

# Invisible

THE END

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Rated G

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Summary: Invisibility comes in many forms

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Author's note: Fourth in the series started with "At First Sight" and based on the episode "I'm Looking Through You." Thanks, as always, go to KenJ and Trina for beta-reading and to IolantheAlias for editing it for the archives.

This story is fourth in the "At First Sight" series, following "[At First Sight](#)," "[A Matter of Time](#)" and "[Evil Lurks](#)."

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Alan Morris isn't the only invisible man in Metropolis.

The moment I became Superman, Clark Kent started to become invisible. At first it didn't seem terribly important — after all, Superman was new, he was literally out of this world, he was big-time news. But I thought that the initial furor would die down.

I was wrong.

Now I'm slowly disappearing — losing myself to the red and blue Suit.

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Alan's story struck an answering chord with me.

I am not an extraordinary man. I'm not one to stand out in a crowd. It's worked to my advantage in the past — if you stand out, you get noticed, and for me that could be absolutely disastrous.

I have extraordinary powers, yes, but powers don't make the man. Or at least they shouldn't.

I'm a good reporter, but not a brilliant one. The flashes of brilliance at the Planet come from Lois, my sometime partner. I just follow her lead.

If Clark Kent were to suddenly disappear, who would really care? Other than my parents, would anyone really notice?

The sad (and slightly terrifying) answer is, probably not. After all, I've done it before — disappeared from one far-flung location and resurfaced in another.

I don't want to do that, however. Despite the short amount of time that I've been in Metropolis, it already feels like home. More than any place has since I left Smallville to go to college.

A lot of that has to do with Lois Lane.

She asked me a question yesterday. Whether I would prefer to be invisible or fly. I answered 'Fly' without thinking. Flying is the one great joy of my life. I feel... free when I fly. I don't have to screen out all the background noise that constantly bombards my overly sensitive ears when I'm in the city. I don't have to worry about someone seeing me do something not — quite normal. All the petty cares and stresses of normal life fade away when I'm up there.

It's only now that I think more about my answer. I don't need to choose invisibility.

I already know what it feels like.