

# Tempus Junior

By Olympe (aka Lara Joelle Kent) <melympe@yahoo.com>

Rated: PG

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Summary: Tempus awaits the birth of his son and heir.

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Tempus was pacing in his living room. Currently, he was living in the 1940's, and his wife was expecting their first child. Of course, he couldn't have married her as Tempus, but getting another name wasn't that hard in that time — at least not with the equipment he had brought from Utopia.

'To hell with Utopia!' he thought. Everything was so prearranged, so mindlessly boring in the time he came from. He really had to do something about it. And he'd teach his son — for there was no doubt in his mind that he would have a son — to look out.

Tempus was startled by his wife's scream of pure agony. He resumed his pacing, thinking that there were some advantages to the future. Pain medication sure was a blessing. In order to forget about her pain, he returned to his thoughts about his son and all the things he could do for the boy. He would make sure he had the right connections from early childhood on. Tempus had no problem accessing the information on his palm-sized computer about the important persons of the decades to come. Getting his son to befriend them at an early age would be a piece of cake! He just had to find out which school to choose for him.

Oh, and he would teach his son, his heir, to hate all aliens, the way he hated Superman. Aliens were a menace, as it was an alien and his offspring who would change society in a dreadful way. Just look at Utopia! Living there was worse than living a nightmare! Just as he thought that, his wife screamed once again.

Yes, he'd teach his son to beware Superman. Of course, he could hardly use the name Superman, for it was Lois Lane who had to name him first. But he could make his son suspicious of all aliens, especially the seemingly friendly ones. That should work... Of course, he'd have to tell him about kryptonite, too. Well, he might mention that something from an alien's home planet can prove fatal for that same alien.

Oh, and he definitely had to tell his son stories about how horrible an alien invasion was. All he'd have to do would be to tell him about the battle in and around Smallville in his son's not-so-near future... If he made his boy predict that battle to everyone who'd listen, he'd be sought out as soon as it finally happened.

Suddenly, the door to his and his wife's bedroom opened. Out came the midwife with a screaming and kicking bundle in her arms. "Mr. Trask, you have fine, healthy boy. Have you already decided on a name?"

"Jason. The boy's name is Jason."

THE END