

Batman fanfic

By Enigma

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It's a batman fanfic! Huzzah! What more is there to say? Oh, yeah, that it's way cooler than all other batman fanfics. Seriously. Read it. Can you figure out who let the criminals escape?

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Enigma/16322/Batman-fanfic>

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1 - Chains, Bolts & straightjackets

Batman :

Chains, Bolts & straightjackets

Gotham...

Probably one of the most dangerous places in the entire world.

If it weren't for the Batman. He's locked up hundreds of criminals in Gotham jail, and put even more deranged psychopaths behind bars in the Arkham Asylum. Batman himself is just as disturbed and traumatized as any of the mass murderers he's defeated, but most people in Gotham don't bother as long as he puts away the others.

Batman usually kicks bad guy @\$ without too much trouble, because there's usually only one or two major bad guys on the loose, while the rest is rotting away in Arkham.

This time, it was different though...

It all started when Arkham got a very special visitor: Jonathan Crane...

It was a stormy night, as it usually is in Gotham, when a car stopped at the Arkham Asylum. Mud splattered all over the vehicle. The motor stopped roaring and the door swung open. A pair of bare feet, with long, unmanicured nails, planted themselves in the soil. Their owner followed them out of the car and slammed the car door shut. It wouldn't close though, because someone seemed to have forced the door open earlier on. Ignoring this small flaw of his newly gained vehicle the man started stepping towards the entry gate of the Asylum, through the mud. He took huge steps in a sort of clumsy manner. He had enormous, long, thin legs. He was extremely large and had his long arms hanging at his sides. He might look huge already, but if the skinny man would stretch out he'd probably be even larger. He was wearing a slightly stained, brown suit and a broad-rimmed, pointy hat, like a scarecrow would wear. He had reached the iron gate that said "All who pass here, let all hope fade". He briefly looked up at the inscription and smiled broadly. He stepped towards the double doors of Arkham and clutched on to the door knob. He's fingers were extremely long and bony and they had even longer, filthier nails than his toes. He entered and walked through the corridor, towards the counter with the head-nurse. Except for her there were three doctors in the room and another nurse. All of them were looking at him. In theory he could be a visitor for one of the patients, but then again no-one ever visited the patients. The man looked

too shabby to be a doctor or a psychiatrist, but he was too well-dressed to be a beggar. With a voice like cold steel that caused chills to run down their spines he said "Could you tell me where I might be able to find the head-doctor, miss ...", he bended down to look at her name-tag, "Victoria Marple?". He didn't speak like a beggar either, he sounded more like he was a teacher, a very strict one. A little bit intimidated by the visitor, Victoria said: "He's probably in he's office, at the end of the hall". The Scarecrow smiled again, nodded and started stepping in the indicated direction. One of the doctors who wasn't as surprised as the head-nurse blocked his way and said "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't let you pass without an appointment". The smile disappeared from his face abruptly. Trying not to anger this huge man the head-nurse said: "I could make you an appointment, mister". "No", the man responded, "I don't have the patience for that, I think I'll just do it my way...". He plucked a straw from his hat and suddenly the room seemed to have changed into a pit filled with snakes, a lake of boiling-hot lava, or whatever scares you most. The doctor backed away from him and, when he reached the wall, lay down in fetus position, covering his eyes and screaming. Some of the others fled down the corridors and the head-nurse hid behind the counter. But where-ever they'd go, eyes open or not, the horror would follow them. Now the Scarecrow smiled again and he hopped through the hall, while scratching the walls with his fingernails. He kicked down the door to the head-doctor's office and stepped inside. Jeremiah Arkham, the head-doctor, jumped up from his desk "Scarecrow! How did you get in here!".

"Pleased to meet you too, would you be so kind as to hand me the keys? As for how I got in, let us say that your staff is *occupied* right now...".

"If you think you can just barge in here, pretending you own the place, you're dead wrong, Scarecrow!!!"

"I don't think it would be wise of you to delay me any further or I will be forced to let you share your colleagues nightmares"

"Very well...". Jeremiah slowly slid open the drawer of his desk and grabbed in it. Then he suddenly drew out a gun and pointed it at the Scarecrow, or at least, at where he thought the Scarecrow was... All he saw however, was an empty spot.

