



Onomatopoeia

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 1356 words

by Arukir

Contents

Onomatopoeia 3

Onomatopoeia

Fandom: Batman - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen
Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings
Relationships: Onomatopoeia & Mr. Bloom (DCU)
Characters: Onomatopoeia (DCU), Mr. Bloom (DCU)
Tags: Eldritch, Rants, Friendship, Boredom, Art, Fanart, Digital Art
Words: 1356 Chapters: 1 chapter Status: In progress Published: 2025-05-26

Onomatopoeia is a monstrous being who has been lost in this world for a very long time. His motives are mysterious, his plots complex, his hobbies and words few.

And his best friend is, unfortunately, incredibly boring.

As always, I made a detailed prompt and ran it through ChatGPT and it wrote a fic. Then I edited/expanded it and had ChatGPT check grammar. Thanks for the help, Chatty!

Hope you enjoy 😊

Snore

Onomatopoeia was a very busy man (for a given value of the word *man*). He had personal plans to fulfill, clients whose schemes were incredibly stupid needed his expertise, heroes to manipulate and avoid... He didn't have much free time, which was fine by him as he didn't have any hobbies, really. Unless watching people eat counted, though he had it on good authority that it was more commonly considered 'creepy'. So, no, he didn't have much free time nor things to do with any free time he had.

Well, actually, he had one thing. He was in Gotham currently, helping Bane with a plot he knew wouldn't succeed (Bane's failure would spur Black Mask to move his own plot ahead of schedule, pushing Great White Shark either to retreat and give up territory or start a gang war, either way helping to—). But at that particular moment, there was nothing that needed doing or supervising, so he was growing rather bored — until he heard a familiar whisper.

It wasn't sound, really, but he had yet to find a language with a better name for it. But it didn't really matter what it was; all that mattered was that he could hear (not hear, smell, see, taste, or feel—a different sense, one he couldn't quite name) it and recognized it. Which left him with a choice: ignore it or follow it.

In 700 years, he hadn't once chosen the former.

The warehouse (abandoned and half-reclaimed by nature, like most places they met were) smelled of rust and old earth. It was dark, even by Gotham standards, lit only by a stray moonbeam filtering in through a cracked and dirty window, but that wasn't much of a matter to the two beings inside.

Onomatopoeia sat cross-legged on a cracked concrete floor, his black-clad limbs folded in a way that might've been uncomfortable if he weren't what he was. In front of him, Mr Bloom paced agitatedly back and forth, his hands thrown up and moving quickly as he talked. He was more of a talker than Onomatopoeia was, but he only talked this much when it was just the two of them — they only really met up when he needed to talk like this.

“Can you believe they had the audacity to make their carriage-things *bark* at me?!” Mr Bloom yelled. “Just because I was taking a shortcut across that black rock—”

“Honk.” Onomatopoeia interrupted. *Car, road.* he thought but couldn't add. Not that his old friend cared much about the proper terms for human things anyway.

Mr Bloom had no eyes, and ergo couldn't glare. But he had mastered giving the impression he was glaring, and quite fiercely at that. Onomatopoeia hadn't quite figured that out himself, but he was quite proud of his own ability to give off 'confused blinking' vibes.

Onomatopoeia barked — or more accurately repeated the word a few times — by way of conceding the unspoken point. Mr Bloom continued on as if he hadn't been interrupted.

Onomatopoeia gently thumped his head against the wall behind him once, whispering “Thump” under his breath. He didn't need to listen to the other's words to know his point: humans were weird and confusing and 'bad' and he wanted to go home (Mr Bloom never said that last bit. Didn't stop Onomatopoeia from hearing it, though).

Onomatopoeia always came when he called, sporadic as it was that they were ever in the same city at the same time — but that didn't mean he found listening to the other's rants interesting. In fact, he found them incredibly boring. A couple of centuries listening to pretty much the same complaints would do that to anyone, really.

Drip... Drip...

