

# Reporter Without a History

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Summary: Lois discovers something she didn't know about Clark Kent, and Clark suddenly finds himself in an awkward position at work.

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“Clark, I have a question for you.”

“Ask away, Lois.”

“This might be silly...”

“Come on, Lois. We're both reporters. We've worked together long enough to know that even if something seems crazy or impossible, it's not. Whatever you've got to ask, ask. It can't be that silly.”

“Why don't you look anything like your parents?”

*Bombshell.*

“Huh?” Clark stuttered surprisedly. Lois looked at him curiously.

“I mean, I don't really want to pry, but it's been bugging me for a little while now- since I first met them, really. Maybe I just don't see it all that well- I have only seen them a few times, so maybe I've got it wrong- but I was just wondering if it was just me.”

Clark recovered quickly. “Oh, no, I get that a lot actually. And it's not prying. It's not that difficult to explain, really. I was adopted.”

Lois' eyes opened wider. Whatever she had expected her coworker to say, that was not it. “You *were*?” Clark nodded and resumed his work. “Really?”

He sighed. “Yes, Lois. Really.”

“How have I never heard this before? We've been partners for over a year now! I thought I knew almost everything about you by now.”

Clark had to bite his cheek to keep from scoffing at her remark. “It's not exactly something I go around advertising. I never really think about it much at all.”

Lois looked at him suspiciously. “So, do you look a lot like your real parents then? Do you ever see them? When was the last time you saw them?” She was obviously fascinated by the idea of Clark being adopted.

“I wouldn't know. I don't remember them. I was practically a baby when I was adopted by my real parents.”

“Oh. I'm sorry.” She frowned briefly.

“It's alright, Lois. Like I said, it's not a big deal- I never even think about it. Like I said earlier, Jonathan and Martha Kent *are* my parents.”

“No, I know.” Suddenly her expression lit up. “Have you ever wondered about who your real parents were? What they looked like, what they liked to do, their jobs?”

Clark thought a moment. He couldn't exactly say that his father was a scientist on Krypton, and that he had seen him once before in a holographic recording stored inside a globe that she had once accused him of stealing from Superman. That wouldn't go over well. “I'm not sure, Lois. I mean, I've thought about it a little bit before, but not a whole lot. I had a good childhood.”

Lois brushed that off in her usual brusque manner. “Oh, no doubt of that. But aren't you the least bit curious?”

“I *suppose*,” he dragged out the word, dreading the tone in her voice- the tone she usually got when she thought there was a story somewhere nearby. “Lois, where are you going with-”

She didn't hear him out. She quickly spun around and stalked off towards their editor-in-chief's office. “Chief! I think I've got a good story to work on!”

Clark groaned, saved his work on the computer, and hurriedly followed Lois.

“Lois, wait, don't-”

By the time he got in there, Lois was already halfway through explaining the idea to Perry White.

“-Sure, it's kind of a puff piece, but I think it would be interesting. It would have heart, and a happy ending. And we could use Clark as an example.”

Perry looked at him in surprise, taking in the look of discomfort on the tall reporter's features. “Kent? You're adopted?” Clark nodded, brain shorting out in the presence of fear. “Well, I think that's a great premise, Lois. Run with it. You and Kent can get right on that- and Clark, it'll be a great experience for you, I'm sure.”

Clark shook his head fiercely. “No, Chief. You don't understand. It's not going to be just a happy-go-lucky, fluff piece.”

“What's the matter, Clark? You were just saying you were curious about your real parents.”

“Not curious enough to blast my life story across the front page of the Daily Planet, Lois.”

“Kent, don't be ridiculous. First of all, it won't go on the front page- it's a puff piece. And secondly, I think that's all the more reason why you should find out more- face your fears. Embrace your past. All that stuff.” Perry stacked some of the papers on his desk before placing them in the corner.

“No, it's more than just that. If you want we can still run the piece, but I don't think I'd be the best example to use.”

“Sure you would, Kent. You're just nervous. Understandably so.”

“No, it's not about me. It's just,” he paused a second, finally dawning upon his answer. “It's just that you won't find anything out about me. You'd have to jump through a *lot* of hoops to get anything.”

“Clark, it's simple. We look at your adoption records, find out what facility you were adopted through, and if the couples there left a name or a picture on file. . .”

He cut off Lois' rambling before she got too far ahead of herself. “I won't have a file because I wasn't at any adoption facilities. I was a foundling.”

He was met with stunned silence. “Really?” she asked again.

He nodded. “Yeah. My parents found me left behind in one of their fields. Nobody was around, and I guess they really looked, but they really wanted a child and they couldn't have one of their own. They always called me their miracle.”

Lois shut her mouth. Perry's mouth hung open in surprise. “Oh,” he finally spoke. The editor cleared his throat. “Well, um, I guess it's up to you guys, then. If you can find someone else, go ahead and write it up. If not, move on. Great shades of Elvis, it's not like there isn't plenty else for the two of you to work on. Now, go on! Back to work!”

They shuffled out of Perry's office, Lois dejectedly and Clark looking relieved. Before sitting down at her desk, Lois turned to Clark.

“You know, I know you're hiding something. I get the feeling that you didn't give us the whole story back there.”

Clark shrugged. “What? That I was a foundling? Why would I lie about that?” *In fact, I told you about the closest thing to the truth as possible.*

“I didn't say lie. I said you didn't tell the whole truth. Mark my words, Clark Kent, I will find out the truth someday, and I'll

get you for it then.”

Clark grinned as she sat down and he walked back towards his desk, sitting down himself. “Someday, Lois. Someday.”

THE END