

# A La Kent

By [Folc4evernaday \(folc4evernaday@gmail.com\)](mailto:folc4evernaday@gmail.com)

Rated: PG

Submitted: June 2019

Summary: Father's Day through the years for Lois and Clark.

Story Size: 2,659 words (14Kb as text)

\*\*\*

## *Father's Day, 1969*

Clark Kent gripped the colorful planter in his hands. A broad grin covered his face as he looked up at the tall trees around him. His little arm held the colorful planter as his dad carried him up the walkway. He recognized the warm scents when his mom opened the door.

His dad turned to him and asked, "Do you know where you are?"

"Papa!" Clark squealed excitedly when they entered the living room.

A growl came from behind the couch, and Clark giggled when he saw his Papa on the floor growling, "Fee Fi Fo Fum I hear a little grandson."

His mom nudged Clark's elbow, "What do you say?"

"Appy Paver's day!" Clark yelped happily, reaching out to hand his monster Papa his gift.

"Oh, look out!" his mom called out, but it was too late.

The planter shattered on the floor before anyone could stop it. Clark felt his lip quiver as he let out a soft wail, certain that he had ruined the special day.

His Papa reached over to pick him up, giving him a big hug. "There, there, everything's fine." He pointed to the broken planter and shrugged. "That's what they make glue for."

A grin spread across Clark's eyes from beneath his tears. "I sowwy, Papa."

"We all make mistakes," his Papa reassured him. "I'll let you in on a little secret." His Papa's voice boomed in light laughter as he pulled Clark on his lap and added, "It's actually a bit of a family curse. Accidents happen a lot with the Kent men. Your grandma has a saying for it."

"A la Kent," Clark's dad grinned back at him. "Silly, huh?"

"Yeah," Clark grinned with a chuckle.

"Come on," his Papa pointed to the backdoor, "Let's go feed some chickens."

"Yay!"

\*\*\*

## *Father's Day, 1980*

Lois Lane twiddled with the edge of her lace-trimmed dress, a long breath blew the long hair out of her face, and she looked up to see her sister a few feet away, looking out the window. She felt her heart ache at the sight of young Lucy watching, looking, and waiting for their father to appear out the window.

A lone tear ran down her cheeks as she realized how her little sister's heart was slowly breaking with each passing second. 'Please don't let her down.' She silently pleaded.

He always did this.

He always forgot.

But today was supposed to be different. Today was Father's Day. The three of them were supposed to spend the day together and pretend to be a happy family. Though it was a holiday, she didn't like to put much stock into she had been hoping her father would pull through at least for Lucy.

Unfortunately, as the light began to disappear over the horizon and the moon began to rise her hope that he would show up

evaporated along with it.

'Never again,' she thought to herself, finding the strength to stand up and attempt to tear her younger sister away from the window. "Come on, Luce, how about a game of Checkers? I'll let you be red."

Lucy let out a muffled sniff and lifted her head up, turning to Lois with a watery smile. "The ice cream sandwiches are going to melt."

"I already put them in the freezer, Luce. We can have them when he does show up." Lois reassured, squashing the voice inside her that told her not to raise her little sister's hopes.

"When will that be?" Lucy asked. "Where is he? Doesn't he know what today is?"

"I'm sure he just got busy and forgot," Lois reassured him.

"Yeah," Lucy sniffed, standing up.

"So, Checkers?" Lois prompted.

"I'm *sooo* gonna beat you." Lucy cheered happily. "Red *always* wins!"

\*\*\*

## *Father's Day, 1982*

Clark stared in horror as the flames that had easily almost swallowed the farmhouse's kitchen whole disappeared beneath the icy cold that had filled the room. He looked around the mess of a kitchen in dismay, uncertain what to make of the new 'gifts' that had reared their ugly heads.

All he had wanted to do was make his dad some breakfast before he got up. It seemed that his good intentions had been met with fate's kick in the gut when a simple stare had emitted flames from the pan, he'd been cooking in. Flames. Red, hot burning flames that had quickly spread across the mess he'd made attempting to flip his dad's omelet.

