



# Times Regular Gothamites Were Crazier Than The Rogues

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 1241 words

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# Times Regular Gothamites Were Crazier Than The Rogues

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Fandom: Batman - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

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*Small moments in which Gothamites are Gothamites and the Rogues have to deal with it.*

## Chapter 1: Carolyn's Math Tutor

Don't know when I'll write more, but I really wanted to share this first chapter. Hope you enjoy ☺

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I speak in riddles  
And guard treasures untold  
Those who face me  
Are foolish, desperate, or bold  
What am I?

On reflection, it may have been a bad idea to try to pull off a plot in the rain. But, in Edward's defense, he lives in Gotham — it's almost always raining.

And it's not his fault he slipped on that stupid wet sidewalk; his shoes are made for style, not running away from a crazy guy in a bat costume after five days no sleep. Though, considering his life, perhaps that's a bit of an oversight...

He wakes tied to a chair in a dark room, his head throbbing from where he hit it but luckily seeming fine otherwise. There's a pressure on it, like some sort of bandage. A slim figure stands at the edge of his vision, their features clouded by shadows. Nevertheless, he recognizes them.

Oh great, this again. "For fuc— just hire a math tutor, Carolyn!"

"Do you know how expensive those are? My mom can't afford that!" The figure steps forward, revealing herself as a dark-haired teenager. She points to the bandage on his head with a smirk. "Besides, I gave you first aid; you owe me."

"I'm pretty sure that after the fifth kidnapping, I don't owe you anything." He humphs, trying to slip out of the rope securing him. Unfortunately, she's learned a thing or two since their first encounter, and he's still groggy. He slumps in his seat, realizing that escaping from Carolyn has apparently become more of a challenge for him than escaping the Bat. Defeated, he sighs and asks, "What's the first question?"

She flicks on her light and plops down on her bed, reading off a sheet of paper. Experience dashes any hope he might have of her mom suddenly barging in and seeing him; the woman believes far too strongly in privacy. "If a train going 39 kilometers per hour leaves New York at 13:00, traveling south, and another train leaves—"

"Seriously?!" Edward groans, not able to believe they were still using this ridiculous cliché to 'teach' maths. "What's your teacher's name?"

"Mrs. Hannigan." Carolyn tilts her head curiously. "Why?"

"I'm going to frame her and get us out of this assignment," he answers viciously. "That moron should never have set foot in a classroom."

He's been hanging around Jonathan too long, hasn't he?

"The assignment's due tomorrow," Carolyn complains. "Even if you get her fired that quickly, the substitute will just use the stuff she left behind. I still have to figure out this assignment."

"Open your laptop," Edward orders after a moment of thought. "Go to YouTube; we're going to search a few math techniques, since I can't actually demonstrate them with my hands tied."

"My teachers all say YouTube isn't a valid resource," Carolyn says, opening her laptop and putting in her password. He guessed it ages ago, so she doesn't bother blocking it from his sight.

Edward laughs. "Next time they say that, tell them the Riddler himself endorses it."

"Oh yes, I'm sure that will impress them." Carolyn rolls her eyes, but smiles fondly. "Okay, what should I search?"

As he tells her what to type, Edward reflects on his situation, suddenly glad he hadn't had a partner for this particular plot. He bets none of the others ever have to deal with civilians as insane as Carolyn.

Oh, how very wrong he is.

## Chapter 2: False Dichotomy

Headcanon; a lot of Gotham Rogues use baseball bats/knives/etc instead of guns, because they've figured out that the Bat's more vicious when you hit his trauma button.

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I drew a picture of Twoface and split it in two, so put in your own votes!

"Welcome to False Dichotomy!" a lady on a plush red office chair shouts towards a camera, spinning excitedly. She comes to a wobbly stop, grinning as she smooths her hair back into place. "I'm Barbara Fitz, and this is the gameshow where we make you — yes, you! — vote between two (count 'em: two) options! Tonight we will be—"

Dozens of people in masks burst through the studio doors in pairs, restraining most of the crew.

"Everyone, just stay calm " A two-toned man walks into the camera's path, hand out to restrain the star of the show. "**All we want's your money and jewels**, then we'll be right on our way, **got it?**"

"Omigosh, omigosh, omigosh!" Barbara shouts, gesturing frantically towards her camera man. "Henry, make sure he's in the center of the shot."

"You got it, Ms Fitz." Henry nods, slipping from the pair holding him to turn the camera accordingly. "We're on air."

"Change of plans, people." Barbara smiles, pointing at a very confused Twoface. "Instead of talking about boring barn animals, we'll be voting on this fabulously fashionable villain right here. No other choices, you pick one or the other, no middle ground or compromises — *which outfit would you wear?*"

She walks up to Twoface, tapping his right shoulder. "The simple yet elegant choice of Harvey Dent?" She twirls behind him, tapping his left shoulder. "Or the colorful and interesting signature of... Say, what do they call you, big guy?"

"Uh... **Harv?**" Twoface leans away from her, darting glances at their henchmen for help. Their henchmen just shrug, some of them holding their hands to their mouths to block laughter.

That's what they get for crosshiring with the Joker.

"The colorful and interesting signature of Harv Dent!" Barbara repeats. "Put your votes in now, people, before the GCPD or Bats get here and shut Twoface's party down."

A score screen near the back of the stage lights up, numbers slowly appearing below the words 'Option 1' and 'Option 2'.

"We're barely getting any votes." Barbara shakes her head, turning to her Supervillain guest. "Let's get on to the questions, shall we?"

"Questions?" Twoface asks, lifting up his baseball bat and gesturing to it. "You do realize we're robbing you, right? **You crazy broad?**"

"Now, Harvey," Barbara continues, sitting back in her office chair and spinning to face them, "first question's for you; the jacket, the tie, the shoes — it seems a little formal for our audience, don't you think? Why did you choose this look?"

"...I'm used to it, I guess?" Harvey shrugs. "I had to wear a lot of suits for my old job."

"Ah yes, who can forget one of the best District Attorneys Gotham ever had?" Barbara says with complete sincerity. "But even back then, you were known for a bit of flamboyance with your style, were you not?"

"That was to make Harv happy," Twoface answers, sitting cautiously on the guest couch. "He'd never shut up if I wore something too 'boring'. **Oh, please! Don't listen to him, I had nothing to do with our suits back then; that was pure Harvey Dork.** Hey! **Well, it's true.**"

"So, your only reason for wearing suits is because of your old job?" Barbara asks, looking to where the votes have started to pour in.

"No, not exactly," Twoface denies, their attention back on her. "I just like the look. **You look like a waiter at the Lounge.** Maybe, but I like it, and that's what matters."

"A lesson we all can take to heart." Barbara nods, pleased. "Now, Harv, this next question is directed at you; why the ripped sleeve? Is it a statement about your inner chaos, an accident of rage, or—"

"**Harvey kept trying to get me to wear a cufflink,**" Twoface growled in answer. "**I solved the issue.**"

Barbara laughed as more votes rushed in, already thinking up her next question.