

The Panhandler's Tale

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(Replace_at_with@)>

Rated: G

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Summary: Whatever became of that homeless fellow to whom Clark gave five dollars in the pilot? This story is a response to "The Canterbury Tales Challenge" on lcficmbs.com.

Story Size: 398 words (2Kb as text)

Disclaimers: The Lois & Clark universe and all characters therein belong to Warner Bros and DC Comics. I'm just borrowing them for a little not-for-profit fun.

I am extremely grateful to my beta reader Magical who transformed my really poor (but sincere) attempt at writing AAVE to something far more authentic. If there is anything that does not ring true, then blame me and not her; there were a couple of places where I didn't take her suggestions because I thought that they might make it too hard for many readers to understand. I hope I managed to strike a good balance between ease of reading and authenticity of language.

This story is part of the "Canterbury Tales Series," which includes "[The Psychic's Tale](#)," "[The Lookalike Agent's Tale](#)," "[The Slumlord's Tale](#)," "[The Nun's Tale](#)," "[The Showgirl's Tale](#)," "[The Florist's Tale](#)," "[The Cabbie's Tale](#)," "[The Runaway's Tale](#)."

Ya seen a angel, ya ain't never gonna forget. I done peeped one 'zactly a year ago. Gave me a gift 'n flew right outta sight.

Man, seein' a angel change you. Make ya betta. I been steady clean since den. Nuttin' done passed these lips stronger den watah.

Here da secret: That ain't the only time I done seen him. He be smilin' down at me from signs on near every street, seem like — leaseways, his picture do. Him anna gal. He be smilin' down from da sky, too. Him be wearin' his wings den — dem red ones. Oh, mos' folks think it jus' a cape flappin' b'hind 'im, but dey also think he from anutha planet. I know betta: He from Heaven.

Yep, he some kinna angel, or sumpin'. And if he wantin' ta walk da world in secret, it dun make me no nevamind. Fatha', what I done sed here, you cain't tell no one, ya heard? I know 'bout da secrecy of dis here confessional. I ain't been inside no church since I was a young'un, but I done came to ya 'cause I know you gotsta keep all kinna secrets, and you knows mo' 'bout God den me. I jes had ta tell someone I kin trus', someone who ain' gon' think I's crazy; if I'da kep' dat secret all to myself much longer, I'd be fixin' ta bust.

Thank you, Fatha, for keepin' da secret wit' me.

THE END

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