

The Absent-Minded Superhero

By Lois_Lane_Fan <y2kallman@yahoo.com>

Rated: G

Submitted: July 2011

Summary: Clark's duties as Superman cause him to forget something very important.

It all started with a call in the middle of the night. Clark picked up the phone and looked at the clock. It was 3:13 a.m.

"Do you realize what time it is?" he asked as he yawned. "Who is this, anyway? Lois, this had better not be you waking me up in the middle of the night again because you have a lead on a story. I told you the last three times that any lead can wait until the morning, no matter how juicy it is."

"It's not Lois," the voice at the other end of the line said. "It's Mayson. Mayson Drake. I'm sorry I had to call you this late, but I didn't want her to find out."

"Who?" Clark asked as he rubbed his eyes.

"Lois, of course," Mayson replied. "I have a lead for you, but if I give it to you, you have to promise not to share it with her."

"Why?" Clark asked. "She's my partner."

"I just don't like her, okay?" Mayson answered, sounding a little annoyed. "I know you're partners, but you do write separate stories, too, don't you?"

"Well, yes, that's true," Clark mumbled. "Okay, what do you want to tell me?"

"I can't tell you over the phone," said Mayson. "We have to meet somewhere, and it has to be a place where Miss Nosey won't follow us."

"Fine," Clark said reluctantly. "She's asleep anyway, so I doubt she'll be able to follow us, but I know of one place Lois absolutely will not go . . ."

A few minutes later, Clark was getting dressed to meet with Mayson, and he heard a fire truck pass by. He ran over to his window, spun into his Superman costume, and flew outside. Using his telescopic vision, he realized that the Daily Planet was on fire.

"Well, seeing as how I'm up already, I bet they can use some help down there," Clark said under his breath. "Mayson will just have to wait."

Superman zipped over to the Daily Planet as quickly as he could. As he hovered in the air, he did his best to assess the situation.

"First things first," he said to himself. "I need to put out that fire."

Then, using his super breath, he put out the fire. He subsequently flew around the building a few times just to make sure the fire was completely out. It was the middle of the night, meaning the building was probably empty, but the thought then occurred to Clark that somebody might be in the Daily Planet. Therefore, he used his x-ray vision to check inside. To his astonishment, he realized that Lois was in the building!

He flew into the Daily Planet and stared down at Lois.

"Just what are you doing here so late?" he asked Lois teasingly.

"Superman!" she screamed with excitement. "I'm so glad you came. I had a tip on a story and was working on it here so I could have it ready by morning. All of a sudden, a fire broke out."

"Any idea who started it, or do you think it might have been an accident?" he asked.

"I think it was one of the people I was writing about in my story," she explained. "You see, what I have on them could put them in jail for a very long time."

"I see," Clark said slowly. "But where is your partner, Clark Kent? Surely, you'd share something like this with him, wouldn't you?"

"Normally, yes. Well, maybe," she corrected herself. "But it's really late, and I didn't want to disturb him."

"Uh-huh. I've gotta go, I think somebody else needs my help," Superman lied as he flew off and changed back into Clark Kent.

He then ran back towards Lois and called out, "Lois, are you all right?"

"Clark," she replied. "What are you doing up so late?"

"Uh, I forgot . . . my . . . something . . . here and needed to come get it," he stammered.

"Huh?" Lois replied. "What did you forget?"

"My . . . pen," Clark said, naming the first thing he saw on his desk.

"This early in the morning, you felt the urge to come back and get your pen?" she said in disbelief.

"I needed to write something down," Clark said sheepishly.

"And you only own one pen?" Lois asked curiously.

Clark was getting nervous about all these questions, so he decided to change the topic. "If you want to get this story out by tomorrow, we'd better hurry."

"Right!" Lois yelled, forgetting about the pen completely.

"This is amazing," Perry said as he read Lois and Clark's story. "Corruption in the D.A.'s office. I can't believe it. Clark, do you think your friend Mayson might be involved in any of this?"

"Mayson? I doubt it," Clark said dismissively. "What a minute! Mayson! I completely forgot!"

Lois and Perry stared at Clark with an inquisitive look on their faces, but before either of them could say anything, a ruckus from outside in the newsroom stopped them. Clark ran out of Perry's office and practically fainted when he saw Mayson standing in the center of the room.

Mayson looked like a filthy mess! However, underneath the mess, it was obvious that she'd taken the time to fix herself up a lot before she had gotten so dirty. She was wearing a tattered little black dress with a deep V-neck and a mini skirt. She was also wearing black stiletto shoes, which were now drenched from muddy water. In addition, she was wearing one big gold earring, but she seemed to be missing the other one.

"You stood me up," Mayson said in a calm tone, but Clark could tell she wasn't pleased. "That's bad enough, but did you have to suggest we meet at the Metropolis Sewage Reclamation Facility?!"

"Well, you said to meet somewhere Lois wouldn't go, and that was the only place I could think of!" Clark said. "And I definitely wasn't expecting you to dress like that! You didn't think we were on a date, did you?"

Mayson stared at him crossly. "Of course I didn't think it was a date! That doesn't mean I can't dress nice!"

"Mayson, I'm so sorry," Clark said timidly.

"I spent a fortune on this outfit," Mayson continued. "And now, it's ruined!"

Other than Clark and Mayson herself, the only other person in the room that didn't seem to have a smile on his or her face was Lois. Normally, she'd get a kick out of misfortune for Mayson, but she knew how Mayson felt from her own trip to the Metropolis Sewage Reclamation Facility. Until now, she'd been standing by silently, but she finally grabbed Mayson by the hand.

Mayson looked confused, not entirely sure whether or not Lois was going to help her or make fun of her.

“Don’t worry, Mayson,” Lois said softly. “Clark did the same thing to me once. I know exactly what you need to do.”

“Really?” Mayson asked in disbelief. “You’re going to help me?”

“Of course,” replied Lois. “I know a great place that can clean and repair your dress for a reasonable price. I think we might be able to save those shoes as well.”

“You are a lifesaver, Lois,” Mayson said as she put her arm around Lois’ shoulder.

“It’s no problem. It’ll take about three or four showers, but you’ll smell just fine once you wash off,” Lois said as she sniffed Mayson’s neck. “You smell really bad, but what is that perfume you’re wearing? It smells amazing!”

“It’s an ambered scent,” replied Mayson. “If you like it, you can have it. I don’t want it anymore because I swear the stuff attracts mosquitoes like crazy.”

“Don’t worry,” Lois said as she inspected Mayson’s mosquito bites. “Lavender oil will help these bites a lot. If that doesn’t work, I’ve heard tea tree oil is really good, too. For me, though, the lavender oil worked just fine.”

As Lois and Mayson walked away, Clark and Perry watched in awe. Here were two women that always hated each other in the past, and now, suddenly they were acting like best friends!

“Son, if you planned this in order to get those two to be friends, I think you need to write a book or something,” said Perry.

“I didn’t plan it,” answered Clark. “Who could plan something like that?”

Suddenly, Lois ran back into the newsroom. “Clark, you’d better run down to the Metropolis Sewage Reclamation Facility and find Mayson’s other earring, or you’ll have to answer to me! Understand?”

“Yeah, I understand,” Clark answered, still in shock.

Then, Perry added, “If you thought those two in the same room together as enemies was bad, just wait till you see what it’ll be like if they stay friends after this.”

Clark just continued staring blankly into space, not even answering Perry.

THE END