He stared in dismay at the kitchen in a state of disarray, unsure where to start. He reached for the bucket and scrub brush from beneath the sink and moved around the kitchen at super-speed, hoping to clean up the chaotic mess before his dad awoke.

When he came to a stop, the kitchen was closer to the state it had been before the fire. He didn't dare call the singed curtains and scorched pan with a gaping hole in the bottom 'normal.' He had taken down the curtains and thrown them in the laundry. The countertops had been wiped down and the pan—if one could call it that any longer—had been discarded in the trash. The large hole that had been burnt through the bottom ensured there would be no saving it.

He reached his hand up to wipe his brow, wondering if there was anything from his attempt at breakfast that could be saved. Unfortunately, even the toast has been burnt to a crisp. He grumbled under his breath as he reached over to toss the blackened crisp wheat bread into the trash.

"Things get out of hand, again?"

Clark jumped, slightly startled to hear his dad's voice from a few feet away. He dropped the brush into the pail full of suds and turned to his dad in dismay, "All I did was look at the pan, dad. I swear."

He felt a bitter bile fill his throat as he looked back at his dad with remorse. All he had wanted was a chance to be a normal kid. He had tried with all his might to keep his abilities in check over the years. No pushing himself past what could be perceived as a normal speed for running miles at football practice. Not allowing himself to give in to the tempting emotions to lash out in anger at bullies or fellow classmates that tried to push him around. Just when he thought he'd gotten the handle of one of his gifts, another would rear its ugly head.

His dad lifted up the pan with the singe marks on the bottom of it, looking through it at Clark, "Burned right through the metal."

"All I did was stare at it, dad, honest," Clark said meekly, uncertain how that would help given the gravity of the situation.

Fire had come from his eyes. Fire. He stared at the pan with tears in his eyes as he shook his head, "I'm sorry, Dad. I just wanted to make you breakfast for Father's Day, and I've ruined everything."

His father's face fell, and he set the pan down, turning back to Clark, "Son, you haven't ruined anything." He gave Clark a wry expression as he added, "Now it's certainly not the best timing to wake up and find the kitchen in flames, but you did put the fire out, and nothing was seriously damaged."

"Except mom's pan," Clark replied with a grumble.

"The pan can be replaced," his dad remarked, placing a hand on Clark's shoulder and giving it a squeeze.

"I just want to be normal." Clark groaned, looking back at his father. "Why can't I just be like everyone else?"

"No one is like everyone else, Clark," his dad reminded him, patting his back. "Everyone is different in their own way."

"Yeah, how many people bench press cars over their head or burn the house down with just a look?" Clark asked bitterly.

"Or tend to the damage in less than a few minutes." his dad reminded him. "You're going to make mistakes. It's a part of growing up. Now, I don't know why you've been blessed with these abilities, but I do have faith that you'll learn how to use these abilities for good." He reached over to give Clark a hug, "You're going to do great things, Clark."

"How can you be so sure?" Clark asked curiously.

"A la Kent," his dad tapped his forehead with a grin. "Fatherly instinct."

"You say that about everything," Clark chuckled.

"Because it's true," his dad responded with a smile.

Clark let out a long sigh and laughed, "Happy Father's Day, dad."

\*\*\*

*Father's Day, 1998*

"Happy Father's Day."

The glasses clinked together as everyone drew their arms back, to take a sip from their respective glasses. Lois took a deep sigh as she stared at the ice water in her glass. It had been nearly two years since her and Clark's late Fall wedding—just after their second failed attempt to get married.

It seemed setting aside all the plans and good intentions and finding that perfect sunset hilltop with their friends and family was the only way she or Clark would ever get their happily ever after. Though these days it felt like that happily ever after was short lived. It seemed like everything under the sun worked against them in their first year as newlyweds. Scandals, murder trials and most devastating of all was the news from Dr. Klein. It had been almost a year and a half since Dr. Klein had delivered the heartbreaking news that she would never see the day that she and Clark would be parents themselves.

It wasn't like she wanted to be a parent that second.

She and Clark knew they weren't ready when the news had been delivered.

But she wanted to have a *choice*.

To be told she had no say in whether she and Clark would be parents infuriated her. She found herself, unable to think of anything but the imaginary family she'd been stripped of in a blink of an eye.

