

Brainstorming

By Framework4 <framework4@gmail.com>

Rated: G

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Summary: Tiny TOGOM variant.

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Lois drove though Smallville only sixteen hours post Clark. Only sixteen hours after seeing her partner and best friend shot and killed by a John Dillinger wannabe. After leaving the police station she'd known she couldn't go home. She'd driven to the airport, grabbed her stake-out bag, always kept ready, and walked up to the first airline counter she saw.

"I'd like the first available flight to Smallville, Kansas." Amazingly the counter person didn't need to ask where Smallville was or what airport was close, or tell her to go to some other airline. Thirty minutes after parking Lois was boarding a plane.

Three hours later the plane was landing in Kansas.

As Lois Lane approached the Kent farmhouse she was at first puzzled by all the cars. The road leading up to the turnoff was packed with cars parked along the side of the road.

Then she turned in to the farm proper and saw cars everywhere. The big barn was full of light and there was noise and people everywhere.

She couldn't see anywhere she could park her rental car. A slender blonde waved at her and Lois pushed the window switch.

"Hi Lois, was wondering when you'd get in, just park in back of me, I'm the gray Toyota right there on the left, I'm not going anywhere anytime soon."

"Ahh... Thanks, ahh..." was all Lois could get out.

The blonde smiled. "Don't remember me? That's okay, we didn't really meet, just traded partners a few times at the corn festival, I'm Lana Lang, I think Clark—"

She was interrupted by the sound of gunfire somewhere nearby.

Lois flinched; the gunshots had put her back in Georgie Hairdo's Gaming Club watching as Clark was shot and killed.

"Sound like they're working on the vest," said Lana.

"Vest?"

"After the news broke about Clark being shot everyone started brainstorming. Rachel located a bulletproof vest in Clark's size, it wouldn't fit under his coat but Helen was calling around trying to find the same coat a size or two larger. Dr. Barnes and Harvey Bennett have been arguing about broken ribs or rather how to explain no broken ribs while Joel is trying to photoshop some X-rays so they can say they were just cracked."

Lois opened and closed her mouth several times but couldn't speak.

Lana smiled and gestured and Lois slid her rental car in behind the Toyota.

A sonic boom occurred.

"Sounds like Clark's back," said Lana.

THE END