

Perfect Moments

by Misha

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Rating: K

Disclaimer: All these characters belong to someone else, of which I know DC Comics and Warner Brothers, but I'm sure there are more people involved and that certainly does not include me. I just write for fun :)

Author's Note: Thanks to **Josh** for betaing for me! You are the bestest ;) The waffles reference is a small-small homage for **clairecheaux** and her wonderful story, *Kal-El's Journal*.

A lifetime shouldn't be measured by seconds, but by perfect moments. Those that make your life the best thing that could have happened to you. Moments when I can see everything so perfectly clear, so full of light, so rich in detail.

Moments that stretch on forever.

They're made of the simplest things: The mischievous look in Lois' eyes right before she's going to say something I know will melt my heart. The smell of waffles in Mom's kitchen after a particular long day. The way Jason holds his breath as he watches in concentration something he truly loves.

Like the slinky going down the steps at the park. Up and down he tirelessly goes, following with a chess-master concentration how the metal bounces from one step to the next. *Do you think it'll make it down this time, Daddy? Do you think I should push it harder? Do you want to try it, Daddy?*

The wonder in his eyes, intently following each fluent movement, each circle falling into the other, is enough to make this a perfect moment. I can fly faster than a speeding bullet, yet I find myself frozen in time here, watching him watching it, wondering if it would reach the last step. Wondering if he will fly someday.

He's got his Mom's stubbornness and his Dad's persistence - or is it the other way around? - and has his own thoughtful look, a mix one part Lois', one part mine, and two parts his. He'll rather die than eat his onions, and likes Mondays because someone has to.

He'll grow up to be a painter. Or an astronaut. He's not sure yet, except that he *knows* it won't be boring. And as I watch the slinky go down yet again, making this perfect moment go on forever, I know he's going to be a painter *and* an astronaut if he really wants to. He's persistent - or is it stubborn?- like that.

When did I get so lucky I can have perfect moments like this?

And the slinky stops in the middle of the eight steps, and down Jason goes to get it, and let's start all over again. I could watch him do it a million times over if it means I get to see that look of pure joy when it actually reaches the last step.

Just one more time, Daddy! Let's see if I can do it again!

I smile and I nod. How could I not? I could hold the world on my shoulders a million times over if it meant that Jason could have just one more perfect moment.