

# Time and Tide

By [Mary Potts \(AKA Queen of the Capes\)](#) <[queenofthecapes@gmail.com](mailto:queenofthecapes@gmail.com)>

Rated: G

Submitted: September 2025

Summary: Tempus has once again threatened Utopia, this time by kidnapping the infant Kal-El. But will this be the last time he menaces our favorite couple?

Story Size: 906 words (5 kB as text)

---

Tempus still wasn't used to the cold here. Back in his younger days, he'd been through chilly weather and hadn't minded; he'd even smugly thought that he had a great tolerance for the lower temperatures. This place, however, saved that kind of mild chill for the summer. Today, the wind bit deeply into his flesh like long teeth, piercing through the thick furs he wore, and the snowflakes landing on his cheeks and eyebrows felt warm as they melted on his skin. Come to think, it was unseasonably warm today.

He took off his helmet, brushing some of the snow from it and pausing to admire the large horns on either side. The Smith had been visibly confused by his request for them, but had nevertheless obliged without comment. If the Great Wizard wanted something, it was best to accommodate him, after all.

A strange light reflected on the metal. Some of the men began to shout, making Tempus turn around. Something shimmered among the trees...something familiar, though he couldn't quite place it. Finally, a sled-like object materialized in the woods. Tempus recognized its occupants immediately.

"Harv! Wait, no... Herb!" He raised a hand for his companions to stand down. They reluctantly lowered their weapons as the two newcomers disembarked. "And What's-her-name, Lassie!"

"Lois," the woman corrected, frowning at him.

Herb glared. "Tempus! What have you done this time? Where is Mister Kent?!"

It took him an embarrassingly long time to remember that name; ironic, considering the reasons he was now here. "Oh, him. He's fine." Tempus waved a hand dismissively. "Honestly, Herb, I don't care anymore. I've got far more interesting things on my mind these days. Me and the boys were just about to go sailing; want to come with? We'll be dropping in on some of your ancestors! Well, their counterparts in this world, anyway."

Herb turned an interesting shade of purple.

"Please," Lassie spoke up, "if you really don't care about this Superman guy anymore, can't you just tell us where he is?"

"Absolutely!" Tempus agreed.

They blinked in surprise.

"On one condition," he continued.

Herb looked suspicious. "And that would be...?"

"Leave me here," Tempus replied.

The two stared at him. "...What?" asked Herb.

"That's really all I want," he said. "After you find him and fix the timeline or whatever, just leave me here, Herb. No peacekeepers, no prisons, nothing."

"And just leave you to attempt further havoc on Utopia?!" Herb exclaimed.

"Herb, the only havoc I'm planning to attempt is at Linisfarne," Tempus said. "This is it. I'm retiring. This place is \*my\* utopia!"

Lulu shivered and crinkled her nose at the falling snow barely visible in the grey light of dawn. "It is?"

He nodded and spread out his arms. "Look at this place, guys: this is a place where a decent, honorable man is expected to have a body count! Looting and pillaging is the gods-given right of every citizen, and if you don't wind up in Valhalla with an axe in your face, then you just drink and sing about the last fight until the next one rolls around again!"

"It does sound rather your cup of tea," Herb muttered. Louder, he said, "Do we have your word, then, that you are not to leave this universe or this time-period within it?"

Oh, sweet naïve Herb; how Tempus almost missed him. "Herb, not only will I give my word, but I'll even keep it this time!"

Herb and Leslie stepped away from him, further into the woods, and began whispering furiously. Finally, they turned back to him.

“We’re going to hold you to that promise,” Lacey announced. “If you put so much as one toe out of line, Mr. Wells is going to have his peacekeeper friends come down on you like a hammer!”

Tempus struggled to keep from laughing at the thought of Utopia’s bumbling ‘protectors’ coming down as anything harder than a snowflake. “Of course,” he replied. He pointed towards the great mead-hall just visible in the distance. “That building is the main hub of our little community. If you go there and ask for Ingridson, somebody will know who you’re talking about.”

“Ingridson?” they both echoed.

“Yeah,” Tempus replied. “When I first got here with the little Super-brat, we made some new friends and I ended up just dumping the kid on some girl. Pretty sure her name was Ingrid.”

Herb and Loofah exchanged a look. “Ingridson,” Herb muttered. “Well, I suppose we’d best get this sorted. We leave you to your retirement, Tempus, and may this be the last time our paths ever cross.”

Tempus grinned. “Herb, if I had a heart, I could love you!” He placed the helmet back on his head. “I’ll give your regards to everyone on the English coast. Come on, boys! To treasure or Valhalla!”

His companions cheered, banging their weapons against their shields at the thought of the glory that awaited them. They parted ways, the two losers starting off towards the mead-hall while Tempus and his gang headed off towards their boat.

One of the younger spearmen drew alongside him as they walked. “Er, Father? Did you just send those strangers to ask for the King?”

Tempus grinned. “Yep! And my only regret is that I won’t be able to witness the hilarity. No doubt it’ll be the only thing more epic than our coming battles. Now come on, Son: the violence awaits!”

The...End?