



Riddler's Bad Day

Batman - All Media Types · Batman: The Animated Series · Not Rated · 582 words

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It's Riddler's birthday, but everything that can go wrong does.

It's actually the first day of my birthday today (my family does three days), so I did a April Fool's birthday fic for my favorite Rogue; The Riddler!

The Riddler was having a Very Bad Day, and it was all the Joker's fault. He had a brilliant April Fool's Day themed plot, but that clown had sabotaged him at every turn.

He'd published the answers to Edward's riddles (how that simpleton had solved them, he'd never know).

He'd rewired his traps (done such a poor job, he'd nearly gotten the hostages killed).

He'd even hidden Edward's stress-relief rubix cubes! (The ones he kept secret so no one would know about his freak-outs).

And, finally, he'd called the Bat on him (breaking one of the Rogues' few rules, but since when did Joker ever care about those?).

But, worst of all, no one had called him even once. Not Harvey, nor Jervis, nor Selina, certainly not Joker, not even... Jon. How could he not call?!

Perhaps Edward just wasn't worth it, anymore...

"Here we are." Batman helped Riddler out of the Batmobile. "Home sweet Arkham."

"Oh, joy." Riddler muttered, being led through the front doors by the orderlies. Perhaps, if he wasn't in such a bad mood, he would've noticed that he couldn't hear the Batmobile driving away. But he was in a truly terrible mood, so he didn't even think of

it until he was out of processing and walked out of the changing rooms, only to see Batman standing there.

"I'm here to escort you to the Rec Room." Batman answered before Edward could even ask.

"Have I really been deemed so dangerous as to warrant such a high-ranking escort?" Edward asked, walking alongside Batman. "And since when am I let into the Rec Room so quickly? Usually I'm forced to spend at least a week in my cell for 'observation' before being allowed such a privilege."

"There's a special circumstance." Batman claimed, without showing the slightest inclination to further clarify.

"Great. Perfect." Edward sighed bitterly. "Now I am to be forced to interact with the common drivel of the asylum. This day just keeps getting better."

"Has it really been that bad?" Batman asked.

"I suppose I've technically spent this day in much worse ways." Edward admitted, refusing to think further about such things. "But that was *before*."

"Before?"

"Before I met Jon and Jervis and Harvey and- and everyone!" Edward couldn't keep in anymore. He'd never been good at holding back his words. "None of them even called me! Not one measly greeting or wishes for a-"

"Happy birthday." Batman interrupted, opening the door to the Rec Room "And-"

"APRIL FOOLS!" The room was decorated with birthday supplies, with balloons, a giant banner, even a cake (though only plastic silverware). The Rogues stood gathered, including some that hadn't been incarcerated last Riddler had checked, huge smiles on their faces.

"W-what is this?" Riddler stood, gaping.

"What do you think of your present, Eddie?" Joker asked, swinging an arm around his shoulders. "Nothing but the finest for you, buddy." He cackled.

"You. What?" He could hardly be expected to form coherent sentences in that moment.

"Joker thought that a series of challenges would be the best celebration." Jonathan explained, hugging him. "Personally, I think he just wanted an excuse to mess with you. What brings you closer to the end, but is celebrated more than any other day?"

"My birthday." Edward smiled. This was the best April Fool's he'd had in a long time.

— end of "Riddler's Bad Day" —