

Double Diaries: The Journals of Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Newlyweds Lois and Clark learn more about each other as they read and discuss their journals from the early days of their relationship.

Based on The Pilot Episode

Author's Note: This story is based on the characters, plot, and dialogues from the television series Lois and Clark, The New Adventures of Superman. The author receives no compensation from this story and wishes to thank the writers and actors who created such wonderful characters that live on in the minds and hearts of their fans. Feedback welcomed and appreciated.

Lois Lane and her new husband, Clark Kent, were packing boxes in Clark's apartment to get ready to move to their new home. Superman could have had everything packed up in a flash, but Lois wanted to do things the "ordinary" way to savor the experience.

"Clark," said Lois holding up a leather bound book she pulled from a pile of books. "What is this?"

Clark glanced up from the box he was packing and said, "Oh, that's one of my journals."

"I didn't know you kept a journal," said Lois. "That's really odd. I do too." And she flipped open the lid of another box and pulled out her one of her own journals.

"It's another wonderful thing we have in common," Clark responded coming closer to embrace his wife.

"How long have you been keeping a journal?" Lois asked.

"I started writing one the day before I moved to Metropolis. Mom got it for me. She thought it would be a great way to keep track of my thoughts as I started my new life in the big city, but I haven't been writing in it since we got married -- now that I have you to share my thoughts with," Clark explained.

"Am I in it?" Lois queried.

"What do you think?" Clark answered with a grin.

Lois smiled back and they rested foreheads happy just to be together. Then Lois pulled her head back and had a look on her face that Clark knew only too well -- Lois had an idea.

"Clark, I have an idea! Let's read each other's journals," Lois said quickly.

"You want to read my journal? Of course you can, but why?" asked Clark.

"I want to do more than just read your journal. I want you to read mine too, and we will do it together. I will read yours out loud to you, and then you will read mine out loud to me."

"Lois, I don't know. Some of the things I wrote in my journal

might hurt you," Clark said hesitantly.

"I'm a big girl, Clark. I can handle it. Besides it will be fun, and it will help us get to understand each other better. Please!"

"Alright, Lois, you win, but we cannot interrupt each other while we are reading, and we need to stop right after each day's entry to discuss what we wrote and why. I don't want any misunderstandings to come between us. We've had enough of those already. Agreed?" Clark asked.

"Agreed!" Lois answered. "Can we start right now?"

"OK, you first," Clark said grabbing her hand and leading her to the sofa. Lois opened Clark's journal to the first page and began to read.

September 11, 1993

Well, this is it! Tomorrow I leave for Metropolis. I'm ready to experience life in a big city. Smallville is wonderful, but it's time for something more -- something with a faster pace -- someplace where the unexpected happens everyday.

Dad is worried that somehow people will find out about me and turn me into a lab experiment. But I can't stay here and be "safe" forever. Risk or no risk, it is time for me to try. Professor Caulden set up an interview for me with an old friend of his, Perry White at the Daily Planet. Hopefully, it will be enough to get me a job. Tomorrow will tell.

"My turn now," said Clark as Lois opened her mouth to comment. "Remember our rules. We both read first, then talk." Lois closed her mouth with a snap and smiled sheepishly at her husband.

September 11, 1993

I did it! I broke the stolen car ring story -- the story that should win me another Kerth Award. It only took several weeks of disguising myself as a man, but it was worth the uncomfortable wrap, the scratchy beard and moustache, and the sleepless nights.

Lucy is after to me to stop working so hard and find a guy to take me to Lex Luthor's ball. She wants me to go out more -- to find a super guy. I don't think such a man exists -- one who would truly appreciate me for who I am and someone who I could respect and trust.

I'd much rather pursue a challenging story than pursue a man. Now Perry will have to give me my pick of assignments! No more puff pieces for Lois Lane. Tomorrow will tell.

"You dressed up as a man? A car thief?" asked Clark. "You could have been discovered and killed. You are too beautiful, too feminine to carry it off -- especially for weeks on end," Clark scolded.

"I was perfectly safe," Lois argued back. "No one suspected a thing. I looked like a man so people didn't doubt it. You of all people should know that people see only what they want to see."

