

# Origins, or, How Jar-Jar Binks Saved Superman

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Summary: Jar-Jar Binks, the most hated character in “Star Wars,” comes to Earth to team up with Lex Luthor in an attempt to fix his shattered galaxy, but Lex has his own agenda. Inspired by Lynn S.M.’s Star Wars/LnC Crossover challenge, and by a comment by Suggs\_With\_a\_Box.

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Five of the most powerful men in America stood on the platform, awaiting their turn to be “sold” as “slaves” for a week to support charity. Superman crossed his arms and tried to look stern but friendly. Bruce Wayne practiced his vacuous look. Lex Luthor grinned wolfishly at the starry-eyed women in the crowd while tilting his head to better display the dark curls that had replaced his former baldness. Donald Trump checked his comb-over and plotted to buy Luthor so he could learn the secret to good hair. Arnold Schwarzenegger flexed his muscles.

One by one, the men were sold. Schwarzenegger was purchased by Warner Bros., which promised him the role of a lifetime as a powerful villain who played ice hockey with diamonds. Trump was bought by a cadre of shadowy figures who were, depending upon who you asked, either Hollywood types who were developing a new genre called reality television or members of the Hair Club for Men. Bruce Wayne was bought by a willowy brunette who traded a rare diamond for him (one which bore a suspicious resemblance to one stolen from a museum in Gotham, but hey, it was for charity). She purred with delight when she won. Lex Luthor had deposited a large sum of money into Lois Lane’s account in hopes that she would buy him, but much to his dismay, she used it to buy Superman. Lois, of course, had her own agenda (she wanted answers to questions, such as: why does Superman look so much like Clark, and, why did Superman always show up after Clark made a lame excuse and ran off?) Lex was the last one to be sold — after all, the charity directors had assured him that they were saving the best for last.

“\$1 million dollars!” Trump yelled.

“Mr. Trump, you’re not allowed to bid,” the auctioneer reminded him.

“\$2 million dollars!” Trump replied.

The charity directors looked at each other. On the one hand, the “slaves” weren’t allowed to bid. On the other hand, it was two million dollars.

“\$3 million dollars!” Trump yelled.

Then there came a shout from out in the audience. “Meesa bid 12 million Republic credits!”

A strange creature charged to the front of the crowd, knocking over several people and making children everywhere cry.

“What da hell is zat?” Schwarzenegger asked.

Superman and Bruce Wayne exchanged a look, then stared at

the creature, ready to stop him if he did anything.

“You’re fired!” Trump blustered.

“Yes!” squealed one of Trump’s shadowy new owners.

“That’s just the attitude we need!”

“Meesa Jar-Jar Binks! From Naboo, which go blasten last week! Meesa buy Lex Luthor and his science!”

Luthor turned white. “Take Trump’s bid!” he begged the auctioneer.

“Mr. Binks,” the auctioneer said uneasily, “we don’t accept credit. Cash only.”

“Yousa take credits,” Jar-Jar insisted, waving his hand.

“Weesa take credits,” the auctioneer agreed, looking confused.

“No! No, yousa no take credits!” Luthor insisted. “I mean, no, you don’t take credit!”

“\$12,000,000.01!” Trump bid.

“12 billion Republic credits!” Jar-Jar countered.

Trump glowered at Jar-Jar. He couldn’t beat that bid.

“Sold!” the auctioneer announced. “To Jar-Jar Binks, the slimy lizard-thing from Naboo!”

Luthor fainted. Superman and Bruce Wayne looked at each other, then shrugged. It looked like Luthor was going to get his comeuppance at last.

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Jar-Jar bounced happily as he followed Luthor home. “Meesa so soso happy to meet yousa!”

Luthor suppressed the urge to vomit. “The feeling is not mutual.”

“Meesa see Lex Luthor for sale, and meesa think, ‘Lexi has muy muy science smarts. He can build me a time machine!’”

