

An Afternoon in the Life of a Working Mom

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Rated: G

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Summary: How would Lois juggle work, house and kids in the absence of her husband?

Lois fumbled with her key, then used her hip to push the door open. Her arms were laden with file folders, another of those stupid gift baskets (courtesy of the retirement home saved by her latest expose) and two fat grocery bags. Huffing and puffing, she stumbled into the house.

“CJ,” she called to her offspring sprawled on the living room sofa, TV blaring away and laptop balanced precariously on young thighs, “a little help here, please!”

“Awww, Mo-om!” came the expected response, but the teenager pushed away from the sofa and grabbed the grocery bags.

“Thanks, sweetie.” Lois smiled. With a sigh of relief she put her stuff on the dining room table and followed CJ into the kitchen.

“You look more sullen than usual,” she commented as she started putting produce away. “Anything happen at school today?”

“No.”

“One of your friends, maybe?”

“No.”

“Is it about dad missing you basketball game last night? Honey, you know he had to work.”

“Yeah, mom,” CJ let out an exasperated sigh. “I know all about dad’s special job.”

“Then, honey, what is it?”

Another sigh from the teenager. Lois wasn’t going to give up. They didn’t call her ‘Mad Dog’ Lane for nothing. “Come on, you have to give me something to work with here.”

“It’s this chick on Facebook. She says she’s had Superman’s love child.”

“Oh, CJ, we talked about it. You can never trust those folks on the internet saying things like that about Superman. You know Superman is an honorable man. He would never cheat on... Ultrawoman.” She hugged CJ’s shoulders and kissed the top of that dark mop of hair. “Come on, help me start dinner. Your dad is in Colombia. He probably won’t get home tonight.”

“Can’t we order pizza, instead?” CJ whined. “I hate another game tomorrow. I can’t afford to puke all night...”

“Claudia Jean Scardino! Did you just insult my cooking? Just wait till your dad gets home! He likes my Rumaki!” Lois fumed. “That’s it! I’m not buying you that Superman T-shirt you asked me for! It’s time you grew out of your crush on him, anyway. He is your godfather, after all.”

THE END

Author’s note: It’s the beginning of the school-year and already I feel like that hamster on its little wheel. I wanted to write something about Lois that relates to my life as a working mom.

Lois being married to Clark wouldn’t work as well because, well, when you have a husband who can do all the house chores

in 30 seconds flat, cook like a chef or get take-out from anywhere in the world in 5 minutes (Superman doesn’t cut in line), it’s just not the same. Plus, you just know Clark would make a great dad. So it had to be someone else. Lex wouldn’t work, either, because you know he wouldn’t let her work (or cook, or shop for groceries) so I settled on call-me-Daniel. When you think about it, Scardino wasn’t a bad guy. He just wasn’t Clark.

Now, who is Ultrawoman? This story is about Lois, so I didn’t spend much time thinking about it. I just knew that if Lois ended up married to someone else, I wouldn’t want our Clark to spend the rest of his life alone, like poor Alt-Clark. She could be whoever you want (me! Me!)

And finally, CJ’s name is a tribute to CJ Cregg, as I am currently watching daily reruns of The West Wing.