schools are going to write the name of their school on a piece of paper,” explained Jimmy. “At the end of the show, Superman is going to pull one of the names out of a hat.”

“Sounds interesting,” said Lois. “How much are the tickets this year?”

“Just one dollar,” Jimmy replied.

“I’ll take one ticket,” said Lois. “My sister Lucy usually gets a kick out of these things. I’m sure she’d love to come.”

As Lois handed Jimmy a dollar, Clark said, “I won’t be in town this weekend, but here’s a dollar just the same.”

“Oh, but you’ll miss all the fun,” Lois said in a disappointed tone. “These events are always entertaining, and I bet it’ll be even better since Superman will be there.”

“What usually happens at these events?” asked Clark.

“Any staff member of the Daily Planet who wants to take part in the show can,” explained Lois. “Perry usually sings an Elvis song, Cat usually sets up a kissing booth, and I usually do a dance routine. It’s a chance to use your talent to bring in money for charity.”

“It’s bad timing for me,” Clark said, smiling. “I plan on visiting my folks this weekend. You’ll have to tell me how it went Monday morning.”

“Gee, CK,” Jimmy said sadly. “You’ll miss my big act with Superman.”

“You have a big act with Superman?” Lois interrupted. “Since when?”

“I guess I just got lucky,” Jimmy said. “I’m the least talented of anybody here, so I was chosen to be Superman’s assistant.”

“No way, Jimmy!” Lois yelled as she rose from her seat. “If anyone’s going to be Superman’s assistant, it’s me.”

“But Lois,” Jimmy started, “I don’t think you’ll like this act.”

“If it’s an act involving Superman, I’ll love it,” she replied.

“I’m going to tell Perry right now that I will be Superman’s assistant.”

“Wait, Lois,” said Clark. “You’d better find out what the act is before volunteering to do it!”

Lois wasn’t listening. She barreled her way towards Perry’s office, and she was already inside with the door closed before Jimmy could even tell her what she was volunteering for.

That weekend, Lois had a frown on her face as she stood on stage. Out in the crowd, she could see many smiling faces she recognized as her coworkers and family members of her coworkers. There was also a large line starting at the front of the stage and extending as far as Lois could see.

“Do I have to?” Lois whined.

“You’re the one who volunteered for this,” Perry reminded her.

Lois went behind the large cardboard cutout on stage and stuck her head out through a hole in it.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said Perry as the crowd began to applaud. “I give you the star of our show, Superman!”

Superman flew down from the air and landed in the center of the stage to thunderous applause.

“And, Superman’s lovely assistant, Miss Lois Lane of the Daily Planet!”

The crowd applauded, but the noise level was clearly lower than the ovation Superman had received.

“Your sixty seconds start right now, Superman,” Perry informed him.

For a brief second, Superman stared uncomfortably at Lois. Her eyes seemed to beg him not to, but he knew what he had to do. As Lois closed her eyes in anticipation, she felt a creamy substance hit her directly in the center of her face and heard the sound of laughter from the crowd immediately after the impact.

She had volunteered to be the victim of a pie throwing contest! Superman was to throw as many pies as he could at her within sixty seconds, and then the people in line would try to beat his score.

Once the last of Superman’s pies hit Lois in the face, the first person in line stepped up. It was Cat Grant.

“Here’s a scoop for you, Lois. Lois Lane, ace reporter for the Daily Planet, is about to get her just desserts,” Cat gloated as she threw her first pie.

She managed to hit Lois perfectly. Lois licked her lips and discovered she was being pelted with chocolate pies. Cat went on to hit her about three more times, and she was eventually hit dozens of times by the rest of the people in line. Lois learned a valuable lesson that day — never volunteer for something before finding out what it is — even if it involves Superman.

THE END