



What's Purple And White And Green All Over?

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 2996 words

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What's Purple And White And Green All Over?

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Tim's a stalker. He's not proud of it, but- no, okay, he's proud of it. It was how he became Robin, how he pulled Batman out of his depression, of course he's proud of it! Stalking his crush? Yeah, he's a tad less proud of that...

I see Tim Drake as a cross between a nerd and the class clown, which are personality traits I connect to Puck. Thus, I've renamed his superhero identity Goodfellow.

Gargoyle's only mentioned once -- she's Cassandra.

Chapter 1: The Actual Story

Chapter one -- the actual plot.

Chapter two -- some of Tim's stalker notes about various people, which I will write and add when I'm not so tired. (Edit: I've posted it nlw :))

To be clear, stalking isn't okay. But Stephanie and Tim both have such weird, messed-up social circles that neither of them think of it as that big a deal.

Goodfellow was the smart one. Nightwing was skilled, Red Hood was strong, Royal Robin was swift, Gargoyle was stealthy. Each had their role, each knew it, each accepted it.

Of course, replacing 'smart one' with 'stalker' was equally true. He couldn't help it! It was his way of showing affection, trying to learn as much as possible about someone so he could put his findings into action. How else was he supposed to guess their mental state? What better way to discover their triggers? How was he supposed to pick out Christmas presents, otherwise?

Point was, he felt absolutely no shame about his stalking habit. It was how he discovered Batman's identity, pulled him out of depression, became Robin! He was proud of it.

Stalking his crush to the museum? To the hairdressers? To school? Yeah, okay, he was significantly less proud of that. But... How else was he supposed to protect her?

Goodfellow sat on the roof of an abandoned warehouse, watching Spoiler through a large hole. She'd followed some sort of signal here without calling it in. It was a complete coincidence that he'd been testing a new invisibility field generator when she'd run through the Batcave. He'd followed her because he was curious by nature, hadn't called it in because he wasn't a snitch.

He would just watch her for a few minutes, make sure she was okay, then go home. She was smart, skilled, but she didn't have the training of a Robin. He worried about her.

Spoiler paced back and forth, cape fluttering behind her. Her entire face was covered by a hood, large goggles, a gas mask -- still, he got the feeling her expression was twisted with worry and impatience. Every ounce of her body language screamed it. What was she waiting for?

"Riddle me this!" An all-too familiar voice rang out bombastically as the warehouse doors slammed open, causing Spoiler to twist towards them. "What is purple and white and green all over?"

Before Spoiler could answer, Goodfellow had jumped down, landing between the hero and the villain with his bostaff drawn. He growled, getting into a fighting stance. "What are you planning this time, Riddler?"

"Goody?" Spoiler gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Hey, Spoils..." Goodfellow smiled nervously, looking over his shoulder at her. "I saw you get a signal and run off, so I-"

"You followed me here and hid on the roof." Spoiler crossed her arms, surprise replaced with unimpressed annoyance. "First the museum, then the zoo, now this -- what, do you not think I can handle crimefighting on my own?"

"No, I- can we not talk about this right now?" Goodfellow asked, gesturing to the supervillain in the room with them. Riddler was frowning deeply, probably annoyed that he wasn't the center of attention.

"We are most definitely talking about it right now!" Spoiler huffed, which sounded really strange with her randomly changing voice modifier. He thought it was kinda cute. "I have defeated plenty of villains on my own, before I ever started working with you and the other Bats. I don't need a *babysitter*."

"I wasn't..." He trailed off. He kinda was, wasn't he? "Look, I'm sorry, I know you can handle things. You just aren't as good a fighter as most of us, and I get a little worried sometimes. If it helps, that's only a small part of why I follow you!"

Nope, that was definitely the wrong thing to say. Idiot.

"Then why-" She froze for a second. He didn't have to see her eyes to know they had widened in realization. "Are you stalking me?"

"...a little?" Goodfellow shrugged. Fuck, he was in trouble.

"You're *what*?" Riddler scowled, switching his cane to a sword. Goodfellow had seen him angry or annoyed plenty of times, but now he looked absolutely pissed off.

