



I Turn Polar Bears White

Batman - All Media Types · General · 500 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Batman - All Media Types Rating: General Category: Gen

Warnings: No content warnings apply

Characters: Edward Nygma, Original Female Character(s), She's a therapist OC of mine but you honestly don't need to know anything about her

Tags: Riddles, Arkham Asylum, I'm Bad at Tagging, Tags Are Hard, Therapy, Secret therapy disguised as mental torture, at least from Edward's perspective, Present Tense, mostly - Freeform, Are more tags even needed?, this is only less than 500 words long...

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There's a riddle that most kindergartners can solve but most Harvard students can't. I couldn't solve it, and the answer blew my mind.

That got me thinking... How would Edward react the world's hardest riddle?

Do you know the answer? ;)

[image] [image]

'I turn polar bears white, and I will make you cry. I make guys have to pee, and girls comb their hair.'

Edward had been in Arkham for three months, an unprecedented length of time since his first few escapes.

'I make celebrities look stupid and normal people look like celebrities.'

Why had he stayed so long, one may ask? Simple: he'd gotten a new therapist. A therapist with dyed blue hair and a habit of yawning, looking much too young to be around mental patients. Someone who should've been dull-witted and easy to manipulate, boring but useful.

'I turn pancakes brown, and make your champagne bubble. If you squeeze me, I'll pop. If you'll look at me, you'll pop.'

She'd asked him a riddle on the very first day, claiming it was the hardest in the world. Three months later, and the famous Riddler hadn't left his cell except when forced, rocking back and forth as he tried oh so desperately to figure it out. Until, finally, he just had to admit-

'Can you guess the riddle?'

"I can't!" He screams before she can say anything at their daily therapy session. They were the first words he'd spoken since she'd asked him that *stupid* riddle.

"You can't what?" She asks, and he can't tell if she's serious or messing with him for her own amusement. Her tone always stays gentle, soft, calm -- utterly *infuriating*.

"I can't solve it." He growls through clenched teeth. "I can't guess the answer to your riddle! Are you happy, now?!"

"Exactly right, Mr Nygma!" She cheers, clapping her hands, her voice still barely above a whisper. "Oh, I'm so glad you finally got it."

"What?" He asks, incredulous, staring dumbfoundedly at her. Despite what had obviously been an attempt to *break* him, he hadn't seen her as a particularly cruel person, certainly not one to mock him like this. Another instance of being wrong...

"Can you guess the riddle?'" She repeats, gently.

"I already told you, *no*." Edward huffs, shifting where he sat on his bunk to face the wall. "Stop making me--"

Edward's eyes go wide as he realizes what had happened. He turns to the grinning therapist, reevaluating every interaction they'd had over the past three months.

"You *bitch*." He whispers, smiling even as he says it.

"Sometimes the only way to get something right is to admit you can't." She checks her watch and stands, signaling the guards to let her out. "See you tomorrow, Mr Nygma. Sweet dreams."

Edward chuckles. Perhaps his therapist wasn't so dimwitted after all. In fact, he could perhaps even call her brilliant. Not out loud, of course, but in his head.

Maybe he'd take a little while to escape; what was a few more months, after all? And, who knew? She might just have a few more riddles...

— end of "I Turn Polar Bears White" —