

The Red Rose

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This is a story about a 16 year old girl who figures out that her father is Superman. This is just the short version of it. I am actually writing it by hand and it's probably 30 pages long (front and back). I added a boy in there that is suppose to look l

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The Red Rose

I always thought that super heroes, evil geniuses, and powerful side kicks were all just a part of a small boy's comic book. I mean, wouldn't you say it was just a load of rubbish? Well, I thought so too after a big fight with my sister, Carol.

"I am 16! Why do you treat me like I'm 5?" I yelled as Carol walked into the kitchen.

“Well, you shouldn’t talk to me like you’re my age!” she shouted, turning red in the face.

“You can’t yell at me just because mom and dad are gone!” I stomped up the stair and she was speechless.

I flopped on to my bed and screamed into my pillow. A couple minutes later Johnny, Carol’s fiancé, came into my room. “Hey,” he said softly as he closed the door behind him. “I heard what happened. I’m sorry that-“

“No,” I interrupted. “You shouldn’t be sorry. It’s not your fault.” Johnny was always a good friend to me and he was always apologizing for some one else’s doing. He smiled innocently, and then slowly walked out the door, but stopped right before he was fully out of the room.

“She does love you,” he said. Then, he walked out and closed the door behind him, leaving me alone with a pillow hugged in my hand. I lay down, trying to fall asleep, and I did within seconds.

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That night, I woke up by the sound of owls and the cool breeze against my face. I looked up, and saw that the window next to my bed was wide open. The first thought that popped into my head was that we were being robbed. I looked around, but saw no sign of anything or anyone. So I assumed that Carol or

Johnny opened the window for fresh air. I lay back down, and slowly closed my eyes. After a couple of minutes of silence, I was almost asleep until I heard shuffling in my room. I opened my eyes and got up, and there in front of me was...believe it or not...Superman. Before I could scream, I was on my bed unconscious. I guess I fainted because of who I just saw.

When I woke up a second time, I wasn't any where near Wake Forest. I was in New York...on the Statue of Liberty. I straightened up and saw that I was on the rim of the torch that the statue was holding. I started weeping to myself, knowing that nobody would be able to hear me up there. "It's not as high as you think," I heard a soft voice say. I took my hands away from my face and looked around. Superman was sitting on the arm of Ms. Liberty.

"Why did you take me?" I said, trying to keep my voice sounding brave, but I didn't succeed.

He looked at me with his soft blue eyes. "You wouldn't believe me even if I told you." He replied with a giggle in his voice.

“Believe it or not, I don’t even believe where I am right now. Wow...New York.” I admitted. I tried getting closer to him, but I failed because I was terrified of heights. “So...what’s up?”

He heavy sighed and flew next to me. “I...” he sighed, “I’m your dad.”

“What?” I screeched. “What do you mean?”

He looked at me. “Come here. Stand on my feet.” He held out his hands. I looked for a moment, and

then grabbed his hands. I carefully stood on his boots with my bare feet. He stood there, not taking his eyes off my eyes. Then, he slowly flew up, higher and higher. I held onto him tighter because now I was even higher than the Statue of Liberty. "You've grown into a beautiful young woman." He said, ignoring my fear. "You have your mother's dark hair, and my bright, blue eyes." He smiled, and what he said made me smile. "Let go." He said. I looked at him with a stern face.

"What?" I questioned, holding on tighter. "I'm not gonna let go."

"Come on," he began. "You can fly like me." he smiled and I looked at him. "Just believe you can. You are Superman's daughter." I looked at him and thought. Then, I let go and closed my eyes, thinking I was going to fall and splat into the water. But I didn't, I just floated there. I opened my eyes. "I told you so." He said jokingly.

"Woe!" I screeched. Superman's cape was flowing behind him like the waves under us. "I'm actually flying! Who ever thought, that I, Elizabeth—"

“Rose.” He interrupted flying closer. “Your name is Rose. Rose Kent.”

I looked down, thinking about my name. I’ve always liked the name Rose. “So, I guess I’m a Super hero now?”

He nodded softly. “Yes. You can be my awesome side kick if you want.” He said. “Come on. Let’s get you home.” I smiled and he flew off and then looked back at me. “You coming?” I nodded. I, Rose Kent, am now a super hero. I flew over to my dad, and smiled. We flew into the city to an apartment. He had a nice Super suit made just for me, and I was called The Red Rose. Me and my dad helped the city ever since, and one night I decided to visit my sister.

I flew to the house in Wake Forest with my suit on and went to her window. I opened it, and Johnny was lying in bed with Carol next to him. I guess I missed their wedding. I opened the window slightly and whispered her name. "Carol..." I softly said. She straightened up in a frightened way and looked around, then saw me at the window. She gasped. "Elizabeth?" she said putting on her robe and heading to the window.

I nodded. "Yes. I'm a super hero now."

She sighed. "I know. I've always known about Superman, everything. I just could never tell you. You weren't learning your great powers so he came and took you." She smiled with a tear in her eye.

"I love you, Carol. And I always will. No matter how mad I get." She smiled.

“You’ll always be my baby sister.” She giggled. I smiled and flew off. That wasn’t the last time I saw my sister and her new husband. Superman and I lived happily ever after, father and daughter, fighting crime like ones like us should do.