

# **Brand New Chaos in a Brave New World**

**By Conqueror-C**

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*The perfect world they knew will tear itself asunder. A crossover with the futuristic dystopian novel Brave New World by Aldous Huxley with the batman villain for fun and chaos.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

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# 1 - Here. We. Go

**We, the Conquerors, own Nothing. Humans have always had plans. The reason for this is that they're schemers, who try to control their little worlds. There was a great man who saw through these schemers, and wanted to show them how pathetic their attempts were. But, one day he mysteriously vanished and no one knew why, for not a single trace that he ever existed was left behind. Fifteen years after this, when this man's deeds were long forgotten, war broke out, the world was plunged into turmoil. A group of elite schemers who called themselves the Controllers, thought that society should be controlled for the benefit of all mankind and social stability. Bombs filled with deadly diseases were dropped on every major nation, major landmarks were decimated, works of art and culture were lost forever. After this mankind faced a fate worse than death, or any of the regimes it had previously seen. Begging for peace society succumbed to these schemers and began to religiously follow "The Plan." Assembly line factories, based off of those designed in the distant past by automobile manufacturer Henry Ford, replaced the natural birth process, predestining humans into a caste system. A drug called *soma* was mass produced to make people forget about the "horrors" of reality, and give them a false sense of happiness to make sure they all follow the plan. The controllers, the schemers, had their way and soon everyone was following their plan, until three rebelled against it. Two of them were exiled to the Falklands with all the other "troublemakers," while the third, the one they mocked and called a Savage, the one who saw the horrible truth, their last hope for salvation and freedom, hung himself, thereby dooming the society to slavery. But this was not the end...**

SS

*The door of the lighthouse was ajar. They pushed it open and walked into a shuttered twilight. Through an archway on the further side of the room they could see the bottom of the staircase that led up to the higher floors. Just under the crown of the arch dangled a pair of feet."Mr. Savage!"Slowly, very slowly, like two unhurried compass needles, the feet turned towards the right; north, northeast, east, southeast, south-southwest; then paused, and, after a few seconds, turned as unhurriedly back towards the left. South-southwest, south, southeast, east...*

SS

In the hours after the death of John the Savage, the reporters had run away from the lighthouse, ironically being afraid of what they had been conditioned to feel indifferent to. No one had been brave enough to cut down John's body, so there he hung with a mouth of flies. What no one had seen was a book left behind on an old table. Next to it was a pencil that had seemed to have just been put down. All was quiet... Suddenly, there was a humming sound. If someone was there, they would say that the air was super-charged with static electricity. Then, something amazing happened. The very air seemed to split in two, forming a hole to another place. A rift in the very fabric of the universe. A figure came through. Hidden by shadow, it looked a a device in its hand for a moment, then shrugged and put it away inside a pocket. Behind the figure, the Rift closed. The figure looked around the lighthouse.

Its gaze paused on the hanging body of John the Savage, then continued until it saw the book. A hand

stained with white paint picked it up. The figure settled down to read. Several hours later the figure seethed in anger at what it had read. An entire society following a set way of life? People created for specific purposes and none other? It went against everything the figure knew. But it knew exactly what to do. The figure stepped into the light of the sun. He wore a purple trench coat, purple leather gloves, green pants, blue shirt, green vest, a purple tie, multicolored socks, and green boots. What was truly scary however was his face. His face was painted with white face paint with black around his eyes. His hair was painted green, and it hung around his face like a rats nest. What was most chilling were the scars.

Painted over with red lipstick, two grisly scars stretched from the corners of his mouth, forming a terrifying Glasgow smile. The Joker knew what he had to do. He couldn't do it alone, though. However, he knew who to turn to. *'Perhaps I should call some friends.'* he thought. A sickening smile grew on his face. The lighthouse echoed with the laughter of the Clown Prince of Crime. The laughter of the King of Chaos.

**The Conquerors Presents  
A *Kroniidde* Production**

**"The Joker" In Brand New Chaos in a Brave New World  
With Pamela "Poison Ivy" Isley**

**Harleen "Harley Quinn" Quinzel**

**Jonathan "Scarecrow" Crane**

**Harvey "Two-Face" Dent**

**"Bane"**

**Oswald "Penguin" Cobblepot**

**Waylon "Killer Croc" Jones**

**And Selina "Catwoman" Kyle**

**Conceived by Conqueror C And Conqueror Z. Written By Conqueror C and Conqueror Z**

**AN: The first of Our Chaos Series. We, The Conquerors, have always believed that no one Can have Absolute Control. So, when We read something like *Brave New World*, We can't help But introduce a little Anarchy, and upset the Established order.**