

Martha's Journal

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Rated PG

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Summary: This is Martha's view of the first season of L&C. Since she is an Uber-mother, expect a little tunnel vision.

This is a story based on the Warner Brother's series, Lois and Clark. I borrowed part of the existing library of stories, and bent them into a pretzel until it is hardly recognizable as GGGOH to ASU from the first season of the show. I promise that Warner Brothers can have them back, minus my additions, and that I will not make any modifications that cannot be undone, leaving it the same way I found it.

WARNING: If you are one of those people who hate something to not fit into canon/original scripts, please skip this piece of cotton candy. It is pulled out of the air and does not follow any other schedule of existing scripts.

Nov. 14

Clark called today. He told us that because of Wayne's problems with the government, the Daily Planet is interested in making a story about toxic waste, or EPA findings, or some such nonsense.

Jonathan and I were pleased that he said Lois was coming with him. He has such a crush on her, and we've never met anyone who could do that to Clark. Wonder if she is anything like Lana? Does she whine until Clark does what she wants?

We've been reading in the newspaper about Superman. Who would have thought that one of my Halloween costumes would be the talk of the whole world? My boy sure is a good looking guy. I wonder if he realizes how much the women of the world (all who still have a pulse) would do anything to make him theirs. He just doesn't see what others see.

Nov. 15

Lois and Clark arrived today. They rented a car at the Kansas City airport and both of them came to town.

I've been freshening up Clark's room for Lois to stay in. Wonder how I managed to have the nerve to suggest that the two of them share one room? I know I embarrassed him, but someone has to get her to really see my boy.

Lois is a true beauty. She has dark hair and eyes, much to my amazement. Clark always seemed to prefer the blondes, but then again, I've never seen him taken with anyone like he is with her. She's a snippy little creature. Made a comment about Jonathan's sexuality before she even knew who he was. Felt good to take her down a peg and make her forget her high ways. For an award winning journalist, she sure does pop off (mouth-wise) and say the most inappropriate things.

When we went to bed tonight, Jonathan told me that he could see what Clark saw in Lois. He said she has the same fire in her that I have. He said she'd keep Clark busy in the bedroom the same way I keep him busy. (All I ever wanted for my boy is to have someone to love him. And, if she loves him with a fire inside, he will be a very happy fellow.)

Nov. 16

Clark met something that could be a danger to him today. I'm not talking about Lois, who could really end his fragile spirit. I'm talking about the blasted green rock that Wayne found. For some reason, it made Clark have spasms and then lose consciousness

altogether. We brought him back into the house, but he had absolutely no strength left. (I was hoping that Lois would do that to him, not a green rock.) I guess Jonathan is right when he says that it must have come here with Clark's space ship, and that it is toxic to him alone.

Lois got her fax today, and seemed just mildly concerned about the fact that Clark was obviously sick. She cannot seem to concentrate on my boy the way he concentrates on her. I love the look he gets on his face when he is looking in her direction. Now if she would only return that look, we'd have the beginnings of another chapter in the Kent's history.

Nov. 17

Boy, today was a winner! It seems that there is an EPA guy, by the name of Trask, who wants Superman dead. Trask is convinced that Superman is evil and will try to take over the world. In the process, he learned that the green rock makes Clark lose all his powers, and Trask captured us trying to use it so he could see how much further it would go. I think he truly wants to kill my boy.

Jonathan, Wayne, and I were tied up in the shed, and Trask lit a match to try to get Superman to save us. Unfortunately for Clark, he happened to be nearby, and true to Clark's inbred sense of right and wrong, he jumped in to save us. The only problem was that Clark had no powers and Trask had a gun. Luckily, Rachel arrived at the right time and ended the threat on my boy's life. She doesn't know that she saved the strongest man alive from a nut with a gun.

The best part of the whole thing was when Lois arrived and found that Clark had fought with Trask. She did the first thing I've seen her do in this stay that showed she does have feelings for my son. She grabbed him and hugged the stuffing out of him. He was exhausted from the battle he had fought, but you could see he enjoyed his woman giving him some comfort.

Jonathan and I wonder how long it will take for Clark to convince Lois that she truly does love him. I'm not getting any younger and would love to have grandchildren before I get any older: nice little brown eyed, dark headed, spitfire grandchildren with Superpowers like their father.

Nov. 18

Clark and Lois left this morning after breakfast. I miss them. Clark will be back as soon as he gets all his powers back, but I wonder how long it will be until Lois comes back. Sure would love for them to come back with an announcement and a beautiful ring on her finger.

Clark called when he got back home and complained about having to fly in "a metal tube at a snail's pace." I told him I really loved his girl, and he said that unfortunately she wasn't his girl. He is back to denying that there is anything between them. I wish he could, for once, just take her in his arms and tell her how he feels and then not let her go until she tells him the same thing.

Nov. 20

Sorry about skipping yesterday. Wayne and Jonathan went to a farming convention, and, for a change, I went to a show in downtown Smallville, bought popcorn at the show, and then took myself to Maisie's for supper. My son's city ways are rubbing off on me. Don't know why I decided to do something so silly, but it felt good to be carefree for once.

