

How Lex Luthor Stole Christmas

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Rated: G

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Summary: A retelling of “How The Grinch Stole Christmas” with a Superman twist!

Disclaimer: I neither own nor make anything. This story is for non-profit holiday fun only. All Superman characters, plot points, and lines of dialogue belong to DC Comics, Warner Brothers, December 3rd Productions, and anyone else with a stake in the Superman franchise. “How the Grinch Stole Christmas” belongs to Dr. Seuss and anyone else with a stake in his estate.

BE WARNED: I’m terrible at writing parodies. Read at your own, groan-inducing discretion. And no, this isn’t meant to reflect how the characters would necessarily act. This is just plain weirdness and fluff.

Every Metropolitan in Metropolis loved Christmas a lot...

But Lex Luthor who lived in Lex Tower did NOT!

How Luthor hated Christmas and Superman as well!

He thought that the revelers and the season could go straight to hell.

It could be because he was a killer or because Superman always ruined his plans.

Or perhaps because the Costmart stores were selling toys cheaper than of the same brand.

This last reason seems the most likely of them all,

For as he reviewed the LexCorp profit sheets his fists were in a tight ball.

He felt his heart harden right there in his chest.

His companies might only break even this year — and that was at best.

“These reports are abysmal,” he said with a sneer.

“I’m supposed to rake in huge profits during this time of the year!”

“What will you do?” asked a second man in the room.

“Surely one bad holiday won’t spell LexCorp’s doom?”

“I can’t take out Costmart,” Lex complained to his manservant Nigel.

“Then take out Christmas itself, sir,” the Brit said with a sly smile.

“What an idea!” Lex said with a wolfish grin on his face.

As his mind sprang into action, he started to pace.

“I can steal all the gifts, the decorations, and trees.

And keep my stores open and tack on extra fees!

Parents won’t dare to upset their precious little girls and boys.

Why I’ll bet they’ll pay upwards of three times the price for their toys!

Call up every manager! Get them out of their beds!

For I have a plan to get us out of the red!”

“Very good, sir,” Nigel said with a slight bow as Lex took his seat.

“What can I do to help you accomplish this ingenious feat?”

Lex thought for a moment and gave a scratch to his head.

Then he turned to his faithful servant and said,

“We’ll need some help from the lowest of the low, the silent and slick.

And find us some costumes, for we’ll each be an evil Saint Nick.

We’ll take nondescript vans out into the streets,

And steal all we can — even their holiday meats!

Go assemble the team while I form my plan of attack.

And get me the case of Kryptonite that I keep in the safe in the back.

For one Christmas gift this night I do intend to deliver.

A bullet in Superman’s heart, his brain, or his liver.”

“As you wish, sir,” Nigel said, stepping aside,

While Lex contemplated the details of his plan with such pride.

That night as the clouds covered the moon with their murk,

Lex and his henchman got down to their work.

They moved through the city, so stealthy and quick,

And stole from all of the residents, even the old and the sick.

Every wreath was pilfered, every tree vanished without a trace.

And every gift stolen brought a wider grin to Lex’s face.

He raided the cupboards and ransacked every fridge,

And instructed his men to take the stolen booty to the Metropolis Bridge.

His plan was to dump it all into the water below

Where it would be sucked out to the ocean by the strong undertow.

“No one will ever look there,” he said, rubbing his hands together with glee.

“There will be no Merry Christmas this year — except for little old me!”

They stole every cake, cookie, and pie

And filled the vans up beneath a cloudy gray sky.

They took every ham, turkey, and goose just as quick as a flash,

And every last can of cranberry sauce and tin of hash.

One last stop was now all that remained,
The apartment of one Miss Lois Lane.
Into her home did evil Lex Luthor sneak,
A woman whose beauty had always made him feel weak.
In through the window he came, the same one that Superman
always used,
And on the freshly cleaned carpet he wiped the mud off his shoes.
All around the apartment he did look with a cold, evil eye,
And contemplated the best way to lure in Superman to die.
It wasn't just Superman's death for his own evil deeds that Lex
desired,
But to also own the Lane woman — her heart and her spirit of
fire.
"She never liked me, just that Boy Scout in blue.
When I kill him she'll cry boo-hoo-hoo.
But perhaps once Superman is out of the way,
Compassionate Lex will swoop in to save the day!
I'll be her shoulder to cry on, a listening ear.
And I'll be married to her by this same time next year!"
Still, he couldn't take time now to give his mission a rest,
The moon was starting to go down in the west.
The dawn was not now far off, he realized with a start.
It was well past the time when he should depart.
He tossed the tiny Christmas tree out the window and pried the
stocking from the wall,
But stopped in his tracks when he heard a noise in the hall.
"Who's there?" came a voice from behind where Lex stood,
For there was Lois clutching a bat made of wood.
"Don't make me use this bat on you, you intruding creep!
I'll teach you to break into my home while I sleep!
I know Tae Kwan Do and I'm Superman's friend!
One call of his name and that will be the end
Of your breaking and entering and theft on this night.
Superman will stop you and set things to right."
"My dear Lois Lane, that's just what I need.
Call him right now and bid him all speed.
For I don't know how to contact him myself
But I have a gift for him — call me Santa's helper elf."
Lois bit her lip in thought, for Lex was making it too easy
And the very thought of what he might give Superman made her
queasy.
As she stood there and pondered what Lex had so recently said,

