

Of Penguins and Puffins

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Ok this is a story about none other then PENGY! yes i know but dont kill me before you read the story i know it may sound stupid but please read...its actualy really good. It gets better as it goes on this is mainly Puffins entro.

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1 - Penguin meets Puffin

Of Penguins and Puffins

Ok im quite aware that i probably deserve to be burned at the stake for this story but....I DONT CARE! you see this is the formula that created this Me + Brodem + watching WAAAY to much "The Batman" series for my own good = This Story. This story is about a charcter i made up and my favorite Batman villian of all time! uhh i know you can flame this story all you want but please...at least read it to see how horrible it is...

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It was Late....11:45 to be exact as the Arkham Asylum sirens blared out into the cold night air on January 9th. Then again the people of Gotham City were quite use to hearing this alarm because it seemed to have became a nightly basis for some loon to break out. Wether it be Harvy two-face, or Mr.Freeze, or God forbid it be the king of crazy The Joker it didnt matter because the town had Batman to protect them.

Tonight though it wasnt a problem with Joker, or Harley, Ivy, or any one the town really called a REAL threat. No tonight the break out was not too inportant or anyone that dangrous. It was after all....only The Penguin.

He let out a squakish cackle as his umbrella turned into a handy helicopter and he flew off into the sky which was begining to drop snow.

"Free as a bird" he cackled to no one but his self, sure that he had escaped.

Indeed he had. It seemed that until he decied to start reaking havoc on the towns banks as he was sure to do even the batman didnt find him worth the effort anymore.

He easily found his way back to Cobblepot manor and headed straight for the avairy. This was always the first thing he did when he broke out of Arkham, as who else would care for his only friends, his dear beloved birds.

"Tweet Tweet, Im home my preties" he called out as he entered the room. Something wasnt right though. The avairy looked as though someone had tended to it just this morryng. This of couse would be impossible because he had been in Arkham for the past 3 months.

"What do YOU think your doing in my place!" someone screeched. It was a scratchy female voice. It seemed to be comming from all around the room.

Penguin squaked in anger as he himself screeched into the open room, "YOUR place!? I think your confused because last I checked Cobblepot manor belonged to the COBBLEPOTS!"

A girl jumped down from one of the trees. She was about the same age as he was give or take a year or two and was about average height and weight for a girl of that age. She had very long black hair with a silver streak that came down to her waist and half way down it was tied in a ribbon that was red on one wrap orange on the next and yellow on the last. Her eyes were black and large and had a wide nose. Her ears were very pointed much like his own. She was wearing a white shirt and a black vest and white pants. There was a scar like an uneven sideways X directly under her right eye and a bad scald mark on her left cheek. She also had the same misformed hands as he did....three flipper like fingers. Finally in her left hand she held a long black cane that had an obsidian Puffin head with a golden beak on the top of it.

"That isn't the point because last I checked all the Cobblepots were de-" she cut off before she could finish once she looked down at him. "So sorry, I must say....you're a Cobblepot if I ever did see one"

She started towards the door but suddenly stopped "Your Golden Eagle has a sprain in its wing....I put a splint on it"

"Wha-oh yeah. Who are you anyway?" he asked looking away suddenly realizing how bird-like she appeared.

"Puffins the name, Jewels and Gems are the game" she answered like there was nothing awkward about this at all.

That's when he noticed the vault he kept all his stolen money and expensive items in was open. Open and empty.

Puffin had reached for the door when a blade came and layed its self on her shoulder.

"Where do you think your going eh?" he asked in a menacingly low voice. Now that Puffin's back was to him he realized that the back of her vest and shirt was torn and there was what appeared to be a fairly recent gash on her back.

"I'm leaving like you told me to" she replied sounding far too innocently.. She swung her cane around at him missing his face narrowly.

It was a moment or so before Oswald realized the burning pain in the side of his face where she had nearly struck him. He yelled and brought his hand up to the spot that was now erupting in a blind pain. When he pulled his hand away it was drenched in blood.

"IM BLEEDING!" he screeched. That's when he looked up and realized what had happened. The end of her cane had produced a 6 inch blade, which in result had left a very deep gash on the right side of his face. Before he could get over the initial shock she had taken off running.

Penguin soon followed. Despite the fact he didn't appear to be one of the most in shape people he was actually quite quick on his feet.

That mattered little though because she was in a whole other league. There were times as long as minutes that it seemed her feet didn't meet the ground as she ran through the manor.

She was in the clear, the door was just down the hall. It was 80 feet away. 50 feet. 30. She was ten steps away within being able to reach the door when Oswalds two kabuki twins came out of seemingly nowhere blades up, blocking the door.

"Well i must say your quite the feathered fiend but hand over the jewls before i "clip" your wings" he said putting emphasis on "clip" as he produced a blade out of the end of his umbrella.

"Well....I see your quite light-handed your self" she said being cooropative and handing everything over back to him. "What would you say if i told you i knew where to get a single jewl worth five times as much as this whole stash is."

At the mention of this his ears pricked. Penguin wasnt about to let someone with this kind of information just waltz on out. "Id ask why are you telling someone else this kind of information" he simply said in an honstly confused voice suddenly relizing how suspicious this seemed.

"Well you see for this plani have to work it takes two people and-" but she was intrupted by Penguins rantings

"It takes two people because YOUR going to leave the other person for that Bat to find!" he sqaked thinking he had deduced her point.

She scoffed and laughed in a dry airy like laugh. "Batman!?! You think im worried about HIM!?! Cobblepot why do you think YOU havent heard of me? Because my bird-brained friend he has yet to catch me. Besides im dependable as the Dodo" she said pushing her way by the twins.

"My girl you cant fool me with that old saying any amature ornithologist knows how very UNdependable the dodo is."

"Oh but i mean it you can trust me. Should he find us i will say i forced you into it my fine feathered friend" at this the kabuki twins moved in like they were going to attack her, but Oswald motioned to them not to.

"Now dont be rude to our guest here....alright I'll give you a chance but...i wouldnt think of being a double crosser if i were you"

"Oh i WOULDNT think of it.....im afraid i never did catch YOUR name" she said grining showing her teeth were dangrously pointed much like his own.

"Oh you can call me Penguin" he said as they shook flippered hands.

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WOW THAT CAME OUT BETTER THEN I THOUGHT! I actualy like the way this story came out which is like a first and yes....ive come up wit ha partner for PENGY! Man ive never wrote a story i liked the begining to this much i mean its just...AMAZING! You can flame if you like cause i know the idea is kinda stupid but all flames will be used to roast my marshmallows!

2 - Jewled peacock

OF PUFFINS AND PENGUINS!

Well folks i know you and I alike expected this story to like completly DIE after chapter 1 but.....it was just turned out soooooooo good that i just HAD to continue! Why anyone would be obsesed with Oswald Cobblepot is beyond me but for some reason...I am and by the way if you didnt notice before i sorta borrowed that whole "im bleeding" joke and the "im dependable as the dodo" line from the Batman vs Dracula movie so uhh...yeah. Before you ask no im not going to give any spoilers to my my own story what do you think I am crazy? All im saying is the fact they both have the flipper-ish hands becomes sorta semi-inportant latter on in a bit of a side story.