Clark called a while ago, and his powers are starting to come back. I asked him about Lois, and he said she had a date with that Lex Luthor. Clark says that he is a really dangerous guy. I wonder why she would date him? Is it because my SUPER son will not show his cave-man side to Lois? He is always the gentleman, and sometimes a girl wants to be thrown over the shoulder and carried off into the sunset. Maybe I need to have his Dad tell him that he could be a little forceful and still not compromise the code of good manners. Then again, Jonathan has only been forceful that once when he would not take no for an answer when I tried

to refuse his proposal for the fourth time. I've never in my life been kissed like that. Maybe I need to kiss Jonathan like that and see if he still has it in him.

Nov. 21

Well, last night was very, very interesting. Jonathan is a surprise! In spite of being advanced in years, overweight, and working hard all day, he has a lot of fire left in him. I hope my son has that same fire for his love. She will be a happy girl!

Jonathan brought me home some flowers (peonies) this afternoon. I asked what was on his mind, and he showed me! Marriage is a great institution! I'd be locked up in it any time as long as Jonathan was locked up with me. (Good thing I couldn't get pregnant, because we'd have 20 kids by now with all this action.)

Nov. 22

Clark called and was almost in tears. He said that Lois had told him she was in love with someone. He hopes it isn't Lex Luthor. He always thought she had a crush on Superman, but she hardly noticed Clark. I told him to come home and sit down and talk to his father and me and we would try to help him figure how to get Lois' attention as Clark. He said he'd have to put spandex on with a huge S on his chest before she'd even look in his direction. So, I told him to do just that! Put on the suit and go to Lois and tell her who she was in love with. We all know she loves my boy, but she's just mixed up about all his identities. If she loves one of him, I know she also loves the other.

Jonathan said he was going to go into town and talk to Mr. Stalks at the bank about getting a loan to fix up the small bathroom off the master bedroom. He wants to put a better shower unit in it, with a bunch of different heads. He also wants to increase the size of the shower. He said we would have to give up a little of the closet in our room, but the rewards were worth the sacrifice. That guy is getting randy in his old age! I said he could do it if he would build me a cedar-lined closet under the attic steps where I could store the extra clothes that I no longer could put in our room. He agreed. Oh boy, is he going to be a busy fellow this winter, just so that he can play next spring!

Nov. 23

Today Lois called me. She said that she wanted to talk to me about Clark, but she chickened out after a few statements. What is the girl thinking? She admitted that Clark was a great guy and that she was lucky to be a friend of his. But I know she wanted to say so much more, and then she just changed the subject and asked if we were coming to Metropolis for Thanksgiving. I cannot wait to see if she told Clark that she was going to call me. I wonder if he has any idea what she wanted.

Clark is having trouble as Superman. It seems that they are having a heat wave in Metropolis, and people are blaming Clark, as Superman. No one knows how he rejuvenates himself with the aid of the sun, but I'd bet dollars to donuts that he had nothing to do with a city as big as that having a temperature problem. He has been ordered to leave the city and has agreed to comply with the wishes of the courts.

Jonathan came home with a loan that not only covered his remodel of the bathroom, but also it should get us a new henhouse. I have been after Jonathan for a long time about how that the henhouse was not warm enough for our winters. We hardly get any eggs in the winter months, so we needed to increase the warming lights at least. Jonathan talked Mr. Stalks into giving him enough money to rebuild instead of remodeling the henhouse. I guess he felt guilty that we were doing something silly like a shower built for two, and the poor hens were shivering their feathers off. Anyway, Wayne and his son are supposed to help Jonathan with the construction. I wonder how Jonathan will explain the need for a larger shower to his buddy?

Nov. 24

Clark came home for the weekend. Jonathan was in the

middle of making up the plans for our bathroom and Clark sat down to look at them. He seemed to grasp the meaning of the double shower, because he turned slightly pink before he walked away. I wonder just how innocent my boy is? I always thought he was so self-conscious about his strength and powers, that he would be reluctant to take up with a girl. Lois is the first one he has ever had such strong feelings for, but I'm sure that he has met many women who would enjoy him. (What a thought for a mother to have about her little boy.)

Jonathan, Clark, and I all enjoyed this weekend so much. Clark and his father worked on moving the larger bales of hay to the barn. Clark can do them in a second, but he slows it down and lets his father drive the hay wagon while he tosses huge bales into it. It would take Jonathan and about three other grown men a week to do what the two of them did this afternoon.

This evening we all went out to Maisie's and had her fried chicken dinner. I had a two piece dinner, Jonathan had a three piece dinner, and Clark had a whole half-chicken or four pieces. It's a good thing he cannot gain weight because he'd be over 300 pounds with all he eats. Then again, I've seen him when he is upset about something Lois was doing and he forgot to eat for an entire day. My boy has it bad for that girl. If she doesn't start to treat him right, I may have to step in and make her an honest woman. My son is the catch of the decade, and she could have him gift-wrapped, but she is too stubborn to admit that she loves him, too.

Nov. 25

Clark is still here. He said he'd leave a little after we went to bed, but he wanted to make sure of something before he left. I don't know what that means but I'm sure he is anxious to get back to Metropolis and Lois, so he won't linger too long here. I'm writing this in bed before we turn out the lights. Jonathan has just gotten out of the shower and is searching for his clean pjs. I don't have much time to write before the lights will be turned off.

I am so glad I have the family I have. When we were younger and were told that we would never have a family, I think I was as sad as anyone could be and still be sane. Now, I not only have my wonderful husband, whom I adore more than words can say, but I have a grown son who is the light of my life. He also is a national hero. What more could a simple country woman, who works long hours with livestock, ask for when her life was being summed up? Now, if I could just get my hero son to marry and have me some grandchildren, I'd bust for pleasure. Wonder how you order grandchildren in the Sears Roebuck catalog?

