

Reflections

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Joker's hidden memories haunt him with the image of someone he once loved. OneShot.

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A/N- Okay, so I had this idea based on something I read a long time ago on a website. It was about a comic where Joker flashed back through his possible pasts. I'm kind of using one of them as inspiration for this. I hope everyone enjoys!

Disclaimer- I don't own Batman or any related character. That belongs to WB, DC Comics, and Bob Kane.

Reflections

The Clown Prince of Crime, the Joker, rolled out of bed and made his way over to the dresser. It was not yet sunrise. In fact, it was just past midnight. Tonight, he would surely kill the Bat. He looked up into the mirror and saw his own smiling countenance staring back at him.

Reflected also in the mirror was Harley, still asleep in bed. The blanket did not cover her red-night-gown-clad form, but rather she clutched it like a stuffed animal. She was still wearing the heavy white make-up she wore daily, but her jester's mask was beginning to slide off. He laughed to himself as he noticed that her blonde hair was regaining its original brown roots.

Looks like Harley's next crime will be thieving hair color, he thought, turning back to the mirror.

He gasped. It was not his pasty white self staring back. The face staring back was a normal face. A face with peach skin and brown hair. It was a face he had not seen in many years. The green eyes of the face were sad, and the mouth was down-turned in a frown. Its eyes left his "happy" face and trailed over Harley. When the face looked back at him, it mouthed something. And what it mouthed angered the Joker so much, he lifted one of Harley's make-up bottles and threw it at the mirror, shattering it.

Harley sat up with a start to see the Joker fuming over shattered glass.

"What's wrong, puddin'?" she asked.

"Nothing!" Joker snapped. "Get ready. It's almost time to go."

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The plan had failed. The plans always failed. However, Joker had used Harley as a decoy and escaped. He was sure Harl was already on her way back to Arkham. He was busy running.

He knew the Bat was close on his tail. Quickly, he came upon a gate which announced about its entrance that it was Gotham Cemetery. The Joker dashed inside.

It was almost as if he could hear the swish of Batman's cape behind him. Glancing over his shoulder, he suddenly felt an intense pain in his toe. Not taking into account that it was storming and dark when he tried to stop, Joker slid on the muddy ground and toppled forward.

He looked up from his place sprawled on the ground and saw something dark before him. Then, a streak of lightning flashed across the sky, illuminating the object. He gasped. It was a tomb. The name on it was clearly seen in the brief light. Cassandra Napier.

And he remembered. He remembered first and foremost his love for her. Cassie. His friend...his wife.

They had met in kindergarten. She came from a wealthy, high-class family, and he came from the wrong side of the tracks. But she never looked down upon him. In fact, they had been the best of friends all the way into high school...then, they had become something more. He had proposed to her at the end of their senior year. She was ecstatic. Her family, however, were less than thrilled.

They had been forced to elope. And from there, he did all he could to support her, including the dirtiest jobs imaginable. He became a hit man and an assassin. He lied, stole, and cheated. And, of course, disaster strikes the wicked.

The night before the robbery at the Ace Chemical plant, he had received a call. His beloved Cassie had been killed in a head on collision with a diesel truck.

Joker gasped again when this memory resurfaced. That was the reason he was who he was today! After her death, his life had lost all meaning. He had simply stopped caring. He had gotten careless. He had lost his love...and his sanity. That was how he had truly, in the end, lost her. His insanity had taken her memory from him.

Joker felt a tear slide down his cheek as a shadow eclipsed him. He looked over his shoulder to see the Bat standing over him.

"I'm sure she misses you," he said. "Let's go."

For the first time, Joker went without a fight. He wouldn't fight, couldn't. not while her loving memory was still with him. He could see the reflection of himself from earlier clearly in his mind. And instead of the silence he had heard, he heard his former self speak the words.

"She looks just like your wife," it had mouthed.

Another tear escaped Joker's eyes, for he knew the truth of his situation now. Batman had gotten a freebie this time. Next time, Joker would forget. He always forgot. Then, he would fight. And he would not be fighting the Bat. In reality, he was never really fighting Batman...it was the memory. The pain was too much. Batman need only wait for the fight. He need only wait until his insanity destroyed the reflection in his mind again.

End Notes: Okay, just a short little ditty. It wasn't really meant to be that long. I hope it was alright. Not too cheesy. Well, please review and let me know what you thought!