Goodfellow prepared for a fight, mentally cataloguing his surroundings, scanning for places to hide, exits, anything he might be able to use in his favor... Why the hell did Riddler even care this much?

"Everyone, put your weapons down *now*." Spoiler marched between them, hands out. To Goodfellow's utter shock, Riddler actually did as he was told, turning his sword back into a cane.

At least he looked as confused as Tim felt.

"You've been stalking me?" Spoiler asked softly, thoughtfully. Her head tilted in that puppy-like way that always made his breath catch. "What have you learned?"

"You... Like your coffee with whip cream but not milk." Goodfellow answered slowly. What the hell was happening? "And, uh, always stop by the pet store to play with the kittens."

"And?"

"And sing with the street musicians to help them get money." They were supposed to be fighting Riddler, not chatting. Yeah, okay, he was caught and royally screwed and she had every right to hate him -- but all that should wait until they stopped the bad

guy (why wasn't Riddler doing anything?!). He added, quietly, "You sing better than they do."

"What kind of creep are you?" Riddler muttered, looking every bit like he wanted to attack, but was holding himself back for the same reason Goodfellow was.

Spoiler was staring at Goodfellow. "The last person he stalked was Batman." She whispered. Whether she was talking to herself or Riddler was unclear, but Riddler still heard, a look of shock crossing his features.

"What's going on here?" While Goodfellow would love to have a very open talk about feelings and boundaries and all that right then, he'd been trained (had trained himself) much too well for that. "Spoiler, why were you meeting Riddler alone? Why is he listening to you? He doesn't obey anyone if given half a choice."

Riddler smirked proudly at that.

"That's not how I work." Spoiler chuckled, sauntering over until she could lean her face close to his. Her voice rang out like a showwoman's, despite the distortions "I'd hate to spoil the surprise, Goody. All this time watching me, yet you still haven't figured it out? Oh, I'll give you a pass for this one, most of Gotham has mask blindness."

"What are you talking about?" Goodfellow took a step back, freaked out. "Ste- Spoiler, why are you..?" He didn't know how to finish that sentence. Why was she not angrier about the stalking? Why was she meeting with a Rogue? Why was she acting weird?

"Guess." Spoiler said simply, and he could almost see her happy little grin. She loved guessing games. "I'll tell you everything if you guess what's going on in, oh, let's say five guesses. Deal?"

For some reason, she looked over her shoulder at Riddler. Riddler grimaced, then nodded, eyes focusing on Tim with a curious light.

"Excellent." Stephanie breathed. She turned back to Goodfellow. "Come on. You're smart, Goody, you can solve the puzzle. Right?"

She seemed so hopeful for some reason, he couldn't just refuse. He didn't really want to. Goodfellow sighed, thinking. What did he know about Stephanie Greene?

Greene... Goodfellow gasped, remembering Riddler's first words of this encounter. "Riddler knows your identity!"

"That's part of it, yes." Stephanie nodded, glancing at Riddler yet again. He looked surprised, and... Approving? "Can you guess the rest?"

"We can't just skip over that!" What was wrong with her tonight? "Steph, how does he know your identity? Is he blackmailing you?"

"Spoiler alert: he is not blackmailing me." She sounded strangely disappointed. "If he was, he would hardly listen to my request to a ceasefire, would he? You're *smarter* than that, Goody. That's two guesses, by the way, only three left."

"Stop it, Steph, you're..." Goodfellow paused, letting his mind pick through the situation like a puzzle. "You're talking like he does."

Spoiler nodded encouragingly. She wanted him to guess. She wanted him to solve the riddle, because that's what this was, what it always was. She loved riddles, puzzles, guessing games. He'd solved a thousand mazes with her, most of them Riddler's designs.

She always loved solving them. She always loved watching Tim solve them. She got giddy and giggly whenever he did, he could remember her blushing when he'd complimented one of the mazes, but he hadn't known why.

He had an idea now, and it made him feel sick. "You're his ally. You work for Riddler, you always have." He backed farther away, betrayal stinging through him.