"Ts,ts,ts,that was not very wise, doctor...", the Scarecrow said from behind him, while waving his finger. Jeremiah tried to turn around, but it was to late: the Scarecrow twisted his arm behind his back until he let go of the gun and he heard the sound of metal clashing against the floor.

"Now, dear doctor, please hand me the keys, I'm afraid I won't ask nicely again"

Jeremiah went in the drawer with his hand again and this time he took out the keys.

"Thank you very much", said the Scarecrow while tucking away the doctor's gun and walking towards the door. A faint smile appeared on Arkham's face. Suddenly the Scarecrow turned around and said: "I'll be needing the other key too, doctor".

"What, what do you mean, Scarecrow, those are all my keys!"

"Oh, but I don't mean the kind you can hang on a keyring, doctor,...", he said and he took a stiletto out of his suit, "...I'm astonished you thought no-one would find out you added an iris scan to the system...".

Jeremiah lay on the floor of his office, his face covered with blood, his glasses in the corner of the room. He pulled himself up on his desk and stumbled to one of the glass cabinets. He tried to pull it open, but it was locked and the Scarecrow had taken the keys. So he smashed the glass with his elbow. Like a few scratches and a little more blood would make the difference. He grasped one of the packs of painkillers out of the glass cabinet and made his way towards the phone on his desk. Trembling, he dialed the number. He held the receiver next to his face and said: "Commissioner Gordon, we have a problem".

2 - One by one

Batman :

One by one

Everyone has something to hide, but some more than others, I probably the most.

My name is Bruce Wayne. I live in a huge mansion and own an industrial empire that I inherited from my parents. You'd think I was the most fortunate man in the world. But I'm not, Bruce Wayne is. I, however, am not alone. There's somebody, my best friend, my worst enemy: the Batman. He's been with me for a long time. At first he was just a haze, fog, a shapeless cloud. I saw that cloud for the first time when I was going home from the theatre with my parents. I was only a couple of years old. I had an ice cream. It was strawberry flavored. I didn't have a care in the world. But then *he* showed up: a mugger. He was carrying a Magnum thirty-six, I remember very well. He snatched my mother's purse. My father attacked him. BANG. My mother screamed. BANG. I just sat there, my face smeared with my parent's blood. No bang. He just ran away, with the cash. He left his gun behind. I picked it up and put it in my mouth. I pulled the trigger. CLICK. No bullets left. That's why he didn't blow my brains out too. If only...

I wake up. I have that same dream, those same thoughts every night. Every night. I get up and look out the window. It's getting dark already. I have a busy life, so I sleep at irregular times. If I have time to sleep at all. All of the sudden, I see it: the batsign!

"Alfred!", I yell, "have breakfast ready by the time I come back!". I run down the stairs. Dick jumps up out of the armchair, where he was sleeping. By the time I'm in the library, he's already opened the secret passage. Dick's my partner in crime...solving. He's been through a lot too. He's entire family was killed by Two-face, an old "friend" of mine. I tried to keep him from becoming like me: a vengeful wreck. I hate to admit it, but I failed. He's become just like me, only younger. He seems to be able to endure a lot more than me. He's less weary. But eventually he'll end up washed up like me. I know this, but I can't bring myself to stopping him. First of all, he'd go on without me too, second of all, I enjoy not being all by myself, just me and the bat.

We rush through the batcave, my eyes flash by the "souvenirs" I've gathered over the years. There it is, the very first piece of my morbid collection: the gun that created the bat. I only glance at it for about a second, like every time I pass through the cave. No time to lose. We jump in the batmobile and drive

away into Gotham's night.

I arrive. Robin waits in the car while I ascend the building. I enter through the door, which isn't exactly my habit, but seemed to be a welcome change. Commissioner Gordon was standing there, looking at the sky, waiting...for me. "What's up, doc?" I said, realizing too late that maybe I did need a little more sleep. He didn't expect me coming from that direction. Neither did I. "Batman!", The Commissioner seemed surprised to see me, "Haven't they got to you yet?". I had no idea what the man was talking about. Perhaps I WAS getting old. Gordon must have seen the surprised look on my face(which must be difficult because I'm wearing a mask). "They've escaped"

"Who?" I asked. I was getting on more trusted territory here, Arkham might be built like a safe, but there are always a couple of them that manage to get out.

"All of them, Batman!"

