



Detective Comics #3

Nicholas Moreau

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Detective Comics

Issue 3: "Old Foes, Part 1: New Toys"

Written by Nicholas Moreau

Cover by Roy Flinchum

Edited by Ellen Fleischer

Back-up Feature: "Michelle's"

Written by Brian Burchette

Edited by Ellen Fleischer

The bright yellow sun rises about six this time of year. It pulls itself up from behind Wayne Manor and slowly masks all of Gotham until even the most secluded ally feels the warmth of it. The streets are packed car-to-car, with many of Gotham's citizens going to their jobs. It's just like a regular city.

But that's exactly what the sun is to Gotham—a mask. A mask that hides what Gotham truly is. At night, the mask comes off, and the real Gotham is revealed. A city that is NOT like any other city. A place where Hell burns two feet below it. It's a world of cowards trying to make an extra buck off you, a world of murderous lunatics who dress up in costumes, a world of people who have got to be scared to walk out their doors. It's a city that everyone's given up on.

Except... for HIM.

She is so boring.

I've been sitting here at one of Gotham's finest restaurants for over an hour. It's one of those restaurants high up in the sky with the waiters in bow ties and the big glass windows from which you are able to see the

whole city— though the people that can afford to eat here often don't bother to really look upon her.

My date is one of those gaudy, boring types who wear too much makeup and live for no other reason than to go out with people like Bruce Wayne. She's rich on the outside, shallow on the inside. She has almost no personality, and all she's said this evening have been comments like "Oh, Bruce!" and laughter in the short forced manner that shallow socialite types are known to affect. I tell her a fake story about my real trip to Japan. She just sits there with her forced smile not moving a muscle. It makes me wonder if she is even listening, not that it matters. A waiter eventually comes over to the table.

"Would you like your bill, sir?" the bow tie waiter with the moustache asks. He kind of looks like Alfred during one of those few times I have guests at the house. A sigh of relief comes over me.

"Um, yes please," I say. I look back at her. Not a muscle on her face has twitched.

A few minutes later, the waiter comes back. He hands me the bill. I write an \$800 check. "Thank you, Mister Wayne," the waiter says. I stand up. The waiter gets my coat and puts it on me. I don't get how anyone can enjoy being so helpless.

At five-thirty I get back to the house from a typical night. No lunatics like the Joker... yet. I change from my night clothes and head upstairs. I sleep for two hours. Alfred wakes me up around eight.

"Rise and shine, Master Bruce," Alfred says with his usual charm. I get up, feeling a bit groggy from oversleeping. Alfred has my breakfast on the table.

"Oh, by the way sir," Alfred says at breakfast, "Mr. Lucius Fox called, he said there is to be a meeting today at twelve o'clock at Wayne Enterprises's Waynetech building. He mentioned something about them hiring a new employee. He did also ask if he could accompany you on your way to Waynetech."

A new employee? Why wasn't I informed about this before today? I'm usually one of the first people informed about new employees at Waynetech. And why are they making such a big deal of this?

I change into one of the suits whose purchase would've put most on the streets, while Alfred gets the limo. These clothes are more of a disguise than my nighttime outfit, but one must keep up appearances...

We pull up to Lucius Fox's house. I see his kids waving to me in the window. They do that every time the limo pulls up. Something as simple as a limo never excited me that much. It was just the family car. It's different being rich as a kid. I remember it actually feeling good. Whatever happiness I had as a child ended when I was eight.

"Hey Bruce," Lucius says to me as he gets in the car, "How are you?"

"Fine", I reply, "What about this new employee?"

"I don't know any more than you do Bruce," he says with a strange look on his face. "I got a call about six this morning about it. The guy on the phone told me to tell you. Anyway, I hear some strange things about the guy they hired. People say he's on the cutting edge of this nanotechnology stuff. They say he could do wonders for Wayne Enterprises as a whole. But there's one thing in his profile that really caught my eye. He seems to be phenomenal at this nanotech stuff, but it appears that he never went to college. However, Mr Schneider, the head of Waynetech's nanotechnology division, insists on hiring him."

We arrive at Waynetech. Alfred opens the door for me and I get out of the car. Of course, the press is right there with all of their flashing cameras. I've learned how to deal with this by now. I just walk to the door without saying a word.

We get inside. We go into a small auditorium--no, it is actually fairly big, big enough to accommodate most of Waynetech's employees. It's mostly used for demonstrations of new inventions. There aren't any decorations, only a small podium in the center of the stage. The press, of course, follows.