Nov. 26

Bless his little, pea-picking heart! Clark left three huge burlap sacks full of pecans from our old tree by the back door. If I could only train him to shell them before he leaves them, I'd have more time to make pecan pies. Wonder if I told him that, it would be enough hint for his male brain to digest? Shell the nuts and Mom makes more pies! Subtle enough? His hint about his favorite pie was about as subtle.

We enjoyed his visit so much. Lois' name did not come up much this time, but I did manage to find out that he had no idea that Lois had called me a few days ago. I bet that will be a wonderful conversation when he gets home and asks her about the call. I wish I could hear what was said. I know she wanted something, but she just did not get to the point of her reason for calling me.

Jonathan has said he will go to Topeka to the plumbing supply store and order the bathroom fixtures he wants. He wondered if I wanted to go along and help pick out the hardware but also get to do some shopping in the big city. The holidays are coming up soon (too fast to suit me) and I need to get started on Christmas gifts. My list this year will include Lois, but I guess I had better make it generic. I don't want to scare her off before she has agreed to become a member of this family. I bet I can talk

Jonathan into getting someone to mind the animals and we could stay overnight in Topeka. I do love to go to a hotel with my man! I know he will go along with it if at all possible.

Nov. 27

Clark called and said that he was at his wits' end about what to do. It seems that some nut chemist made a pheromone that she sprayed on the employees at the Daily Planet. I do not know what had Clark so upset, but he cut the call short because I heard Lois in the background. I wonder if she spent the night? He promised to call back later.

Jonathan and I agreed, barring any unforeseen emergencies, that we would be going to Topeka next Saturday and Sunday evenings. I know that I want to look for some warm clothes for Jonathan and I, as this is the year we both need new gloves and heated socks. Last year's are all worn out. I have made up my list of what we need to buy for Christmas gifts this year and will look for them while I am there. If I cannot find what I want, we can always go back to ordering from the catalog again. There is plenty of time left to be assured I will have everything in time for Christmas.

Nov. 28

Thanksgiving was strange without Clark here to eat with us. He called early this morning to tell us that he was still going to work, but he thought he'd skip coming for supper this year. He sounded so depressed. My heart goes out to him. He has so many things to be thankful for, but Lois is the one thing still missing in his life. What is it going to take for me to make her realize that she loves my wonderful son? I'm so thankful for Jonathan and Clark! I can't wait for Lois to realize that she is thankful for my Super Son. Next year I will be entertaining both of them, I'm sure, but for now Thanksgiving is a sad day. I hate holidays that I cannot spend with my husband and son (and his lady love.)

Nov. 29

Clark called today so confused that I still don't understand the whole story he was trying to tell me. It seems that when that incident happened with the perfume that the chemist made, Lois was sprayed and threw herself at Clark in a big way. He said it confused him terribly. He admitted that he loves Lois and that he wants to marry her one day. (That was a big admission from a man who last week told us that they were just friends.) When Lois was under the influence of the spray, she had tried to get Clark to submit to her. He admitted that it wouldn't take much pressure for him to be at her beck and call. He said he resisted only because he was afraid that when she came to her senses she would think he had taken advantage of her. The only problem was that when Lois regained her sanity, she disavowed her affection for Clark. She told him that he must have done something to her or she would have never been like that. His worst fears were realized, and he was deathly afraid that Lois would hold this incident against him forever, even though he was innocent of all wrong doing. In fact, Lois was lucky that she threw herself at Clark. Any lesser fellow probably would never have resisted her advances.

Nov. 30

We are leaving tonight for Topeka. We had hoped to leave by noon, but Clark arrived and we didn't have the heart to tell him we were going away. He is heart sick about Lois. She is being all snobby, making Clark pay for his imaginary sins against her.

My husband and I are going to be happy and have a hot ole time on the town tonight. Now I just wish my son could say the same thing. My heart bleeds for his distress. Lois has got to play grown-up games instead of

these high school games she is playing right now. She knows Clark would never force himself on her. Damn, he even stayed away from her while she was like that. What more does she need to convince her that he loves her, not that he is just in lust with her?

Goodbye month of November!

Dec. 3

Hello December! It cannot already be this late in the year.

I had a wonderful time in Topeka. Jonathan surprised me with a silky nightgown that he had purchased for our trip. I cannot imagine what shade of red he must have been while he was purchasing the beautiful nightgown. My husband of 32 years is still surprising me all the time. How did I ever get so lucky to marry my prince charming? When I think of Danny Rowling who I thought I wanted, and how he turned out to be a wife-beater, I wonder how I ever rated such a wonderful, loving, and affectionate husband as Jonathan? I have got to be the luckiest girl on the planet. (With a son who was born on another planet.)

I am in full baking-for-the-holidays mode. Since we got back last night, I have already made 8 pies and a batch of chocolate chip cookies. I swear that Clark could smell the cookies all the way in Metropolis, because he dropped by about the same time as I took them out of the oven. He is still in a bummed out mood about Lois, but he managed to put away a dozen cookies all by himself. He left shortly after I cut him off from the cookie supply. (I'm a heartless old mom, who is trying to play catch up to the calendar with so much baking to do and so short a time to do it.)

