

# The Lookalike Agent's Tale

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Submitted May 2015

Rated: G

Summary: Sammy, the man who ran the lookalike agency in the episode *That Old Gang of Mine*, tells of his encounter with Superman. This story is in response to the "Canterbury Tales of Metropolis" challenge.

Story Size: 440 words (3Kb as text)

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This story is part of the Canterbury Tale Challenge, which includes "[The Nun's Tale](#)," "[The Cabbie's Tale](#)," "[The Florist's Tale](#)," "[The Slumlord's Tale](#)" and "[The Showgirl's Tale](#)."

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Superman came to my store today. The real deal. Only he came in costume. I don't know why, and I wasn't about to ask. He came in with that reporter — the one who almost married Lex Luthor. Craziest thing. Here's what happened....

I'm minding my own business, and in he walks, dressed in a business suit and glasses, a woman beside him. Now, it's obvious he doesn't want to be recognized. Maybe his suit and glasses can fool other people, but not me. It's my business to see people's likenesses and their differences. Yeah, I see "doubles" of famous people all the time, but they're not really identical. There are always differences. Part of my job is to get them to hide those differences.

Take Barry, for instance. He looks a lot like Superman, but the moment he walks (much less talks), it's obvious he's not Big Blue. I've trained him to use Superman's posture and speech patterns when he is doing the job. But no matter what I try, he still drops character the moment he leaves the job site, even if he is still in costume. If he didn't look so much like Superman, I'd drop him like a hot potato.

This "Clark Kent" guy, though, he looks *exactly* like Superman, right down to the mole. (Barry's is a paste-on.) No imitator is that good, and "Kent's" mole ain't glued on. No, it's obvious who he really is. Well, obvious to me, anyway.

At first, I thought he was coming in to give me a "cease and desist" notice. I figured I better get on his good side, and fast. First thing I could think of was to let him know I recognized him but wasn't about to spill the beans. So I start spouting nonsense about how the woman he came in with looks just like Madonna. As if! Way I figure, he's supposed to be so smart, he'd know what I was really saying. Even if he didn't — even if he thought I really believed that the Lane lady looked like Madonna — he'd think I must be too blind to recognize him.

Then he asks about Bonnie and Clyde look-alikes. I don't know what his game was, but I played along. Soon after that, he says something about going to feed the meter (as if he'd need a

car!) and hightails it out of there. I figure he fed us that line 'cause he didn't want Lane to know what he was really doing. She left soon after.

It's none of my business, really, whatever's going on between 'em. I'd just like to know what Superman is doing under cover as Clark Kent and why he really came to see me today.

THE END