After a short wait, Mr. Schneider walks up to the podium. I don't get why Waynetech's making such a big deal of this. There have been thousands of new employees at Wayne Enterprises over the years, and I've never seen one who's gotten such a welcome as this.

"Good evening, ladies and gentleman. It is my honor today to present to you a new employee at Waynetech. This man is on the cutting edge of nanotechnology, and his expertise will help drive Wayne Enterprises's technology division into the 21st century. Now, I understand that this man may not have a perfect record with the law, but I assure you he has paid his debt to society, and is fully reformed and ready to make an honest and decent living. So without further adieu, I present to you Waynetech's newest employee!"

A short pudgy man walks out from the side of the stage. He has a strange, smug looking smile on his face and is supporting an unusual-looking top hat. I'd know that face from a hundred miles away.

"Ladies and gentleman, I present to you, Mr. Jervis Tetch!"

**WAYNETECH HIRES JERVIS TETCH, A.K.A. 'THE MAD HATTER'
WAYNETECH PRESIDENT MAX SCHNEIDER CONSTRUCTS
PRIVATE LABORATORY FOR THE NOW REFORMED HAT-
OBSESSIVE CRIMINAL**

Damn.

Jervis Tetch, a.k.a. The Mad Hatter. On the outside, he's a cheap character from a children's book. On the inside, he's an insane mastermind. The first time I met him, I was at a billionaire-only private club. It was one of those clubs I join for no other reason than to keep up appearances. I was having a "club picture" taken when the Lewis Carroll wannabe jumped in. For all his efforts, all he stole was a gold trophy. His obsessive compulsiveness forced him to purposely drop a clue on the way out, and I was able to trace him to his hideout—an abandoned theater set up "Alice in Wonderland" style. It seemed that the only reason he stole the trophy was to lure me there. His twisted mind saw me as some sick storybook

character. He told me that the story of the “Batman” must be one of the greatest stories ever, even rivaling the “great Lewis Carroll”. He said that he already knew the middle of the story, and was about to create the end (he tried to chop off my head with an axe). But he couldn’t do that until his obsessive mind found out how the story began. He attempted to unmask me. It was at that moment I showed him that the Batman was no storybook character.

But the Mad Hatter is brilliant when it comes to technology. He managed to figure out how to use microchips to turn living things into his zombie-like subjects. He puts these chips into hats to make unwilling people do his criminal bidding. And now he’s loose again. He has to be stopped.

“Pardon me, Master Bruce,” Alfred interrupts as I sit in my chair in Wayne Manor, “but do you believe Mr. Jervis Tetch has truly reformed?”

“Not in the least,” I reply.

“It does seem rather odd for Mr. Schneider to trust someone like that.”

“It definitely does. That’s why I’m almost certain Schneider didn’t hire him willingly.”

“Do you think it could be blackmail, sir?”

“It’s not unlikely,” I reply. But blackmail sounds too simple for the Mad Hatter. It just doesn’t feel right. Why would the Mad Hatter want to work at Waynetech? Could he truly be reformed?

I suit up that night. There’s only one place I can find an answer to my questions. I decide to pay a visit to Max Schneider’s house.

Max Schneider was hired by Lucius Fox himself only a few years back. Max was born into an economically lower class family, but he won a scholarship and attended Gotham University. There, he majored in computer science. Seeing potential in him, Lucius Fox hired him into the then new branch of nanotechnology at Waynetech. Max proved himself repeatedly over the next few years, quickly rising through the ranks until he became Vice President of Waynetech. Lucius, once again, had made a

great business decision. With such great respect from all those associated with my father's enterprise, I don't see why Schneider would want to lose it all by hiring someone like the Mad Hatter.

I land on the roof of his house. It's an average-sized single-family dwelling. I jump off, and sneak in through the window. Schneider's probably asleep now. I don't care.

I come in through the kitchen window, right above the sink. I quietly climb down, and land on the green tile floor. Opposite the window in the kitchen is the living room. The stairs are in there. I slowly, quietly, make my way through the darkness to the wooden stairs. I put my foot on the first step. Doesn't make a sound.

The short flight of stairs leads me into a dark hallway. I turn my nightvision lenses on. All of the doors in the hall seem to be open. Down the hall on the left are a bedroom, a bathroom, and a washroom. On the right, are another bedroom, a double-door closet, and what appears to be a third bedroom. I look into the three bedrooms. All of the beds appear to be perfectly made. Nothing is out of place. There are no lights on either upstairs or downstairs. Where could he have gone in such a short amount of time? And what about the rest of his family? While thinking about this, I walk down the stairs and go out the way I came in.

