

Lois' Card

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Rated: G

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Summary: Lois' first anniversary card to Lois. A companion story to Clark's Card.

Disclaimer: I don't lay claim to Lois, Clark, or anything in their universe; they belong to others. This story is my own. It was written for entertainment purposes only, not for profit.

My thanks to Female Hawk (Corrina), Iolanthe, and Sue S. for their encouragement as I took my first nervous steps into the realm of WAFFy writing and for their very helpful suggestions. Virtual Double Fudge Crunch Bars to each of you. :-)

As always, feedback welcome.

Dear Clark,

The first anniversary is the paper anniversary, and so I am writing you this card. Feel free to destroy it after you have read it, since I will be writing openly in it of things you would not wish others to see.

I still marvel that you have gifted me with your precious love, and that that love has changed me so much.

When you first met me, I was so selfish and so driven. I had learned as a young girl that human interaction was for the purpose of using other people. Love and friendship only meant that you were volunteering to be used. A giving love, a happily-ever-after love, was as much a fairy tale as Peter Pan. I had decided early on that receiving that sort of love was impossible, and so I would strive for respect instead. I therefore determined to be the best reporter possible. I was always after the next story, the next Kerth, and that Holy Grail – the Pulitzer. Anything and anyone that stood in my way was an obstacle to be removed. And I thought everyone was, at heart, like me. Everyone had an angle. If anyone was kind to me, I assumed it was because they were planning to use me. And so I returned the favor and only bothered to be civil to others when I wanted to use them.

And then you came into my life; both of you – the farm boy and the fly boy. At first, Superman was my Peter Pan, the boy who could fly, all grown up. He showed me that not everyone is in it for themselves. He was here to help. Of course I was attracted to him for his abilities and his strength, not to mention his incredible looks, but the real draw for me was that he kept putting others first. I had never met anyone who had done that before.

So why did it take me so much longer to see these traits in Clark? They were, obviously, every bit as much a part of him as of Superman, since both were you. But it was easier to believe that an alien, so different from humans in other respects, could also be different in the way he relates to people. I simply could not believe that my writing partner could be that selfless. I figured that you were being nice to me only so you could steal my stories and thereby win awards that should have been mine. It took me a long time to believe that you were nice to people simply because you are a nice person, and that you were being especially kind to me because you truly cared for me. Yet every smile you gave me, every cup of coffee you prepared for me, even every time you gently teased me, chipped away a little at the

fortress I had built around my heart; my own fortress of solitude.

Then, just as I was truly starting to love Clark, I figured out your secret. I saw your having kept it from me as a betrayal of my trust and as a confirmation of my old belief that everyone has an angle. I temporarily rebuilt my fortress walls. I know how much that hurt you. Did I ever thank you for not giving up on me then? With your patience and your love, I was able to tear down the walls a final time.

If, over the years, you had just shown me the goodness in your own heart, that would have been enough. But you went on to teach me that humans can have goodness in their hearts, as well. It is because of you that I was able to accept the friendship that Jimmy and Perry had to offer. And it is through your eyes that I started to see, and accept, the goodness in my own heart. You not only gave me your heart, you gave me back my own. And then your caring, patience, and love led me to give you my restored heart – reluctantly at first, and then joyfully.

You have changed me so much. Before you became my partner, I lived for my work. You showed me that there is so much more to live for. Superman has saved me from death many times over the years, but it was Clark who truly gave me my life. You showed me what love is. And I love you -- both of you -- so much.

Thank you for giving me a happily-ever-after love. Happy anniversary, my very own Peter Pan.

Love,
Lois.

THE END