I managed to find Lois a locket at an antique store. It is yellow gold with hearts and flowers engraved on the outside. The devil in me tells me to include a picture of my son on the inside, but I guess I'll refrain and make her ask me for a picture when she finally comes to her senses.

Dec. 4

Last night, unbeknown to us, we had a tragedy happen here in our little community. It's always hard to watch someone lose everything to a fire, but especially during the holidays. Our neighbors, Joe and Sylvia Gwynn had their Christmas lights short out and catch the tree on fire. Sylvia had gone to the store in town, leaving the tree lights on, and Joe had gone out to the barn to make sure that the cows were all back and he milked the one who still had milk. When he walked out of the barn, the house was fully involved in a massive fire. No one was hurt, but I know how heartbroken I would be if my memories (and this book) were to disappear in a fire. I put a lot of my thoughts in here so that I can release the thought and go on to live the next day without an encumbrance.

When I heard the news about Joe and Sylvia, I immediately went to the closet to find some clothes for them. Sylvia is a little taller than me, but pretty much my size. Joe can fit into Jonathan's sweaters and coats, but he is considerably smaller. I wonder what we can do to help these two friends who will need so much between now and the first of the year. I'm reminding myself, here in this booklet, to call Maisie and get her started with their grown children to see what they need and how we can help.

All of our petty problems seem so small in light of the tragic circumstances that waylaid my friends. I have a life most would love to live, with a husband who is the sweetest and kindest fellow to be found. I have a son that the whole world knows because of his heroic efforts to save the world. And I have a future daughter-in-law who is going to put a smile on my son's face that cannot be erased. (NOW, Lois, get on board and get with the program. We know you will be Clark Kent's wife, so why are you fighting this so much? Give up the fight and enjoy the lovin'. If he is one third the lover his Dad is, you will enjoy it! I promise.)

Dec. 5

Have you ever had a wonderful week that ends with everything going wrong? Today was the cherry on the top of the sundae that turned it from sweet to bittersweet.

It started with Jonathan asking me if I knew where the checkbook was. Of course, I know where it is since I am the one

who pays most of the bills. I went over to the desk (how come males never look in a desk but they look through a magazine rack or a junk drawer where there are 20 ballpoint pens and 3 screwdrivers.) I pulled it out and then he asked where I kept the pens. Since he had just pulled out the drawer with most of them, and since I put one back in the desk after removing the checkbook, I figured that he could find a pen by himself, so I ignored him. Jonathan never raises his voice when he is upset, but he stomped his foot and asked if I had any idea how rude it was to not answer a question. I gave him a patented “Martha is not happy” look and handed him a pen. It did not write, so instead of going to the drawer where I had pulled it out, he threw the pen in the direction of the waste can (and missed) and asked me to get him another one. When I asked him why he needed to write a check, he ignored me. Somehow that just rubbed me the wrong way, and I walked over to stand right beside him as I repeated the phrase he used on me, but I didn't stomp my foot. He was going to donate some money for the Gwynns, which was a really good idea, but he acted like he was the only one who thought of it.

To break the mood we had started the day with, I decided to leave the room and walked into the kitchen to pour myself a cup of coffee. I picked up one of the chocolate chip cookies and took them over to the table to make myself feel better. A few minutes later, Jonathan walked into the room and asked me if I would get him coffee and cookies, too. Is his arm broken? Damn!

To top off a perfect day, my meatloaf burned at supper since I had to go out to the henhouse because of a lamp exploding, and I lost track of time. Clark called me around seven pm and wanted to ask me a male-female question. I was not in a good “I love males” mood, but I tried to answer my son as well as I could. I guess I must have misunderstood him, because he was shocked with my answer. I'm not sure what went wrong with that interaction, but I really did not mean to cut him off. I told him I had a really bad day and would he please call me back tomorrow and we would try to work on his problem. He told me he loved me, but he hung up pretty abruptly.

Dec. 6

Today was a rerun of yesterday. How in the world can I have weeks of wonderful and two days in a row of tedious?

I am going to rise above the fray and not rerun the semi-fight Jonathan and I had, but it was not pleasant. I remember that I was so happy last week, and this week I am not a happy camper. What does it take to make the tide turn?

Clark, it seems, is trying to figure out what Lois sees in Lex Luthor. Lex has been putting the full court press on Lois, and Clark says he cannot compete with the third richest Man in the world. I told him he not only could compete, but he had some skills that would make any woman forget a billionaire. One was the way he looked in that Superman suit, and the other one that really seemed to impress Lois was the flying. Lex Luthor might have his own plane, but Clark was able to fly faster and further without having to file flight plans with the FAA. He was not amused with my statement. He asked if I thought the only thing he had going was when he wore that silly Superman suit. I told him that was what made them pay attention and then it was up to his great personality to keep them entertained. He thanked me and hung up. Did I say something wrong? Why is this day going like this?

The good thing was that Jonathan apologized to me at supper and said he loved me. I knew that, but it nice to hear anyway.

Dec. 7

Today they delivered the plumbing supplies that we ordered last week

in Topeka. The local lumber yard is supposed to have their order delivered to us later in the week and we will begin the work on this project.

Today I took all the clothes out of the closet in our bedroom

and hung them all over the house. I hope if I ever need to get dressed quickly that I won't have to go into the mud room near the back door just to find a dress to wear. When you are trying to work around a farm schedule, nothing seems to get done exactly on schedule. Right now I don't know where anything is located. So much for having a system of keeping my closets orderly.

