

Billy the Bull

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Rated: G

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Summary: This fanfic is an in-between story set during the episode "Green, Green Glow of Home."

Story Size: 647 words (3Kb as text)

Disclaimer: I do not own Superman or anything to do with Superman :-(

Notes: This is my first story and more than likely my last. LOL. I prefer to read the fanfics posted on the Lois & Clark Fanfic Messageboards (<http://www.lcficmbs.com/cgi-bin/boards/ultimatebb.cgi?>) from all the authors who have the talent to write great fanfic. Unlike me, LOL. This story has been on my PC for well over 10 years if not more!! It has been changed off and on since the first draft and I have now finally decided to post it.

I hope you like it! :-)

It was 8:00 pm; Martha, Clark and Lois were in the kitchen having dinner.

"So, Lois, how are you enjoying your stay here in Smallville?" asked Martha.

Lois took a sip of her tea, then put the cup on the table as she thought for a moment.

"There's a different pace here than in Metropolis, which is always busy and noisy with people rushing around going somewhere. Here, it's nice and peaceful and quiet, except for the cows mooing in the morning and..."

CRASH!

All three jumped up and looked outside to see Jonathan run inside.

Martha looked at him, concerned. "Honey, what just happened?" asked Martha.

Between breaths, Jonathan explained, "Billy has escaped from his field again and just ran through our fence." He turned to Clark, who was getting up from his seat at the table.

"Mom, could you keep my dinner warm for me?"

"Will do, hon."

"Where you going, Clark?" asked Lois.

"To help catch Billy and fix the fence."

"Who's Billy?" Lois asked the older Kents.

"Billy is a big black bull that a neighbor owns," replied Martha, picking up Clark's plate and walking over to the stove. She placed the plate on one of the hobs to keep the food warm.

"And Clark's gone on his own to catch him?" Lois asked, shocked.

"Don't worry, Lois, Clark knows what he's doing. He helped when he was younger. Why, I remember one time, when he was only sixteen, he spent hours chasing Billy all over town. Everyone had taken refuge in the nearby shops and restaurants and their homes, until Billy was safely tied up, back in his field. When Clark got back he was all muddy and his t-shirt and jeans were torn."

"Come on, Billy, where are you?" Clark said aloud. After hours of searching, Clark was getting tired. Suddenly, he saw

Billy running at full pace in a nearby field. "Got you!" he said, before running towards Billy.

It was almost three hours later when Clark got back, tired, muddy and with a ripped t-shirt and torn jeans. Martha and Lois looked up from looking at some photos of Clark as a boy that Martha was showing Lois. When he entered the room, both gasped.

When Martha saw that he looked thoughtful, she asked, "What are you thinking about, sweetie?"

Clark looked out the window and glared at Billy who was being tied up by Jonathan.

"I'm thinking of having burgers for dinner tomorrow." Clark then looked down at himself. "I'm going to take a shower."

When Clark was out the door, Lois and Martha looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"You can both stop that right now!" Clark shouted from the top of the stairs, only causing Martha and Lois to laugh harder.

"Don't forget you've got dinner on the stove, honey!" Martha called upstairs to Clark when the laughter had subsided enough for her to talk.

"I haven't; thanks for keeping it warm for me," Clark replied.

"No trouble, honey."

THE END