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It was 11 pm January 10th in Gotham City, and there seemed to be only one person in the street. Penguin stood in the shadows of a dark ally across the street from Gotham Museum. He appeared to be waiting for something...or in this case rather someone.

A sudden gust of cold air made the gash on the side of his face erupt with a sudden sharp pain. Not thinking he quickly slapped a hand over it which only made it hurt even more. He screamed loudly not even taking to thought that while he indeed was, he may have not been the only person out on the street. "That girl better show up soon" he said to no one in a warning tone.

Thats when a shadow appeared behind him, though he seemed completly oblivious to another presence. Even if he would of turned around all that would of been seen were two big red eyes. The shadowy figure came closer and closer but not as if it was walking more like it was gliding, a smooth silent motion. The two red eyes were looming right over him yet he still didnt take notice to the other.

"Hello Pengsy" said a low deep voice as the eyes came level with Oswald's face.

He screamed in horror spinning around wheeling his blade ended umbrella at who ever it was.

The pesron jumped away narrowly missing the sword-brella. "Now Pengsy is that any way to great an old friend?" asked a voice that sounded happy and angry at the same time. The person finaly came into veiw. It was Joker.

"You screw-loose what are you trying to do give me a heart attack!?" he squacked at Joker.

Suddenly he relized there was another standing behind Joker. The person did a cartwheel to the side and responded in a chipper voice "Yas got to have a heart befor you can have an attack!" it was Harely.

Thats when Penguin relized something. He relized his treasure may be in danger if they stole it before he could.

"What are you two doing here anyway!?" he asked in a tone that if he were talking to ANYONE else but

The Crown Prince of Crime and his girlfriend it would of clearly stated that they were not welcome here. To them though it was like an invite.

"There here to steal the Jewl Peacock. What else?" replied a third voice. Vines began to come out of nowhere. He didnt even bother to wait to see who was comming. He knew who it was. It was Poision Ivy.

He squaked and ran towards the museum. If he waited any longer for Puffin some one would have already stolen it by the time they got there. He looked down the street and couldnt belive he was seeing correcty.

Puffin was running up the street but she was fighting with Harvy Two-Face, The Riddler, and Mr.Freeze. The only thing was it wasnt just her fighting the three, all four of them were fighting each other.

Two-Face shot at Puffin, She dodged and used her cane to send a flame thrower at Mr.Freeze. He tried to freeze The Riddler in his tracks. Riddler who seemed to be the most pathic of them all was nearly using his staff to wack Two-Face over the head with.

Penguin removed his monacle and wiped it off to be sure his eye sight was in check. Sadly...it was.

"What the heck is going on here" he asked quietly to his self when he heard a clatter behind him. He spun arround so quickly that he nearly toppled over.

The sound was Catwoman picking the lock of the door. She had just got it open when Penguin jump kicked her sending her flying to the ground but she was up in less then seconds. While they were busy having a cat fight (wow thats the lamest pun ive ever made) Joker and Harley were busy trying to fight off Ivy, While Freeze, Two-Face, Riddler, and Puffin were having their brawl.

Somewhere along the lines all the mini battles melded togher into one flat out villians war. Eventualy as the night drug on other villans such as Scarecrow, Scarface, Clayface, The Killer Croc, and Solomon Grundy joined into the fray as well.

Well as you could imagine the comotion had attracted the fuzz. Everyone declared a temporary truce and ran into the museum and locked the door hoping none of them were seen.

The sirens finaly faded away and Penguin began complaing aloud but in a loud whisper as to not set off any alarms that may go off at loud noises "Was I the ONLY person here who DIDNT know about this Jewl Peacock!?"

Everyone looked at him shocked. They couldnt belive there was a single person in Gotham who hadent heard of the item and its value. Then as if they had all planed it everyone single one of them said in unison "uhh...yeah"

Penguin then relized something that made him more confused then he had ever been in his entire life "Wait, wait ,wait how did half of Arkham break out without getting caught." He assumed that they knew about the Jewl because well....news reporters yet to have figured out the fact that talking about that kind of stuff on live television was a BAD thing he obviously wouldnt of known because to be frank he typicly didnt pay attention to the few things Arkham allowed them because he was to ingulfed in thinking of a way out. That still didnt anwser how so many people got by Arkham security without being caught.

"You bird-brain how do you think YOU got out so easy!? There was a mass break-out not 2 miniuates

after you escaped. Not to mention I don't think Batman was prepared to take on every villain in Gotham. And on a side note Mad Hatter WAS caught." Harely cackled in a voice that clearly stated she found it dang hilarious that Penguin thought that he had escaped with ease because he was talented enough to do so.

"You know I did wonder myself how he was planning to do any harm to batsy by lodging a hat over his face." Joker remarked in a mock-pondering tone.

Then as if they all had not been just trying to practically kill one another just moments ago they all dove into conversation about who escaped and how and why and what happened in the fight with Batman and the police.

Penguin was just about to start squaking at them about how completely irrelevant all this was to getting the Jewel when suddenly a hand slapped hard over his mouth. The only thing was it also slapped hard on the cut from the night before. His eyes watered badly and he let out a muffled scream.

"shut your mouth Cobblepot now's our chance to get that bird while there all distracted." it was Puffin.

She pulled him away as he whimpered in pain.

"Do you have to be so rough!?" Penguin snapped when he finally jerked her hand away from his face.

"Well you were about to blow our cover. The thing is right over here." she said walking towards a room.

It wasn't until that moment did Oswald take notice to pale Puffin looked. She looked like she hadn't been in the sun once.

"Cobblepot quit standing around and get your butt over here" He suddenly realized he had stood glued to that one spot mouth hung open like some sort of idiot. He shook it off and started to run into the room but Puffin grabbed the back of his shirt nearly choking him.

"Cobblepot what the hell do you think your doing?" she snapped at him dropping him to the floor. "and you called ME a dodo?" she said annoyed.

Had he just heard right!? had she just called HIM Oswald Chesterfield Cobblepot a moron!? Well she was spunky he'd give her that much. Wait....what the hell was he doing. Well what the hell was SHE doing?

She sprayed some stuff into the room to reveal the floor was covered in a trip-wire laser grid but then she stood there like she was expecting an apology.

"Well technically YOUR the one who said you were a dodo" he grumbled crossing his arms and looking away pouting like a child.

Ignoring his comment she stood there like she was about to perform a infamous karate move called "Crane" and had her hands folded in front of her face. "Grant me the gift of the humming-bird" she said quietly to herself.

Penguin looked at her confused "say wha-" but before he finished she took off jumping at such speed, agility, and accuracy that she was a mere blur. It was in fact true she was indeed moving like a hummingbird.

She suddenly stopped and it was lucky he knew why. Puffin had started to fall over backwards. If she fell she would set off an alarm. He had to act fast.

