

# Tainted

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Rated G

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Summary: The messages encoded on the globe bring Clark a new worry.

Story Size: 367 words (2Kb as text)

Disclaimer: All recognisable characters, story lines etc. are property of DC Comics, Warner Bros and December 3<sup>rd</sup> Productions.

Author's note: Sixteenth in the "At First Sight" series, set during the episode "The Foundling." Thanks goes to Trina, for beta-reading.

This story is part of a series that includes "[At First Sight](#)," "[Evil Lurks](#)," "[A Matter of Time](#)," "[Invisible](#)," "[Gratitude](#)," "[Unprofessional Behaviour](#)," "[But For the Grace of God](#)," "[Vulnerable](#)," "[Decisions](#)," "[A Terrible Mistake](#)," "[Facets](#)," "[Terrified](#)," "[A Remarkable Woman](#)," "[The Aftermath of Illusion](#)," "[Black, White and Shades of Grey](#)," "[Tainted](#)," and "[Betrayal](#)."

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My name is Kal-El.  
I am the son of Jor-El and Lara.  
I am the last son of Krypton.  
I know more about my background than ever before.  
And so does someone else.

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All my life, I've had questions. Why am I different? Where am I from? How did I end up in Kansas? What happened to my parents?

Why did they abandon me?

The Kents were- and are- the best parents anyone could ask for, and they will always be my parents. They're the only family I've ever known. But there's a feeling of rejection that's part of being a foundling. Like maybe I wasn't good enough for my biological parents.

Maybe that's why they got rid of me.

The globe gave me answers I've been craving for more than twenty years.

It gave me roots.

The wonder of it is almost beyond words.

To know why an infant was put in a ship and launched into space. To know what happened to my people, even if I don't know why.

To know that I was loved, so much that my parents chose to save me even if they couldn't save themselves.

I should have been able to greet Jor-El's messages with anticipation, but it was tainted.

Instead of being able to savour Jor-El's words, I listened with dread, lest they contained something that would irretrievably reveal my secret.

It makes me angry.

Those messages were private and personal, meant for me and whomever I chose to share them with. Not to be seen by someone unknown.

What should have been an amazing and personal experience has been sullied, and in a way I feel violated.

Whoever had my globe knows that Superman arrived here as a baby. I don't know who has the information or what they plan to do with it.

I feel exposed.

THE END