"Wait, wait, wait!" Spoiler put her hands up, worry lacing her voice. "That's not, I mean... You're almost there, not quite. I'm his ally, but spoiler alert: I'm yours as well."

"You can't be both."

"That's news to me." Riddler scoffed. He looked worried, underneath the condescension. "I assure you, little yellow Robin, she's not betrayed you to me. I don't even know your name."

"He knows my name, yet he's not blackmailing me. We meet up, yet I haven't locked him away." Stephanie slipped her hood down, removing the goggles and gas mask. She stared into Tim's eyes, frowning. "I have betrayed him to you, yet he holds no resentment for me. I am his ally, yet I have not betrayed you to him. Come on, Goody, two more guesses. You can figure it out."

"You could just tell me." Goodie answered bitterly, as if he wasn't already sorting through the clues.

"I can't." Stephanie tried to explain. "Spoilers, Goody. You need to solve it, or else it doesn't count. Please?"

He wanted to call Bruce and report her, he wanted to scream at her, he wanted to know every lie she'd ever told any of them. But he couldn't. He couldn't just look into those big green eyes and-

Wait a second. Green. That pulled on something, a thread in his mind. Oh, he wished he had his notebooks. Whatever, no matter, he'd just have to remember what he knew without them.

Stephanie wore a lot of green. And purple. And she loved riddles -- how did he never see it?! Focus, Timmy. She wore green, but that didn't tell him anything new. What else?

Stephanie Greene. Her name. Huh, that's was kinda funny, a bit ironic-

"E?" Tim asked, looking at the marker writing on the ziplock bag.

"It stands for Edward. That's my dad, I must have grabbed his lunch." She started chuckling, taking the sandwich out and eating it anyways. "Oops."

She'd only mentioned his name once. One fucking time. Tim hadn't even thought about it. They'd bonded over both being adopted, but hadn't talked about parents that often.

Adopted.

Green.

Riddles.

Edward Nygma.

Edward Greene.

"You're his daughter." It wasn't a question. It was fact. Tim looked the Riddler in the eye. "You're her father."

"So you can put two and two together." Edward smiled, not his usual smug smirk, a genuinely happy expression. Then he frowned. "I'm still not okay with the stalking thing."

"Dad!" Stephanie groaned, but it had a playful lilt. "I think we can forgive that, considering everything. The question is," she blinked at Tim, suddenly serious again, "can you forgive me?"

That really was quite the riddle, wasn't it? Tim hesitated. "You've helped us mess up his plans before. You've sent clues, spoilers, to the GCPD -- how is he okay with his daughter doing that?"

"I'm the Riddler." Edward answered for her, eyebrow raised. "I already send you clues, she's basically just doing some of my work and adding an extra bit of challenge to the Game. Why would I be upset?"

Tim turned towards Edward. "You can't lie, right?"

"That is correct." He looked wary, now.

"No riddles, no wordplay, no technical truths." Tim demanded. "Has Stephanie ever betrayed any of the Bats to you?"

"She's helped me hide, helped design things, and given me warnings so I can escape -- usually without my loot." Edward answered immediately. "She has not told me a single one of your names, not stolen nor sabotaged your equipment for me, never lured you into a trap on my behalf. Whether what's she's done counts as betrayal will depend on your point of view, yellow Robin."

"It's Goodfellow, Nygma." Tim corrected him. He turned to Stephanie, thinking. "You won't want me to tell the others about this."

"I won't stop you."

"And your dad?"

"He won't either." Stephanie looked a little sad.

She thought he'd tell, destroy her superhero career, send the authorities after her civilian identity. Yet she'd given him all the clues anyways, practically just told him in her own way. She'd wanted him to know. She wasn't betraying them, she wasn't hurting anyone...

"Well, then." Tim grinned, watching her face light up in response. "I suppose it will have to stay our little secret. After all, I'd hate to spoil things for the others."

He could already imagine his family's faces when they did eventually find out. This was going to be the best prank ever.