"Glups". One single phrase, four words, that was all that was needed to get me miles away from trusted territory again. I might be getting old, but not deaf. I'm sure he said: "All of them". When one of these men escaped, all hell broke loose. The body count could go up to thousands. I'd only been presented with a situation where they all broke loose once. I ended up with a shattered spine.

"I see" I responded, and I leaped down into the darkness.

This time I would do it structured. I wouldn't go chasing those nutballs like a dog chases his own tail. No, I'd find whoever was responsible for this, before they find me, and make them pay. Last time this occurred the man who was responsible was a giant who went by the name of "Bane". So it might be worth paying him a visit...

Bane wasn't too hard to find: he left a wake of destruction behind. I simply had to follow the demolished cars to get to him. It seemed he was celebrating tonight. Even Bane wouldn't be this careless in general. He was wandering in the streets. Alone. This was quite odd for someone of his importance. Usually the big players in town would have their own private escort of thugs too scared to defy "the Batman" alone. As I stalked him over the rooftops with Robin, I noticed he was indeed in a very cheery mood today. He even laughed while he pulverized people with a lantern pole.

Bane sure would be a handful right now if he wouldn't be too stupid to notice us. His only weak spot lies in the source of his strength: Venom. You didn't get as strong as he was by "working out". While Bane was in jail (he was born there, doomed to serve his father's punishment), they experimented on him to make him a super soldier. Unfortunately for them their experiments worked and Bane used his newfound strength to crush them and escape prison. Bane himself is quite a scrawny guy: a true weakling, but the venom turns him into much more. Huh, what's that: Bane turned around.

"Take this, bats!!!" shouted Bane, and he hurled a car at us. I might have slightly underestimated him, I thought as was catapulted into the air by the impact. I quickly folded out my cape and glided to street

level. Robin was nowhere to be seen. Bane saw me and tossed another car at me. I dodged this one without much trouble, feeling the wind blow past my face. "I will crush you!!!" Bane yelled, and he pulled one of Gotham's few trees out of the ground. I shot a batarang at him, which he smashed to smithereens with the tree, as if he was a baseball player. I ran towards him and thrusted at him with my fists. He swiftly stepped aside and hit me in the back with the tree. "No, not again!" I thought. I landed in the earth where the tree used to be. I was covered with mud. "Mwuhahahah", Bane thundered, "You haven't got a bit better, have you!!!" I knew there was no point in trying to make a last stand, but I couldn't just give up either. I gathered my last ounce of strength and... I heard Bane scream as I turned around. I saw the huge pile of muscles falling down, in my direction!!! I swiftly rolled out of the way and I heard him thud to the ground. I felt a cool liquid splashing on my face. I looked up and saw Robin. Standing there. With a piece of thin, transparent tube in his hands. I realized what happened: taking advantage of Bane being distracted by me, Robin had sneaked up to him and slid the tubes that fed the giant with venom. I got up and saw the once so huge Bane shrinking to his actual proportions. He even looked kind of sad. I didn't have the least bit of compassion with him though. After all, he was a mass-murderer. I checked his pulse. His hart had practically stopped beating. The sudden lack of venom was too much for his worn body. I put him over my shoulder and said to Robin "I'm bringing this pile of misery back to Arkham, I bet his cell is still available. Bring this to the batcave", while tossing him the construction that had fed Bane's veins with venom.

Robin took that batmobile. I went by foot, over the rooftops. I had some things to think about.

I almost got killed there. If it wasn't for Robin I'd be three feet under the ground by now. I have that a lot. Almost dying. It's become a habit for me. But this time it was different. I cared. Until now I never did. From the day I put that gun in my mouth until now, I never cared. Perhaps I'm starting to lose my edge. Forty-five years is a long time for vengeance. Perhaps I'm done. Perhaps I should let Robin take over. No, I can't quit. I vowed to keep Gotham's streets safe. I can't quit while there are so many psychos out on the streets. I can stop when I've solved this whole mess. Last time I faced Bane I almost HAD to quit. That bastard BROKE my spine. I came back though. I put him behind bars!

...

Bane couldn't have been responsible for this. He was locked up in Arkham. That was why he was so cheery: he'd just been freed from Arkham. He did deserve this. But someone else needs to be punished for the escape. Maybe I can find a lead in Arkham. And if I don't, I'll take them down... One by one.

