

# Summertime Blues

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Rated: G

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Summary: A mood piece written for the Summer Ficathon challenge issued on the lcficmbs.com message boards; the prompt was “summertime blues.”

Standard disclaimer: Clark Kent does not belong to me (much as I would wish otherwise); he belongs to Warner Brothers and DC Comics. I am just borrowing him for a little not-for-profit fun.

This ultra-short vignette was not beta read.

As always, all feedback welcomed.

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September 12

It happens this same time every year. The summer is starting to wind down, the fall is approaching, and my spirits have plummeted. I've been feeling pretty low the past few weeks, ever since the “back to school” advertisements have reminded me of all I may never have.

Thanks to my differences, I have never been able to date a woman for very long before I've had to move on. I wonder whether I'll ever be able to get married and have kids.

Oh, don't get me wrong, I have a good life overall, and I am grateful for it. Of all the people who could have found me as a baby, Mom and Dad were the best. And as a rule, I like my oddities, I really do. They let me make a difference, let me help other people in ways no one else ever could.

But there are times, especially this time of year, when I would gladly give up all my abilities for the simple pleasures of having a loving wife and children. Will I ever be able to experience such joys? I can help keep others alive, to enjoy and be enjoyed by their families, but will I ever have a family of my own? How can I? What could possibly change to give me the chance to get to know a wonderful woman? And even if I could find someone who liked me at first, would she be repulsed when she found out all about me?

Well, it is time to move on; perhaps a change of scenery will cheer me up. I had better end this journal entry now, since I'll soon be boarding the bus to Metropolis.

THE END