

# A La Lane

By [Folc4evernaday \(folc4evernaday@gmail.com\)](mailto:folc4evernaday@gmail.com)

Rated: PG

Submitted: May 2019

Summary: Celebrating Mother's Day over the years has changed for Lois Lane, but there is always a common theme threaded between the celebrated days.

Story Size: 1,637 words (9Kb as text)

\*\*\*

*Mother's Day, 1980*

Smoke.

It was everywhere. The smoke detector was blaring. The pancakes were blackened with the middles still runny. It was the thought that counted after all, right? Lois swiped her brow with her pancake batter covered wrist, looking at the pile of blackened goop. Not even one had come out salvageable.

The divorce had been finalized for about a month. The drinking had stopped. Mom was doing better. They were doing better but days like this had a way of changing things, so even though she didn't think the first thing about making pancakes, she was going to try.

"Lois, I don't think they're supposed to look like that!" Lucy pointed to the pile of blackened goop.

"Lucy, I can only flip them so fast. Why do you keep slapping batter everywhere?"

"This is not gonna go over well," Lucy muttered, waving a hand towel over the pan to blow the smoke away.

Lois let out a whimper. "This is a disaster."

"I don't think we'll be eating anything anytime soon," Lucy chuckled, splattering a spoonful of batter at Lois.

"Me neither," Lois admitted sheepishly, looking around the kitchen that was covered in flour dust, eggshell and the remnants of their attempt to cook their mother breakfast.

"It's the thought that counts, right?" Lucy reminded her, jabbing her in the ribs.

A light cough came from the corner of the kitchen, and they both turned to see their mother with a tearful smile. "Girls? What in the world is all this?"

Lucy nudged Lois, shrugging her shoulders. "We wanted to surprise you."

"Happy Mother's Day!" Lois gestured to the burnt pancakes behind her. "We are...*really* sorry."

Mom reached up to brush a tear from her eyes. "It's certainly a *memorable*....Mother's Day gift."

"Don't eat them," Lucy warned.

Mom laughed, placing a hand over her face, and Lois chipped in, "*Please* don't."

"Oh, my girls, what am I going to do with you two?" Ellen asked with a lighthearted laugh. She was laughing. That was a good sign, right? She wasn't upset. She was laughing. Things were going to be okay.

"Come on, get dressed. We are going out."

\*\*\*

*Mother's Day, 1984*

The wind bristled, and a soft whistle filled the air as Clark Kent's feet touched the ground. Unlike his other special abilities, this wasn't something to fear or fight to control. It was liberating to feel himself defy the forces of gravity and fly. A laugh escaped his throat as he allowed himself to levitate, floating a few inches off the ground.

"Well, that's certainly a way to make an entrance."

Clark turned around in surprise, dropping down to the ground faster than he expected. His father's hand stretched out, extending it to him to take. "I, uh, guess I got a bit caught up in the moment," Clark said sheepishly, looking back at his father.

"Flight, huh? That's a new one," his father muttered, not cracking a smile.

"It's out of this world, dad," Clark beamed back at him, unable to wipe the megawatt grin from his face as a look of pure exhilaration washed over him. He knew his dad was worried. The accidental fires and broken appliances his parents had endured over the years were a heavy burden. His developing powers over the last few years had put a strain on them all. His parents had put up with a lot.

He could fly at a speed he'd never reached before. He had *flown*. Unlike his other powers which had resulted in accidental damages beyond repair, this power had nothing but benefit. He could go anywhere. Anywhere he wanted. His grin broadened as the possibilities ran through his mind. His mom had always dreamed of a vacation in Italy, and his dad always wanted to visit Britain where the Kent family had originated from. Those dreams could finally come to pass without breaking the bank. He could fly them anywhere. He could go anywhere. He could finally do something with his gifts that wouldn't leave his parents paying the price.

A look of determination crossed his face, and he sighed, "I think I have an idea of what to get mom."

"You do?"

Clark chuckled, looking over to see his mom standing a few feet away. The idea continued to form in his mind as he turned to his mom. "I think this one might prove to be more of a gift than any of the others."

His mom looked over at his dad who shrugged and gestured to Clark, who was now floating above the ground. "Oh, my..."

"Sky's the limit." Clark gestured to the sky above.