He didn't aim...he didn't have time to. He shot the handle of the umbrella at her back and prayed he didn't

miss. Thank god it hit her square in the back knocking her forward letting her regain her balance.

"Tanks a million 'Guin.... i owe ya!" she said relived as she continued on to where the jewl was.

"Oh yeah tha-uh wha DONT CALL ME GUIN!" he hollard at her. There were quite a few things he let people call him and "Guin" wasnt one of them. Many of people had called him that and it was the name he hated more then anything. Of all the things she could of called him it had to be the thing he was the most touchy about of course.

She quickly removed the glass and carfully switched the Large Jewled bird from its case with a fraud with such percission it was evident taht she had done this more then many of times before.

The Jewl it's self was easily the most valuble thing he had ever scen. The body of the peacock was solid gold with eyes of pearl. The feathers were Silver encrested with Topaz, Rubies, Emralds, Sasphires, Amber, Diamonds, and Opals. If there was anything in the world more beautiful than that he was unaware of its existance.

She was about to take off and comeo back when there was a loud screech comming from above. The both of them looked up in despration to see what it was. There hanging from the ceiling was the shadow of a bat. The batman? No...it didnt look human enough to be him.

It didnt matter Puffin didnt want to stick arround to find out. She quickly hopped back across the beams with the same elagance and accuracy as before. Penguin could have easily ran. There was nothing stopping him. For some reason or another though he just felt like he had to wait. Not that he was concered for her. Far from it he was a Cobblepot and as such put himself first. The reason after he thought a moment was simply that she wa the one with the Peacock in hand and not himself.

They had reached the group of others who were still having conversation by the door when the alarm went off. The Creature was obviously not nearly as nimble as Puffin was. Everyone one looked up like a bunch of prairie dogs that had just sensed danger. Penguin nor Puffin were exactly sure who it was who screamed it but someone there had screamed "SCATTER!!!!" over the blaring alarm. It would of seemed everyone had heard because everyone took off jumping through diffrent doors and windows.

It took Oswald a moment before he relized that Puffin had grabed his wrist and was pulling him down some dark ally. She had a good grip. Oh crap there it went; his perveted mind kicked in. That seemed to always happen at the worst times.

A bullet grazed his ear. He would of screamed but puffin pulled him back against the wall and slamed a hand over his mouth again once again slaping his wound. Oh how he would of loved to of screamed but something sub-concious kupt him from doing so. Mabey it was the fact his mind was still on other matters. Or perhaps the fact that he knew they would of been caught had he done so. Then again...the fact the only thing holding him up against the wall and hidden in the shadows was her other hand arround his waist was quite distracting as well.

"wait what....no bad thoughts oswald dont get distracted" he kupt thinking to his-self but no matter how much he tried to stop thinking weird thoughts it just seemed to make matters worse.

"Come on this way Cobblepot" she snapped at him draging him back down some way as they slipped away from the cops and back to the manor.

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Yeah i know that was long and semi-pointless but it gets better i promise! uhh yeah i know im using the newest penguin but still. Its good. Read and Review yall! All flames will be used to start all campfires!

3 - Deep Thoughts

OF PENGUINS AND PUFFINS-CHAP 3-OF PUFFINS AND PENGUINS

Disclaimer-no you read right the chap. title is the same as the story title. Youll see why as you read it. Ok yalls i PROMISE ill try to make this chap. a bit more pointful then last chapter cause its only real purpos was (1) to clarify Puffins theving skills (2) list every more well known batman charcter known to the kids today (im only 14 but i read all the old comics and archives) and (3) use the word spunky in context as if it were penguin thinking and/or saying it. Ummm just to clarify cause i think some of you may not know "The Fuzz" is a slang they used in the late 60's-70's for the police.

~`~`~`

Puffin and Penguin carfully made their way through the city. Dodging into allyways, ducking arround corners, doubling back twice they had stoped hidden in shadows while Batman was fighting a stragler. Despite being only yards away from him they were never caught.

The entire way the two travled scilently. This bothered Oswald little though. He was to involved in his own thoughts to pay attention to where his feet were taking him let alone conversation or lack there of.

"Down this way" She was obviously a person with a record. There wasnt a doubt about that. Still....that didnt explain much. First last night shes running without touching the ground. Now tonight this!? No normal human could move like that. Ok mabey a flipper-full but no one from Gotham. Well there was.....no not even Batman was that swift.

"Turn left here" Then again she didnt seem to be from Gotham. People from Gotham tended to have a mystery to them. Not that she didnt. Far from it. She was diffrent somehow though.

"I said left you idiot get over here!" Like that scald. After taking a second look at it, he relized it to be an acid burn much like Havey suffered from. But a girl playing with acid? Then again Puffin did seem to be the kind who would put hand to fire just to see how long it took to burn.

"Cobblepot what the hell are you doing!?" That raised other questions. Just the night before she had said 'Well your a Cobblepopt if I ever did see one'. That ment she somehow knew some relation to him. That ment she might know. She might know the anwsers to why they did that. Why his - *SMACK*

He slamed straight into her snapping himself back to the real world, and sending him to the snow covered ground.

Puffin turned to face him and she was obviously pissed off at him. The glare she was giving was all he needed to know that. Oh but the sneer added was enough to send a chill down his back.

"You better pray you didnt damage it" she snarled droping a pack he hadnt noticed before to his feet. She rumaged through it and pulled out The Jewled Peacock.

Oswald looked at her amazed "I thought you dropped that when the alarm went off!" He exclaimed

He didnt even see what had happened but it felt like his hand was being torn off.

He looked down and relized that Puffin had slamed the beak of the puffin head on the end of her staff straight through the hand he hand reached out with.

She yanked the beak out of his hand splattering blood on her face and sending a new fresh pain that shot up his entire arm

"ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME WOMAN!?" he hollared at her grasping his hand.

In response to this she simply pulled out a cloth that was already stained with dry blood, examined her staff and wiped the blood off the head of it.

"Shouldnt grab Cobblepot" she said firmly adter she was content with her staff and put the cloth back in her pocket

Oswald looked at her awestruck and bewildered "YOU DONT INPALE ONES HAND OVER IT!!!!" he yelled grabing the wrist of the hand that was still gushing blood hoping to somehow stop the bleeding

"Stop your whining and let me see it" she snaped obviously annoyed at him

Oswald jumped back away from her, eyes twitching, mouth agape. What the hell kind of thing was that to ask.

Nervously he replied "I....umm.....we uhh...barely know each other and-"

"I ment your hand you perverted portly pompus penguin" she replied throughly disgusted at him

"Oh was all he replied feeling unbeliveablely stupid as he handed her his hand (wow that sounded stupid its self), Completly oblivious to teh chain of insults he had just recived

Puffin muttered something to herself about how it didnt hit the bone and other similar matters as she examined his wounded hand "Hardly more then a flesh wound" she muttered to her self seemingly shocked anyone would make such a fuss over having their hand stabled as she took the bottom of her shirt tearing a long strip from it.

