

Guess Who's Talking?

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Rated:G

Submitted: September, 2010

Summary: Someone's watching Lois ... but who?

Here's my attempt at the Guess Who's Talking challenge on the mbs [http://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ultimatebb.php?ubb=get_topic;f=3;t=000755#000000]. I typed it on the train this morning on my way to visit my sister (until I was nearly sick over my keyboard and had to stop. [g])

What do you think?

Lois. I watch as she lifts the coffee pot and fills her mug. Swill, I think. How can she bear to drink that stuff? I suppose the answer is that she doesn't. It invariably gets forgotten, left to grow cold on her desk as she pursues her next big story. She reaches for a Danish -- or is it a donut? I can't tell from where I'm standing. It's barely 9:30 and she's eating already? I search for a distraction, anything, and turn my mind to the weather instead. It's chilly. Someone really ought to turn the air conditioning down in here. My health is suffering and I'm really starting to feel the cold these days.

She's moving again, pushing past a colleague towards her boyfriend. Clark. I sigh. If only she paid me half the attention she does him. Could it be because he's so attractive? No, surely she's not that shallow. Besides, it's hardly my fault I'm in the state I'm in! I sit here every day hoping against hope that she'll talk to me, show me a little affection, but it never happens. Unrequited love is bound to take its toll on one's appearance.

And yet I live in hope. Foolish, I know, when her heart belongs to another.

She's perched herself on the edge of his desk, her skirt riding up her thighs. How can I not be jealous? Her attentions should be directed at me! Am I that hard to love? Surely, not. All I've ever wanted is a small act of kindness once in a while, some indication that she cares. Do I ask too much? Almost anything will nourish my withered soul.

She leans in to kiss him. I know I should look away, but I am transfixed. What about me, I silently scream. But she doesn't know I'm alive. Hell, sometimes even I forget.

My heart flips over. She's on her way back across the newsroom, coffee mug in hand, smiling as she comes towards me. I know that smile isn't mine, but I dream it just the same. The breeze as she passes is like a lover's caress. Oh, Lois.

The phone rings and she answers. Notes are frantically scribbled, she grabs her bag, and she and Clark are on their way. 'Don't go' I want to cry, but it's too late. I despair. Who knows when I'll see her again?

I cast a glance to my left and my heart lurches. As predicted, the untouched coffee has been left to go cold ...

THE END.

So ... who am I?