

100 Meters

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Rated: G

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Summary: Superman stops by Lois's apartment to see how she's reacting to Clark's death in That Old Gang of Mine. What he sees from a distance causes him to move a little closer.

Story Size: 737 words (4Kb as text)

Disclaimer: This is a fanfic based on the television show, Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman. I have no claim on the pre-existing characters whatsoever, nor am I profiting by their use. The new story elements are mine. No infringement is intended by this work.

Time frame: Season 2: That Old Gang of Mine

100 Meters

I see Lois in her apartment. I don't know what to do. I had no idea she would react this strongly to my "death" as Clark. I knew it would hurt her, but somehow I didn't expect this. She looks — devastated. I told myself that I had no choice. Maybe I didn't then, but I do now.

90 Meters

I'm wandering aimlessly around my apartment when I finally stop by my window. I still can't believe Clark is dead. I feel — empty. I never knew that I could feel like this. It feels like part of my soul has been ripped away. I... I wish I had told him how I felt back then, outside the Planet, after my... "wedding". We lost all that time and now — he's gone.

80 Meters

Lois is standing by her window. She's looking right at me but I don't think she sees me. She looks so hurt. I can't let this go on. I start drifting slowly toward her window. I hope she'll let me in. She has to know the truth tonight, whatever the consequences.

70 Meters

I glimpse a movement outside my window. Why is *he* here now? Probably to say he's sorry for letting Clark die. I can't believe he didn't come to save him. How could he let that happen to Clark? How can he come here now? Can't he understand that I don't want to see him?

60 Meters

Lois has seen me. Her expression has taken on an air of something else. Just a moment ago, she looked distraught. Now there seems to be a look of — anger. She isn't happy to see me. I slow my forward movement. She clearly doesn't want to talk with me, but I have to tell her the truth. As I resume my forward motion, I realize that I'm not breathing. No one else can affect me so effortlessly. I can't take my eyes off her face. Even when she's hurting this much, she is so beautiful. But... her expression... I fear that this will be more difficult than I imagined.

50 Meters

He doesn't seem to be getting the message! I can see that he's looking at me. In an exaggerated motion, I turn my back to him. That should be clear enough.

40 Meters

This is going to be much harder than I thought. I wish she would turn around. It's amazing how much pain can be inflicted by the simple act of having the one you love turn her back on

you.

30 Meters

I risk looking over my shoulder. He's still coming. Now I'm angry. Doesn't he understand that I need this time alone? Doesn't he realize that *he* is the last person that I want to see?

20 Meters

She peeked at me briefly but she's still deliberately facing the other way. I hope she'll let me in. Based on how she's acting, I'm afraid she won't open the window.

10 Meters

Somehow, I can sense that he's just beyond the glass. In another few seconds, he'll be right there waiting for me. Fine! If he wants to talk, I have some things to say! I'll open that window and tell him to get out of my life forever! If Superman can't be bothered to save Clark, then I would rather be on my own, too. After tonight, I could never live with myself, knowing that he saved me but let Clark die. I once thought I loved this joker but now I can't stand the sight of him.

0 Meters

She's opening the window. I've never seen her so angry and hurt. I hope she'll let me say three words. If she'll listen for that long, we have a chance.

THE END