I make my way around his house. I could always try the indirect approach. I go to his neighbor's house. I decide to forgo the sneaking in idea and knock on the door. I don't want to scare them too bad.

"Oh my God!" I hear from inside the house. I notice the peephole on the door.

The door opens. "What do you want from me!?!?" the rather short, slim man screams. He is in his pajamas. He's shaking. I'm not sure whether he's freezing or just scared to death. Probably both.

"It's okay, calm down," I say. "I just need to know where Mr. Schneider is."

"He s-said he was going to b-be away on a b-business trip," the man replies. "S-says he doesn't know when he's gonna be b-back. He l-left

around three this afternoon.” He looks back into his house. “We-we’re watching after his dog for...”

“Batman?” I hear him say when I’m halfway across the street in mid-air.

Schneider’s not on a business trip. I would know if he wasn’t going to be at work. But why would he lie to his neighbor like that and not tell anyone where he was going? It’s time to pay the Mad Hatter a visit.

The Waynetech building. Thirty stories of technology. It was started by my father soon after I was born. Dad would be ashamed if he knew who was working in his building now. The Mad Hatter’s new laboratory is in a semi-secluded hall on the sixth floor. Room 66.

As anyone can imagine, Waynetech’s security is top notch. Between the guards, the cameras, and the security wall that surrounds all but the front and back of the building where there are high-security gates, it’s nearly impossible to break into. But one could break into Fort Knox if they owned it. The front door is guarded by two heavily armed guards. I’m not going in that way. I perch myself on the wall near the back of the building. I look down. There is a guard leaning against the wall patrolling the less-obvious back entrance. After about a half-hour, the guard looks at his watch. Suddenly, a black truck pulls up to the security gate opposite the guard. Time for the guards to change shifts. The guard gets off the wall he was leaning on and walks towards the truck to check the driver’s I.D. I use this as my chance. I quietly drop off the wall and sneak into the shadows around the building. I quickly swoop into the back door.

Inside, there is a glass door with a hand-recognition machine. Only a very small number of people could get through here to the other side of the bullet-proof glass. I’m one of them. I remove my glove and place my hand onto the scanner. I listen for the beep and watch as the machine changes from red to green, and the light by the door does the same. I quietly walk through the door and into the hall.

The hall inside goes straight, then curves at a 90 degree angle to the left. Straight ahead, there is a pivoting security camera. I quickly dash into

the office to my left before it picks me up. I slip into the office adjacent to the one I'm in, and then the one adjacent to that. Once I make my way down, I open the door into the hall. A camera is located right above the door I opened, but it is facing away from me. I disconnect the camera from the wall outlet and proceed down the hall.

I walk into the office further down the hall to avoid more cameras. Wondering what to do, I look up. The air vent is located on one of the side walls. A screwdriver attachment on my lock pick tool takes the hinges off, and I'm up on my way through the vent. After almost four minutes of crawling, I drop through the other side. I'm in the labs now. An instant after I drop, I notice my mistake. A security camera is aiming right towards me. Damn. In my anger, I whip a batarang at it, which shatters the lens. I find the elevator and head up in it. Second floor, third floor, I watch the light above the door. Fourth floor, fifth floor, sixth floor... The elevator bell dings and the doors open. Room 66 is right near the elevator.

Slowly, I turn the doorknob and open the door into the room. The hinges just barely creek. I look around, but I can't see anything. It's pitch black. Once again, I turn on my nightvision. There are two folders on the tables in the middle of the room, and a sheet over something huge to the right. I walk towards the tables.

I open up one of the folders. It's scribbles and doodles of characters from "Alice in Wonderland". I flip through them. They're nicely drawn yet horribly twisted—just like the Mad Hatter's mind... except for the part of them being nicely drawn. The last paper is a blueprint of some giant machine. It's all sketched out with measurements and everything. A lot of the terms I don't even understand.

"Twinkle, twinkle little bat! How I wonder what you're at!" I hear coming from some type of loudspeaker in the room that I don't bother to locate.

"Where are you Hatter?!" I grate.

"Right here, Batman." The lights go on. I'm blind. I turn off my night vision and turn around to where the voice had come from. The same short pudgy figure I saw a few days ago is standing in the doorway from

which I entered. He's wearing a purple suit with a ridiculously big polka-dotted bow-tie, and a hat that stands at least two feet up.

