

Martha... A Gift From the Stars

By [Sara Kraft \(skfolc@gmail.com\)](mailto:skfolc@gmail.com)

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Summary: He'd only ever be her baby — her son — she knew. But that doesn't mean Martha doesn't have more than a few feelings about Clark's biological parents, especially when she learns who they are after all this time. A ficlet in the *Martha...* series that explores Martha's feelings after the episode "The Foundling."

Story Size: 874 words (5Kb as text)

Read the previous story in the series: "[Martha... A Heart So Big.](#)"

Author's Note: I didn't think it would take me quite this long to write the next in the *Martha...* series, but I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised, given the topic covered and how emotional it can be. There's an inherent grief and tragedy that comes with adoption, no matter how ideal the circumstances; and while usually this is mentioned in reference to the child and the trauma they've experienced, there's no denying it has an effect on the adoptive parent(s) too.

Thank you to SuperBek for the kick in the pants to write *something*. And thanks for BRing too!

Stories in the *Martha...* series:

[Martha... She Just Knew](#)

[Martha... A Heart So Big](#)

Martha... A Gift From the Stars

Martha sat at the kitchen table later that day after Clark had left, sipping from a mug of hot Oolong tea — the one Clark had brought from China for Christmas two months ago — and frowning out the kitchen window at her garden bed, barren still because it was just a little too early for planting anything. Jonathan had wisely banished himself to the barn to work on some project or other, knowing that she needed some time alone to process her feelings.

It really shouldn't be so hard to believe, given that her son flew and could fry bacon with his eyes, but it had still been a shock when he'd come this morning, telling them about the globe — which Martha hardly remembered from the day they'd found Clark, though Jonathan said he did

remember it. This mysterious globe that had apparently been some navigation system for the spaceship that had brought him to Earth.

Part of her wondered why Clark hadn't told them about the globe when he'd first found it. It seemed unlike him to keep anything from them, especially something like this that was related to his origins. But he was a grown man, entitled to his own private life just like any other man on Earth.

Earth.

She stared again at her garden bed. Maybe she'd plant some bright yellow daffodils or some Dutch crocuses with that lovely pale purple shade she loved, and the blue too. It would do this year, she thought, to have some flowers earlier than normal so that her view from the kitchen window wouldn't be quite so sad and empty.

Earth, he'd said. The spaceship that had brought him to Earth.

So they knew now, what he was — Kryptonian. An alien baby from Krypton. He'd only ever be her baby — her son — she knew, but it was... The comfort of knowing what he was and where he was from wasn't as comforting as she thought it would be after all these years wondering.

But then again, she hadn't — all these years — she'd never wondered long about it.

Sometimes it was because she didn't want to think too long about how her baby didn't look like her. How no one ever commented at the grocery store or the park about how he had his mother's sparkling blue eyes. Or how every once in a while, she'd catch an expression from him or notice how dark his hair was and how it curled, and a pang of sadness would pull at her heart that she didn't have a biological connection with her son.

Sometimes it was because she didn't want to think too long about how another mother might be out there, worried out of her mind that her child was no longer with her, that maybe he'd been kidnapped or stolen.

Sometimes it was because she didn't want to think too long about how his birth mother might not have wanted him or might not have been able to keep him. How another woman, who'd experienced pregnancy and childbirth as Martha never would, how she could make the impossible, heartbreaking choice not to raise her own flesh and blood.

The truth of it hurt more, in a way. The finality of it. Their deaths — Jor-El and Lara. Their sacrifice — knowing the only way for their son to have a life was to send him away. Their legacy — that they'd never know how perfect and wonderful and amazing their son was, how selfless and altruistic he was. How smart and kind and loving and curious and compassionate — how super he was in every way that had nothing to do with his physiology.

Today, Martha had gotten some answers to long-held questions. But the most important answer, she'd had all along. There had never been a doubt in her mind about it — she'd known by the tug in her heart and the pull in her soul from the moment she'd laid eyes on him. He'd only ever be her baby — her son — she knew.

And not a day went by that she didn't send thanks into the great unknown for her gift from the stars.

Only now, she knew their names.

THE END