

Finding the Way Up

By Lieta [shocrel@yahoo.com]

Rated: G

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Summary: Six months after the events in the fanfic "One Way Down" Clark still has some practicing to do.

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Clark took a deep breath. This was it! Months of practice came down to this moment.

He peeked over the rim of the cliff he had found again. It looked like a much bigger drop from up here....

His mother would *kill* him if she knew he was doing this.

Sure he couldn't be hurt, but she wouldn't care. Martha Kent would find a way.

It had been six months since a chance fall had revealed his ability to, well, hover.

He had practiced and practiced. Now, he could jump into the air and stay there. And he was ready to try the next step. Jumping off something higher up and staying there....

He took another steadying breath and looked over the edge one last time.

He jumped over.

He effortlessly hovered in the air just over the edge. He rolled over onto his back to look at the sky. There weren't many clouds today, but he saw one large puffball float across the sun.

Clark frowned for a long moment, studying the cloud.

He tilted his head in consideration. 'I wonder....'

He could run faster than the speed of sound. What if he could still use that speed...in the air?

He easily straightened in the air to hover upright. His eyes squeezed shut and he thought 'up!' He waited a moment and opened his eyes. Nothing had happened.

He frowned, so thought wasn't the key. He closed his eyes and 'jumped'. Another check, he hadn't moved....

Clark glared at the cloud overhead in frustration. A bird flew past him, seeming to mock his immobility.

He tilted his head and frowned as he watched the small bird. He tried flapping his arms.... He was sure he looked as awkward as he felt. And it was all for nothing....

He finally lost his temper and punched the air above his head, throwing his weight into the move.

He let out a startled yelp as he shot up into the air. By the time he was able to stop himself he looked down with wide eyes. He was... *high*... like airplane high....

He looked around and saw the cloud he had been studying before... *below him*...

Clark frowned at his hand. He had punched the air... and had flown....

No, that wasn't it... he had made sure his weight followed through with his hand....

Clark considered the cloud and thought of his body moving towards it.

It worked....

It *worked!*

He was flying... under his own control... slowly....

Really slowly....

He frowned and 'pushed' himself hard.... And found out what the inside of a cloud felt like....
This might take some work....

Fin

THE END