"Let's make this easy, Hatter," I say. "If you cooperate, things will be much less painful, especially for you. Why are you working at Waynetech?"

"Speak English, Batman," he says, "I don't know the meaning of half those words, and I don't believe you do either!" He walks towards the giant sheet. "You see Batman, I have all kinds of great ideas. But the problem is, no one would ever let me get these great ideas out of my head, so they've been all cooped up. But once upon a time, I was sitting around and I had this superb idea! There was no way I could just keep this one inside my head! This was better than all the rest! I saw Mr. Schneider on T.V one day. Inspiration struck! I spoke to Mr. Schneider at Waynetech and through certain err... arrangements, he helped me get a job here so I could make my marvelous dreams come true! What a great notion it was, wasn't it Batman? I think even you can agree!"

"What's under that sheet, Hatter?!" I say threateningly.

"Ah, so you do have some curiosity under that cowl! You just can't stop thinking: what is the marvelous, superb, greatly thought out idea that the genius in whose presence you stand, came up with? Well, prepare to be dazzled!"

The Mad Hatter walks towards the giant sheet and rips it off. Under it is a machine that looks like it was stolen right out of Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory. It's shaped roughly like an observatory telescope. It includes a huge cone with electrical conductors, flashing light bulbs, circular lights that appear to be swirling around the base, everything you'd expect from a classic horror movie.

"Batman, you know the wonderful inventiveness of my hats, no?" the lunatic continues. "I have finally come up with a way to concentrate the signals which I incorporate into my fashionable headgear, and multiply them! I can make them as powerful as I wish! And when I turn my machine on, the person any person I want doesn't stop being my grateful servant until I decide to turn it off! I'd like you to meet my first successful lab rat, Batman! Oh Maxie!"

Before I can turn around, I feel something grab my arms and rip them behind my back, almost tearing them off. "Guhh!!" I yell. I look up. Max Schneider is twisting my arms back with a blank hypnotized stare on his face.

"He's just an experiment, Batman, whom I hypnotized with a small prototype I keep in the back. But imagine what I could do with the real machine to a whole building's worth of people, or better yet, a whole city's worth!!"

"You're mad, Hatter!" I yell.

"We're all mad here, Batman." As he says this, he tilts his head down so that the brim of his hat covers his eyes and the only thing visible on his face is an evil smirk. "Anyway, there are still a few... kinks with my toy. That's why I've decided to hire you! Congratulations, Batman! You get to be my new lab rat! I really have to see what this machine is capable of before I release it to the public. Be right back!" He goes into another room.

He comes back with an exact replica of his giant machine, only scaled much smaller. "Is there anything you'd like to say, Batman? Goodbye to your wife and kids maybe? I regret I have but one life to give for my country? Whatever it is, just make it quick!"

"There's no way you're getting away with this Hatter!" I yell. He pivots the machine on its base and points it at me.

"You're nothing but a pack of cards, Batman!" He hits a giant red button. Why is it that these lunatics absolutely have to decorate everything they touch? A swirling red light seems to spiral towards my face. I feel drowsy. Fight it! Getting sleepy! No! Everything begins to fade. Then, everything goes black.

After what feels like an hour, I wake up. I find myself on my knees. All I see is total blackness. It surrounds me. I stand up.

I start walking. I can't tell what I'm walking towards, or if I'm actually

getting anywhere. I'm walking from nothing to nothing. I stop. I take a breath. Where am I?

Suddenly, all of the blackness around me repeatedly changes to white, then back to black again. As the colors change, I look down at my body. Whenever my surroundings are black, I'm in my Batman suit. Whenever everything turns white, I'm in my business suit as billionaire Bruce Wayne. The flashing continues for about a minute and then goes back to black and stops. I put my hand on my head as I try to stop it from spinning. I groan. Suddenly, I hear voices in the distance.

"Bruce!" I hear them yell. It echoes. "Bruce! Bruce!" The voices are getting closer. "Bruce! Bruce!" They're right on top of me. What kind of sick place am I in?

"Bruce!" I hear in a different tone. It came from right behind me and it no longer echoes. I turn around.

There, a couple is standing. The man has greying hair with a moustache, dressed in a suit and vest. The woman has short brown hair and is wearing a black gown with pearls strung around her neck. They have a hypnotic stare on their face.

"Mom? Dad?"

"Yes Bruce?" my father comes to life and replies.