After taking a deep breath, Clark admitted, "You're right, but I hate the thought of you in danger. I always have and always will. You take too many risks."

"But you wrote about taking risks, too," Lois rebutted. "You came to Metropolis even though you knew that you could be discovered. What did you do? It's not in your nature to sit back and do nothing."

"Keep reading, my darling wife. Keep reading," Clark answered with a smile.

"September 12," Lois began

Today didn't turn out as I had planned. Almost as soon as I got to Metropolis, a runaway bus came careening down the street into a group of pedestrians. What else could I do but stop it?

"See!" Lois interrupted. "I told you!"

"Lois!" Clark said with an exasperated sigh.

"Alright! Alright! I'll follow the rules!" Lois huffed turning her attention back to the page.

What else could I do but stop it? One woman saw me, but I disappeared into the crowd before she could make a scene. Dad

has warned me again and again to be careful, but I can't stand by and do nothing. I have these powers. Shouldn't I use them for good?

All the powers in the world didn't help me at my interview with Perry White though. He wasn't impressed with my credentials and experience. He basically told me that he didn't have anything for me. There must be some way to prove to him that I am right for the Planet.

In the middle of my interview, a woman barged in -- Lois Lane. She is the most intriguing woman I have ever encountered. She barely gave me a second glance, but I felt an instant connection. Unexplainable, yet powerful and real.

Lois stopped reading and looked at her husband. She did not say a thing with her mouth, but her eyes spoke volumes. She turned back to the journal and continued reading.

Mr. White says Lois is the "best damn reported he's ever seen." She was arguing with him about a story. She didn't want the piece he had assigned to her and wanted to pursue another story. Even though Mr. White didn't budge, I could tell that Lois was going to pursue the story she wanted. That gives me an idea!

"My turn," said Clark before Lois could say a word.

"September 12," Clark read.

I can't believe it! This is not what I had planned! A movie theater? Perry gives me a story about a condemned movie theater? This is my choice assignment? Puff -- pure puff! I hate puff pieces! Perry knows that -- especially when I have a great story thrust in my lap about sabotage in the Space Program.

I walked right into an interview that Perry was having with some guy. I was hoping that Perry would be so distracted that he would say, "Yes" to my idea. Perry would not cooperate, but I refuse to be stuck. I have an idea and it does NOT involve a movie theater!

"You felt an instant connection to me when I acted so rudely and obnoxiously? And you knew what I planned to do even though you didn't even know me?" asked Lois.

"I can't explain it, but from the first moment I saw you, I just knew my life would never be the same," Clark answered. "I knew it would take time to build a relationship and trust between us, but there has never been anyone else since I first saw you."

"Oh, Clark," said Lois with tears in her eyes. They embraced and the journals fell to the floor forgotten.

"Clark," called Lois as they were getting ready for bed that night. "Could we read some more of our journals?"

"Now?" asked Clark climbing into the bed and resting against the headboard.

"Yeah. I think I would like to read them each day -- maybe before we go to bed. We've shared so much already, but reading your journal helps me to know who you were and what you were thinking right when it happened. It helps me understand you better," Lois explained.

"Alright, Lois, we will read these everyday for as long as you like. Do you want me to start this time?" asked Clark.

"No, I think I like going first," answered Lois climbing into bed while holding both journals. "If you read my entries first, I will have to bite my tongue to keep from explaining my words and why I wrote them," answered Lois. "If I read first, I get to think about your words longer and what I want to say."

"Sounds like a good plan to me. Ready when you are," agreed Clark.

"September 13," Lois began.

I got a job at the Daily Planet today! This morning I went to the theater and followed up on the story that Lois Lane wasn't interested in. Mr. White not only loved my story but said that he liked my initiative and hired me on the spot. Now I am working with Lois to find out about possible sabotage in the space program. Lois is not happy to be working with me. She told me that I am working for her, not with her. Either way, I know I can

learn a lot from Lois -- even if she thinks I am a "hack from Nowheresville."

