

The Shortest Distance

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Rated: G

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Summary: Flying is easy; navigating is a lot harder.

Disclaimer: All recognizable characters and the Superman universe belong to Warner Bros and DC Comics. They are being borrowed for a little not-for-profit fun. (The narrator, however, is mine.)

Mom's gonna kill me. I promised her I'd meet her and Dad at the Kerth ceremonies on time. I left the library five minutes before the ceremony, thinking that would give me plenty of time to fly home, change into my fancy gown, and fly to the hotel. I got home and changed, no problem. The trouble came when I flew into the air and realized I have no idea how to get to the hotel. Oh, I know its street address, but things look so different from up here. I thought I could just fly in a straight line to the hotel, but I realize now I'm going to have to go home, get a map (just to be safe) and fly over the roads.

The next time I see Uncle Bernie, I think I'll ask him if he can make a GPS device that will point me straight to a specified location.

How *does* Dad navigate so well, anyway? I hate to admit it, but perhaps I should pay more attention in our next flight lesson. Not that I'll tell him that.

But in the meantime, I just hafta hope that Mom won't be too mad that I'm a few minutes late. The investigative journalism category isn't until near the end of the ceremony, so at least I'll be there for when she wins yet another glass rock.

All the same, I'm glad she doesn't have any Kryptonite handy.

THE END