

Life or Death

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Rated PG

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Summary: You don't know what you've got 'til it's gone.

Story Size: 400 words (2Kb as text)

Disclaimer: All recognisable characters, plotlines etc. are the property of DC Comics, Warner Bros and December 3rd Productions. I own nothing.

Author's note: Set during TOGOM, after Clark's 'death' but before his supposed resurrection. #28 in the At First Sight series.

This story is part of a series that includes "[1. At First Sight](#)," "[2. A Matter of Time](#)," "[3. Evil Lurks](#)," "[4. Invisible](#)," "[5. Gratitude](#)," "[6. Unprofessional Behaviour](#)," "[7. But For the Grace of God](#)," "[8. Vulnerable](#)," "[9. Decisions](#)," "[10. A Terrible Mistake](#)," "[11. Facets](#)," "[12. Terrified](#)," "[13. A Remarkable Woman](#)," "[14. The Aftermath of Illusion](#)," "[15. Black, White and Shades of Grey](#)," "[16. Tainted](#)," "[17. Betrayal](#)," "[18. Brothers](#)," "[19. Saving the Enemy](#)," "[20. Aching](#)," "[21. Healing](#)," "[22. Defending Myself](#)," and "[23. Euphoria](#)," and "[24. Family Ties](#)," and "[25. Two Steps Forward](#)" and "[26. Vigilante](#)" and "[27. Friendship](#)" and "[28. Life Or Death](#)" and "[29. Ramifications](#)" and "[30. Christmas Magic](#)" and "[31. Situational Ethics](#)."

Clark Kent is dead.
Everything I wanted, everything I've worked for, is gone.
What do I do now?

I had no choice but to let Clark die. After being shot in the chest at close range in front of so many witnesses, what else could I do? It's one thing to contemplate telling one, trusted person about my secret, and quite another to let a group of strangers find it out.

I think that if I'd gone to her last night, I could have told Lois the truth- that mere bullets can't hurt me. That her partner and friend still lived. Perhaps I even should have told her. But it seemed cruel, somehow. With no way out, I couldn't see a benefit to her knowing. She's better off thinking that Clark is dead than knowing I'm alive and can't return to my former life.

I still have Superman, but as I told my parents, that's not how I want to live my life. Superman isn't a part of this world, not really. He appears when needed and then flies away. He can't have a normal life; can't form close friendships, can't have a relationship, can't even do something as normal and everyday as going and seeing a movie.

Being Superman all day, every day isn't living. It's existing.
I want my life back.

I want to be able to listen to Perry's infinite fund of Elvis stories. I want to be interrupted in the middle of something important by Jimmy with his uncanny and unfortunate sense of timing. I want to argue story ideas with Lois and edit her copy. All the day to day things that Superman can't do.

I want to be Clark Kent.

In a strange way, I understand the regenerated gangsters. They've been given the means to relive their lives and they've seized that chance in the only way they know how. Thanks to Hamilton, they have a second chance.

Hamilton was their answer. Maybe, just maybe, he could also be mine.

THE END