

Changes

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Rated: PG13- Character death.

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Summary: He was a constant in life. No one thought he would die... but then he did.

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A/U: This fic is dedicated to Fred, my beloved friend who read more fanfictions with me than I can count. He passed away early Tuesday morning, February third in his sleep after a long battle with mortality. Godspeed, little buddy. Note, this is in multiple archives.

It was funny really, the naive belief that he would always be there. He was the stronghold in life, the one constant that everyone depended on. Things changed over the years, acquaintances came and went, tomorrow's paper became yesterday's news and life went on. He was as faithful in his duty as the sun comes up each day. It was simply who he was.

Who ever heard of the sun refusing to rise? Sure, deep down, one knew that eventually the sun would implode and refuse to shine, but that was in the far distant future. A future none would know. Thus, why his absence was so profane. None who knew him could imagine it without his steadfast presence.

True, things existed before without him, and undoubtedly things would continue to function without him, but none could deny the void his absence created. When he arrived, unannounced and unsure, things fell into an easy routine and it was hard to remember how life was before.

No one, not in a million years, ever thought he would leave. No one thought he would die.

But then he did.

The Planet would run Clark Kent's obituary in the morning.

THE END