

# His Mothers' Love

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Summary: Martha finds a message to her from Clark's other mom, Lara.

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Martha looked around her farmhouse. Everything was in its place, and she had just finished her most recent piece of art, a sculpture she called "A Mother's Love." It was an abstract piece combining a woman's hands with those of a child's in a way that made them look as if they flowed one into another. 'I have some time before Jonathan gets home, I guess I'll just go check on Clark's treehouse,' she thought to herself. Sometimes, in a free moment, Martha went to the treehouse to check on things and to spend a few moments in quiet contemplation.

As she walked, she thought of the gift of a son that had come to her and Jonathan. They found the baby, now named Clark, in a strange 'ship' in Shuster's field. He had been only an infant; and while his appearance and presence was a great blessing in their lives, Jonathan and Martha couldn't help wonder about where the baby came from and whose child he was. But they knew better than to question whomever it was who'd smiled upon them to finally have a child in their lives.

It had only been a few months since Clark's most recent brush with his past. While investigating and being investigated by Bureau 39, Clark had come across the ship that had carried him as an infant from Krypton to Earth. Jonathan, instead of destroying the ship, had buried it out in the field on their farm in a carefully concealed place. When Jonathan and Martha told Clark about his arrival in their lives, they took Clark to the spot where the ship had lain for years, only to find that it had been stolen.

Clark's efforts to discover all he could about his past led him and Lois to the warehouse on Bessolo Boulevard, in which they found a multitude of 'evidence' of extra-terrestrial life, among which was the missing ship. With the ship, Clark found a mysterious globe that displayed an image of Earth which changed to Krypton at his touch. He somehow managed to escape that whole episode, and Lois' attention, with the globe in his possession. From that point, he had kept the globe safely locked in a little chest on a bookshelf in his apartment.

He had awakened one night to the globe glowing brightly in its box. He opened the chest and gingerly took the globe into his hands. At his touch, the globe produced a blinding beam which opened to an image of a man dressed in a white robe. The man introduced himself as Jor-El, further explaining that Clark's birth name was Kal-El. Jor-El announced that he would appear five times and teach Kal-El things that would be important to him.

Shortly after the first message appeared, the globe was stolen along with many of Clark's other possessions and sold to Lex Luthor. Clark, as Superman, was finally able to regain possession of globe and complete his teaching. It was only after the globe ceased to teach him new things that Clark determined that the safest place for the globe to reside would be in his 'Fortress of Solitude.' This fortress was not a refuge in the Arctic ice regions; rather it was an old but sturdy treehouse built by himself and Jonathan when Clark was a boy. It was a place where he could go to sort out the confusion and questions that pummeled his brain

as he began to realize just how different he was from other kids.

As Martha approached the tree, she could see the sign that Jonathan helped Clark carve displaying the name of his hideaway. The sign still hung just outside the door as if in warning. She carefully climbed the ladder and stepped onto the deck. She had to stoop over to go through the door, but was able to stand once inside. She looked around. Here were housed the special mementoes of Clark's past — a poster from the Smallville Carnival held each year in June, a wooden walking stick that Clark had used while in the Himalayas, a drum from a tribe Clark had spent time with in Africa. On the table in the center of the room stood two jars: They contained pebbles from each place Clark had been — it was his way of bringing the world home with him. It seemed fitting that, along with the other remembrances of his past, sat the globe, his window to his birthplace, Krypton.

Martha made her way around the room, remembering the events symbolized by each item. She couldn't help but pulling a rag out of her back pocket, and wiping away a trace of dust here, and a cobweb there. "After all," she thought out loud, "you never can tell when Clark might show up here looking for a little quiet to clear his head about this whole Lois thing."

She sat down near the table and looked at the globe. Slowly she traced her finger over the outline of North America. "If only this thing could have told us more about Clark's parents and past." Her finger had come to rest on the center of the U. S., near Kansas. Gingerly she reached out and cradled the globe in her hands. "This is his only link to home..." she trailed off as the globe shimmered to life, glowing brightly. Suddenly a bright beam shot out from the globe and opened to reveal the image of a woman. She was beautiful, with a gentle smile and long red hair that hung to her waist. She wore a long white robe which bore the familiar "S" design. After a long moment the woman spoke.

