

Happy Thoughts

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Rated G

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Summary: In a scene from early in Season 1, what could Lois need Clark to come to her apartment for? Nothing he could have ever imagined!

“Go, go, go, go, go, go, go! Yeah!” Clark cheered as the baseball dropped just beyond the fence for a home run - the game-winning run - for the New Troy Metropolitanans. One more win and the Mets would be in the World Series.

Clark’s cheering was abruptly interrupted by the jangle of the telephone.

He casually floated, cross-legged, over to the end table. He swallowed a mouthful of potato chips and picked up the phone.

“Hello?” he answered, most of his attention still focused on the celebrating Mets.

“Clark!”

Instantly Clark’s attention shifted.

“Lois?”

“Yeah,” she said impatiently, an attitude which Clark had determined was the manner in which Lois approached the world in general. “Listen,” she continued, “I need you to come over here.”

Clark could not help but feel a little stymied. In the short time he had known Lois Lane, a late evening call for him to meet her somewhere was decidedly outside of the parameters she had established for their sometimes-partnership, story investigations notwithstanding. “What?”

“I need you to come to my apartment. I found something that doesn’t belong here.”

“What?” Clark grimaced at the repetitive inanity of that word and wondered if the day would come when he did not feel utterly off-balance in regard to Lois.

“You know, for a journalist, you sometimes have a tenuous grasp at best on the English language. Would you just come over here?”

The familiarity of being insulted by Lois provoked Clark’s defenses and kicked his brain in gear. “No, I’m not busy right now, Lois, thanks for asking.”

“Clark!” Now her impatience was definitely directed toward him.

“Okay, okay, I’m on my way.” Clark could not keep the grin off his face or out of his voice. Baiting Lois was too tempting, even if he was playing with fire. Suddenly, he halted, halfway to the ground. “Wait a minute. You’re not just calling me to come take out your trash or something, are you?” he asked suspiciously.

“No, Clark,” Lois answered as if placating a small child. “Though I’m glad to hear I’ve taught you at least one thing about living in the city and trusting everybody. Now, are you coming or what?”

“Gee, thanks, Lois,” Clark replied sarcastically. “I’ll be there in fifteen minutes. Bye.”

“Bye!” Lois replied cheerfully.

Clark sighed as he hung up the phone. Who was he kidding? If Lois called for him, he would gladly come over, even to take out her trash. The sad part was, he was fairly certain she knew that, too.

After a pleasant late autumn stroll through the streets of Metropolis, Clark arrived at Lois’s apartment and knocked on her door. He waited a few moments as he heard her make her way down the assorted locks to let him in. Clark blinked, slightly taken aback at the completely nonchalant Lois who answered the door. She was dressed in pajama pants and a t-shirt, with her hair pulled back into a ponytail, and she was reading a magazine or journal of some sort. Just what could she have needed him to come over for?!

“Hey, Clark,” she greeted him, almost absentmindedly, just barely glancing up as she let him in. She turned away from the door, grabbing the pencil from behind her ear and making notes on her reading at the same time.

Clark just stared after her for a moment, then stepped into the apartment and shut the door behind him. He would not let this woman befuddle him, he admonished himself. He was still giving himself a talking-to when Lois sat down on her sofa and returned to whatever it was she was reading.

“Lois?”

“It’s in the fridge.” She made a gesture at something behind her head, in the general direction of the kitchen.

Clark just barely refrained from asking “what” again, and for that he gave himself a mental pat on the back. Outwardly, though, he rolled his eyes in exasperation and headed to Lois’s kitchen.

A quick perusal of the meager contents of Lois’s refrigerator heralded a return to feeling stymied. A box of Chinese takeout that could benefit from carbon dating, a withered stalk of celery, a container of sour cream, and a can of cream soda. The contents were appalling, certainly, but Clark was at a loss to determine which of those things did not belong.

“The sour cream,” Lois called out, as if Clark was telepathically projecting his confusion. At this moment, he definitely hoped that was not a power he possessed.

The previously innocuous sour cream suddenly seemed a little menacing. “Lois,” Clark ventured, hesitatingly, “did you buy this sour cream?”

“Of course I did, Clark, how do you think it got into my refrigerator?” Lois retorted, clearly not a member of the “there are no stupid questions” camp.

By this point, Clark’s earlier resolve to not act like a ninny around Lois had totally abandoned him. “Okay, Lois, I give. What on earth are you talking about?” His exasperation had escalated.

“Open the sour cream,” Lois commanded, seemingly unfazed by Clark’s frustration.

Taking a deep breath to steel his nerves and ready his reflexes, he gingerly pulled out the container of sour cream and pulled off the lid. To his surprise, the foil seal was still intact. Still puzzled, but now reassured that the sour cream probably would not cause harm to his person, he examined it more closely. Printed on the foil seal was a picture of a flower and an inspirational thought, “A smile can start a conversation without saying a word.”

“See?” Lois said. “I’m not entirely sure how that sour cream even survives in Metropolis. Clearly it belongs in a more...” she paused, searching for the precise word, “compatible environment. So I called you.”

Clark walked to the living room, sour cream in hand, and stopped in front of the sofa. “You’re serious about this, aren’t you?”

Lois finally put down her reading and looked at him. “Of course I am, Clark. Would I call you to come over here for a joke? I thought about bringing it to you at work tomorrow, but then I figured with it having to be refrigerated and all, it would be better for you to just come and get it. So there you go.”

Hilarious. Absurd. Ridiculous. The adjectives to describe the situation began scrolling through Clark’s mind. “Lois...” he

began.

“Hmm?”

“Never mind.” Clark’s face broke out into a smile. This kind of thing only happened when one was friends with Lois Lane.

And he loved it. He raised the sour cream. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome,” she answered sincerely.

“See you tomorrow,” Clark said as he moved toward the door.

“Bye, Clark,” she waved as she returned to reading.

He managed to hold it in until he was outside of her building, but on his way down the stairs to the sidewalk, Clark laughed out loud. Never a dull moment with Lois Lane. And if he was very lucky, he thought to himself on his way back home with his sour cream, he would never have another dull moment for the rest of his life.

Author’s Notes:

Beware the consequences of sour cream containers bearing platitudes.

Standard disclaimers apply; not my characters, but it is my idea.

THE END