

# Fan

# Fiction



A piece of Fan Fiction is a story written by a fan of, and featuring characters from, a particular TV series, movie, book, comic book, etc.

Three heroes going by the name of The Blue Beetle have helped fight crime and mayhem in comic books since 1939. The re-imagined origin stories of two of them are below. Read the stories, then identify how the stories are the same (compare) and how they are different (contrast).



## Dan Garret

A bullet came through the windshield and hit his father. “No!” Dan Garret cried out in horror. Dan reached over and shook his father. He tried to get him to sit up and take back control of the wheel. But he knew his father was dead. He was slumped over the steering wheel of his police cruiser, and the car was careening out of control. Dan fought back his tears. There was no time for grief. If he didn’t stop this car, he knew, then he was going to be a goner too.

He reached over his father’s lap and found the lever that slid the seat back. Then half on his father’s lap, Dan jammed on the brake as hard as he could, yanking the steering wheel to the right as he did so, and barely keeping the car from plunging off the side of the cliff. With a screech, the brakes locked, and after what seemed like an interminable skid, the car finally came to a stop. Far ahead, on the curvy, mountain road, no bigger than a bug at such a distance, he could still see the car containing the criminals that had killed his father. The Gatling Gang hadn’t counted on him having Dan with him, and Dan wondered if they even realized that they had left behind a witness.

Dan never forgot the unspeakable evil that had taken his father from him, and when he grew up he joined the police department, just like his father. He was a talented detective, and he always got his man. But Dan wanted more than that. He didn’t just want to show up and do his job; he wanted to strike fear into the heart of villains - and he wanted to avenge his father’s death. He shared his aspirations with his high school friend, recently back from college, who was working at a local pharmacy and was known in the neighborhood as Dr. Franz.

“Help me,” he says to Franz. “You’re not just a pharmacist. You’re an inventor. We can be a team. I’ll fight crime, and you provide me with some scientific magic that’ll turn me into a superhero.” Franz

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Compare and Contrast

agreed. He invented a blue bullet-proof suit for Dan to wear. "It'll be like wearing chain mail," Franz told him. "Nothing will penetrate it."

"It's so light," Dan said. "And what's this?" he asked, pointing to the scarab on the back of the suit.

"The sign of the beetle," Franz said. "You told me that the day your father was killed, watching the villains get away up the mountain in their blue car was like watching a blue beetle scuttle away from you. This is to remind you of that day, and that no criminal will ever escape your reach again. The suit is made of cellulose," Franz told him. "It feels like silk to wear, but it'll turn you into a man of steel."

"A suit alone won't turn me into a Superman," Dan said.

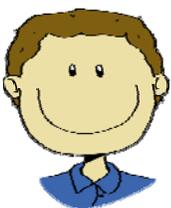
"True," Franz said. "But this might." He gave Dan a vial of his newest invention - the 2-X formula. "This special blend of vitamins and herbs will give you superhuman qualities," he explained. "You'll have x-ray vision, supersonic hearing, and the strength of ten men. But only for a few hours at a time. So choose carefully when to take it, so you have the powers when you need it."

That night, on patrol, Dan was dispatched to stop a bank robbery. On his way, he changed into his blue suit and downed a vial of the 2-X. When he got to the bank, the criminals were trying to make their escape. Dan recognized the face of Gerald Gatling, ringleader of the Gatling Gang, and the same face that he's seen in the rear of the car in front of them the day that his father had gotten shot.

Dan leapt out of his police car and covered the twenty feet between himself and Gatling with a few bounds. He picked Gatling up with one hand and another gang member with the other, and clunked their heads together so hard that he could hear their skulls rattle. Then he tossed them into the air and they fell through the roof of the waiting police wagon and into its padlocked cell.

"Who are you?" Gerald Gatling asked, peering out through the bars of the police wagon.

"I am The Blue Beetle," Dan told him. "And your criminal days are over!"



### Jaime Reyes

"But why not!" Jaime demanded. He was very frustrated. He wanted a part time job in his father's garage, but his father wouldn't hire him.

"Because you're only sixteen," his father said. "I've had to work since I was sixteen, and I don't want that for you. You're still a kid. Go be a kid," his father said, then he turned and went back to work. "Some childhood," Jaime muttered. "I can't even buy myself a popsicle from the ice cream man without a job." Jaime knew that if his father would just give him a chance that he could learn to fix cars as well as he could fix radios and television sets. "I'm a natural-born mechanic," Jaime said to himself. "Why can't he see that?" Jaime did what he always did when he was depressed - he went to the junk yard. Jaime loved the junk yard. It was full of things that people had thrown away that were still perfectly useful, if you only knew what to do with them. And Jaime always did.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Compare and Contrast

He was picking through a pile of junk when he saw something shiny and blue. He reached down to pick it up. It was a scarab - the likeness of a large dung beetle, once regarded as sacred in ancient Egypt. "Cool!" Jaime said, holding the scarab up to the light. It was almost as big around as his head, and despite having been found in the junk yard it was shiny and looked brand new, as if it had just fallen out of the sky.

Jaime took the scarab home with him and put it on his bedside table. That night, after he had gone to sleep, a strange thing happened. The scarab came alive! It slid off of the bedside table and into Jaime's bare back while he was sleeping on his stomach. It fused with Jaime's body, and by the time Jaime awoke, the scarab had become a part of him.

The next day in gym class, when Jaime took off his shirt, the guy next to him in the locker room said, "Cool! Where did you get that cool tattoo?"

"What tattoo?" Jaime asked.

"The one on your back! What do you think? How many tattoos do you have?" Jaime went into the bathroom and stood with his back to the mirror, craning to look over his shoulder so he could see his back. When he saw the scarab he was shocked. The last time he'd seen it, it had been beside his bed. Now it did look like a tattoo. Jaime pulled his shirt back on and ran out of the locker room. He wasn't sure where he was going to go, but he had to find some kind of explanation!



He was halfway home when he passed an alleyway and saw, about twenty feet away, in the shadows, a woman getting robbed. Jaime was scared. He wanted to help the woman, but he knew it was always best to stay out of trouble. The scene made him angry, and his anger felt different than it usually did. Instead of feeling frustrated, Jaime was feeling more and more powerful by the minute. He watched as his whole body seemed to morph into the body of a beetle. He grew blue armor plates on his chest, his arms and his legs, and his hands became giant, insect-like pincers.

"Why don't you give the nice lady back her purse?" He called out, as he bounded into the alleyway. The thief cried out in fear, and the old lady fainted. Luckily, almost without thinking about it, one of Jaime's arms shot out and caught her on her way down so she reached the ground without being hurt.

"Who are you?" The thief stuttered as Jaime picked him in his pincer and dangled him over the dumpster.

"I'm your new worst nightmare," Jaime said. "But you can just call me The Blue Beetle."



**VS.**



Story 1:  
**Dan Garrett**

Story 2:  
**Jaime Reyes**

**List 3 ways the stories are alike:**

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

**List 3 ways the stories are different:**

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_