Clark called again. I wish he would get this straight with Lois. The poor boy is miserable. She loves him but is dating another person, Lex Luthor. Clark is beside himself trying to figure how to keep her away from him. I told him not to work on that problem but to work on getting closer to her as her friend. When she realized that she could not do without him as a friend, it would be easy to start to date her and make himself just as invaluable to her. He doesn't see it, but he said that he would work on them getting to be better buddies.

Dec. 9

Sorry about missing yesterday. We had a pipe bust while Wayne and Jonathan were removing the old shower. I'm so glad I moved all the clothes, because right now we'd have soggy clothes instead of lost clothes.

I have got to get back on my baking schedule. I always give the neighbors pies, cakes and cookies for Christmas. Right now, I'm either going to have to get going, or have Maisie bake for me and purchase them.

'Tis the season, but there doesn't seem to be peace on earth. We are not having problems this week, but then again we are remodeling on top of trying to keep a normal December schedule. Somehow, I am not doing too well at keeping up with all that they are throwing at me. Just as I start to do one of my projects, Jonathan yells that he needs help, so I drop everything and help him. Wonder if I yelled at him after supper that I needed help, if he would drop everything and help me? Fat chance!

Dec. 10

My mudroom is now filled with miscellaneous hardware, fixtures, and new tools that Jonathan ordered. Because Clark and he had filled up the barn with all the large hay bales, there is no room anywhere for it except in my kitchen annex. Why did I let Jonathan start this project in the middle of the holiday season? I must be crazy!

We didn't hear from Clark today. I wonder if all is well with him, as he didn't call in a frantic state. We can go a week or two between his calls and then all of a sudden he calls all the time. I know he is unhappy with Lois right now, but it will all work out. Love is really not predictable, and he needs to keep his temper under control and remember that Lois has a free will. She can choose to date others, and he cannot make her change her mind, unless he gives her a better offer. I hope he will consider telling her how much he loves her and that he is Superman. It would really be so much easier if it was all out in the open. Who would date an old billionaire when they could date a young, muscular super hero that takes your breath away? Lois is not blind!

Dec. 11

Today was my day. I managed to bake all day long and now I have almost all the pies I need for gifts. Tomorrow I will finish up with Clark's favorite, pecan pie, and Jonathan's favorite, apple pie. Because Clark helped me with the pecans, I am able to give more of them away this year. That should make all the neighbors happy.

Jonathan has our bathroom all torn up, so we have to use the hall bathroom. That is fine, but it means that we must get out of a shower and pad down the hall in the December weather. I wish we had a better heating system in the house. It works when you are able to keep doors closed, but the second you open doors the air from the front door seems to be sucked up the stairwell and it smacks you in the face. Again, I am questioning why we are doing this remodel in the middle of the winter, during the holiday season. I know that Jonathan is not always practical about such

things, but why didn't I see that it could wait until after the first of next year? Stupid Martha! Remind me to either apply for the "Stupid Mother of the World" award or the "Saint who is going to have pneumonia" award. I have got to get this household back under control.

I tried to call Clark today to see when he is going to be coming and how long he can stay over Christmas. I had to leave a message, as he wasn't home, at work, or available to talk. He didn't call me back, so I guess he's having a busy season both with the Daily Planet and as Superman.

Dec. 12

I finally found Clark. I was beginning to get alarmed because I couldn't reach him at home or work. Jimmy Olsen patched me through to Perry White, and Perry gave me the number of the hotel room Clark is hanging out in. Perry said something about a stakeout of the building across the street. I tried to reach Clark on his cell phone, but it did not ring. It went straight to voicemail. So, I called Perry back and was told that Clark was at the Lexor Hotel in the honeymoon suite. Of course, that just means it was directly across the street from whatever they are watching. It doesn't mean anything else. Or does it?

When I got Clark on the phone, he was vague when he answered my questions. He mentioned that Lois was there with him, and that they were booked into the room as a married couple. I started, gingerly, to ask all the Mom questions, but he cut me off and said he had to go because Lois needed him. Now what? I hope she needs him as a husband, but I'm not holding my breath. I guess I'll have to wait until he is free and can talk to me. Right now, I'm trying really, really hard not to let my imagination go wild. A mom can dream, right?

Dec. 13

Clark called late this evening. He is not married to Lois! Oh, darn!! Oh well, I wish on a Christmas star that they will be back in the honeymoon suite soon and really be there for a honeymoon.

I am living in a war zone. Jonathan tore out all the plumbing in the master bath, and now we are living with drains open and nothing connected. Clark will be home in another week, and we will all be using the hall bathroom or the small half-bath downstairs. Why, oh why, did I allow this?

I found out why Lois had called me a few weeks ago. It seems that she wanted me to talk Clark out of moving when Superman had to move because of the heat wave in Metropolis. She loves my boy! You cannot convince me otherwise.

We got all the tree trimming things down from the attic today. Tomorrow I plan to make Jonathan take a break from his demolition of my house to go and cut a tree to decorate the living room. Christmas is going to come whether we are ready or not, so I am going to have to keep track of the date and what needs to be done, because I'm not convinced anyone else is watching out for my house.

