

A Dirty Story

By Lynn S. M. <lois_and_clark_fan_at_verizon.net
(Replace_at_with@)>

Rated: G (despite the title)

Submitted: January 2016

Summary: Why does my muse keep giving me dirty stories?

Story Size: 306 words (17Kb as text)

Disclaimer: Lois and Clark belong to DC Comics and Warner Bros. Thalia and I, however, are stuck with each other. (If you are interested in reading more about her, she first appeared in my story *With Apologies to Female Hawk*.)

Clark smiled as he gently touched the smudge on Lois's nose.

"No," I told my muse, "That wasn't what I had in mind."

"Try the next one, then," Thalia suggested.

I move the top paper to the bottom of the stack and look at the next one.

Clark scrubbed at the bomb stain on his cape.

"That scene's from canon. There, it was funny; here, it's just derivative."

Thalia said, "There are still plenty more."

I shuffled the papers again.

Lois brushed at the glop on her legs. "I'll go undercover as a man. I'll go undercover as a hooker. But I will NEVER again go undercover as a female mud wrestler!"

"Mud wrestling? You've got to be kidding me. And what is it with all of these stories? Why is there so much dirt in them?"

Thalia put her hand on her hip. "Well, if you gave me a nicer place to work, maybe the stories would be better."

"What do you mean? I thought you liked working under my bed. None of my childhood monsters ever complained to me about residing there. Isn't that where imaginary beings like to congregate?"

"The locale isn't the problem. The problem is your lack of housecleaning. All your dust bunnies kept mating with my plot bunnies, and these stories are the result."

I wadded up the top paper, but before I could throw it at her, Thalia disappeared under the bed.

THE END