*Mother's Day, 2002*

Ellen paced around the small area in front of the uncomfortable waiting room chairs. Her hands wrung with worry as every possible scenario ran through her mind. She was going to be a grandmother at any moment. At any moment she would see that face and....

"Ellen."

A hand reached over to grab her shoulder, and Ellen let out a startled shout. She quickly calmed her tone when she saw Martha Kent standing behind her. "Oh, Martha, it's you."

"You're going to wear a tread in the floor, Ellen," Martha said calmly, pointing to the small stretch of tile Ellen had been pacing on.

"I know, I know," Ellen whimpered, looking around. "I just never thought this day would come, you know?"

"I know," Martha said, reaching over to wrap an arm around her.

The double doors opened, and a very tired yet elated Clark Kent stepped into the waiting room. His face had a glow about it as he stood there, beaming back at them as if taking in the moment, trying to remember how to speak.

"How's Lois?" Ellen found herself blurting out, unable to wait any longer for her son-in-law to speak up and tell them the news.

A look of awe-filled Clark's eyes, and he let out a long breath. "She's perfect. He's perfect. They're both perfect."

"He?" Ellen gushed, her eyes filling with unshed tears.

Clark nodded, smiling back at them. "We've only got an hour and a half till visiting hours are over. Come on." He then motioned for them to follow him through the doors that led to the maternity ward where Lois and their new grandson were.

"He's so little," Lois whispered, brushing her index finger against her newborn infant son's nose. His little eyes flickered from beneath the ilotycin the nurses had on him half an hour ago.

“I know.” Clark ran his finger against the soft curve of his son’s cheek.

“We’re parents,” Lois said with a tearful sigh.

Clark looked over at the clock, seeing the time change to 12:01. He leaned over to kiss her and whispered, “Happy Mother’s Day.”

*Mother’s Day, 2019*

Jon Kent brushed his sleeve against his brow, looking around the smoke-filled kitchen. A grimace crossed his face as he looked over at the bacon that was now resembling charcoal rather than something to be served with eggs. He looked down at the pan in his hand, staring down at the fried eggs that had somehow ended up nearly raw in the middle but overdone on the outside. He didn’t dare try and use his heat vision again for fear he’d burn something else.

How had he forgotten?

He took a deep breath, preparing to clean up the mess he’d made at super-speed when he heard the creak from the door upstairs.

‘*Too late,*’ Jon thought to himself.

“Jon?” he heard his dad’s voice call out from the hallway.

‘*Maybe not,*’ Jon thought and flew across the kitchen, quickly gathering up the burnt charcoal meal and delivering it to the wastebasket. As he came to a stop, he found himself face to face with his father’s amused look, handing him a new pan and the carton of eggs.

“Eggs A La Lane?” his dad asked.

“I might have been testing the heat vision out,” Jon admitted sheepishly.

His dad pointed to the cabinet door with two distinct burn marks from where he had been aiming for the bacon earlier. “You missed a spot.”

“Well, look on the bright side,” his mom spoke up from behind them, “at least the kitchen’s still in one piece.”

Jon blushed, running a hand across the back of his neck. “The toast survived.” He pointed to the toaster where the saucer of said toast was sitting unscathed from his previous mishaps.

His mom laughed, reaching over the counter for the wheat toast sitting neatly on the small saucer. “Perfect,” she said, taking a small bite from the corner.

“Sorry,” Jon shrugged his shoulders.

His mom pulled out the runny egg pan from the wastebasket, and Jon shook his head. “I was...gonna fix that.”

His mom frowned, looking at the pan that had two severe burn marks on the bottom. “With what?”

“A new pan.” Jon grinned sheepishly.

“A la Lane runs in the blood,” his dad teased.

“A la Lane?” his mom asked, turning to his dad with an arched eyebrow.

“There’s a reason we don’t eat pancakes on Father’s Day,” his dad teased, grinning back at her.

“Or on Mother’s Day,” his mom added, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Charcoal, soggy pancakes. A la Lane.” His dad smirked back at her with a teasing smile. “I believe it’s a tradition.”

His mom smacked his dad across the chest, handing him the other half of the toast. “Just eat your toast.”

Jon let out a light chuckle. “Happy Mother’s Day.”

“Yes,” His dad leaned closer to his mom and kissed her, “Happy Mother’s Day.”

THE END