

Disposable Characters: A ‘Cold & Blood’ Challenge Response

By BJ <brit_cass@hotmail.com>

Rated: PG

Submitted September 2009

Summary: Two drabble responses to the “Cold and Blood” opening lines challenge.

Story Size: 280 words (2Kb as text)

It’s cold. I taste blood. Searing pain racks my body as I realize my car is ablaze. I need to escape, but my mind is stuck trying to reconcile the scorching heat with the frigid numbness in my limbs. I try moving, but not even the thick stench of burning plastic and metal overcomes the deadly lassitude I feel.

The door disappears, metal screeching in protest, and Clark pulls me from the wreckage. He cradles me tenderly and calls my name. I open my eyes to see my beloved once more and finally understand.

“So that’s what you’ve been hiding.”

It’s cold. I taste blood.

My hand draws across my mouth and comes away crimson. It’s been months since his last attack, but I still haven’t figured out why he hates me. As a gofer and wannabe photojournalist, I’ve never hurt anybody! Except when I tried to kill Lois, but even *she* doesn’t hold it against me.

Seeing him emerge from a stand of fir trees, I duck to avoid his next volley, but the icy snowball smashes into my tender nose and I yelp painfully. Tank Wilson’s maniacal laugh taunts me as I run.

It’s cold. I taste blood.

A/N: Thanks to HappyGirl and Queen of the Capes for the first-line challenge. Also, big thanks go to Tank Wilson for letting me use/abuse his name and likeness.

[EIC’s Note: The ‘Cold & Blood Challenge can be found here (http://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ultimatebb.php?ubb=get_topic;f=3;t=000877) on the Lois and Clark Fanfic MessageBoards.]