

We're All Alone

By [Cuidadora <cuidadora1717@gmail.com>](mailto:cuidadora1717@gmail.com)

Rated: PG-13

Submitted: July 2019

Summary: Lois finds comfort in the lyrics to “We’re All Alone” after betrayals. Can the lyrics help her to trust her heart again?

Story Size: 2,302 words (12Kb as text)

This is the second story in the *Rubber Ducky* series and a companion piece to “Love Without End, Amen.”

Notes: The song that inspired this story is the haunting ballad by Boz Scaggs, “We’re All Alone.” In the 1970s he released the initial version <https://youtu.be/lbpsaYqkwHw>. A year later, Rita Coolidge’s version <https://youtu.be/iv3lyfMvZlc> became a top ten hit in both the U.S. and U.K. The lyrics can vary from one artist to another, and often are misheard by listeners.

This story is a series of scenes that mesh with the song lyrics. Lois focuses on different parts of the song, depending upon what’s happening in her life. She changes the lyrics to fit her current circumstances.

Her thoughts are in italics, and either the actual lyrics or her version are in bold italics.

Thanks to Marcelle who was GE for this story.

We’re Not Alone

Twelve-year-old Lois Lane startled as her radio played the introduction to that song **again**. She stopped working on her homework and paused. Its haunting melody so matched her mood. Although some of the words just didn’t make any sense to her. So in her head, she used her own words.

She’d heard the arguments Mom and Dad had been having over the past few months.

No, she corrected herself, more like forever.

The lyrics started...

Outside the rain begins

And it may never end...

She turned to the window and saw it was beginning to rain again.

Rain, again! It’s rained every day for a week! Ever since Dad left...

Just like the rain, would the pain of Dad’s leaving ever leave? Why had Dad left us all alone? Why weren’t his wife and two girls enough for him?

Before last week, she’d always found solace in the rain. The gentle sounds of it falling on her window had lulled her to sleep many nights. When they were a complete family, and both she and Lucy felt safe in their beds. In the blink of an eye, **everything** had changed. Now, she, Lucy and Mom had each cried buckets of tears. They’d comforted each other. Mom was trying to be strong, but Lois could see how hard it was for her to both be Mom and go back to work. Thankfully, there was a nursing shortage so she’d found a good job in a doctor’s office.

A loud clap of thunder brought her out of her musings.

She mentally counted, *Three, two, one...*

Her bedroom door burst open as a terrified Lucy came charging in.

“Lois! Mom’s at work, and... I’m scared! We’re all alone!”

Lois stood and gathered her baby sister into her arms. “Luce, it’s okay. The doors are locked and the windows closed. The house is solid. Mom will be home soon.” She followed this by whispering comforting words.

So cry no more...

It did the trick. While Lucy sobbed loudly for several minutes, she had to stop to hear what her older sister was saying. Once she’d calmed down, Lois spoke softly. “Hey, Lane girls against the world, remember?”

Lucy nodded silently as Lois handed her a fistful of tissues.

“Remember, Luce, as long as we have each other, we’re not alone. Pinky swear?”

Her little sister vigorously nodded her agreement.

We’re not alone.

Close Your Eyes, Amie

Close your eyes, Amie

And you can be with me...

Lois stretched slowly. Her clock radio was playing that song again. And as she focused on her surroundings, the words were a reflection of the loving phrases Claude had whispered to her last night. She and Claude had connected, and it was wonderful. Well, maybe not wonderful, but it was early in their relationship. She had finally found the love of her life.

Rolling over, she noticed the other side of her bed was empty. Reaching out, it was cold. She sat bolt upright before remembering he had an early meeting with a source. With an inner glow, she looked forward to today as the first day of the rest of their lives... together.

She reflected on what had happened after dinner and mused that she now knew the ecstasy that song spoke about. And for the first time the lyrics—*We’re all alone*—took on a whole new meaning. Alone together, not with a sibling or parents, but with a partner. She wondered if Perry would partner the two of them at work. *Wouldn’t that be great?* She swung her legs to the side of her bed and sat up, and then she headed to the bathroom for a quick shower before work.

After choosing her suit, she dressed quickly. She decided to wear her most feminine power suit. It was a cherry red double-breasted jacket that hung mid thigh, which had a black-and-white plaid pleated skirt, and a handkerchief matching the skirt peeking out from the left breast pocket. The skirt hung just above the knee, tasteful yet definitely showing she was a professional and all woman. She added black pantyhose. Her shoes were two-inch heels that were chunky, with black heels and toes. The rest of the shoes were the same red as her jacket.

As she entered the living room, she realized her story notes and files weren’t where she was sure she’d left them. Frantically, she searched everywhere. They were gone. Realizing she’d be late for work if she didn’t hurry, she decided to leave and come back at lunch to find them. She grabbed her black purse and keys before opening her apartment door. On the stoop, she saw today’s edition of the *Daily Planet*.

And froze.

That’s my story on the front page!

Scanning it quickly, her heart plummeted into her shoes, and her euphoria evaporated as she became horrified at the depth of Claude’s deception. He had stolen her story, using it word for word, and hadn’t even given her a footnote that she had contributed to the story! It was clear to her that Claude must have taken **all** her notes and documenting information. In a heartbeat, her hopes and dreams cruelly crashed down around her.

She was devastated.

