

Rising Star: A fund-raising ficlet for lcficmbs.com

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Rated: G

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Summary: Barry's thoughts on first learning about Superman. A super-short fic written for the 2014 fund-raiser for the Lois & Clark message board.

Story Size: 343 words (2Kb as text)

Disclaimer: The only character mentioned herein who is mine is Melody. All other characters belong to Warner Bros and DC Comics. I am borrowing them for some not-for-profit fun. (All proceeds raised went toward the maintenance of the aforementioned message board.)

Melody looked up from her paper long enough to call out to her boyfriend. "Hey, Barry, get in here! Ya gotta see this guy in the Daily Planet."

"Why? The only guys ever in the paper are the bums in Washington."

"Trust me. This guy you really hafta see."

"All right, babe. I'm comin'. I'm comin'." Barry emerged from the kitchen, a bottle of beer in hand.

The first thing Barry noticed in the photograph was the clown's garish costume: tights and a cape. He was about to ask if the circus was in town when he saw the fellow's face — his own face!

"How'd they get my picture, and why'd they paste my face on that dude?"

"That's not you. His name is Superman. Get this: He ate a bomb and then flew the Prometheus into space. *He* flew it — no plane, no jetpack, no nuthin'. Just him."

After Barry looked above the picture to verify that the paper wasn't really the National Whisper, he said, "Someone at the paper's pranking us."

"It's not April. And they wouldn't do that even then; they only print the truth."

"So he's a magician. If he can pull a trick like that, he'll become bigger 'n Houdini. I wonder if there's any money in being a famous magician's look-alike? Think I'll check out one of them — what-do-ya-call-ems? — doubles agencies. Could be big money here. Thanks for calling me in, babe. I owe ya one."

Barry leaned down to kiss Melody, while visions of greenbacks danced in his head.

THE END