This "hack" went with Lois to Lex Luthor's ball tonight since her date canceled at the last minute. Had to fly home to get my tux. Dad tried to encourage me to believe that it is possible to have it all -- career, relationships, love, even a family. It is so hard to fit in. I'm tired of always having to hide part of myself and living in such a controlled manner. How can I be me and still use my powers for good? I must find a way.

Mom was more curious about Lois. How can I accurately describe someone so complex? She's beautiful, yet assertive; brilliant, yet pigheaded. She was amazing at Luthor's ball -- going after her interview with determination. Yet seeing her dancing with Luthor was more than I could stand so I cut in on them. The look on Lois' face spoke volumes. If looks could kill... The ball ended with Luthor as the center of attention as he unveiled his new space station. There is something about him that just isn't right. I don't know yet what it is, but I will find out.

"September 13 -- 7 pm," read Clark.

A partner! Clark Kent -- that guy whose interview I interrupted yesterday is now working with me on my space program story! First he steals my theater story and uses it to get a job at the Planet and then Perry puts us together on my story. I asked Perry for a task force and I get a hack from Nowheresville.

In 2 hours, Clark will be taking me to Lex Luthor's ball. I only asked him because my date backed out at the last minute. Desperate times call for desperate measures! Gotta get ready! I am going to make such an impression that Lex Luthor won't be able to ignore me any more.

September 13 - 11:30 pm

The first Lex Luthor interview in years is mine!! At the ball, I marched right up to him and asked him why he hadn't returned my calls. He answered by asking me to dance. I could kill Clark. He cut in on my dance with Lex at the worst possible time. He has no reporter's instincts! Still, I got a dinner invitation from Lex -- purely a business arrangement for my exclusive -- and it will be the interview of the century!

"That seems like so long ago," said Lois. "I was so determined to get the scoop that I plowed people over to get my way. I'm sorry that I treated you like that, Clark," Lois began with an apology.

"Don't be sorry. You have always been yourself with me. Your words didn't hurt me. They challenged me. That's why dad tried to encourage me to live a real and full life, because he knew that I could picture doing that with you and didn't know how," responded Clark.

"Still even when I said mean things to your face, you wrote nice things about me in your journal. I do not know if I will ever fully comprehend your goodness," said Lois.

"I'm not perfect, Lois. You know better than anyone that I am not always good or nice and that I do stupid things sometimes."

"Yeah, but so do I. You were right about Lex, though, even then. Your goodness could sense his evilness. I was blind to both...but I learned. I learned the hard way, but I learned," sighed Lois.

"We've both learned a lot since then. Can we go to sleep now?" asked Clark.

"Let's read one more set of entries first," Lois said.

"September 14," Lois began.

Spent the day working on the space program story with Lois. Flew to Shanghai because Lois wanted Chinese food. She said it was "out of this world" -- finally something to impress her. Lois says that I am a "strange one" but she has me figured out. She says that she can look beyond the external. I could hardly keep a straight face. Then Lois called me "farm boy" and warned me not to fall for her.

I think it is too late for that. I wish she could see beyond the

external, to see more than a farm boy -- like I am beginning to see beyond the external with Lois. She puts on this show of toughness and assertiveness, but underneath I sense vulnerability, compassion, and a whole hearted devotion to what and who she cares about.

Finding Dr. Platt dead really shook her. I feel responsible. I should have protected him - kept him alive. Mom and Dad tell me to not carry this burden, but I cannot help it! They are worried because they heard about the man I rescued from the sewer on the Nightly News. The man recognized me and pointed me out, but I brushed it aside saying he was delirious. Dad is afraid that one day someone with a video camera will catch me in the act, but mom understands. She knows I cannot stand by and do nothing.

I have an idea -- to somehow create another persona -- someone who can use all these powers and not be recognized as Clark. I hope Mom's sewing skills are up to the task.

"September 14," read Clark.

Dr. Platt is dead -- electrocuted! The police say it was suicide, but I think it was murder. Clark took it hard - feeling responsible. A small town reporter doesn't see things like this everyday. I told Clark that it was now our job to prove Dr. Platt right and solve his murder. Experience means that you keep going no matter what, yet deep down, I feel like Clark does -- that somehow I was responsible for his death -- that my story led to him being killed. That Clark is a strange one, but I have to admit he's a likeable guy and easy to be around.