He must of had a look of utter confusion because she gave him a look of utter annoyance "Its a bandage for that wound....unless you want to risk the chance of AIDS or some other similar blood diesse from this" Puffin smarted off pulling out the blood stained cloth again.

"No I'll pass on that.....its just...well...nothing" The fact of the matter was he wasnt quite sure of anything

Why did she need him to help steal the Peacock. He hadent done anything. Who was it that ruined the almost perfect crime? Why was she so intrested in the Jewl Peacock....she seemed to be one to steal for reasons other then value. Mostly why did his brain keep turning to the dark side of things. Sure he

had a nasty habit of doing so but it had been happening so much more of late.

Puffin pulled her jacket closed after putting the peacock back into her sack "Come on Cobblepot....its getting cold out" she said in a thoughtful tone as she began on her their journey once again

"No....that wasnt the question he had most of all....the biggest question in his mind is if she DID know about why that had happened so many christmas's ago. (ok if youve scen the movie and dont know what hes worrying about then i pitty you at this point of time) He had to find out....he had to keep her arround until he found out why.

"Puffin-"

"call me Finch" she intrupted.

"excuse me" he asked bewildered

"My real name....its Finchella....you know...Finch" she said not turning back to look at him as she spoke

"Ok well uhh pu...Finch....do you need a...place to stay" he said relizing how idiotic he must of sounded at this point

"well i was hoping for the offer because there are 14 other birds that go with this one....and it only makes sense to get them all"

"Ok then" he replied so quietly he wasnt even sure if she heard him. He would just play partner for a while longer....and hopefully figure out what she knew.

END OF CHAP 3

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Ok i dont think this was as good as chap 1 but it was defiantly better (and by better like more pointful) then chap 2 ummm not much to say about it but RandR! Oh and umm lets see I know Puffin is probably gonna kill him if she keeps beating him up with that cane. Oh and if you STILL dont know what it is that hes wondering about then that may be good for you but the only possible way you wouldnt know is if you didnt see Batman Returns. If you do know well good for you! Also sorry it took so long just this chap. was hell to get to turn out right so...yeah *blush* Oh and if you havent already go check out my picture of Puffin!

4 - The Cold Truth

Of Penguins and Puffins-Chap 4-The Cold Truth

Ok folks sorry it took SOOO long to get this posted but this chapter gave me alot of trouble. *scratches head* still not quite how i orignaly wanted but i got basicly what this chapter was suppose to get across. I promise you im already working on 5 and ill try to never again take this long in between chaps because i promised myself if nothing else i will finsih at least this story! I dont own Batman or any other related charcters.

^^^

The clock in the foyer of Cobblepot manor read 5:07 am. The clock in the dinning room read 8:19. In the master bedroom it was 11:45. The VCR clock was weakly blinking 12:00. It was like that in the whole house. Mainly because like the clocks the whole place was run down and looked to be more of a hideout then a home if you could even call it that much.

Loose (and most frayed) wires hung across the walls which at this point were practially nothing more then drywall. The ceiling on the top floor leaked and if you were having a particualy bad day if you were walking on any floor except the basement you may step on a board that was rotted out and nearly fall through. Trash of varying types littered the floors from discarded pizza boxes to old magazines and news papers many of which had articles clipped out or pages torn away. The few lights that did work were nothing more then bare bulbs and half of them were never turned on because they tended to give who ever touched them a nasty shock. Then one could never forget the ever famous "Its-a-wonderful-life-broken-staircase-handrail-gaurd"

The extirior of the biulding was no better. Moss and Fungi covered nearly the intirity of the biulding and practillay every window was broke if there was any glass left at all. The land itself had no grass but weeds in its place that were at the very least a foot high.

In short the only room that looked to be inhabbited (or inhabbitable for that matter) for the alst century was the avairay.

The point of the matter was it was 5:10 because the foyer clock was the last to go out and it had only gone out minutes before the events which would change Oswlads life occured.

Oswald awoke with a groan. He normaly awaken so early. Then again it didnt normaly sound like W.W.3. was going on down the hall from his room. Down the hall? Wait....that was where.....

He quickly darted out of his bed out the room and down the hall. Down there was a room. One that no one but himself was to enter. Puffin that scam! He should of known not to trust a woman. Hadent he learned this before!? HADENT HE ALL READY BEEN THROUGH THIS WITH CATWOMAN!?!?

Well when he got there he relized he was half right. Puffin was there but wasnt trying to break into the room. It was someone else.

Mr. Freeze apparently thought that grabbing the very few things of value in Cobblepot manor would be an easy job.

Puffin and Freeze were so involved in their battle that his presence went unnoticed. At first it seemed that Freeze had an unfair advantage using his freeze gun and he was about to yell something about it when he suddenly remembered that his umbrella had more gadgets than a Swiss Army knife and figured he had little to no room to talk.

Puffin on the other hand was using a different strategy. She was using her speed, but she was just toying with him. Puffin wasn't moving near as quickly as the night she tried to get her flippered fingers on his jewels.....*twitch twitch* He shook the thought off and continued the previous train of thought. The odd thing of it was even when she wasn't fighting she always had her staff. Then why didn't she have it now?

A shot of ice grazing his ear snapped him out of his thoughts. Oswald looked up quickly to see what the heck just happened. The two had both grabbed for the freeze gun and trying to pull it away from each other.

Puffin looked over her shoulder noticing him standing there watching the spectacle.

"Get my staff!" she yelled over her shoulder quickly nearly losing her grip on the gun.

He just stood there. Her hand covered the trigger but the gun was facing her. Should she let go with even a single hand.....even she wouldn't have time to move quick enough to dodge something shot at that close of a range.

"OSWALD!" she hollared realizing that he was still just standing there staring.

"Wha...." he finally semi-snapped back to the real world and looked desperately around the room. He wasn't worried about her. Far from it, well.....no.....no he wasn't worried.....mind you he didn't want to see her killed but it was only because she seemed to know something about the answers he had been searching for, for years. That was the only reason he gave any thought to it. Right? of course right....right?

He finally found her staff on the ground half frozen in ice. It's right where he ran by....how did he not notice that before? No matter the point is he found it now. He quickly tossed it to her and she let go of the gun giving Freeze the chance he needed. He shot.

Oswald looked away. He killed her. It was his fault that she let go. He was the reason Freeze got that shot in. The sound of the ray rang in his ears. He'd lost everything. The 14 Jewl birds, The answers he'd been searching for, and.....no he didn't care all that much about her.....he was a loner.....her was a Cobblepot....he worked alone.

"WHAT!?" Freeze called out sounding annoyed and shocked.

He looked towards where the two were fighting. Keyword there-were. Freeze was just standing

there scowling at the ceiling for some unknown reason. Puffin was no where to be seen.

He looked up. The beak of her staff was hooked onto the remains of a solid silver Chandelier that was tarnished beyond return and from the staff hung Puffin. Completely unharmed other than the fact that the ray had frozen the bottom of her hair.

That didnt seem to bother her much...if at all at the moment because she had a huge cocky grin across her face.

