

A Few Simple Sugars

By Shayne Terry <byron212@yahoo.com>

Rated: PG

Submitted: June 2014

Summary: It's terrible what mad scientists can do with a little DNA and a few simple sugars.

DISCLAIMER: I don't own Lois and Clark or any other recognizable characters, especially the Kool-Aid man.

Gasping, Clark tried to crawl away from the glowing green bars. Weakness sapped his strength even as his skin felt like it was on fire.

Lex chuckled.

"You'll never get out of that cage. I'll close this room off forever as Lois and I begin our new life together."

Although Clark was reluctant to do it, he had no choice.

"HEY, KOOL-AID!" he shouted, with all the strength he could muster.

Lex paled a moment before the wall behind him exploded.

"OH YEAH!"

The monster stared down at him, confused. Emil Hamilton had tried cloning Superman using a solution of his DNA mixed with simple sugars and other chemicals to provide food for the process. Something had gone wrong, and he'd been forced to place the resulting mass of red sentient goop in a practically indestructible container.

A janitor had drawn a simple face on the container, and the creature had been able to force pseudopods out in several places, which it used to propel itself through Metropolis.

No one knew where it had gotten its love of breaking through walls; some commentators had joked that it must be genetic. The only being in Metropolis that caused nearly as much wall damage was its genetic donor, Superman.

It must have imprinted on the first television commercial it saw; no one could understand why it would use super hearing to respond to that call, and only that call.

It loomed over him, staring uncomprehendingly.

It had never uttered a single word other than its catchphrase, and it was now illegal to play Kool-Aid commercials within a two-hundred-mile radius of Metropolis. The company had protested, but there wasn't much it could do after multiple lawsuits.

In Metropolis, yelling "Hey Kool-Aid" was considered the legal equivalent yelling fire in a crowded theater.

The creature took a step forward but flinched at the feel of the kryptonite.

It slowly ambled away.

Clark sighed. It was as strong as he was, and he'd learned early on that trying to fight it just led to destroyed buildings. Left on its own, it didn't bother anyone. It just absorbed sunlight and occasionally some of its namesake with water.

Lex was clearly dead, though. Happily, his outstretched hand still held the keys, and Clark was able to reach through the bars and grab them with his cape.

Slowly, painfully, he made his way out of the cage, looking back at the rubble covering Lex like an impromptu grave.

Explaining all this to Lois was going to be a nightmare.

He felt strangely thirsty.

THE END