"B-but I thought you were... "

"Dead? Of course we're dead son. And so are you."

To be continued!

Michelle's

Then:

"Bruce, let's go!" his mother called from the bottom of the staircase.

Thomas Wayne came up behind his wife and wrapped his arms around her. She was the most beautiful human being he had ever known.

"It's a beautiful evening, isn't it?" she asked him as he held her tightly and kissed her on the cheek from behind.

"Mmm, every night is beautiful with you in it," he whispered in her ear; inhaling the perfume that had always been intoxicating to him.

She turned around and wrapped her arms around the man she had been married to for well over ten years now.

"You always know just what to say, Dr. Wayne."

"It's easy when it comes to you, Mrs. Wayne," he replied as he turned his head and brought his lips to hers.

A young Bruce Wayne leaned over the banister at the top of the stairs and watched his parents with both curiosity and enjoyment. He loved it when they were like this. It gave him a warm feeling and made him realize how loved he was. In fact, he was the product of the love that his parents had and that had grown everyday since they had met. At nine, he was wise beyond his years and he realized just how much love was in their home. He also thought kissing was gross.

"Bruce?" his mother called again.

"Coming!" he shouted back as he went bounding down the steps.

Now:

This is my city, and they know it. Every low life scum up to every drug lord this side of the Mississippi knows it.

During the day there is little I can do, at least of that which needs to be done; but, when night falls, then it is my turn to strike back for all the victims in the city whose trespassers go unpunished.

My father, Thomas Wayne, gave this city much in his short life. He was in the process of helping rejuvenate the city when he was struck down by the bullet of a common thief. Soon after his death, the city took a downward spiral and never came back up again.

I'm waiting in the shadows on a roof across from one of Gotham's more famous restaurants—"Michelle's". It has been known for its steaks, its seafood and for its five star martinis, since the day it opened almost fifty years ago. Unfortunately, the neighborhood that surrounds it hasn't maintained the same popularity.

Back in the day, this was considered one of the more glamorous areas in the city. The streets were lined with nightclubs, restaurants and shops that were open almost all night; whereas now, even the homeless stay away from this neighborhood. The wealthy get dropped off at the front door and their eyes avoid everything but the entrance. Just another example of how the city is continuing to deteriorate.

Then:

As soon as the Wayne family entered the restaurant, they were greeted by the overpowering aromas of a four star restaurant and all its delectable trappings. Well-done steaks and market priced lobster adorned many of the candle lit tables. The low candlelight and the glow of a large fireplace in the center of the room gave the already warm atmosphere an even cozier feeling.

"Ah, Mr. Wayne," the tuxedo-clad host exclaimed as they walked through the door. "Your usual table?"

"Hello Frederick, and yes that would be wonderful," Thomas Wayne replied and grinned at his wife who played with a knowing smile of her own, as if there were a private joke that they were at that moment sharing.

Frederick directed them to the table just center of the fireplace and they could all feel the heat coming from the flames and the embers. Thomas winked at his son as he pulled out his wife's chair for her, "I don't know about you son, but I'm getting the same thing I got last year."

Bruce laughed quietly, he knew what his father was going to get, it was the same thing that he got last year, and the year before that. His father had said it was a tradition that dated from the first time he had ever been there and that he would never change it so long as he continued to patronize the establishment: petits filets medallions in a brandy and mushroom sauce and lobster tail.

After they had sat and Thomas ordered a bottle of their best champagne, he reached out and held his wife's hand smiled at his son as their eyes met across the table.

"I couldn't ask for a more perfect evening," he said. "This day will always be special to me and I will always want to share it with the two of you and maybe someday son, your wife and children.

"You see, Bruce, this is the day I proposed to your mother, right here at this table. This is the day that is only second to your birth that will ring as the happiest moment in my life."

His wife smiled at him, "The hands of a surgeon, the brains of a philanthropist, and the heart of a poet...my husband," and she leaned over and gave him a kiss and placed her forehead on his as they smiled and looked into each other's eyes.

Now:

Two weeks later my parents were gunned down in front of my eyes and from that day forward there have been many places in this city that Bruce Wayne refuses to go. Places that still hurt, because he can still see them there, happy and content.

I'm so lost in my own thoughts that I almost miss seeing them as they round the corner. Careless of me. They walk down the street like they own it. Street punks, and disorganized ones at that. None of them can be

any older than nineteen. They are the same gang that has been terrorizing the patrons of Michelle's for the last couple of weeks. Small timers in the grand scheme of things. Demanding money and jewels in exchange for safe passage out of the neighborhood. So far none of them have even used a weapon of any sort. My plan is simple. Scare the hell out of them and hope that it's enough to keep them from coming back, if not change their ways all together.