Freeze fired, but Puffin gracefully swung up out of the way landing standing on top of the light fixture.

Another blast but it was destroyed by the flame thrower within her staff.

By this time Freeze was growing tired of dealing with this pesky girl. This was getting him absolutly no where. Finaly an idea struck him.

He fired again this time not at her. Thinking he missed his target she didnt bother nutralizing it as the ice froze the chain, that was already only barely holding up the Chandelier.

It snaped. Puffin lept for the falling remains. To sure that he had already won the battle freeze couldnt do anything when she windmill kicked him on her decent sending him flying across the room smashing into the wall nearly exactly the same tim the Chandelier crashed through to the bottom floor (as where they were was on the third).

She cracked her neck and examined her hair which still was half frozen and gave a look of anger and disgust.

"Bastard" was all she had to say.

"Took you long enough cobblepot" finaly refering to him the first time without yelling at him scince he had awoken. Sure it wasnt one of the top 10 ways to be greeted, and of course it was more of a "what-good-are-you" tone rather than a "well-i-guess-i-can-forgive-you" one but she wasnt screaming....wait what. "took you long enough?" if it wasnt for him shed be dead!

"YOU KNOW WHAT IM REALLY GETTING SICK OF YOUR-" he was intrupted by a blast that knocked him off his feet and flying back.

He looked up. Puffin was half encased in ice. From her waist down she was frozen solid. Then there was freeze standing right behind her laser ray pointed straight at her back.

Oswald saw red as he became engulfed in a blind rage. The reason seemingly either unknown or not present but the fact of the matter was that he was ready to kill freeze.

He jumped kicked him knocking freeze away from her and sending the ray to the floor and it rooled through the gaping hole in the floor.

"Get out of here Now " he snarled standing over Freeze. It was evident that he was restraining the

urge to kill him but oswald didnt get the response he had expected. Freeze started laughing. not like "ha-ha-funny" laugh more like a "how-pathic-can-you-be" laugh.

"Whats so funny!?" he squaked fists clenched a vain popping on his neck. He was doing everything in his power to keep from knocking freeze's lights out. How dare he laugh at him.

"I could of guessed as much" Freeze respodned in that meancingly low tone he tended to use when he fells he knew something but had just now confirmed his suspicions.

"Wha....? LIstEN YOU.....i dont know what your getting at...but I dont think i like what your getting at sir....."

"Dont act dumber then you are Penguin. Its quite obvious that you want to think of little Finchella over here over here much more then just a crime partner" Freeze said in a "Matter-of-factly" tone.

At this notation Oswalds eyes shot open comicly and his monacle (which he had grabed on the way out of his room so he could see where he was walking) fell to the ground and shattered. His mouth fell agape and every ounce of color left his face.

Did he just inply that HE Oswald Chesterfeild Cobblepot had a thing for Finchella!? Was he hearing right!? Freeze couldent of said that! What the heck would of given him that idea!?

"My sir she is a Puffin and I am a Penguin therefore-"

"Therefore that comment has nothing to do with the fact because last i checked Selina was a cat"

"What!? That isnt the same!"

"Your right a cat isnt even the same species."

"The point is there is nothing between me and Puffin"

"That dosent mean you dont want there to be"

"You have room to talk about "want" freeze"

That struck a nerve. Freeze stood up, freeze ray aimed straight at Oswalds chest. NO ONE talked about his feelings for Nora like that!

Oswald had to think quick else end up a bird-cicle. He looked down. The board that freeze was standing on, it was loose. Thats it.

"Join your girl on ice" Freeze went to pull the trigger but Oswald smashed down onto the floor board causing the catapult effect sending freeze flying out the window and off the estate.

For a while he just stood there thinking about what was said. He didnt like Puffin. He was a loner.

"Then what about Catwoman" a voice in the back of his head asked him.

"No that was diffrent. SHE came onto me first!" he thought.

"How is it diffrent? You still liked her."

A creaking noise snapped him out of his self conflict.

gasp

The frozen Puffin was right by the edge of the hole in the floor. It was breaking away. She would of moved but as she was frozen from the waist down she couldnt really do so. She was trying to smash through so wether or not she heard the conversation was unknown. The point is if he didnt do something she'd be dead.

He didnt have his umbrella and didnt know how her staff worked. He didnt have time to think, he grabed her by the back of her jacket pulling her away as the floor crumbled.

He fell over from jerking back so fast and there was a shatter as the ice on Puffin smashed off. As dust centuries old filled the air he had to close his eyes to keep from being blinded. Puffin was apparently having similar problems as he heard her coughing despite lack of beign able to see where she (or he for that matter) had landed.

When the dust cleared it took Oswald a while to register what exactly he was seeing. Ok yeah he knew he tripped and fell when he pulled her away.....but not this!

There was Puffin, on the ground. That wasnt the problem. When he fell over he virtualy landed on her. So there HE was one hand arround her waist the other on her chest and their faces barley an inch appart.

After finding himself in such a manner had the exact opposite effect Freezes comment had. He turned so red it didnt seem possible he would ever go back to his normal color.

"You.....you saved my life." she said seemingly unaware of thier situation.

"Well as much as I.....uhh" he swallowed hard using every ounce of energy, will, and strength he had to focusing giving her an anwser rather then the compromising possition that they were in.

"as much as I hate to....admit it....your the one who knows....about the birds" Oswald finaly choaked out.

"You could of been killed!" she responded quietly. Not in a "id-be-tramatized-if-that-happened" tone more of an "I-cant-belive-you-did-that-but-thank-heavens-you-did" one.

For a moment he hadn't a clue what she was talking about until he looked over to the hole in the floor that had opened up even further than he thought. That's how he tripped...where he was standing collapsed.

His attention turned back to getting out of the current problem. Sure he would of just stood up and walked off to take a VERY cold shower but his body didn't want to listen to his brain.

Finally somehow he got his one arm out from under her but brilliantly put it down on a loose nail.

Oswald yelped jumping up grabbing his hand. At least it was the hand that was already wounded. Well that's one way to get up he supposed. That's when he remembered why he ran down here in the first place. His head darted up and he let out an audible gasp.

He ran to the room. His forbidden room. The door was hanging on by one hinge. The 12 locks from the inside destroyed. This couldn't of been happening. This had to be a nightmare.

"I swear to you I didn't see anything in there" Puffin said sincerely and hesitantly as if she knew how much this meant to him and didn't want to in anyway distress him as she walked up to him.

"Why don't I believe that?" Oswald had nothing more than a cold anger in his voice and eyes. Not mad at her. Not even mad at Freeze. Mad at the world. The world that had always been betraying him. Deceiving him. Abandoning him. No matter what he did someone always pulled the rug out from under his feet.

"Not all females are cats Oswald. You can trust me." it was here she paused but when she continued it was like she wasn't directly addressing him but almost to herself. "I know what it's like hiding from the world You're not the only one with secrets Oswald" with this she looked down at her own flippered hands. They were so like his own despite the parting being between the middle and ring rather than middle and index.

