

Terrified

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Summary: A lot is riding on an amnesiac Clark Kent.

Story Size: 385 words (2Kb as text)

Disclaimer: All recognisable characters etc. are property of DC Comics, Warner Bros and December 3rd Productions.

Author's note: Twelfth in the series started by "At First Sight." Set during the episode "All Shook Up," before the Asgard rocket misses but after Clark's parents arrive. Thanks go to KenJ and Trina for beta reading and to GooBoo for getting it ready for the archives.

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](#)," and "[The Aftermath of Illusion](#)."

I don't know who I am.

The people around me have tried to describe Clark Kent, but the person they describe may as well be a character on a TV show. He's an abstract, a concept rather than being ... me.

I'm putting on a brave face for the people around me, but frankly ... I'm terrified.

I can take a few clues about myself from the people around me. Perry White, Jimmy Olsen, Lois Lane, even Cat Grant, all seem to care about me. I must be a good person to have so many people that care, right?

And then there's my parents. Lois Lane described them as nice people, and they are. They truly are.

But I don't remember any of them.

It's strange, all these people that know more about me than I do.

Having no memories is incredibly isolating. So much of any relationship is built on shared memories. If mine never come back, how am I supposed to maintain the friendships that I've evidently built? If they never return, how am I supposed to be a reporter? Or do the simplest of things, like recognise someone I know in the street?

Or be Superman?

That terrifies me even more than the rest.

If the Asgard rocket misses, Nightfall won't be far away.

My parents maintain that I'm the only one that can stop it. If that rocket misses, the entire world will be relying on Superman. On me.

And I can't even remember how to be him.

My parents maintain that I use my powers instinctively, as naturally as breathing. How could I have forgotten how to breathe?

I wish there was someone who could tell me how to be him.

Because right now, the world needs Superman.

And all they've got is the shell of Clark Kent.

THE END

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