“A ... a *time machine*?” Luthor sputtered. “That’s impossible! Time travel can’t be done!”

“It can so besa done!” Jar-Jar insisted. “The great Darth Tempus show me his time machine just before Naboo and whole galaxy go boom! Hesa took da plans from Herbie Wells! Now yousa make me a time machine so I can go back before boom and stop it!”

Luthor shuddered and took the plans from the Gungan. As he looked them over, his eyes narrowed and he smiled. “Jar-Jar, I think you may be onto something.”

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“Where is dis?” Jar-Jar asked, looking around at the strange world Luthor’s machine had brought them to. “This no look like Naboo.”

“Of course not, you idiot.” Luthor smiled triumphantly. “This is Krypton.”

“Yousas posed to take me back in time!” Jar-Jar protested.

“And so I have. This is Krypton, Superman’s home planet, just before it exploded. We are going to stop the explosion.”

“Oh! Yousa good man, Lexi Luthor!” Jar-Jar threw his arms around Lex, almost strangling him.

“Let go of me!” Lex pushed the hyper Gungan away. “Don’t you see? If Krypton never explodes, then Superman never comes to Earth. If Superman never comes to Earth, then I shall rule Metropolis, and then America, and then the world!” He laughed evilly, then stopped, realizing that he sounded like a Scooby-Doo villain.

“And bring peace to da galaxy and stop the muy big boom!” Jar-Jar added.

Luthor groaned. Still, ruling a whole galaxy didn’t sound so bad. Maybe he’d even be charitable and let the Gungan shine his boots once he was Emperor.

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“I’m almost certain this will work,” Jor-El told his wife, Lara, who rocked their fussy infant son, Kal-El. The device they had developed beeped and whirred, drilling straight into Krypton’s core. Once there, it would inject a chemical that would prevent

the core from attaining critical mass.

“But if it doesn’t . . .” Lara was still worried.

“Then . . . we will join the others on a journey to New Krypton. The ships are ready, if we need them.”

“Ooh . . . meesa like it!”

The couple turned around, seeing a strange creature rushing toward them. Kal-El stopped fussing to stare at the funny-looking thing.

A man followed more sedately behind him. “Jor-El and Lara, I presume,” he intoned dryly. “I am Lex Luthor, and I’m here to warn you that, unless you take my advice, your planet is about to explode.”

“I know,” Jor-El said. “It has about ten years, if nothing is done.”

“Ten years?” Luthor looked at them in confusion, then at the baby. “So . . . who is that?”

Puzzled at the non-sequitur, Lara said, “This is our son, Kal-El.”

“But . . . but how . . .”

Jor-El and Lara stared at Luthor, then turned in alarm as Jar-Jar reached for the controls to the machine. “Don’t touch that!” Jor-El, Lara, and Luthor shouted.

“But meesa want to see —” Jar-Jar began, then tripped. He grabbed the machine to keep from falling, accidentally pushing the lever and putting it into high gear.

“No!” Jor-El shouted. “That machine is very delicate. It can prevent Krypton from exploding if used correctly, but if used incorrectly, it will destroy it immediately!”

The ground began to shake. A loud, squawking alarm went off. Over the intercom came a voice.

“Nobody panic! Everyone is to report to their family’s evacuation ship immediately! Be sure to secure all infants in the smaller life pods! Hurry! You only have a few minutes!” There was a loud rumble, followed by an explosion. “Oh, %\$^\$#%!” the voice shouted before the intercom was abruptly cut off.

“Come on!” Lara pressed the now-screaming Kal-El against her shoulder and ran towards the family’s escape pod.

There was another crash just as they reached the ship. The roof had caved in, landing on the ship and crushing all but the infant’s life pod.

“No!” Jor-El stared at the crushed remains of their escape ship. There was no hope for them now.

Then he realized that Kal-El’s life pod was intact. Grabbing a tool from the rubble, Jor-El went to work, separating the life pod from the main ship. “Put Kal-El in here! Zara’s family will care for him!”