"What about Freeze?" finally figuring that she probably did have secrets of her own on similar value and she wouldn't bother meddling into the matter.

"I made sure that he did not enter. The door got busted in the fight but no one saw anything."

Oswald nearly nodded content with the answer.

"I'll be off then" was the last thing Puffin said before walking off to her own room.

He started towards his own room but instead went into the room that was being spoken about.

It was empty except a desk covered and spilling over with news clippings and magazine

articles all on the same two people. Tucker and Esther Cobblepot.

~~~~~

*Ok once again im soooooooooo sorry this took so long but i had a heck of a time figuring out how to write the FreezeXPuffin battle. I wasnt initaly going to have him start relizing he may like her this early on in the story but it seemed so perfect! To make up im already working on typing the next chapter. and this is probably going to be one of the longer chapters meaning they normaly wont be so long.*

## 5 - Dark Dreams

Of Penguins and Puffins-chap 5-Dark Dreams

Ok yalls i relize i have no life what so ever. I mean...im writing a story. About The flippin Penguin. The sad part.....im actualy enjoying writing this story. Ok and im gonna anwser the questiong that everyone seems to enjoy asking... Q-Why the heck do you like the Penguin? A-I HAVE NO FLIPPIN IDEA I JUST DO! WHY DO PEOPLE LIKE CHOCOBOS!? ITS BECASUE THEY DO! THEY DONT NEED A REASON SO WHY THE HECK SHOULD I SO GET OFF MY CASE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! \*ahem\* anyways enjoy the story folks ^^.

---

Oswald awoke in his bed as the Gotham clock tower struck 11 in the morring. His head throbing. What a messed up dream. It was a dream right? It had to be.....didnt it? The chandelier.....it fell. So if it was still hanging....like it surely would be, then it would of had to of been a dream.

He grogily pulled himself out of bed and into the door. No he litraly walked head on into the closed door. He quickly pulled away grabing his head where a lump was sure to be forming. What had been wrong with him of late. Ever scince Puffin, he had been finding himself getting hurt more and more often. First the gash in the side of his face (which seemed to be starting to heal but had left a nasty bruise arround the scaring area) then his inpaled hand (which was still as open as ever) and now he slams his face into the door. Come to think of it even in the dream he had last night he had put a nail into his already wounded hand.

When he figured his ever present head pain was only growing worse he figured he may as well get looking to see if it was or wasent a dream. The sooner he did that the sooner he could get some tylonal.

.....

This just couldent be happening. The whole hall was half frozen in ice. NO NO NO! Freeze wasnt here last night! He couldent of been! He just.....left a window open. It DID get cold in this old house.

The further and further he went down the hall the more and more ice was formed. He got to the end of the hall finally and his eyes shot open wide in terror.

Oh no. Right there....in the middle of the floor was that huge haping hole. He looked at his hand sand sure enough there was a prick cut from the nail. Freeze really was here. Puffin did fight him. She really did nearly fall to her death. Which ment...je really did save her....and that ment.....they really were.....floor.....close.....moment.....he suddenly felt like he was going to be ill.

He had to clear his mind. He had to think of something else. His birds. He'd tend to them.

Oswald walked on towards the avairy. Lets see. The Golden Eagle's sprain seemed to have healed

properly. That was the first good news he had in quite sometime. He'd have to remember to thank puf.....no he wasn't going to think about her. The canaries seemed a bit more snippy than usual. Then again the finches-.....finches seemed to be squaking a bit more than usual. Then of course there were his beloved penguins. The hatchlings were doing exceptionally well. Even though there were the two penguins whose egg had been on the ice for too long or that's what he assumed had happened the point was they had stolen a Puffin egg and raised it like.....wait....what? No! NO NO NO NO NO! WHY COULDN'T HE GET HER OUT OF HIS HEAD!?!?!?

This went on for so long that he didn't even realize for quite sometime he had walked completely past the aviary. Actually at first he wasn't even sure where he was when he realized he had past his initial destination.

After he made it downstairs to the first floor he was sure he hadn't gone down or up any stairs. He was sure he had walked in the right direction. That was when he heard something. It was like a light breathing. He turned to see what it was but found himself in a daze.

It ended up he had ended right in front of her room. The door was wide open. Puffin in full view.

She was on her bed sitting on her coat. Well sitting wasn't really the word. The best thing that he could call it was nesting. She was on her knees scrunched down so she was sitting on the bottom of her feet. She had her arms back and her head held down. To put it short as he said before she looked like a bird nesting.

At first he couldn't tell whether she was awake or not but after a moment he realized she was indeed asleep. How anyone could sleep (at least comfortably) in that manner was beyond him.

Beside her lay her staff. She was very protective. Whether it be of her staff or her self he had yet to completely figure out but it seemed to be both. He did know that she was like him in the fact she typically worked alone and was used to having to defend herself, nor did she tend to take or accept help of any sort.

He snapped out of his trance and went on his way. For a while his mind was empty....sort of. It was more less the fact he had so many thoughts going through his head he couldn't focus on one thing.

Sure he respected her. And of course he liked her as a person and crime partner. Then of course.....

His thoughts came to a pause as his gaze drifted down to his own flippered hands as he remembered how he lived without any one to really be considered parents except the penguins that had found him when his real parents left him in the sewer. (why there were penguins in the sewer he still yet to figure out) As a matter of fact....there was really no one he felt he could honestly completely trust. All because of what he was. Because he was different. With that his previous thought continued.

She was probably the single person who had any idea what it was like. What it was like to be different. To be rejected. To be hated by everyone just for existing!

He became enraged and swung a fist around behind himself blindly and in the process shattered an old vase. He hated the truth. He hated Gotham. He hated Batman.....Everyone in Gotham.....and mostly

Bruce Wayne. The one that had everything he couldn't but should. No....there was one person he hated more than Bruce. More than his parents. More than every other soul in Gotham. He hated himself.

No one wanted him around. It was getting to the point he didn't want to BE around. He reached for his umbrella and snapped out the sword blade that seemed to be the weapon he had been using more than the others of late.

"So easy" he muttered to himself so quietly that at first he wasn't sure if he said it out loud or was just thinking it as he grabbed the blade with his open hand but not putting enough pressure on to actually cut himself. He stared at the point sticking out from his flippery fist. The blade seemingly calling out as he became disgusted at the sight of his mutated hands.

"so quick" he muttered in the same quiet tone. Then as if meant to stop him a large black raven swooped in through a broken window and landed on the ground trying to get back up but obviously had an injured wing. Seeing this seemed to snap him out of his daze.

He snapped the blade back into the umbrella as he walked over to the injured raven picking it up and trying to get it to stop thrashing about to keep it from harming itself.

"No....at least not until you know why Oswald" he said to himself in a still fairly quiet tone as the bird finally stopped squirming around.

