

Walk the Dog Challenge: Krypto Meets A New Friend?

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Summary: This ficlet is in response to the Walk The Dog Challenge. What happens when a Kryptonian dog meets an 'Earth' kitty?

Story Size: 872 words (5 kB as text)

A/N: Honestly, what is it with me that I can only participate in challenges that have to do with paws and fur? LOL!

Disclaimer: A very small entry in the LnC universe, which now has a sweet puppy! (Can anyone tell I love this dog?) I do not own any of the characters mentioned in this story, nor is financial compensation expected. But oh boy, is it ever fun to play in this universe!

With a jingle jangle of keys in the lock, Clark opened the door to his apartment and Krypto went bounding through, his leash making a racket as the strap dragged over the wooden floor. Tail wagging back and forth, he bounded down the stairs into the sunken living room and then zipped into the sleeping alcove, happily scampering and investigating sights, sounds, and most importantly, the smells of Clark's apartment.

The pup was super excited to be in his new home.

Krypto's eager steps from the alcove led him to the kitchen, where the smell of human food reached his inquisitive nose. With a happy yelp, he ran around the small kitchen island hoping to find a puppy snack.

Clark chuckled. Returning from New Krypton with a curious pup whose floppy ears and irrepressible personality had made the trip back from that distant world more of an adventure than he could have imagined. But now he needed to get some food for both of them. Krypto being the greater priority. There was precious little remaining of the kibble Zara's servants had supplied for the trip, and his new little buddy definitely needed to be fed.

He bent down, unsnapped the leash from around the dog's collar and said, "Krypto, be a good boy. I'm going to bring home food for you and a piping hot sausage and pepperoni pizza for me from Giovanni's Mercato in Rome."

At the word, 'pizza', one ear went up, and Krypto's head cocked to the side. For a moment, Clark suspected his dog knew exactly what a pizza was.

With that thought, Clark walked back up the steps and pulled open the front door, only to see his neighbor, Mrs. Harper, poised to knock and dressed in a flamboyant orange housedress with beer-can-sized rollers in her silver hair.

"Oh! Mr. Kent! It's so nice to see you again. Your fiancée, that nice Miss Lane, said you were on foreign assignment."

Momentarily caught off guard, Clark gave her an uneasy grin and said, "Uh, yeah. My foreign... assignment ended. Nice to see you, too, Mrs. Harper." That must have been the cover story Lois and Perry had cooked up to hide his long absence.

Mrs. Harper gave him a friendly smile and replied, "Well, now that you're back, I wanted to know if you could look after Pepper occasionally? Besides me, he seems to like you better than anyone else." She turned and called out, "Here, sweetie! That nice Mr. Kent is back. Remember staying at his apartment while Momma was gone? Here, Pepper!"

"Pepper? Your cat? Uh, that might be a problem. I have a dog now; his name is Krypto."

At that moment, a cat with black, white, and hints of brown fur padded from Mrs. Harper's apartment and walked down the hallway as if he owned the place. The cat reached his owner, and the sleek-furred animal rubbed against her legs, purring loudly, as though looking for an affectionate pet or two.

Krypto, upon hearing his name and thinking Clark might want to take him on another walk, sprang up the stairs with happy abandon.

Suddenly, the two animals stared at each other, and their human staff members were afraid something bad was going to happen.

It did.

Pepper took one look at Krypto and froze, his hackles rising, and the cat began to hiss. Undaunted by the other animal's strange reaction, Krypto stepped into the hallway, advanced on the frightened cat, and proceeded to sniff the feline's rear enthusiastically. He wanted to be friends.

Clark cautiously said, “Krypto...that’s not a good idea, leave the kitty—”

Before another word escaped Clark’s lips, Pepper smacked Krypto hard on the tip of his nose.

Krypto yelped in fear and confusion, then ran to the corner of the hallway, sat down, lowered his head, and whimpered. Pepper, somehow sensing that he had harmed the dog, went over and sat down in front of him and meowed softly as if to comfort the dog and...apologize?

Watching the scene, Clark was a little confused. “Oh boy. I’m sorry, Krypto is just excited about being in a new place. Let me make it up to you? I’m going out for pizza. Can I bring you back something?”

“Aww,” Mrs. Harper said, the rollers in her hair shaking like popcorn in a can as she laughed. “Pepper is sorry. Don’t worry about dinner. Time to take my kitty inside and let him settle down. Nice to have you back in the building!” With those words, the older woman walked over to her cat, picked him up, and brought him inside. All the while the kitty watched Krypto intently, growling softly.

Krypto padded back into the apartment, his owner looking at him with a puzzled expression on his face.

Krypto: Streaky, why did you hit me? I just wanted to say hello! My new owner’s uncle put that device in our heads so we could “silent talk”.

*Pepper: Remember humans think animals are dumb. On this planet dogs **chase** cats. We have to pretend to be enemies, before we can be friends.*

Krypto: Fine. But I want to know how you got to Terra.

Pepper: It’s a long story...

The End