

The Talk, Kryptonian Style

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Rated: G

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Summary: No, this isn't *that* talk. After all, this is a G-rated story. It's the *other* talk... The one only a Kryptonian father will have with his half-Kryptonian son.

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So you now float in the air. Like me. It's time we had a talk. There's nothing like releasing yourself from gravity, is there? Oh, I know you enjoyed all the times I took you flying; I did, too. But being able to go up there under your own power — to know that once you learn to control your flight, you'll be able to go anywhere in the world — and, with a good lungful of air — even out of this world — in the space of a few seconds — well, it's enough to make one giddy.

But it's terrifying at the same time. Your other powers you could hide from the public, even before you could control them. You could blame the agony you were in due to loud noises on a headache, and that would even be true, at least partially. When you felt the heat coming into your eyes, you could close them until you regained control. But floating — there's no rational explanation you could provide other than the truth. And that's scary. You will have to be aware of your body and your surroundings at all times now, so that you can grab a hold of something if you should start to drift upward at inconvenient times.

And that will happen. I remember when I first started having an on-again, off-again relationship with gravity. It was the worst when I was experiencing strong feelings. When I had nightmares, for example. That wasn't too much of a problem, although I did miss being able to go on sleepovers with my friends. Much more troublesome was when I looked at a pretty girl. As you're discovering, Kryptonian teenage boys have hormonal surges similar to human boys. Only with us, here, we have to worry about more than making sure our schoolbooks are strategically placed.

Yeah, I know you don't want to think about your Pa in that way. But since you can't speak about these things with any man other than me, Grandpa, or Uncle Bernie, and since I'm the only one who has ever been through, first-hand, what you are going through, we need to talk.

We also need to give you a lot of practice with floating and flying. But we can't practice flying here. We need wide open spaces where no one outside the family will observe us. That means a lot of trips to the farm. Grandma and Grandpa will be delighted to be able to see you so often. And I know you won't turn down Grandma's rhubarb pie. Of course, your Ma wouldn't want to miss the first few lessons, so we'll need to fly slowly on those trips to take her along safely.

Even though he couldn't fly himself, Grandpa helped me learn to control my flying. He and I will help you, too. And don't worry too much that you can't control your flight path yet. That

will come with practice. If you ask Grandpa about how poor a navigator I was when I was first learning... Well, he'll tell you that it could never be said that I couldn't hit the side of a barn. Poor Bessie and Bluebell experienced quite a shock that night; fortunately, neither was hurt, and I repaired the barn at superspeed.

But with time and practice, I was able to master flying, and you'll be able to, too.

So how about I give Grandma a call to let her know the three of us are on our way there, and we can start the practice now?

THE END