So ok he admired her but that was all. He didn't like her. Far from it.....no....it wasn't far from it but he still didn't like her like that. He never would like anyone in that way. He learned where that got you with Selina already.

With that he walked on to the aviary to tend to the injured bird....and to get some tylenol for his still splitting headache.

---

I know short (wrote in spanish class) but it was sorta a filler and really wrote its self. Only real point was to 1-show that he sorta is realizing that he sorta has a thing for her and 2-claryfing that hes semi-unstable in this story. Ummm ok the version im using of him is the The Batman version (the newest one i believe) but im just using the movies version of his history cause even though its the most inaccurate its the one that sorta goes best with this story.

## 6 - Coded Messages

Of Penguins and Puffins-Chapter 6-Coded Messages

There are no author reviews sept it may be a while cause my damn social studies teacher told my parents im failing cause i missed on assignment and i didnt even miss the damned thing so i may not be able to update soon.

----

It was near an hour after Oswald had finished splinting the ravens wing did he notice something strange about the bird.

On its left wing was a black band. The only reason he noticed it was because there was a barley visible slip of paper concealed behind the band. He tried to reach for it but the bird kupt on snapping at him every time he got close to it. He could tell it not to be one of his own birds.

"Ronald your back!" Puffin ran in snatching up the raven she was obviously excited about the apparent return of the bird that Oswald figured to be hers as the bird calmly let her remove the paper from its band.

"Well trained" he muttered to hissself. A raven trained only to let her and who ever it was who sent the note near enough to get their message. Even he had to admit that as being quite the accomplishment.

After scanning over the message she left the note on the ground and went to tend to the raven else where in the avairy.

When Oswald was sure that she was out of sight his curiosity got the better of him. After seeing the note though he wished he hadent bothered.

'OWLS KOMES MIDNIGHT FROM MAIN NIGHT BE ON A PLINE TONIGHE IT WIGHT PRYICE  
3,2,1,2,3,3,3,2,-4,-6,-1'

"Even if someone did get this no one could make sense of this!" he grumbled, grabing his head as his headache began comming back out of his utter confusion.

"Oswald come here!" she called out still as excited as ever.

He started back when suddenly he remembered something. He had never told her his real name! He had introduced himself as Penguin not his real name, but she'd been calling him by his real name scince they went to steal the peacock. There was something up. She knew something about what happened to him. She had to.

"OZZY!"

Ozzy? What the heck!? He went back to where she was at the same time trying to get his eye to stop twitching.

He finally found her. She was hanging upside down from the huge tree near the back center of the aviary.

"Guess who took the blame for it!" she said pulling a muffin from her pack.

Where the muffin came from was unknown to him because besides the food for the birds the only food in the house was fish. (which technically went to the raptors and penguins and such but he had to eat too)

"Even if I knew what you were talking about I wouldn't know"

He was really lost in his own thoughts wondering if she realized that by hanging upside down the way she was it caused her shirt to fall revealing her waist to of even of heard what it was she was talking about.

"Remember that thing.....that set off the alarm.....at the museum?" she asked munching down into her muffin.

It took him a moment to half-snap back to the real world and realize what it was she was talking about.

"Welllllll it was Man-Bat and he took the blame for trying to steal the Peacock!"

She finished her first muffin and pulled out another one as she hopped down out of the tree and went over to the water edge where all the aquatic birds were located.

"Then again.....they thought he didn't get it.....cause they bought the fake one" she finally added in.

"yeah" was all Oswald said still staring at her.

Most people who saw the moment would of thought he just wanted her muffin. What he really wanted was a chance to clear his mind....to be able to stop thinking about her and...and ok so maybe he did want the muffin but that wasn't the biggest priority!

A small macornii penguin with the same band around its flipper as the raven had around its wing jumped out of the water and right next to Puffin. It had no note but looked rather proud of its self as it dropped a few coins from his beak next to her.

"Hi Chester....more coins for your little collection?" she asked the penguin as if referring to a small child.  
"Wheres Chelsea?"

No sooner did she ask the second question did a Tuffed Puffin swoop down and land ontop of Puffins head. This bird did have a note.

Puffin lazily glanced over it as if it were information that she was already aware of before standing up and turning to Oswald. (the puffin still perched on her head) "We go after the Bronze Owl tonight"

"Do you even know where it is!?" he tried to stay focused as she pulled out a third muffin.

"The Cemetary"

"How the heck do you know that!?"

Puffin sighed and retrieved the first note and pulled a pen out of the band around the penguins flipper.

She proceeded underlining specific parts.

OWLS KOMES MIDNIGHT FROM MAIN NIGHT BE ON A PLINE TONIGHE IT WIGHT PRYICE

"So? Bad spelling whats your point?"

Oswald was completely lost at this point.

"K should be C, there should be and E at the end of "Maine" , N is M for might, I should be A because we knew it would be imported by plane, E should be T, "It" is "At" so it should be "A" not "I", "W" should be "R" and there is no "Y" in price. Take that and you have the letters C-E-M-A-T-A-R-Y.

His eyes shot wide in amazement. So obvious yet infigurable. "Would you happen to kn-"

"If your going to ask about Riddler the anwser is yes i worked as partner with him for a week or so" she intrupted.

"So whats all those numbers about?" he asked staring at the muffin that she had yet to begin eating.

"Gravestone count....its being used as a gravestone head piece.....the second note is just telling which gaurds are on duty for the next week....it would be best to go tonight."

She ate the third muffin and pulled out yet another muffin.

"Ok where the heck did you get all the muffins from!?"

"When you got lost when running from Bats I darted into a bakery real quick to loop around to get infront of you and i grabed a few snacks on the way" she replied with an innocent smile.

"But.....you didnt tell me!?" he asked after a akward pause in a tone of utter shock.

"There MY muffiiinnns" she whined sounding rather childish as she bit into it eating half of the whole thing in one bite.

She paused and her face went paler then it already was before spitting it out and tossing the other half to him.

"Yecshk Strawberry....you can have it"

The half eaten muffin struck him in the forehead but still he caught it.

"I Dont want it after you bit into it!"

"LISTEN YOU! YOUVE BEEN STARING AT MY MUFFINS ALL MORRING SO EAT THE DAMNED THING BEFORE I SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR THROAT TUXEDO-BOY!"

"NEAAAAHHHH Yes dear!"

WAIT! What the heck did he just say!?

Puffin had a look of utter shock and terror.

"What the hell did you just call me!?"

"I.....I....I dont know...I mean...I gotta go!" with that he ran out of the avairy up the stairs into his forbidden room and stayed there to think things out.

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Completly wrote its self folks and yes....this chapter practionally revolved arround a muffin.

## 7 - For Whom the Bell Tolls

OF PENGUINS AND PUFFINS

Chapter 7

For Whom the Bells Tolls.

Disclaimer- well I know it's been freakin FOREVER and this story was temporarily like...dead but its back with a vengeance.

Puffin-evil cackle of doom and holds up a muffin FEAR THE WRATH OF MY MUFFIN!

Me-Puffin shut up about your stupid muffin