Clark and Lois turned and stared at each other, both thoughtful and unsure of the words to say. Finally Lois blurted out, "You went to Shanghai to get Chinese food?" Clark burst out laughing. Of all the things Lois could possibly say, he did not expect that.

Then Lois got a serious look on her face and asked, "Do you think we are responsible for the death of Dr. Platt and so many others -- that we dig too hard to get a story and put our sources at risk?"

"I still struggle with this myself, Lois, but we are dealing with people who have no morals or ethics, who are evil and will do anything for money or power. Bad things will happen even though our intentions are only good."

"I've never been able to accept any of it," said Lois. "I put on a good front to make it look like it was a part of the job that I could deal with, but inside, it tore me apart. It's like you said in your journal -- beyond the external, I was very vulnerable. I was never able to let that show until you," Lois said with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Lois, I love you," declared Clark, "and I was never able to be my whole self until I met you and you accepted me for all that I am. With you, I have the life I have always dreamed of. Do you want to read more?"

"No," Lois said with a gleam in her eye. "I'm done reading for the night, and I have other plans for you."

"Clark," Lois called out the next evening. "Let's try an experiment."

"An experiment?" Clark said as he stuck his head out the bathroom door. "That's sounds interesting."

"I meant with our journals," Lois retorted. "I want you to read first tonight."

"Oh," said Clark with a disappointed grin. "I'll tell you what. I will read first and then conjure up an experiment of my own. What do you think?"

"Read now. Experiment later," said Lois with a smile.

"September 15," Clark started reading.

I blew it! Lex Luthor kissed me!

Clark stopped reading and looked at his wife. "Did you know this was coming? Is that why you wanted me to read first?"

Lois nodded. "I wanted you to be the one to have time to think before speaking so you could cool down. I was afraid it

would upset you."

"I'm not upset," denied Clark. "It just took me by surprise."

"Clark, you are upset. Look at what you are doing to my journal," Lois pointed out. Clark had a super grip on the journal ready to tear it apart. "Besides, you are breaking your own rules. No talking until I'm done reading your journal... remember?"

Clark looked at his wife for a long moment and then turned his attention back to the journal. Lois grabbed his hand and held it while he read.

How unprofessional! I had my dinner interview with Lex -- if you could call it an interview. He kept steering the conversation away from my questions to personal comments. Lex says that he sees potential and possibilities in me and that I am beautiful. I felt flattered but uncomfortable.

It's all Clark's fault!

At that, Clark pulled his hand from Lois and looked at her as if to say, "My fault?" Lois just grabbed Clark's hand again and tapped the journal with her finger.

It's all Clark's fault! He put these doubts in my mind -- questioning my professionalism in having dinner with Lex. He made me so mad -- calling me a snob. I can't believe I blurted out my three rules to him. I've never shared those with anyone. Even when he's challenging me, there's something about Clark that I can rely on. I feel more comfortable with Clark than I did with Lex. With Clark, what you see is what you get. He's predictable and safe. I'm not so sure about Lex. The only time I've felt uncomfortable with Clark was this morning when he answered his door wet and wrapped only in a towel. Another "professional" moment for Lois Lane.

Men are such confusing creatures. If Mr. Right is just outside my window like Lucy says, he'd better be someone super-special or I'll never notice him.

As tempted as they both were to talk, Lois immediately turned her attention to Clark's journal and began to read.

September 15

Star Lab confirmed our suspicions about sabotage. One minute Lois and I were so excited -- ready to celebrate. The next minute she's snipping at me about my inexperience and complaining about "being stuck" with me.

Lois tried to pull her hand away from Clark's but Clark refused to let go. He knew what she was feeling and tried to encourage her to keep reading with touch of his hand.

Lois is such a snob! She spouted her three rules to me. 1- She never gets involved with a story. 2- She never lets anyone else get there first, and 3- She never sleeps with anyone she works with.

"Business" she says to go out with Luthor. But what kind of "business" does he have with her? I do not trust him. I was so worried that I waited outside her apartment to be sure she got home safely. I even went so far as to hover outside her window. Am I jealous? Or am I just being over-protective? These feelings are so new for me. I am not sure how to handle them.