He grabbed her and placed a gun to her head.
"You have ten seconds to get Superman here.
Or I'll blow your brains out, Lois, my dear."
She could tell that Lex had meant every twisted word,
So she cried out with a voice as shrill as a bird.
"Superman, help!" she cried and she pleaded.
"I'm in my apartment and you're desperately needed!"
"Good," said Lex. "Now watch and take notes.
And when you write up my story, I'll supply all the right quotes.
For on this night, you'll witness as Superman dies.
Perhaps the article you'll write will win the Pulitzer Prize!
For you see in this gun is a bullet made from a certain green
stone,
The one thing on Earth that turns the Man of Steel into flesh and
bone.
On this most joyous Christmas Eve I'll take Superman's life,
And with him gone I'll be free to force you into being my wife."
With a whoosh and a flash of his cape, Superman entered through
the window frame
And stopped when he saw the gun and where it was aimed.
"Don't take a single step more," Lex said with a threat oh so cold.
"Or Lois will never know what it's like to grow old."
"Put down the gun," Superman said with a plea.
"It's not her that you want. I know it's really me."
"Quite right," Lex said with a trace of a grin.
"For tonight it is finally my turn to win.
Tonight I executed the perfect plan.
I have found a way to remain the third richest man.
By stealing everything and ruining Christmas Day,
I've ensured LexCorp profits beyond what I can say!
And with you dead and gone, I'll be freed
To do every necessary criminal deed.
Now put your hands where I can see them, keep them up high!
Try anything fancy and your precious Lois will die!"
Superman took his hands from behind his back to hold them
above his head.
But in one hand he held a box wrapped in paper of green and red.
"What's that you have there, held in your hand?"
Lex waggled the gun as he made his demand.
"Give it here at once! Come on! Be quick!
Or I'll become murderous old St. Nick!"

“It’s a present,” Superman in a voice both soft and low.
And his finger stroked the shiny silver bow.
“I was on my way to deliver it to Lex Tower,
Even though I realize that late is the hour.
For you see, this gift’s for you — a gesture of good will.
I had hoped that on this day, our battle could fall to a standstill.
A truce of a sort, a rest from our labors,
And for a day just live as peaceful neighbors.
Feel free to accept or not — there’s no strings on this gift.
If anything, I hope to give your spirit a lift.”

Lex struggled a moment before letting Lois go.
What was in the box? He just had to know.
He tore open the paper and opened the lid to have a look,
And gasped when he saw a signed first edition of his favorite
book.

There formed in his eyes a sudden, unbidden flood of tears,
For never once in all of his years
Had such a kind gesture been made to him before.
He knew that this book had not come from a store.
What happened next, no one can say,
But it’s believed that his icy heart melted that day.
He dropped the gun as he realized all he had done that night
And knew in his heart that he had to make it right.

“Superman, I’ve made a terrible mistake!
Help me restore Christmas? It’s nearly daybreak!”
And as he realized the size of the job he started to whine.
“There’s no possible way I can do this in time!
And I realize that asking for your help isn’t quite fair.
But with your super speed we can do it with plenty of time to
spare!”

Superman nodded once and set right to his work.
He flew like a madman, his speed was berserk.
Back the trees went from where they came.
He restored to each house every toy, doll, and game.
Every wreath and sprig of mistletoe he replaced
And every stocking put back on every fireplace.
He pushed himself hard but in the end he pulled through
And finished just as the day dawned, bright, cold and new.
“It’s finished,” Superman announced as he came to a landing
Back into the living room where Lois and Lex were still standing.
“Christmas is saved, you can easily rest.”

“Superman, truly you are the best.
I’ll make this up to you somehow, this I swear,
For you’ve taught me a lesson in how to care
About the happiness of others,
Our neighbors, friends and our brothers.”
Lex then went out and prepared a great feast
For all of Metropolis, from the great to the least.
And what happened next? Well...in Metropolis they say
That Lex and Superman’s rivalry ended for good on that day.

THE END