3 - riddle me this, riddle me that....

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When I arrived at the Asylum, the police was already at the scene. Gordon was standing in the light of a lantern pole. Alone. Perfect. I slid down to him. I sat down on top of the lantern pole. He didn't see me. Few people do. He lighted a cigarette. Protecting it from the light rain with his hand. The smoke drifted up towards me. It warmed my face. In the distance I could see a stretcher being pushed this way. The guy on the stretcher had a huge bandage on his face and his blood had clotted. Because of al the blood and the bandage, I couldn't make out who he was. The stretcher had arrived. The kid who was pushing it seemed quite young for his line of work. "Sir," He stumbled "sir, this one is the only one that could say something usefull before he passed out" "All the others kept screaming the whole time" "It was awful, sir!".

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"Get to the point, boy" Gordon said.

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"He said... h-he said that...that".

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"Spit it out, boy!".
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"He said there's one left, sir".
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Gordon looked surprised. So did I.
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"What do you mean, "there's one left" ?".
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"A prisoner, sir", stated the boy, "There's a prisoner left".
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Gordon scratched his chin. He stared at the kid in disbelief. "Why, for the love of god, would one of them stick around when he has a chance to escape?!!".

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"Well, they are insane, sir...".

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"I suppose you've got a point there" I said.

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The boy looked up. "I-i-i-it's the-the Batman!!!" he screamed.

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"Keep it down!" Gordon said strictly. But it was too late. The kid ran off. Leaving the stretcher in the flickering light of the lantern pole.

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“You really shouldn't have scared him like that” Gordon said, while shining his glasses. “I'm used to it, but, as you see, others can't handle your sudden appearances that well”.

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“I'll try to think about it in the future”.

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“What are you doing here, anyway?”

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“I've come to drop off this pile of misery”. I tossed down Bane. He landed on the pavement. At Gordon's feet.

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“Who's this?”, Gordon asked.

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"Bane", I answered.

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"Isn't Bane that huge, muscled monster?"

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"That's right". I fired my grapnel hook and swung to Arkham's largest tower, leaving the commissioner scratching his head. I was going to find this prisoner who hadn't escaped. He might be able to tell me who had caused this mayhem.

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As I crawled through the vent shafts of the asylum I was struck with the irony of the whole matter. There used to be dangerous criminals in this building. But now that they're gone, I'm still hiding in the vents. To make matters worse, I'm actually looking for the only maniac that is here! I could hear faint noises ahead. I speeded up my pace. I could see a small room ahead. As I came to the end of the narrow tunnel I saw what I had been looking for. And I was disappointed. Just my luck, out of all the nuts it had to be the only one that's actually insane enough not to make any sense *at all*. The riddler. When I locked him up in this place he was so devastated with this that he became even crazier than he already was. He began to think he was the Batman. Apparently he still did. He was flapping his straightjacket as if he had wings. Suddenly he noticed me. He snapped out of his joyful skipping. He looked at me and

said "Riddle me this, riddle me that...". Here we go again. "who's afraid of the big black bat!". He started laughing frantically and ran through the room again on an imaginary flight. I grunted. Why did it have to be him? I already knew the answer: No-one else was insane enough to stay in the Asylum. He seemed to like it here though.

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Suddenly I noticed he was gone. I had let my thoughts wander too much. There was only one way he could have gone. So that's where I went. Further up. Up, always up, through the endless vents of the Asylum. A maze within a maze. I could almost smell the riddler. He smelled of unwashed cloths, the grease on the walls of the vents and the sweat of a maniac. This will probably surprise you, but you *can* actually tell a maniac apart from other people by the smell of their sweat. Not that it's something you normally pay attention too, nor is it an infallible method. Damn, I really *have* been in this business too long. Sweat of a maniac...

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I came to a metal grating that led into the cold night's air. Did I take a wrong turn? Did I loose the scent? Or no, wait, I can hear scurrying on the roof...Did he? No, he couldn't have...Or could he? I checked. Yes, he did. The grating was screwed lose on all four corners. The only thing keeping it pinned down were a couple of bricks that were scattered across it. All this time, the riddler could have escaped. And yet, he didn't. He preferred to stay here. Truly insane that man, truly insane.