"You were outside my window?" Lois asked. "When I said that about Mr. Right being outside my window, you were actually there?"

"I guess I was," Clark agreed without really hearing. "Lois, I'm sorry to get so upset whenever I hear about Luthor. I know that reading these journals will cause me to face this again and again. I promise to behave better."

"Clark, the purpose of reading these is so we can get everything fully out into the open -- not to conceal our feelings and 'behave better.' I am so touched that even back then you were looking out for me -- making sure that I was safe even after I said such horrible things to you."

"And I'm relieved to know that you originally had hesitations about Luthor. You have great reporter's instincts which I thought never worked with him. They worked at first. I hope it was nothing I did that caused them to fail," Clark explained.

"I guess that's another thing we will have to tackle together as we read these journals. Now," said Lois with a mischievous grin on her face, "what 'experiment' have you come up with?"

Thinking of her entry about being "wet and wrapped in only a towel", Clark led Lois into their bathroom. "Let's be unprofessional and experiment in the shower," he laughed.

The next evening, as Lois and Clark were getting ready for bed, Clark said, "OK, Lois, I read first last night. Tonight you go first. We will take turns from now on so there are no more planned surprises."

"Alright. That seems fair," Lois agreed opening Clark's journal to the marked page.

September 16

Perry killed our story this morning for lack of evidence, and Lois almost got herself and Jimmy killed by the end of the day. In typical Lois fashion, she rushed in without thinking -- so determined to get her story. But then I rushed in too, without thinking -- only to stand there and stammer and look helpless. Lois just rolled her eyes at me and called me an amateur.

Yet tied up there together, we had our first real conversation. Lois opened up to me -- sharing her past -- her thoughts -- even apologizing. It breaks my heart to think of anyone hurting Lois or abusing her trust. No wonder she has built such a wall around herself. I hope she heard my words about how respected and admired she is by everyone at the Planet -- especially me.

We ended the day in the mud, but I got all of us out before the explosion with no one the wiser as to how it was done.

"September 16," read Clark.

I've spent the last half-hour washing off mud, but I am alive and got another great story. Somehow Clark managed to get me and Jimmy out of Eprad before it exploded-- how he did it, I will never know. Clark came barging in to "rescue" me -- without the police or back-up -- only to be captured too. Typical male behavior.

I thought for sure that we were going to die there together so I spilled my guts to Clark. I can't believe I told him about Claude. Clark is such a good listener, understanding and kind. Yet, I am so embarrassed. How can I look him in the face tomorrow? How can I act like nothing happened? Clark says he respects me, but can I truly trust him? Just be tough, Lois. Don't let him see your weakness.

"I had forgotten all about that day when I barged in to save you and couldn't," said Clark. "Before I was Superman, there were many situations like that."

"I said 'I would never know' how you saved us, but I guess that's not true. You did that many times as Clark without me being the wiser. Didn't you?" asked Lois. Clark only nodded in response. "I can see now why you needed to create that other persona you mentioned earlier in your journal. His arrival is coming soon in the journals. Let's keep reading."

"OK, but my turn to go first," said Clark.

September 17

There's nothing like the satisfaction of seeing your name in print under the headline of a story you have toiled to create. I don't think I will ever get tired of it. It was a first at the Planet for Clark -- we shared the byline of the space program piece. Clark did work very hard and was helpful -- even if he wasn't a task force.

The launch is back on. I want to cover it, but once again Perry wants to steer me in another direction. Let Clark go that way. I think there still is a story to be told. My instincts tell me that something big is going to happen, and I plan to be a part of it.

"September 17," Clark read.

We celebrated today at the Planet. Lois and I wrote our first story together. The launch is back on. Lois wants to cover it somehow. She's got one of her wild ideas in her head. I can tell. I

have my own idea -- hope mom is up to the task.

"That's it? That's all you wrote about that day? Was 'Superman' the idea you mentioned?" queried Lois.

"'Superman' was your creation, Lois. You came up with the name," answered Clark.

"So what was your idea?" asked Lois curiously.

