

The Slumlord's Tale

By Lynn S. M. <lois_and_clark_fan_at_verizon.net (Replace _at_with@)>

Submitted: May 2015

Rated: G

Summary: Clark's landlord recounts their first meeting. This story is in response to the "Canterbury Tales of Metropolis" challenge.

Story Size: 337 words (2Kb as text)

This story is part of the Canterbury Tales Challenge, which includes "[The Nun's Tale](#)," "[The Showgirl's Tale](#)," "[The Florist's Tale](#)," and "[The Cabbie's Tale](#)."

Standard disclaimers apply: The characters herein belong to Warner Bros and DC Comics and are just being borrowed for some not-for-profit fun.

First, ya gotta understand — I've a secret identity. Don't tell no one, but ya know how I seem like a mild-mannered landlord? That ain't really me. I'm really the Great White Land Shark. Yup. When my brother Bob's girlfriend Cindy poisoned him and he left me that dump on Clinton Street, I knew I hadda be smart about it. I sure didn't have the dough to fix 'er up. So when that sucker Kent came to look it over, I acted real friendly-like. Kept talking. Figured he'd be too busy listening to really look around. It must have worked; he rented the place on the spot.

But the craziest thing happened when I went to give him his keys. His place looked nice. All straightened up, new paint job, everything. Now there ain't no way it could have been spiffed up like that so quickly. It ain't human. Still, I wasn't 'bout to complain. Once his lease was up, I could charge a lot more for the place.

Later

I'm sittin' on the biggest money-maker out there, and I can't use it. When we found out Superman was super-fast, well, it don't take no brain scientist to know who my tenant really is. If I could spread the word, I could name my price on the rest of the apartments in the building, and some star chaser would pay it. But Kent wouldn't like it, and no way, no how am I gonna make Superman mad at me. Sure, he seems nice enough, but so did Cindy. Ya never know what people will do when they're really angry.

I ain't no fool. I just hafta hold my tongue.

THE END

This story is part of the Canterbury Tales Challenge, which includes "[The Nun's Tale](#)," "[The Showgirl's Tale](#)," "[The Florist's Tale](#)," and "[The Cabbie's Tale](#)."