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I propelled the grating into the dark and ascended the roof of the Asylum. Though the inside of the building was made up of cement and steel, the outside was still made up in Victorian style. Or at least the older parts of the building were. The tiles on the roof were still the original ones, and many of them were missing, leaving gaping holes. There was an immense amount of chimneys mounted on the roof, more than anyone would ever need, and there were also a bunch of gargoyles, weather vanes, antennas and cast-iron decorations. I followed the trail of the raving riddler and it led me to a huge hole in the roof. The riddler was standing on the other side, waving the loose flaps of his straightjacket as if they were wings. "Riddle me this, riddle me that, ...", he shouted as a bolt of lightning lit the night sky, "What do you call a bat that can't fly, tell me that!". I stepped onto the ancient wooden beam that spanned across the hole and I started walking, trying to stop the riddler from fleeing by talking to him. "Tell me, Riddler,", I said, "How do you divide seventeen apples among sixteen people?".

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"The Riddler? Never fear! He's not here!", the riddler shouted and then he ran out of sight. When I arrived on the other side of the beam and followed the trail it led me to a small piece of flat cement roof with a bunch of chimneys on it, and in a circle of them, an antenna with a ribbon on it. The ribbon was flapping wildly in the chilly breeze and I approached to take a closer look at it. As I stepped up I saw that there was a tiny piece of metal on the white ribbon. I reached for it as I realized it. It was the cord that held the riddler in his restraints. Before I could react the riddler had jumped down on me from atop one of the chimneys. I fell down to the ground and hit the solid concrete with my face as the riddler snatched the ribbon and wound it around my neck as a noose, while crying out "Applesauce!!! Applesauce!!!". I looked at him in surprise as he tried to strangle me with the noose. He looked me in the eye and said: "I remembered! It's applesauce!". Seeing that I sill didn't know what he was talking about he said "How do you divide seventeen apples among sixteen people: you make applesauce!!!". I was astonished the riddler had finally managed to say something that made sense and for a second I forgot to fight him off in my surprise, and that was my critical mistake. I was getting old: a weak guy like the riddler, no matter how smart he used to be, shouldn't be able to beat the dark knight in a hand-to-hand fight! But now here I was, curled up on the merciless cement, noose around my neck and the maniac holding it on my chest, obstructing my every movement. Things were going black as I heard the riddler say "Riddle me this, riddle me that, what is the beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, the beginning of every end

and the end of every race?”. “ The letter E”, I said. “What?”, the riddler shouted as he eased his grip a bit. “How about this, what letter isn't in the alphabet?”. “The kind you put in the mailbox”, I said, as he eased his grip yet again. Making advantage of this I kicked him off my chest, before he could recite yet another riddle. The riddler was swung to the edge of the roof. He looked at me in terror as I ripped the ribbon off my neck and squeaked “Riddle me this, riddle me that, who's afraid of the big black bat?”. I ran towards him and he fled over the rooftops, spouting incomprehensible riddles as he jumped obstacles and sped away. I was gaining on him quickly and I could hear my heart pounding in my chest like a clock at noon. My feet were beating the roofing tiles like hammers on an anvil, but I kept going, and the distance kept shrinking. I almost had him, if only I could hold on for a bit longer, and if I could avoid falling down the slippery roof and shattering every one of my bones. I could almost feel the rags the riddler was wearing flapping in my face and I reached out to grab him when suddenly...he wasn't there anymore. I was standing in front of the huge hole in the roof I'd crossed earlier. Realizing what had happened I grabbed my grapnel hook and shot it down into the hole, where it caught on to the clothes of the falling riddler. As he reached the end of the rope the grapnel hook was almost pulled out of my hands, but I held on. Instead of pulling the riddler up I let him hang there and I asked: “Riddle me this, riddler, who let the nuts out?”. “The nutcracker?”, the riddler guessed. “Wrong answer, riddler, I though you were good at this”, I said and I dropped the riddler a couple of meters. “Ok,ok, it was the birdman!”, the riddler screamed. “Who's the birdman”, I demanded, but all I got for an answer was “The birdman and the batman, flying up a tree, F-I-G-H-T-I-N-G, like one, two, three...”. I dropped the riddler down again, but he kept repeating his silly rhyme. I decided to take him to the batcave, to see if I could retrieve any more information from him, but I didn't have very high hopes...

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