

# Just Another Day...

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Rated: G

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Summary: It's an ordinary day for Clark Kent. He and his wife are on their way to go interview Superman and ... wait. What?

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Lois was already up and typing furiously on her laptop by the time Clark came downstairs. For a moment, he just stood watching his whirlwind of a wife, an amused smile playing on his lips. "Good morning," he said at last, pulling her attention from the screen with a soft kiss that she happily returned.

"Mmm, good morning." She smiled back.

"So," he said, dropping one last kiss onto her hair before turning to look at her screen, "you seem awfully busy for someone who's not supposed to be at work, yet."

She grinned sheepishly. "Well, Jimmy called earlier with a new lead on that Myerson case," she admitted. "Then, while we were talking, I got a great idea for a possible side-bar, which I want you to look over before we interview Superman."

Clark nodded. "Okay, I'll—" He paused. "What was that last part?" he asked.

"Superman," his wife repeated. "I know he's a busy person, but Jimmy says he managed to corner him at a rescue this morning, and that he agreed to make some time to meet with us."

Clark stared at his wife. "Um, Lois?" he began. "How could Jimmy have spoken to Superman this morning?"

"By getting to the scene of the rescue before he flew away," Lois answered as if it were natural. "It's lucky for us, really; about five seconds after agreeing to the interview, he got called away to a fire."

"But," Clark continued after a long pause, "I was sound asleep this morning!"

Lois gave him a mildly annoyed look. "I know," she said, "and if you want to get the exclusives, Clark, then you'll need to step it up and quit being such a lazy-bones."

Clark looked around the house. As far as he could tell, there was no-one in the house besides them, and no listening devices of any kind. He scrutinized Lois, and found no indication that she was unwell or had been replaced by a pod-person. "Lois, aren't you forgetting something kind of important?" he asked.

Lois frowned at her computer screen. "No, I think we have all the bases covered," she mused. "We have most of the evidence for the main article, plus the possible sidebar and Superman interview. Perry should be happy with it. Why, what do you think is missing?"

Clark ran a hand through his hair. "Lois," he said, slightly agitated, "I'm Superman!"

Lois smiled up at him, stroked his cheek, then kissed him. "You're *my* Superman, Sweetie." She closed her laptop and stood. "Now come on, we have to get to the Planet before our interview flies away."

Clark followed her, now beginning to wonder if he had, in fact, woken up this morning.

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Lois was out of the elevator as soon as the doors opened. Clark followed behind, surreptitiously checking the back of her head for any bumps. Jimmy met them in the bullpen.

"Where is he, Jimmy?" Lois asked, immediately.

Jimmy looked chagrined. "I'm sorry, Lois," he said. "He just left five minutes ago. We were heading into the conference room when he heard a cry for help and took off. He said he'd try to drop by later, if he can."

Lois sighed. "Great," she muttered. "Well, thanks anyway, Jimmy."

"Um, Jimmy?" Clark asked, frowning at his friend, "what did this Superman look like?"

Jimmy gave him a blank look. "Dark hair, brown eyes, giant S on his chest," he replied with a shrug. "You should know, CK, you've seen him before."

"Clark's been acting pretty strange this morning," Lois confided. "He kept asking me all kinds of questions about Superman, on the way here. You'd think they'd never met!"

Clark sputtered. Before he could respond, though, their editor strode out of his office.

"Lois! Clark!" he bellowed. "There you are! You know, you missed your interview."

"Yeah, Chief, I know," said Lois. "Jimmy told me."

"Well, I suppose some things just can't be helped," Perry admitted in an understanding tone. "The man was hardly here five seconds before he took off like a rocket—made a sonic boom that shook the whole building! My ears are *still* ringing! So just give me what you've got on the Myerson case, and then head to city hall. The mayor's giving another press-conference about that landfill catastrophe."

"On it, Chief," Lois dutifully replied. She turned to Clark, who was currently gaping at the three of them. "Are you coming, Honey, or did you want to sit this one out? We probably both don't need to go, and you seem to be a little off, today."

"Uh..." said Clark. He shook his head. "You know what, you go on ahead. I'm going to go visit—er, call—my parents. From home," he added, then turned and headed for the stairwell. Less than a second later, there was a sonic boom.

"You already called his parents, right?" asked Perry.

Lois grinned. "Yep."

"Oh, speaking of calls, that reminds me," said Jimmy, "Bruce Wayne is on hold for you on line 1, and there's a message on your desk from some woman who only called herself Diana."

Lois's grin widened. "Excellent," she said, rushing off to take the call.

Jimmy turned to his boss. "So, Chief, how long do we keep this up?" he asked.

"Until the day is over, or until Clark realizes he's an April Fool," said Perry, grinning. "Whichever comes first."

"Works for me," said Jimmy, and he headed off back to work.

THE END