And with that note my crazy mixed up story about the strange if not near insane Finchella Carriebella Runeal, who has struck a deal and formed an alliance with the awe struck and often distracted Oswald Chesterfield Cobblepot. Is the Jewel birds what he really wants or is he denying something to the world and himself? Why does it seem that she knows more then what she seems to tell? And why am I asking all these questions you probably don't know the answer to? Only time will tell.

The world was quiet. Neither a pedestrian nor vehicle was out in the normally bustling streets of Gotham. Then again being that it was a little past midnight this little fact was hardly a surprise. All was normal and at peace. Unless of course you headed towards Gotham Cemetery.

CLANG

The loud ring of iron being struck filled the night air, followed by the loud thump of the padlock that was once upon the Cemetery gate falling to the ground. Puffin stood above it shifting her staff back down to her side smiling contently. Of course the dynamic bird duo was the cause of the commotion.

Oswald...or rather since he was on the clock, Penguin, looked to Puffin shaking his head. Normally he would have made a comment reminding her that they point was to NOT call attention to themselves. This time however wasn't the case as he had been to out of it to say anything to her since the comment that had been uttered earlier that morning.

"I'm not patient enough to pick the thing right now and a flamethrower would only draw more attention" she snarled annoyed, apparently reading his expression when she turned to face him.

He just sighed exasperatedly glancing around to check to see if anyone had heard the commotion caused by Puffin.

"WELL are you coming or not?" Puffin snapped at him. She had already entered the graveyard. She walked onward, her staff held in front of her defensively.

*'You cant deny how you feel'*

The voice in his head was coming back. He was doing his best to block it out but no matter what he did it just kept ringing through his mind.

*'You know what you want Cobblepot'*

'I don't care about her, I don't even like her!'

His hand around his umbrella began to turn pink from his tightening grip. The beak of the end digging at his palm.

*'you let her stay in your home'*

'She's a crime partner nothing more!'

*'Since when does Oswald Chesterfield Cobblepot work with a partner?'*

'I have before'

He bit his bottom lip with his sharp teeth. Oswald didn't take notice to this or that the beak of the umbrella was beginning to reopen the wound in his hand, cutting it open with the beak of his umbrella.

*'Because you had more on your mind then committing crime with that cat'*

'It was different!'

Oswald closed his eyes, grabbing his forehead with his free hand, the other bleeding freely. Thadump. Thadump. Thadump. That low beating noise of his own heartbeat growing louder and louder in his ears. Surely she could hear it. Surely it would get them caught.

*'Its not!'*

"It is!"

*'you love her!'*

"I don't!"

The world was spinning. His head and chest pounding. Oh and that voice. That horrible maddening voice. Anything to shut it up. Any means necessary just to make it stop!

The blade within the umbrella seemed to snap out on its very own. Oswald's eyes shot open, blood shot and distant. The eyes of a madman. The first thing they caught glimpse of was that alluring cold steel blade.

'you can end it now...'

A third voice now came into his mind. This one seemed to have the most logic in it. Why fight between his emotions when he can solve everything with a quick slice of the throat?

*'You cant run from the truth!'*

'you don't have to. Just one little cut can end it all'

*'Oswald you cant! Not like this! Not after everything!'*

'shut up...just stop.....please...'

'you know what it is you have to do Oswald!'

*'your lying to yourself. You care about her!'*

'.....'

He looked blankly at the blade; mouth slightly agape as he rose it close to his face. The newest voice winning the long fought argument. Just to stop the voices. Yes it was the only possible way. In a graveyard, its perfect. No one would care...

...no one even knows about Finchella.

Yup for all of you out there I got thinking he was planning to commit suicide I fooled you! Yes he is going slightly insane. Yes he does now plan to kill Puffin. What will come of it though? Only I know. Originally this chapter continued but it seemed too good of a cliff hanger so bite me. I tried to get the three voices in different fonts, if that doesn't show up blame the site not me.

## 8 - The Bronze Owl

“Yes...its perfect...no one knows about Puffin but me and the other criminals around here” Penguin thought to himself staring at his blade bloodlustingly. “And they seem to want her gone any-”

“Oswald! Stop lagging behind I want to get that owl and get out of here as soon as possible this place gives me the willies” she sighed annoyed.

Owl? That’s right the birds, he had nearly forgotten about them. She was the only one who knew about them. He needed her and he knew it full well. A rather thorny situation at the very least. Then again, if some unknown criminal could find out about something like these birds, if they were as valuable as they seemed to be then find out about the other thirteen birds whereabouts couldnt be all that difficult.

“Here...” her voice was faint and distant even though she was standing only a few feet away from him. She had been nothing but a pain since she showed her face anyway, he thought to himself raising the sword bearing umbrella above her from behind, eyes void of any expression at all. The world seemed to move in slow motion as it came down straight towards her neck.

CLANG

She had turned to the side just as the blade came down. It completely missed her striking the cement grave. Oswald finally snapped back to reality as if the clatter had awoken him out of his trance.

“Oswald watch where you swing that” she grumbled over her shoulder

What? He looked seeing her staff had been struck down only about a few inches away from where the blade had. It was after a moment of staring he realized it was in attempt to break the cement away from the base of the owl. Puffin had been so involved in her work that she didn’t even realize that he had just tried to kill her. Wait...what?

Oh dear lord he had. He blinked slowly backing away dropping his umbrella to the ground backing away from it as if it were a venomous viper. He couldnt believe himself. Why? Was he really going insane? For crying out loud he as upset, yes she was annoying at times but it had never consciously crossed his mind to actually kill her. His eyes darted around anxiously trying to figure things out.

Great. He never felt sorry for anything he had ever done, and of course the first time just had to be sorry for something he'd done to this....woman. This fickle, annoying, quirky, amusing, oddly attrac-....oh god in heaven no. The same sickening feeling began returning as he nearly tripped over his own feet. It was impossible, there was no denying it anymore. He had a thing for Puffin. HE Oswald Cobblepot had something for this...Finchella.

“Finally!” she exclaimed as the heavy Bronze owl fell to the ground. It was made to appear perched on a stump, wings spread out wide as if preparing for flight. Its beak was wide open and its eyes made of two large pure opals. He could only stand there staring at those ominous eyes that seemed to look

straight through his soul. Those accusing eyes that seemed to read him like an open book. It was a rather unnerving feeling but it wasn't just the eyes, those graves were too similar for his liking as well.

"Erm...yeah" Penguin muttered unable to look her in the face at this point any longer "Get it and lets go.."

"Ozzy? You ok?" Puffin blinked cocking her head to one side, already in the process of packing the owl into her bag, her staff laid carefully next to her.

"Im fine just...feeling kind of sick an-"

"nnaaww Isnt that sickeningly cute?"

That voice. It was a voice far too familiar for Oswald's liking, and far too close as well. That damned voice was right behind him. He knew it better than any voice and knew all too painfully well it belonged to the absolute LAST person he wanted to see epically with what was going on right now. He turned silently and palely to face a dark silhouette perched atop a tombstone. He didn't need to see anymore than that to identify who it was.

Selina Kyle, more well known however these days, as Catwoman.