

Coin Toss

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Just why did Clark leave Borneo? And how did he end up in Metropolis?

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A man slowly stumbled away from a traffic accident. His face was pale and drawn.

The whispers surrounded him.

"Wasn't he in the street?"

"The car hit him head on..."

"He's still on his feet?"

Some spoke in English, others in Bahasa Melayu. There were also a few tourists who spoke in a variety of European languages. But the consensus was clear: he should be dead... or at least seriously injured.

He made his way into an alleyway and quickly shot into the air. There he hovered above the island that had been his home for longer than almost anywhere else since his childhood in Kansas and his journalism studies at Midwestern University.

There had been no photos... he was almost sure... but people would remember his face... He sighed, saddened by this turn of events.

He had loved this island; its diversity in both human culture and wildlife.

But now, his time here was done.

Landing behind his apartment, he went in and packed at a frantic pace. His job was freelance. Though the local editor had offered him a staff position, he hadn't wanted to take the chance... and he had been right not to.

His things were soon packed in a single suitcase. He left a note for the landlord. It said that an emergency had come up and he had had to leave.

He again took to the air and stopped on a small deserted island in the middle of the Pacific. Once there, he fell to his knees and buried his head in his hands.

He couldn't believe it.

He had been forced to leave other places because he had saved a life and been seen.

But this had been different.

He hadn't been saving someone.

He had just been crossing the street.

If only that driver hadn't...

He shook his head... such thoughts weren't helpful.

He pulled out a coin with shaking hands.

It was a weighted coin. One he had been given as a joke.

It was meant to always land heads up.

He looked at the coin. "Ok, here we go again: I have to leave Borneo. Tails... I go to Metropolis. Heads I go to..." He paused to think. "South America..."

He closed his eyes and tossed the coin in the air. When it landed in his hand he opened his eyes and looked down to see the familiar head...

He froze. It was tails.

Taking a deep breath, he put the coin away. "Well, Metropolis... I hope you're ready for Clark Kent..."

THE END