

We Are One

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Summary: A little vignette of a father talking to his daughter about being normal and their powers. Based on a song from *Lion King II: Simba's Pride* titled "We are One." There is no need to know the song, but you can find it on YouTube if you are curious.

Story Size: 1,302 words (7Kb as text)

I don't own "We are One," *The Lion King*, or *Lois and Clark*. I hope you will enjoy the little sidetrack of my muse.

The story:

Chelsea Kent was 13 years old. Her parents called her 'their little miracle' because the doctor had said that they couldn't have children of their own.

With that news in the back of their minds, they had adopted her older brother CJ. He was about 10 years older than Chelsea. The oldest of the Kent children was in his last year in college; therefore, he would be graduating in a matter of months.

Chelsea had always been a happy child, as well as a daddy's girl, but all of that had changed a few days ago. The youngest Kent had become withdrawn – a far cry from the happy child they knew so well. She didn't want to talk about it because if her father knew that she had gained the ability to see through walls, she was sure he would hate her. Only one reason could explain how that was possible – Clark Kent wasn't her father, Superman was.

Though she knew that Superman was a friend of the family, she never would have thought that her mom could have cheated on her dad. She didn't want to be the reason for them to file for divorce.

When she entered the house, she saw her father sitting in the living room. He was obviously waiting for her to come home – she was afraid that this would happen. She was about to silently take the stairs when her father called her.

"Chelsea?"

Chelsea sighed, knowing she couldn't get herself out of this one. "Daddy?"

"Come here for a moment please – we need to talk." Clark's voice was soft but stern. She knew that he would get the truth one way or another.

Chelsea entered the living room, slowly approaching her father as he sat quietly on the couch. He was wearing jeans and an old shirt, something he only did when he got a day off. She kept looking at the floor, refusing to look her father in the eyes.

"Sit down, Chelsea." His voice remained soft.

Chelsea took a seat on the couch opposite her father.

Clark sighed. This wasn't going to be easy – his daughter was as stubborn as her mother.

"Chels, pumpkin, what is wrong? Did something happen at school?"

His daughter kept her eyes on the floor while she shook her head. "I am fine, daddy," she said with a small voice that wouldn't convince even the most naive person she knew.

"Don't shut me out, baby. What's wrong? Maybe I can help you."

Chelsea shook her head again.

"Chelsea, look at me! I want to help you with whatever it is that is bothering you." As they had a wonderful father/daughter

relationship, Clark was worried about his daughter. They could usually talk about anything.

A tear escaped her eye. Clearly, she was on the edge of a breakdown. "I don't want you to hate me!" she whispered so softly that Clark needed his super hearing to hear the words. He walked to the other side of the living room and took a seat next to his daughter.

"Pumpkin, I could never hate my baby girl," he said softly.

Chelsea shrugged before she spoke again. She couldn't help herself, she needed to say it.

"I don't think that I'm your daughter."

Clark was confused now – how could she say that she wasn't a perfect resemblance of him?

"Why would you think that?"

Chelsea sighed. "Please don't hate me, but I'm a freak. I am gaining Superman's powers. I discovered a few days ago that I can see through walls."

Clark smiled a little. It was time that his daughter knew the big family secret.

"You are not a freak, honey, and you are still my daughter."

"But how do you explain my powers?" Chelsea asked, stunned.

"There is something that we kept a secret until you were old enough, and I think the time has come to share this with you. Your mother never cheated on me because..." and before he finished he stood up and spun around into his famous blue, red and yellow suit.

"I am Superman, Chelsea." Superman stood before her – his arms crossed in his signature pose.

His daughter was shocked; she hadn't suspected that this would be happening.

"I DON'T WANT THOSE POWERS. I WANT TO BE NORMAL LIKE MOM!" she yelled and ran upstairs towards her room.

Superman spun back into his Clark clothes. It would be easier to talk to his daughter as Clark. He knocked on the door of her room before entering.

"Honey, do you want to talk about it?" Clark took a seat on the foot of her bed, watching sadly as his little girl curled up and held her pillow in front of her. She was crying now.

"I don't want those powers!"

Clark sighed. "That is like saying that you don't want me as your father. It is in your blood – just as I am. You are a part of me like I am a part of you. You understand?" He smiled softly while he opened his arms in question.

Chelsea nodded, smiled and curled up at her father's side, her eyes still wet with tears.

He placed a lost lock of her hair back behind her ear. "You know Pumpkin, when you walk through your life, you will see that there are things nobody understands. The only thing we know is that things don't always go as we plan them."

Clark caressed his daughter's hair. "That is why I would never turn my back on you – I would never hate you, pumpkin. Whenever something goes wrong in your life, and your hopes and dreams are destroyed, I will be there. I will stand by your side. I will be hoping with you, and I will always be proud of you, because you are my daughter and we are one.

"But dad, I gained powers like you. Do I need to be Supergirl? Can I still think with my heart and be myself, or do I have a bigger calling?" Chelsea looked at her dad with confusion in her eyes – she didn't know what to expect of her life now.

Clark smiled at his daughter before looking through the window at the snow that was falling softly on the ground outside.

"Let your intuition lead you throughout your life. Even when I or your mother are gone, we will stay with you – inside your heart and your soul. Listen to your heart and let it lead you."

Clark looked into his daughters' eyes. "You will have tears of

pain and tears of joy, but nothing will destroy your pride.”

“We are one, you and I. We are like the earth and sky, one family under the sun. All the answers that you seek, all the courage that you need, you will find when you see that we are one. Be proud of who you are, be proud of being my daughter, and everything will turn out fine. Someday you will understand this.”

“Thank you, daddy, I love you!”

“I love you too, pumpkin.” Clark hugged his daughter. He was convinced that he would help her in every step of the way while she learned to control her powers, and he would always be proud to call Chelsea his daughter.

THE END