"I flew home and mom and I spent hours creating costume after costume. You would laugh to see them. Some had masks; others had hats, stripes, camouflage." They both started laughing -- Clark in remembrance of the crazy parade of outfits he had tried on and Lois trying to imagine them.

"What made you finally pick the one you did?" Lois asked.

"Both mom and I knew as soon as I tried it on. In fact, she said to me, 'Well, they won't be looking at your face.'"

"That sounds like something Martha would say," Lois chuckled.

"Mom thought something was missing and pulled the 'S' insignia out of an old trunk. I had never seen it before. She told me that they got it when they found me."

"You are so lucky to have parents like that," Lois stated.

"They loved and accepted you from the moment they found you. I envy you the childhood you had with them."

"Both our childhoods made us the people we are today. We wouldn't match otherwise," said Clark. "Now if you keep reading, I think Superman is about to make his debut."

"September 18," Lois read.

Superman...they call me Superman. Yesterday mom created a costume for me -- red, blue and yellow with a cape and the "S" insignia they found wrapped up with me.

I wasn't totally sure that it would be enough to conceal my identity, but the first person to see me in it was Lois. Once again, she rushed headlong into getting her story and was aboard the shuttle that had been sabotaged with a bomb. I almost laughed when she blurted out, "What kind of lunatic are you?" and after I ate the bomb, "What the hell are you?"

I flew Lois back to the Planet. She barely said a word the entire way. She just kept staring at me. I didn't say anything either. I kept waiting for Lois to recognize Clark. She never did.

After we got back, Lois looked at me, straight into my face, deep into my eyes...but it is Superman she saw, not Clark. Then she told me that I owed her an exclusive -- always the consummate reporter, my Lois.

I confronted Luthor about his sabotage of the space shuttle and the deaths of Dr. Platt and Dr. Baines. He denied it, of course, and I don't have any proof yet, but I will keep my eyes on Lex Luthor.

Lois came up with the name "Superman" -- written in big letters that will be on the front page of the paper. I am not totally comfortable with the title "super". I guess we'll find out how "super" this turns out to be.

"September 18," Clark read.

Superman! I met a super -- man! He burst into the space shuttle and ate a bomb just as it exploded. But it didn't hurt him. I thought he was some sort of lunatic dressed in blue tights with a red cape. What kind of person is he? Where did he come from? He launched the shuttle into space with no effort at all, and the he flew -- flew -- me back to the Planet!

And me, professional reporter than I am, did I take advantage of the time to ask any questions? No -- I just stared at him tongue-tied like an idiot. He is the most magnificent man I have even seen. Somehow I know I can trust him with my life. I felt this instant connection -- unexplainable, yet real. My life will never be the same.

I finally blurted out that he owes me an exclusive. He told me that he'll be around. He is super! I cannot wait to meet him again!

Both Lois and Clark were quiet deep in thought. Although she was disturbed and curious about Lex's involvement in the

sabotage of the space shuttle, she didn't want to start a conversation about it. Instead she remained quiet watching Clark's thoughtful face.

Finally Clark expressed what was on his mind. "Lois, did you notice? Did you notice that we both used the same words to describe when we first met? 'A connection that was unexplainable, yet real.' We both said that," Clark commented as he flipped through both journals to find the entries that held those words.

"Yes, but I didn't say that the first time I met you. I said it the first time I met Superman," Lois said sadly. "It took a long time for me to see it in you."

"But don't you see?" said Clark. "You said it would take a 'super' man to get your attention... that was me as Superman. And you also said that it would have to be someone who would accept you as you are. That was me as Clark. It was easier for Superman to get your attention. It took time for Clark to prove that he was someone you could trust and be yourself around."

"I've never thought of it like that before," said Lois. "It has bothered me for a long time that I all I could focus on was Superman when it was really you."

"I won't say it was always easy, Lois, especially when you were so infatuated with Superman and only tolerated Clark, but we have grown so much since then and have learned so much. Every minute of it has been worth it since at the end of it all, we are here together," Clark said.

"All three of us," Lois laughed. Clark was startled for moment, then started to laugh too. All three of them indeed.

THE END