"My dear lady, I am Lara of the house of El. I am Ka-El's mother. You are the woman who found and raised him on Earth. The depth of love you feel and the connection you have to him has activated this message. Since you are seeing this message, I know that Ka-El has reached maturity — no doubt with your loving influence. I so long to know him and you, the one who has raised him. But I must be satisfied that we have done the best we could to provide for his future.

As his mother, you must wonder how I could bear to send my baby off to a strange world — We felt it was his only chance for survival. Coming to that decision was the hardest of my life. When Jor-El and I learned of the fate of our world we were heartbroken. Not only for the loss of our lives and all the lives on our planet, but for the loss of our traditions and ways. I especially felt the loss of our son's future, knowing that he would not have the chance to grow up and make a life for himself. But then I wondered if there might be a chance for him. So Jor-El and I dedicated our remaining time to finding a way to save our son. His ship and this globe are the result of that work. But still the decision to use the ship, rather than all face our fate together was torturous for me.

I have felt that there is something greater than all of us, a universal force that guides our lives, and perhaps listens to our pleas. I haven't normally been one to pray, but as a mother desperate to find a way to save my baby, I prayed. I prayed that we would find a way to save him, a place to send him, and for someone to love and care for him. That person is you. You have saved his life, and given mine the only measure of peace I have. For that I thank you from my heart.

So often I have wondered what he would look like, what he would become. I have grieved at the thought that I will not be with him to see him grow, or to be there to comfort him. My only consolation has been the prayer that someone else might do that for him. I hope he has brought joy to your life, like he has to ours.

I have tried to think of a way to thank you for caring for our son. Here on Krypton, music is very important to us. So this song is a gift to you — the mother of my son.”

Lara turned to the cradle that held Ka-El and gently picked him up and cradled him to her. From somewhere in the background, music began to play. Lara looked down at Ka-El and sang.

With so many wrong decisions  
in my past, I'm not quite sure  
If I can ever hope to trust  
my judgment anymore.  
But lately I've been thinking  
'cause that's all that I can do,  
and in my heart I feel that I  
should give this child to you.  
If you choose to tell him,  
and if he wants to know,  
how the one who gave him life  
can bear to let him go.  
Just tell him there were sleepless nights  
I prayed and paced the floors  
and knew the only peace I'd find,  
is if this child was yours.  
And maybe, you can tell your baby  
when you love him so,  
that he's been loved before.  
By someone who delivered your son  
from God's arms, to my arms to yours.

For a moment Lara seemed overwhelmed, and she paused to brush tears from her eyes. Then more slowly, she continued.

Now you don't have to do this,  
but could you kiss him once for me  
the first time that he ties his shoes,  
or falls and skins his knee?  
And could you hold him twice as long  
when he makes his mistakes,  
and tell him that he's not alone —  
sometimes that's all it takes  
I know how much he'll ache.  
This may not be the answer  
for someone else like me.  
But I'm not going to tell someone  
just how we all should be  
I'm just trusting in my feelings,  
and I'm trusting God above,  
And I'm trusting you can give this baby  
both his mothers' love.  
And maybe you can tell your baby  
when you love him so  
that he's been loved before,  
by someone who delivered your son  
from God's arms, to my arms, to yours.

The music died away and Lara looked from the face of her son to Martha again. “To you I entrust our son. Thank you,” and with that she was gone.

For long moments Martha sat holding the globe and weeping. “Our son,” she repeated out loud — that seemed right.

Martha looked up as she heard the sound of gravel crunching, and she saw Jonathan's truck turning into the driveway. Slowly she placed the globe back on the table, turned and shut the door behind her, and started down the ladder.

From God's Arms to My Arms to Yours ~Words and music  
by Michael McLean

THE END

(Slightly adapted for content)