I watch as the door to the restaurant swings open and a couple walks out. They're in the autumn of their years and I can tell the way they are holding hands that they are still obviously in love. It's also obvious that they are very wealthy.

The street gang moves in...all five of them. They circle the couple and I can see what appears to be their leader demanding something from them.

As the couple begins to hand over their stuff, I fire the cable to the building across the street and jump off of the one I am on.

There is a moment before the cable tightens and before I begin my descent that I am suspended in the air...motionless. That is the moment when I feel the most free, when I am finally at peace with myself. It is a moment that disappears almost as quickly as it comes.

The cable connects and I am once again swinging into action. As I come down I strike at the man-child who is furthest from the gang. He doesn't even have time to scream out...just the way I like it.

Two others are smarter than I give them credit for, they run. The fourth one is not as smart. In fact as he raises his fists and lunges towards me, It strikes me that he is extremely stupid. Wisdom, I suppose, is something that many acquire as they get older; although, most never acquire it at all. The fourth one is on the ground with a broken nose before he realizes he's even been hit.

The final kid is the stupidest, the leaders usually are. He pulls a knife and puts it up to the woman's throat, "Don't take another step, man, or the old broad gets an extra happy face."

He's not even holding the knife the right way and I could be on top of him way before he even begins to cut her, but I don't take chances with civilians, and I don't let them tell me what to do, either.

"Are you that stupid, kid," I say to him, not moving a muscle but dropping my voice even further into the lower octaves. "I let you go tonight and you better keep running because you will be the sole focal point of my nights until I catch you. You draw even a drop of blood on that woman and you are still going to be carted off to jail, only with the possibility of loss of limb. So you've got the choice, do you surrender now or do you go down hard on a night you're not expecting it?"

My eyes never leave his and I can see the wheels inside that drug addled brain of his try and work it through. I'm nothing if not patient, so I stand there waiting. I ignore the crying of the old lady and the pleas of her husband.

After what feels like an hour but actually is less than a minute, he drops the weapon and raises his hands. That's two more times that I have been proven wrong tonight. Wisdom doesn't necessarily come with age and this kid is obviously not as stupid as I thought. I cuff him to the flagpole outside of the restaurant and turn to go when I hear my name called by the old woman.

"Thank you Batman," she gushes in her excitement. "I've always stood up for you to all my friends. There are people out there that believe in you."

I do not return the conversation but I nod at her. To talk to the civilians lessens the bat and makes me more of the man, and I can not allow that.

"My husband and I were celebrating our anniversary."

She's starting to babble, time for me to leave.

"Well not our marriage anniversary, but the anniversary of when he proposed to me."

I stop my turn and stare at them. Did I hear that correctly?

The husband speaks for the first time, "Only the birth of our children comes close to being the second happiest day of our lives. Thank you Batman, for not making this the most tragic day of my life."

His eyes are wet, I have to go.

I nod again and fire my cable up into the night sky. It catches and pulls me away from the bizarre and ironic scene that I was just in.

Back on the roof, I watch them leave, and I realize that I am feeling something that I haven't felt in more years than I care to remember.

I pull out Bruce's phone and hit star three. It rings only once when she answers.

"Hello?"

"Selina, its Bruce."

"Well, to what do I owe the pleasure?" Her voice has always sounded like a quiet symphony to me.

"Dinner, I'm hungry. Want to come with me?"

"Why, Bruce, this is a surprise. Yes, I would love to come with you. Where are we going if I may ask?"

"Michelle's. I'm in the mood for petits filets smothered in a brandy and mushroom sauce..."

The End.

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Detective Comics #4 (2006)

Detective Comics: Old Foes, Part 2: A Date With the Dead.

After the shocking ending of last issue, Batman finds himself in a strange afterlife limbo. What happened during his confrontation with the Mad Hatter? Plus, Batman hears some things about his life on Earth that surprise even himself!

Detective Comics #5 (2006)

Detective Comics: Old Foes, Part Three: Showdown.

After the events of last issue, Batman decides he must confront the Mad Hatter and stop him from brainwashing the entire city! Will the Mad Hatter succeed in his quest to turn everyone in Gotham into his involuntary subjects? Join us for the pulse-pounding conclusion of "Old Foes"!



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