

# The Best Worst Day of My Life

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*It's Joker's and Harley's wedding! But, then, why was Joker not informed?*

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**Chapter 1 - The Best Worst Day of My Life**

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# 1 - The Best Worst Day of My Life

A/N- Here we are again, Joker-Fans! Another one-shot from yours truly. And, once again, it is humor. This one was actually inspired by a songfic in this section. I can't remember if the fic was named after the song or not. However, that fic was serious and once again, this is humor. I hope everyone enjoys this.

Disclaimerness- I don't own Batman or any related character. That belongs to Bob Kane, DC Comics, and Warner Bros.! Don't make me sing another disclaimer! (I.E. See the disclaimer for Castlevanian Wizard).

That song was so familiar, but he couldn't place it. Dun dun dun dun...pause...dun dun dun dun. He had heard it before. What was it!

The Wedding March! That was it! But why was it being played at Arkham? Had Pam and Harvey finally put aside their differences? And the fact that she had tried to kill him? Not likely, but Joker chuckled at the thought.

Then he looked around. He wasn't in his cell at Arkham. Hell, he wasn't even at Arkham! It was all...white, wherever he was at. And there were flowers. Big, pink and purple flowers...they looked vaguely like carnations that had been given too much plant food. It had to have been Pam's doing. And he was standing on a step that led up to an altar. There was a man at the altar...but not just any man.

It was the Mad Hatter...dressed like a Catholic Priest! When Hatter caught Joker staring, he smiled and nodded.

"Since when are you Catholic?" Joker asked, but it was as if the Hatter could not hear him.

Joker turned to suddenly see Pam appear on his far right. She smiled at him. She had her hair pulled up in an elegant bun, and she was dressed in a red gown with...black polka dots?

"Well, don't you look handsome?" she commented quietly.

The Clown Prince of Crime stared down at himself. He was dressed in his traditionally purple suit with some...uh...additions. He had a large bow tie at his neck that reached to either side of his shoulders that matched Pam's dress, and he had large green shoes. He frowned, which is something he did not do often.

And then, he turned. Coming down the aisle, dressed in a large, lacy white dress was Harley. However, under the veil, she was still in her mask. Her bouquet was composed of some more large carnations, once again matching Pam's dress, with a few pink and purple ones threw in. But that wasn't what was really strange...what was really strange was who was escorting Harley down the aisle.

It was Batman, but not just Batman. It was Batman in the cape and cowl, but instead of the rest of his costume, it was a tux. He led Harley up the aisle and left her to stand facing the Joker. Then he was seated.

“Harley, what is going on? How did we get here!” Joker asked in a panicked voice.

“Hi, puddin’,” she smiled, handing her bouquet off to Pam.

“Who gives this woman to be wed to this man?” Hatter asked.

“Uh...we do,” came two voices Joker did not recognize.

When he turned to see where they had come from, he gasped. There, in the front row of pews on the right, standing on their hind legs, was Bud and Lou, the hyenas. And that wasn't all. Lou was wearing a wrist watch, and Bud was wearing a pink tutu skirt and pearl earrings.

“Very well,” Hatter said, and the hyenas sat down.

“They would've walked me down the aisle,” Harley began, “but they can't. They've learned to talk and stand...but not to walk. They're like my parents now.”

“Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here to witness the union of Harley Quinn and The Joker in hold matrimony. Now, if any should have reason that these two should not wed, speak now or forever hold their peace,”

At this, Hatter paused. This was his chance.

“I object!” Joker said.

Everyone gasped. Harley immediately broke into tears.

“But, puddin’, you proposed to me! We were doing the hokey pokey, don't you remember?” she wailed.

Joker stepped away from her, stunned.

“What the hell is the matter with all of you! How did I get here? What's going on!”

He took two steps back, then turned and bolted for the church door. However, just as he arrive, Batman and Robin blocked his path.

“You wanted this, Joker. Now, you have to go through with this!” Robin said, grabbing one of his arms as Batman grabbed the other.

“What's wrong with you two? Bats, I don't want to do this!”

Now, Harley looked pissed.

“Tie him up,” she said. “And gag him. We’ll have Ventriloquist do his lines!”

“No! No, no, please, no!” Joker cried as Scarecrow came at him with some rope.

He sat up in his bed, sweating. He wasn’t at Arkham. Where was he now? He looked around. The place looked old, run-down. Laying in bed beside him was Harley, snoring lightly. A dream, he thought, it was all a dream. Or rather, a nightmare. He had never been much for commitment.

Then, Harley rolled over. Her eyes opened slowly, and she smiled. “Hi, puddin’. What’s wrong? Have a nightmare?”

Joker gasped. She was pregnant! And then, he screamed.

He sat up. This time, he was in the bed that Arkham had provided. He looked around. No sign of Harley. Then, there was a loud bang on his door.

“Hey, you, back to bed!” called a guard.

Joker sighed. He laid back down but seemed unable to sleep. For the first time ever, Joker considered sanity. He would never be able to sleep if these were the dreams madness gave to him...

End Notes: Okay, how was that? Oh, and no, I wasn’t insulting Catholics with the priest bit. It was just the idea of the Hatter in a Priest’s garb...Anyhow, this was cute at least, right? Please R & R! Bye!