It was especially hard to see the effect it had on Clark. He was a natural with children and would take on the role of father much easier than she imagined herself growing into the role of mother. Seeing the heartbreak in her husband's eyes every time he stole a glance at a family with their children in tow or a baby being carried by his or her father, it broke her heart.

Father's Day had always been the day Lois tried to avoid. She never thought she'd have a reason to want to celebrate it again after the numerous times she'd been let down over the years. But with Clark it was different. It had been different for a few years now. Seeing her parents slowly drift back to one another made the

small memorable moments all the more special as she looked forward to seeing how things would change from when she was a child to now.

Both her parents had changed after being exposed to the Bummer-Be-Gone that had erased the painful memories the two of them had shared, her parents were now moving closer and closer to reconciliation. Gone were the harsh words and cut downs that had been there years ago along with broken promises. In their place were promises to try and do better for one another.

With those changes came the innocent questions among her parents and even her sister from time to time.

Children.

It always came up with each memorable event celebrating family and togetherness. With it came a hint about how her mother wasn't getting any younger and how she was apparently at the ripe age for reproduction.

She let out a long breath, stealing a glance at her husband as he squeezed her hand from beneath the table. Dare she tell her parents how just weeks ago she had her second miscarriage in the last six months? Dare she bring up the fact that each mention of grandchildren or friends with children was like a knife in her chest, reminding her of what she thought she would never have?

She looked down and took a sip from her glass, smiling over the rim at her father who appeared clueless of just how painful the reminder of the one thing missing from her life was for her. She turned her attention to her father-in-law who offered a simple nod of support, silently sending her the strength she needed just before he changed the subject to toast the day with those around them.

\*\*\*

*Father's Day, 2002*

A soft squeal filled the air, and Clark poked his head over his infant son's bassinet, grinning at him just before ducking out of sight and whispering, "Where's daddy?" A split-second later, he called out, "There he is!"

A soft gurgle escaped his son's throat as he stared back at him in awe. He still felt in awe of the luck that had been bestowed upon him. He had spent years in isolation, thinking he would never have the chance to experience simple moments like this. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined his life turning out to be even half as full as it was now.

Finding a woman like Lois Lane, who not only supported him in every aspect of his life but accepted all of him in a way he never thought he would be able to find in a partner. Now she not only had opened her heart to him and become his wife but had also blessed him with a handsome son. A child born from their love.

Despite all the struggles with being told it would never happen and giving up on ever having the family they both so desperately wanted Jon was born. They had all but given up after being forced to return young CJ to his parents in their proper time. The pain from that loss had hit both him and Lois hard, making their desire to be parents even more persistent.

IVF.

Hormone treatments.

Adoption.

They had considered it all and gone through the grueling tests and treatments until that fateful morning a little over nine months ago when the two pink lines had appeared on that pregnancy test. Every late night. Every dirty diaper. Every inconsolable wail. It all was worth every second to have his son here now.

'Son,' Clark thought to himself with a broad smile.

A hand clasped on the back of his shoulder, and he turned to see his dad standing behind him with an equally delighted expression on his face. He checked the time, realizing he had lost track once more and lost himself in thought. Something he found himself doing more and more lately.

"Well, hello there, little guy," his dad crooned over the bassinet, reaching over to caress the bottom of Jon's foot with his

index finger. “He’s getting big.”

“You boys about ready?” Lois called from the doorway, dressed in a long sundress with a warm smile across her face.

He felt his heart explode with joy when he saw her. He turned back to Jon’s bassinet, reaching in to carry him to Lois as he murmured, “Are you ready for your first Father’s Day brunch, Jon?” A confused expression flashed across his son’s face as he let out a yawn, “That excited, huh?”

His dad chuckled, “Don’t worry, Jon, you’ll have plenty of chances to celebrate.”

“And hopefully get in his own traditions,” Lois agreed, leaning in to kiss Clark on the cheek.

“Well, he’s too little to break anything yet,” Clark grinned back at Lois.

“Uh-huh,” Lois rolled her eyes, reaching out to take Jon from Clark’s arms. “Let’s just keep it that way.”

THE END