Lois stumbled back inside her apartment, in shock and despair. *What now?* She wondered if anyone would believe her. Worse, would her unique writing style now be attributed to Claude? Had stealing her heart and story not been enough? Had he also stolen her career? One she had worked hard for since junior high?

No! Damn him, he will not get away with this! I will fight for what's mine. And even if he wins this round, no one will ever steal a story from Lois Lane again. And, I will never, ever steal a colleague's story.

Checking her make-up and doing some quick repairs, she left to get to work. Lois decided on the way to the street that she would hold her head high and not allow anyone to know how she'd been used, and then discarded. *And if that rat fink thought he'd ever again get into my bed or next story, boy does he have a rude awakening coming!*

Lois hailed a cab and took it to the office. On the way, the radio was playing that song again. So lost in her anger, she didn't realize it until the end of the third stanza.

Learn how to pretend

Yes! I'll do exactly that. Pretend that I'm unaffected by his perfidy.

But then, reality hit. Claude had deserted her. Her mother was in rehab, Lucy was in California and her dad was goodness knows where with his latest research project and trollop, a.k.a. his secretary.

I really am all alone.

The day dragged. At every turn it seemed as though there was a new revelation of Claude's deceit. Not only did he steal her story, his cover story made it look like she was trying to claim credit for "his" work. And even worse, the water cooler gossip in the newsroom was that his nickname for her was "The Ice Maiden."

All day she had had to remind herself to pretend. And she learned that lesson well. Only once she was safe in her own apartment did she let the tears come. No one would ever know just how gullible she had been. She couldn't even go to Mr. White, whom she thought of as a mentor. After all she was just a green junior reporter, and Claude was established.

Never again. No one would steal a story from her, or hurt her heart. In college, Linda and Paul had betrayed her. Now, Claude made their actions seem like amateurs. Obviously, she couldn't trust her heart or her so-called friends. She would show them all. She would be the best reporter both the *Daily Planet* and *Metropolis* had ever seen. She made the first of many lists.

And first on her list was to buy a briefcase with a lock so she could carry her notes and research that wasn't locked in her desk. If no one had access to her stories, no one could steal them. Second on her list was to only share what she was working on with her editor.

Feeling better, she went to bed with the song playing over and over in her head. The words had morphed again.

I'm all alone.

Close Your Eyes and Dream

Lois was stunned silent as her rescuer soared through the Metropolis sky, carrying her effortlessly. She wondered what he was thinking. He was also silent.

Can he hear my voice while we fly?

This feels so wonderful. No one has ever held me with such combined tenderness and confidence. He could swallow a bomb and lift the shuttle, yet carry me effortlessly.

Not wanting to risk losing altitude or distracting him, she closed her eyes and began to daydream. She imagined how it would feel to be in this man's arms every night.

Surely he's the one honorable man in the world.

Too soon, her dream ended as they reached the newsroom's large window.

His eyes danced with amusement as they reached the window.

Oh, no! Can he read my mind?

Chagrined, she realized she had almost lost the interview of a lifetime.

No! He's mine... that is, he's my story!

As they soared into the newsroom and he set her down next to her desk, she managed to put on her professional face. Before he left she asked him how he could be reached.

"I'll be around," was his vague reply before he lifted off and gracefully flew out the window.

As Cat came up to her, Lois mused out loud and named him Superman.

She wrote up her story, and left with yet another front-page byline.

Close your eyes and dream...

And she did. That night her dreams were filled with being held safely in his arms. Without fanfare, for him she let down the drawbridge guarding the fortress she'd built around her heart.

Four Years Later...

We're Not Alone

After CJ arrived, Lois had changed the words of the song "We're All Alone" into a lullaby she sang to him. It was the easiest song to get him to relax and sleep, even if all she did was hum some of the verses.

As she rocked him, she often thought back over the past few years. How this song had both comforted and distressed her.

And hold me dear

Oh hold me dear...

She and Clark had comforted each other so many times by holding each other. Of course, the first time was the shuttle rescue. Then there was after Trask tried to kill him, and she knew he was her friend. After Sebastian Finn tried to kill her disguised as Mr. Tracewski, her landlord. She clung to Clark like he was her lifeline.

Which he was.

After her aborted wedding to Lex, it was Clark who held her in his comforting embrace and shielded her from seeing her former fiance's inelegant death.

Slowly and patiently in both guises he'd scaled the fortress around her heart. And even after she hesitated about whether they should get married, he continued to be her best friend.

How when H.G. Wells and she were in the past thanks to Tempus, Mr. Wells' words echoed and fit right into the song. And yet were different.

Once your story's told

It never can grow old...

He was describing their story as timeless love, which generations to come never found old.

Close the window

Come alive,

And it will be all right...

How many times after Clark came home from a difficult rescue had she told him to close the window and reassured him it would be all right? And she smiled to herself, show him exactly how to feel alive again.

Close your eyes and dream

And you can be with me...

When he went with Zara and Ching, she closed her eyes and dreamed that he could be with her. And she knew that he did the same. And sooner than they thought, they were together once more.

And hold me dear

Oh hold me dear...

When Dr. Klein had said they couldn't have children, they found comfort in each other's arms.

And when CJ arrived, they celebrated in each other's arms.

They were now a family of three.

I can't wait for him to get home and share that we'll soon be not a family of four, but of five. Twins! Yes, no one in our family—me, Clark and our babies—will ever be all alone.

The warmth of their love encompassed her as she realized it
would be...

For. Ever. More.

THE END