“No!” Luthor realized that his worst nightmare was about to come true — not only was Krypton going to explode, but Kal-El was going to survive — and if he survived, Superman would never stop bedeviling him.

Luthor grabbed the baby from Lara’s arms, intending to throw him into the gaping hole that had opened in the floor.

He hadn’t counted upon Lara’s protective instincts, however. She launched herself at him, biting, kicking, and clawing in an effort to save her baby.

Jar-Jar watched in dismay. Then he acted.

“Lexi Luthor, yousa bad man!” he shouted, throwing himself into the fray and grabbing the baby. “Yousa hurt babies . . . and yousa wouldn’t save Naboo either!”

Distracted by Lara’s attack, Luthor couldn’t stop Jar-Jar from snatching the baby from him. Kal-El, who had been screaming, looked at Jar-Jar’s face and started giggling.

Jor-El took the baby from the clumsy Gungan before he could drop him, placing him carefully in the life pod. He closed and latched it, then started entering the coordinates for New Krypton.

Lex broke away from Lara and ran toward Jor-El. Before the

startled scientist could stop him, he pushed the launch button, watching as the life pod was sent into space.

“You idiot!” Jor-El shouted. “The coordinates weren’t finished! He was supposed to go to New Krypton! Now he’ll wind up on Earth!”

The look on Lex’s face was priceless.

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The planet shuddered, then began to break apart. Lex, knowing that there was only one way to save himself, ran for the time machine. Jar-Jar ran after him.

“No! You’ve caused enough trouble!” Lex shouted. He kicked the hapless Gungan away from the time machine and put it in gear.

The ground split open, swallowing Jar-Jar and the two scientists. Laughing, Lex faded from view, heading safely away from the exploding Krypton and back to the safety of Metropolis in 1994.

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“And last but not least, Lex Luthor! What am I bid?”

Lex grinned widely. The time machine had delivered him safely back to the day of the auction. In a few moments, the Gungan would bid on him and he would have a chance to try, once again, to prevent Superman from ever existing.

“\$1 million dollars!” Trump bid.

“Mr. Trump, you’re not allowed to bid . . .”

Tuning them out, Lex looked through the crowd for Jar-Jar. He shouldn’t be hard to find.

There was no sign of the Gungan. Instead, he saw three uniformed police officers coming toward the platform.

They looked oddly familiar, but before Lex had a chance to contemplate that notion, the woman in the lead spoke.

“Sorry to interrupt, but your last ‘slave’ is no longer on the market. Lex Luthor, you are under arrest.”

“What?” Lex sputtered. “On what charges?”

As the woman, Laura Van Loren, put Lex in handcuffs, she replied, “Arson, murder, conspiracy to commit arson and murder, and three hundred unpaid parking tickets.”

“Do you know who I am?!”

“Obviously,” one of the men, Jordan Lehman, replied, “or we wouldn’t be arresting you.”

“You have no proof of anything!”

“We have enough proof to put you away for several lifetimes,” the third officer said. Leaning closer, he whispered, “Meesa Jared Bing — and I remember everything!”

“Nooooo!” Lex howled, finally realizing who they were.

“You’ll never take me alive!”

He started to leap from the platform into the crowd, only to find himself snagged by his collar and dangling six inches off the ground.

“I think you’d better go with the nice police officers,” Superman told him calmly.

The three cops took Luthor from Superman, keeping a better grip on him this time. “Thank you, Superman,” Jordan said.

Superman looked at them, an expression of confusion crossing his face. They looked familiar, somehow, though he was certain he’d never seen them before in his life.

The moment passed. Lois was coming toward him, eager to collect her “prize.” There would be time to contemplate their strange familiarity later — assuming Lois let him live. He knew he was in trouble when she looked at him and murmured, “Clark, you have a lot of explaining to do.”

THE END