Dec. 14

Today I am officially going to get another job at making Clark understand that his girl, Lois, loves him. She asked him what he wanted for Christmas, and he answered that he wanted her. She said she was going to have a party at her house on Christmas eve, and she wanted him to come. I hope he doesn't get all noble and try to come to Smallville instead of staying to party with Lois. He said he got her under the mistletoe and gave her a small kiss, and he was pretty enthusiastic about that. She didn't slap him down or tell him never to do that again. Why cannot a male see that she loves him as much as he loves her, or almost as much anyway?

I managed to find some old classic movies for Jonathan. He loves "Gone with the Wind" and all the old John Wayne movies. Of course, that meant I also had to buy him a VCR, but we've been needing one anyway. I wish I could get Jonathan to finish

the bathroom project as my present. I promise I won't ask for anything else! He is working quickly, but he has pulled out so much now that it will take a lot of major work for him to finish this job. I wonder if Clark is available to Super-power his way through this project? I don't dare ask him to do that because I know that he has a full schedule that doesn't include an old woman who is upset about the timing of a project.

I finished my baking and am glad that now I can start on wrapping the presents. Last year I even made the wrapping paper (I painted it with a sponge), but this year with everything going on, I'm lucky to even have the baking done and be able to give everyone pies, cakes, and cookies. Clark mentioned that Lois would enjoy some of the chocolate chip cookies, so I'm packing up a tin for her.

Dec. 15

Jonathan admitted that he had bit off more than he could chew with this project of remodeling the bathroom. He called Clark and asked him if he could come home and help him finish the project as his Christmas present to me. (I overheard him on the phone today. He doesn't know that I heard him, and even though I did not hear Clark's part of the conversation, I'm almost sure that he will be here any day now to help his father.)

Maisie called me today and asked if I had any pies I wanted to sell. She said she needed more pies than she and the cafe cook could make. She knew that I also make a lot of pies this time of the year, so she asked if I wanted to make some Christmas money. That would be nice!

Dec. 16

I baked all day today. I am getting ready to put about 30 pies for sale at Maisie's. Maybe after the first of the year we will be able to go to Metropolis (to visit my boy) and I'll be able to get some of the linens and household items I usually get after the January White Sale begins.

I'm tired so I think I'll cut this short. Jonathan is in a strange mood. I wonder why he is so upset. I sure hope he hasn't done something in our master bath that cannot be repaired.

Dec. 17

Surprise! Surprise! Surprise! Clark called today and said he was off work tomorrow and wondered if he could come home. He also said that he would help around the house, getting the decorations done (they are all up and lighted) so that Christmas would be ready to start next week. I did not let on that I knew his father had asked him to come, but Jonathan was sure relieved. He must have really messed something up.

This afternoon Jonathan took me out into the yard next to the barn. Our old chicken coop is in the rear of the barn, hooked up to the electric of the house. He suggested that this time we put it on the side of the house, between the barn and the house. It will be noisy there, I think, but he says that part of the reason that the chickens are not warm enough is that the wind whistles through the chicken house. He claims that if we would just put it between the house and barn, they would act as wind-drops and keep the chickens protected. He also thinks, and I'm almost convinced he might be right, that the shadows from the two buildings might make the coop cooler in the summer. I have always wanted to have eggs to sell, but my chickens have not been happy enough to supply me and others.

Jonathan took me in his arms tonight, and asked that we not fight. He told me that he cannot imagine his life without me, and if he had married anyone else, he was sure that he would have had a miserable existence. He's such a sweetie!

Dec. 18

Clark and his dad have worked all day long on the bathroom. Tonight Clark took some of the cedar that Jonathan chose and he framed out the closet under the attic stairs. He said he'd work on it before he leaves tonight, so when I wake up tomorrow, I imagine I'll have a closet so that I can consolidate the clothes on

the same level as we live. That will be great!

Clark has been so busy today that I haven't had a chance to ask him about my future daughter-in-law. I wish he'd just buckle under and get down to business and ask her out. He's letting her relationship (I hope it's a casual one) with Lex Luthor intimidate him. Clark is so much more than Luthor! But Lois is not going to know it if he keeps his distance.

Dec. 19

Maisie called me today. She managed to get \$3 a pie for the pecan pies and told me to come around and get my money. I am going to squirrel it away until I find something that I want to spend it on. I'm not trying to keep secrets from Jonathan, but a girl needs some mad money every once in a while. (Speaking of that, Maisie also asked me if I wanted to cook some turkeys on Christmas eve. She said that they would pay me around \$15 each. That would be real mad money, but I'm not sure if I have the time. I told her I'd have to get back to her and let her know if I'm interested.)

I was right about the closet. Clark finished it last night, and he did a wonderful job. How in the world does that boy do this stuff at speeds that are faster than the eye can follow, and yet he is absolutely perfect in the way he does the work? Wish he'd perform that magic on his relationship with Lois.

Dec. 20

Today I called Maisie back and said that I'd bake 10 turkeys. She said she'd deliver them to me, frozen, by the 22nd. That should give me time to defrost them and make stuffing for each of them. I need to go next door and ask Kay if she has any extra baking sheets. I may have to borrow from others besides the Irig's. I need to deliver their cake and 2 pies from us anyway. Wayne and Kay's son and his family will be arriving on Christmas Eve, and their daughter and her family will come over on Christmas. I wish Clark lived close like Kay's daughter does. Then again, I don't have those dark eyed, dark headed grandchildren yet, so it is not too bad. Clark can fly in anytime he chooses, so I see him more than the Irig's probably see their kids.