As he tuned out his oldest (only) friend, he became aware of something else — a small, steady leak in the far corner where a pipe hissed thinly.

Drip... Drip... The leaking pipe quietly continued.

Drip... Drip... Onomatopoeia internally echoed, turning the white target of his mask toward the sound.

Mr Bloom's voice rose beside him, a sharp tangle of frustration and disbelief, only briefly cutting back into his focus.

"Humans," the tall green figure grumbled, voice like thorned vines scraping stone. "Always meddling, always wanting. Look at the mess they make. The constant noise, the litter, the greed — and what is up with their habit of enslaving wolves?"

Drip... Drip...

Onomatopoeia repeated the sound mentally, over and over again, letting himself fall into an almost trance-like state.

Mr Bloom's rant twisted and turned. "They don't understand anything! If you want shelter from the rain, go find a nice cave, why would you need to pile rocks when there's already—"

Drip... Drip... Went the pipe.

"Drip... Drip..." Went Onomatopoeia.

The words slipped out softly. The leak answered him, steady and unchanging. Soothing.

Mr Bloom whirled on him, stopping his pacing. "Are you even paying attention?! This is important, 'Peia. I wouldn't have called if I knew you were just going to ignore me."

His voice was angry, but Onomatopoeia knew him well enough to hear an unpleasant undercurrent of pain in it. Bored as he was, he hadn't meant to really ignore his friend. He shrugged apologetically, internally vowing to try to pay more attention.

Mr Bloom's voice settled into a familiar rhythm — variations on the same theme, centuries of tangled frustration recycled like the vines in his limbs.

"Humans," he said again, "have no common sense. Did you know they have something called stone music? Not even about—"

“Strum strum bang boom.” Onomatopoeia hummed. He actually quite liked rock, though it didn’t really sound like music to him. Not like a rumbling stream or whistling wind did, anyways. But still.

“So you’ve heard it too!” Mr Bloom said in delight. He tsked (“Tsk” Onomatopoeia couldn’t help mimicking), resuming his pacing. “Honestly, with all that human caterwauling, I can barely hear the birds sing most days—”

“Sigh.” Onomatopoeia tried, he really did, to stay focused. But there was only so many times he could listen to the phrase ‘when the humans finally see how destructive they are’ before he lost the little interest he had.

Onomatopoeia nodded slightly as his friend continued, his mind going fuzzy and no longer able to parse through the meanings of words. He often had trouble with words, actually, though usually he could focus a bit better than this.

A sudden gust rattled the broken window beside them, making it hit the wall. Then it did it again. And again.

Creeeeak. Thud.

Creeeeak. Thud.

Creeeeak. Thud.

Onomatopoeia’s attention snapped to the sounds, each squeal and heavy thump like a new song.

“*Creeeeak. Thud.*” He echoed joyously after a minute, forgetting where he was. What fun sounds! “*Creeeeak. Thud. Thud, thud. Creak!*”

Mr Bloom stopped mid-sentence, ‘glaring’ again. “Would you cut that out?!”

Onomatopoeia cringed sheepishly. Oops. He deflated, upset both because he had once again hurt his friend and because he was once again being silenced. Words confused him; they didn’t make sense like sounds did, and he didn’t use very many of them — but that didn’t make being told to shut up (if not in those exact words) a pleasant experience, especially not by the one person he really cared for.

Bloom looked between his crumpled companion (the one person he felt comfortable talking to, the one person who would — sort of — listen, the one thing in this world be-

sides plants that made sense to him) and the window. Something softened in his posture.

“Oh alright.” Mr Bloom groaned, voice scraping and scratching and twisting in a way that nothing else in that world did, a way that was soothing to Onomatopoeia’s soul. “Just keep it quiet so I can hear myself think, alright?”

Onomatopoeia perked up. “Creeeeak. Drip. Thud.” He whispered.

Mr Bloom shook his head, chuckled, and went right back to ranting.

— end of “Onomatopoeia” —