Chapter 2: Property Of Timothy Drake-Wayne, Do Not Touch (This Means You, Jason!)

Tim's private notebook.

Comment if you want to see more of Tim's stalker, ugh, I mean research notes!

3 May

Jason has gone to the civilian gym for the third time today. I still have not figured out why he is not just using the Batgym. I must get closer to properly observe, but how to do so without drawing attention?

5 May

My entire body hurts. I didn't think it was still possible for a regular gym to make me feel like this! Apparently, Jason's workout is INSANE!?!?

But not as insane as his reason for going so often. He's flirting with some girl there. WTF I thought he was into Kitrina? I wasted days on this nonsense (I hope you're happy, Jay)

10 May

As it turns out, Jason was not flirting. He was just trading high tech weaponry. Bruce is mad, and Alfred's pissed, but I'm kinda relieved Kitrina's not gonna get her heart broken. Does this make me a bad person? More research needed.

11 June

Cassie's birthday is soon. Well, soonish. I must decide on a present. She likes sharp things, books, stuffed animals, poisons, sweets, hairbows, explosives... Still no idea what she might want. I'll have to do research.

12 June

I've figured out what I should get Cassie -- A BELL!!! I haven't had this much difficulty trailing someone in years! It's like she just disappears into the breeze. She can't actually do that, right? I would've known. Bruce would've told me. Come on, Timmy, get a hold of yourself. Further research will be necessary.

Update: Cassie caught me (really easily):), so I told her I was playing hide-and-seek with her. She loves that game, and is now hiding intentionally. I may have made everything harder on myself. My detective skills haven't been challenged like this since I was little. Honestly? It's kinda fun.

17 June

Cassie's still hiding, and everyone is very mad at me. She's taken to spray painting random walls as a challenge to find her. Not even Alfred's cookies can lure her out. Bruce is talking about calling in Clark to help. It's the most fun I've had in YEARS!!! :)

PS: Figured out what to get Cassie -- an art set! Her spray paintings are pretty good, so I think she'll like it.

1 July

Dick thinks that Fourth Of July isn't a big deal just because half the family isn't even American. He's WRONG. The Fourth isn't about America, it's about going on dumb rides and stuffing ourselves with cotton candy and arguing over the sound of too-loud music. Most of all, it's about watching colorful explosions with your family and friends. I must find a way to convince him of this.

2 July

Dick has eaten three bowls of rice for breakfast today, barely cooked. Then he went to the Batgym for FIVE HOURS. Then he ate way too many sandwiches, watched sappy romance-dramas, and practiced his makeup. His day ended by tightrope walking between different windows of the mansion and video calling Babs. So far, absolutely nothing out of the ordinary, nothing to explain this sudden hatred for the Fourth. Maybe it's chemical...

3 July

I've tested Dick's clothes and his teddy bear, but there's nothing! No hallucinogens or Ivy Toxin or anything. On the bright side, I have noticed a recurring pattern of reacting to things that aren't there, staring off in weird directions for long periods of time, and arguing with thin air. I've already ruled out schizophrenia and related issues -- it's something new. :)

Update: Dick can see dead people. He's talking to fucking ghosts!!! He's got this coinpendant thing that lets him see and hear them. Apparently, it's 'not just the dead ones', whatever the hell that means. He says there's a specific ghost named Boston that helps him out. What the hell???

Second Update: Boston is haunting my room. I found some ghosts books in the library and modified some markers to be easier for ghosts to hold (what has my life become?), so we've been using a white board to chat. He's kinda funny. In fact, he's even helping me plan a prank to help get Dick into the holiday spirit! A confetti-and-paint bomb. He think Dick's just a bit depressed by a bunch of crap going on on Bludhaven, so he needs cheering up. I hope this works.

4 July :) :) :

Boston snitched and Dick turned the prank around on me. I've got confetti in places I didn't even know I had, and I'm never getting this paint out of my hair. Dick's laughing and saying he's going to take a million photos at the Independence Fair to show Barbara. Guess that means he's going after all :)

What's Purple And White And Green All Over?

— end of "What's Purple And White And Green All Over?" —