Go for Superman

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Rated: G

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Summary: Superman needs a way for people to contact him. But things tend to backfire on him...

Disclaimer: This was written a while back, but I'm just now getting around to posting it up here.

Go For Superman (or, How Superman Outed Himself)

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As technology advanced and the world got crazier, Superman found himself in need of a method for people to contact him. Without having them know he was Clark Kent, of course: mild-mannered reporter, devoted husband and father of two and a half (the third's on its way). Just a number he could discreetly give out to the people at STAR Labs, some Detectives on the police force, and some higher ups in the government, should anything catastrophic pop up and they couldn't get word to him.

And so, it was with great remorse, that Superman got a cell phone.

Now Clark loved his own phone- sure it didn't have all of the bells and whistles that Lois' phone had, but he didn't care about that stuff. He didn't need most of it- and any games or applications would simply go to waste, what with his double-booked schedule.

Superman's phone should be no different. Nothing flashy or expensive, just a simple phone that could be used to receive urgent calls. Nothing else. Not to mention, in case he had to answer it at work, then it shouldn't look any different from his regular phone.

The first time he had gotten a call on what Lois called his Super-phone was from Henderson. He was startled by it, but luckily enough Clark was at home and nobody caught his surprise. He was out the window in mere seconds.

The second time he answered it, he was at the Planet, and though his pulse rate spiked in fear that someone would pick up on the differences, nobody did. He simply ran up the stairs to the roof and took the call from Dr. Klein.

The third time he answered it, he was in public. As Superman. People were shocked to see Superman talking on his cell phone, and it ended up sprawled across every newspaper or tabloid within a hundred miles. (No kidding. Even the Gotham Gazette picked it up.)

Gradually though, the world got used to it, and so did Clark. Occasionally, he would have to change Superman's number, due to some criminals or nosy reporters getting ahold of it and harassing him. He did this on a fairly regular basis just for safety's sake.

Then, one day, way down the road, Superman answered his phone, "Go for Kent." Now luckily, the person on the other end of the phone was only his wife, Lois, who obviously already knew Clark was Superman.

But the crowd surrounding him at the scene of the rescue did not know that. Everyone stared at the Man of Steel in shock, and Clark all too soon realized his mistake. He looked around at everyone's faces and knew there was nothing else he could do — for he was Superman, and he could not lie.

He quickly ended the call with his wife and sheepishly smiled at his audience. "Uh, well... I guess the cat's out of the bag."

Then all of the sudden he heard another cry for help, and flew off into the sunset to save the world once more, leaving his onlookers stunned and confused.

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"The End," Laura shut the book and set it on her son's night table carefully. She leaned over and planted a soft kiss on his forehead before flicking on his night light and tucking his covers around him tight. "Now come on. Get some sleep." She stood up and walked over to his door.

"Momma?"

"Yes, Clarkie?"

His inquisitive brown eyes peered up at her just barely over the covers. "Is that really how great-grandpa told the world he was Superman?"

Laura smiled broadly at her son's curiosity, and his intuition. "No, sweetie. It's not."

"Then how did he do it?"

Her eyes twinkled mischievously. "Hmm. Well, it's a long story- full of intrigue and romance and action and chaos- and great-grandma Lois almost killing him. And eventually, there's a happy ending. But something that complicated sounds like a story for another night, don't you think?"

He gave a frustrated groan, and Laura flicked off the lights. "Good night, my little super man."

THE END