I am sure that there is a lot I need to do around here, but I've bitten off so much with the baking, that I don't have time to do anything else. So, I am going to sign off for a few days and resume this journal after Christmas.

Merry Christmas 1993!

Dec. 26

We had such a wonderful Christmas. Clark stayed late in Metropolis to go over to Lois' house and take her her present. Don't know what happened, but he was in a very good mood when he arrived. We stayed up and went to the midnight service at the church. There is nothing like a candle lit church set in a small farming community. Right out of Norman Rockwell! And, lucky me, I get to live it!

Jonathan was so very proud as he unveiled the new bathroom. He had finished it a few days ago and had purchased new towels and matching curtains for the window. He was puppy dog cute when he showed me what he had given me for my present. Even offered to try out the enlarged shower stall. (Gee, and I thought this was all my present. Wonder why he got so excited about sharing it with me?)

Dec. 27

Maisie called this morning and asked if I would like to become a regular baker for her café. She said that Josie was getting old and could not stand the heat of the kitchen in constant bake mode. I told her I'd love to do it every once in a while, but I had a farm to run, a family to feed, and a son who lived far away that needed us to visit him. (I left out the part that my son could fly home anytime he chose, so I wasn't missing him as much as most mothers who had children that lived so far away.) I guess I am now employed.

Lois called today to thank me for the necklace, but I think she

was more interested in the cookies. She said, more than once, that chocolate chip cookies were her favorite, and that I sure did know how to make them better than the bakery in Metropolis. I told her I'd teach her how to bake them, but she said that she could burn water, so it would be a waste of time to try to learn. I sure am glad I taught Clark how to cook. At least they won't starve when he finally gets up the nerve to propose to her.

Dec. 29

Sorry about the lag in the entries. Clark was home and helped me get the Christmas decorations packed up and back up to the attic. We also took the lights down from the house and repacked them. It sure is easier to take houselights down when your son can hover at roof level. Moving a ladder is for the poor peons who have regular children.

I wore the sweater today that Lois sent to me. Clark loved it. I told him to tell her how much we appreciated her thoughtfulness about choosing such wonderful presents. I don't know if Jonathan will be using his Superman pajamas, but the thought was there. It was a real hoot for her to choose our son's crest as the pajamas for his father.

I looked in my sock drawer, and saw that I now have over \$300 in mad money that I got during this past year. It is time for me to go to Metropolis and go mad! I'd like a new church dress with a matching hat, but I'm not sure what else I want. I know that I need to do the White Sale shopping and get new sheets and kitchen towels. Jonathan was so sweet to provide the towels for the new bath.

Dec. 30

Jonathan and I decided that we would be going to Metropolis one day next week. Since we are flying Superman Express, it doesn't matter which day we go as long as Clark has a hole in his schedule to get us.

I think I'm coming down with a cold. I got the sniffles so I called Maisie and told her that I would be taking off from baking until sometime next month. I don't think Smallville needs to get sick just because they decided to eat at Maisie's.

I'm going to bed early tonight. Jonathan seemed a little concerned that I was not feeling well, but I bounce back fast. He brought me tea, and waited around until I drained the cup before he turned off the light. I turned the lamp by my bedside on so I could finish this, but I guess I'd better go so that Mr. Wonderful thinks he put me to bed.

Dec. 31

How can another year be through? They say the sign of old age is that time whizzes by instead of crawling like a turtle. I remember when I was a child that the last week before Christmas was at least two months long. Now yesterday seems like it was Jan. 1 of last year. How did I get this old? (Then again, I have a 27 year old son, so I'm no spring chicken.)

I don't think I'll make any resolutions for next year, except to promote my son to the woman he is going to marry. Lois and I are going to become real buddies in the year 1994. And, I'm going to make sure that she sees what a catch my boy is!

Luckily, the sniffles seemed to be gone today. I guess it was all that work in the attic that made my sinuses get full. I'm ready to go to Metropolis, but Clark hasn't told us yet when it is convenient for him to pick us up. (If he knows I plan to buddy up with Lois, do you think it will hurry him up or slow him down?)

GOODBYE 1993—HELLO 1994

Jan. 1

Clark called today. There is something going on up in the sky with an asteroid that is on a collision course with the earth. He said that Superman has been called into action to deflect the huge thing before it hits earth. I told him to please come and get us before Superman needs to go, because Jonathan and I want to be there in his apartment when he returns. He said he'd be here tomorrow morning.

Jonathan and I have been watching LNN about the size of this thing. God almighty, that's my boy they want to go up there and smash something as big as Metropolis into gravel. How in the world do they think he can do something like that? Then again, I would have not known that he could pick up a rocket with its 100 passengers and take it up to the space station. He amazes me sometimes. But, I'm his mother, and I don't want my baby boy hurt! Surely there is another way to do this.

I gotta pack, so I'm going to make sure that I take you along, journal. This sounds like a time that a lot of stray thoughts will go through my head and I need to put them down on paper so that I can forget them.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, JOURNAL!

Jan. 2

I am writing this entry in Metropolis. Clark came to Smallville and picked me up around 10 a.m., Smallville time. He went back a few minutes later and got his dad. We realized the difference in country and city when we arrived here. We watch LNN all the time back home in Smallville, but here all of Metropolis has the same sense of doom that LNN has on air. Back home, we were concerned about the mountain in the sky that was coming toward us, but we were too busy with chores and just living to spend much time dwelling on the fate of the world. Here they must have too much time on their hands, because there were newscasters on a lot of the corners asking the opinion of the public about the chances of surviving. Like the opinion of the public could change the outcome.

