

I Hate Cheese

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Rated PG for some mild language

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Summary: Clark's little lies can sometimes get him into trouble...
A cheesy little ficlet written for July's Reveal Challenge.

To be perfectly honest, I wasn't raised to have a hatred of anything. I don't think I've ever really grown to despise anything as much as this — give or take a couple of evil maniacs. But it's become a fact of life.

I hate cheese.

I shudder as I lug yet another box of fine cheeses into my apartment, trying to literally clamp down on the urge to gag. Why? Why oh why oh why had *this* been the thing that had flown off my tongue? Cheese of the Month Club?! Please! Even Lois knew that one sucked, I could tell. But at the time, I didn't care. I just figured, hey? What's another cheesy thing I can add to the pile of lies?

Corny. Good gracious, it's even invading my thoughts now. I can't seem to get away from this cheese.

I sigh as I carry the box over to my counter, searching fruitlessly for a suitable place for the demon-box. I'm tempted to just throw it away instead.

How had I gotten roped into this again?

Ah, yes. How I get roped into anything. Lois.

Lois heard about the Cheese-of-the-Month-club thing. Brushed it off. Only to return to it three days later when we were out to lunch and she asked me if I wanted to split a cheese plate. Then she remembered, lo and behold, that I actually had cheese at home.

Then she asked if she could have a cut of mine.

My nonexistent collection of various cheeses that get mailed to me every month.

So I'd told her I was out, but the next shipment should be coming soon. And I'd signed up for the damn club.

Even then, it didn't bother me. It wasn't until it had started to build up, when Lois lost interest in it, and when I had nowhere else to put it and no one else to pass it out to — that's what did me in. I don't think I can take it much longer. I'm going batty. I can't eat another bite without making myself sick.

I should have told Lois anything else. If I'd said it was a Chocolate of the Month club, Lois would have been all over that. I'd never see it again — hell, she'd change the address on the forms so it would bypass me and go straight to her place. But cheese? Of course not.

I should have told her the truth.

There are only so many meals you can side with cheese. Or coat with cheese. Or dip in cheese. And I'm pretty sure that now, more than a year later, I've tried all of them. And there's nothing more I can do — or tolerate.

Particularly considering that they're not just your average American cheeses that could be useful — for things like burgers and grilled cheeses. Oh no. There's bleu cheese, and Camembert, and goat cheese and Havarti cheese and — on one notable occasion — Parmesan. I had laughed with joy that month, so excited to have something slightly different, something that I could shred and use as an elegant touch over — something that I wouldn't have to get creative with.

I'm so sick of cheese!

For my birthday, Jimmy got me a fondue pot. Lois got me another year's subscription to this Cheese of the Month thing. So that rules out cancelling the order.

I should have told her the truth.

I dare to open the box, preparing myself for the worst.

I blink twice as I stare at it.

Havarti.

We were into the repeats.

Suddenly something comes over me and I'm bubbling over with rage. I toss the box on the floor and start stomping on it, smashing it to death. I kick it across the kitchen and use my heat vision on it, melting it down to nothing but ashes.

I feel a sense of relief afterwards, like a small weight lifted from my shoulders. I turn around to find a broom and suddenly find myself face to face with a gaping Lois Lane standing in my living room.

I'm a dead man.

When did she even come in here? I look between her and the wreckage, trying to come up with a plausible explanation for all this and coming up empty.

Yep. I'm so dead.

THE END