

Heat Vision

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Rated: G

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Summary: The value of experience.

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“Superman! You can’t go in there, they have Kryptonite!”
shouted an earnest young police officer.

Superman smiled. “They always have Kryptonite, no
problem.”

He turned his eyes on the building where Lois Lane was being
held.

“Lead-lined, that’s an old trick, you would think people would
learn,” he muttered to himself.

Adjusting his laser vision, he cut a small hole in the wall. Now
he narrowed his vision until he saw that it was only a tiny sample
of Kryptonite. “Good.” He used his laser vision to bore a small
hole in the floor under the Kryptonite. Switching to heat vision he
heated their guns until they dropped them and began shouting
reminders about the Kryptonite. At that Superman focused his heat
vision on the Kryptonite.

“Superman, what are you doing?” asked one of the police
officers.

“The melting point of Kryptonite is about the same as iron,
2800 degrees Fahrenheit,” he replied.

“Long before it gets to that point it will be too hot for them to
touch and soon after that too hot for them to be in the same room.”

About two minutes later they pushed Lois Lane out in front of
them as they exited with their hands up.

A minute or so later the now-liquid Kryptonite poured through
the hole in the floor.

Looking around Superman smiled and waved as he lifted off.

As he flew he could hear the police officers talking with Lois.

“Sorry guys, page eight of the *Metro* if at all, it happens so
often that it just not news anymore.”

THE END