At supper tonight, Clark was very quiet. I know he is worried about his part in the fate of the earth, and that he will fail. He always has underestimated his worth. I know that he will give it 200%, and if he cannot break up the asteroid, bombs couldn't either. When we finally got him to talk, he seemed to have a sense of time being wasted and how that he should have done something about Lois before it got to this time in history. My boy sure does love that little girl.

Jonathan and I promised that we would hold down his apartment and wait for him to return. We also told him that we would take care of Lois until he could take the job over again. We also told him that we loved him, we were so glad that he was our son, and that we were proud that he was going to use his natural ability to save all of mankind.

Jan. 3

Clark left just after daybreak this morning. Jonathan and I watched him being suited up by EPRAD with a communication device and a small air tank. All the rest he had was his natural ability and his wonderful heart that wanted to save the earth.

LNN showed his send off and carried the communication between Superman and the scientists directing the demolition of the asteroid. (We also watched Lois grab and kiss Clark. He tried very hard to not respond, but I could tell that he was grateful that she finally showed some affection.)

As we go to bed tonight, we know that our son has done what he needed to do and that the earth is now safe to continue. I assume that he is probably over at Lois' apartment celebrating the wonderful work that Superman did in breaking up the asteroid. We haven't heard anything from him, but then again Lois is first on his list to celebrate. This is his apartment, so I guess we cannot pull a "parent" and ask him to keep a curfew.

Jan. 4

After breakfast, Jonathan and I wondered what we should do to talk to Clark. Do we barge in at Lois' apartment and interrupt their celebrating? Do we wait for him to appear at work and track him down there? I just want to hug my son, and then I'll go shopping like I planned to do before all this save-the-world-stuff came up.

We decided to wait until almost lunch time and then go to the Daily Planet and ask if he and Lois wanted to go to lunch. That

way it will not appear that we are anxious about anything. Well, when we arrived at the Planet, LNN had just announced that there was still a large section of the asteroid headed for the eastern USA. The celebratory mood was gone and there was a cry for Superman to go back up and finish the job. We met Lois and asked if she had seen Clark. She acted surprised to see us, and then said that she had not seen him at all. Oh, dear, what has gone wrong with my son? Where is he?

Jan. 5

Jonathan and I went to bed late last night, hoping that Clark would appear before we gave out. He did not turn up and Lois did not call me, as she promised if she saw him, so I have to assume that he has some very important business to tend before he can come home. I hope my gut is telling me the truth. I am not overly worried about Clark, because I have always thought that I would know if something fatal happened to him. I remember when Jonathan had the gall bladder attack while he was out in the field. Both Clark and I felt his pain, and both of us rushed in the correct direction to help him. Now that I got that out of the way, I can start my day. I will finish filling in my thoughts for the day later on tonight.

Well, call off the dogs. Clark is back. It seems that Bill Henderson found him wandering around at a homeless shelter and called Lois. Clark has amnesia. Lois brought him home and stayed to try to spark his memory, but all of our stories did not help. Lois finally left after supertime, and Jonathan and I decided that we must have a talk with him about Superman since there is still a disaster brewing. He is not responding very well as he thinks we are calling him a freak. He also says that we cannot be his real parents, since we are both blonde with blue eyes. That one is very hard to answer. I wish we had brought his globe from the Fortress of Solitude. But who knew we would need it?

I remember a Bible story that Clark used to love as a child. It is the story of Queen Esther who saved her whole race from extinction by being in the right place at the right time. Clark use to love the saying that Esther was "brought to the kingdom for such a day as this." I always told Clark that after his powers started to reveal themselves, that he would find he "came to this world for such a day as this." He just saved the world, much like the story, and that might be why his birth parents rescued him and sent him to us. Now, if this will just jog his memory, I will be eternally grateful.

Jan. 6

Well, all the hard work, all the pictures, all the stories, and all the reminders of the things he could do did not remind Clark who he is and what he can do. It took Jonathan hitting him across the ribs with a baseball bat that jogged him into remembering that he was special.

He finished the job of deflecting the asteroid and came back to us to have breakfast. He got dressed in his better suit coat and went to work to see Lois. I think he is getting his act together and will soon tell her who he is.

Lex Luthor does not begin to hold a candle to my boy. When Clark finally gets Lois to admit she feels the same way that he does, there is nothing that Luthor can do that would catch Lois' eye. When all is said and done, Lois kissed Superman goodbye when he left a few days ago. It was very important to her. Clark admitted that he has kissed her before, and she has to know how much he loves her. Now let's see if we can light a fire under Lois and make her admit that she was the one who wanted Clark when that horrible woman sprayed her with the pheromone.

All in all, this has been a wonderful month. My son (the genuine hero) is back, he and his father are very healthy, they both love me, and tomorrow is going to be as wonderful as today. And if my son gets going I can still have my brown eyed, dark headed, spit-fire grandchildren by next fall. Who could ask for any more?

The end of this journal, but the story continues.

THE END

Special thank you to my beta, VirginiaR. She did an excellent job making my spelling mistakes disappear and liking some of my favorite parts.

Thanks to my G.E. Classicalla for her contributions. She smoothed out a few rough places and didn't even leave sandpaper behind. Thanks, Nancy.