



Forum: Fan Fiction

Topic: Calling all writers

Subject: Re: Calling all writers

Posted by: Hardcase

Posted on: 2006/12/6 6:49:59

I like those ideas.

Here's another one: similar to the HeroMorph Challenge every month, only we take a theme (not characters or universes) to write about.

Some possibilities include revenge, love, something funny, a challenge for those characters with secret identities, etc.

For example, here's a challenge I wrote for a couple years back. The subject was the true death of the Joker and how we would handle it.

Here's my take on it. Feel free to include it on the site if you wish (I still haven't figure out how to post this in the fan fiction section or how to add italics in this forum; the train of thought really needs it).

WARNING: ADULT LANGUAGE

BREAKING POINT

?All units, all units, shots fired in vicinity of historic Gotham Clocktower. Suspect believed to be the Joker, last seen escaping Arkham Asylum. Wanted in conjecture for over a hundred known murders. Suspect considered armed and extremely dangerous. Proceed with caution.?

12:13am, April 2nd

The phone rang and rang, a shrill harpy that woke Jim Gordon out of a sound sleep. He fumbled around for his glasses, knocking his half-finished glass of scotch onto the carpet. Shit! A quick twist and painful light stabbed into his eyes as he got his glasses on. Second-pair of eyes, that?s what Sarah always called them. O god, Sarah, I miss you so much.

He blinked back spots and glanced at the clock. Who calls at midnight? I ain?t on call anymore. I?m retired, dammit. He grabbed the phone, growling his displeasure. ?Gordon.? Awfully tense, are we, Jimmy boy?

?Commish??

?Bullock, this better be good.?

?Uh, I think you?d better?get down to the morgue. There?s, uh, something you need to, um, see.?

?Spit it out, Harvey. I?m not in the mood to play games, Lieutenant.?

?It?s, uh, Barbara.?

The phone dropped from nerveless fingers, smacking the carpet with a dull thud. James Gordon, former Gotham City Police Commissioner, clutched his heart as an aching pain spread from his chest. Barbara, o god, no, no, not Barbara, please not Barbara, it?s got to be a mistake, Harvey just made a mistake, not the morgue, not again?

1:27am, April 2nd

Detective Renee Montoya blinked back tears as she silently closed the door behind her. She took a deep breath, and turned to face Lieutenant Harvey Bullock, and her partner, Detective Crispus Allen. Both had looks of concern on their face that almost broke her heart. Put on a brave face, Montoya. Don?t let them see you cry. Be brave, girl.

?How is he?? Bullock asked his former partner.

?Not good. He?s been staring at the body for the past half hour, not moving?crying. I?ve, um, never?seen?him, o god!? Tears she tried to hold in burst down her face, as Bullock grabbed her and held her close. She smelled his cheap aftershave, the cigars he always smoked, everything that repulsed her the first time she met him, and cried into his chest, not caring what he smelled like. Why? Why does this happen to Jim? He?never deserved this.

Harvey Bullock felt his tears threaten to spill. This ain?t right, Commish. First your wife, now your daughter. Where?s your justice?

Detective Crispus Allen stared silently at the floor. ?Detective Allen?? A patrolman, one of Gotham?s finest, was behind him. ?The Batman delivered the Joker just a few moments ago. We?ve booked him and he?s down in lockup.?

?Thank you, Officer.? The patrolman left, having given his report. Allen turned to Bullock, still comforting Montoya. ?We got him. The Bat handed him over to us.?

Bullock nodded, and laid his cheek on Montoya?s head. ?We got him. It?s over. Shhhhh, it?s over.?

3:18am, April 2nd

The laughter hadn?t stopped for the past hour. Bullock glanced at the desk sergeant, who shrugged. ?It?s been like that since they brought him in.?

Bullock lit a cigar, ignoring the ?No Smoking? signs posted on the desk. ?How?d ya stand it??

The sergeant shrugged. "Get used to it after a while. I just kinda tune it out."

They paused, staring down the row of cells, listening to the maniacal laughter. It echoed off the bars, through the dimly lit holding cell, seemingly growing in pitch and tone as it approached the desk, until it arrived at Bullock's ears, shattering them with the sound of insanity.

"Well, it looks like time for your break, officer." Bullock turned to the desk sergeant, who nodded and rolled his chair back to stand. Allen appeared by the only door, and gave Bullock the thumbs up. Harvey glanced up at the security camera, and smiled when the red recording light died. He patted his coat and, taking a deep breath, headed down the cellblock.

A minute later, the laughter stopped forever.

5:12am, April 2nd

"Dammit, officers, how the hell does someone enter this cellblock and kill my suspect without any fucking soul seeing it?" Bullock, Allen, and Montoya glanced as the coroner struggled to lift the Joker's lifeless body. He had been shot in the forehead, and, ironically enough, wasn't smiling. In fact, his trademark grin had been replaced with fear.

The new Police Commissioner was livid, Bullock could tell. But Bullock didn't give a shit. That's for you, Commish. For Sarah and Barbara. For the hell he put you through. I sorry we didn't have the balls to do it sooner.

8:11pm, April 13th

It was a Friday they buried him in an unmarked grave on the grounds of Arkham Asylum. The department made sure no one knew and few attended it. Comments made about how too good this was. Most of the GCPD drew attention to the funeral of Barbara Gordon, beloved daughter of James and Barbara Gordon. Bruce Wayne brought even more attention when he cast a single black rose onto her casket, with tears in his eyes, prompting the media to speculate on their relationship.

The Batman silently arrived, appearing out of the shadows and watched the coffin lowered into the ground. A coffin with a tracking device, should any rob the grave and claim the Joker was back. He stood, watching the grave, and no one could really tell what he thought.

The Joker, mastermind, murderer, criminal, and fiend, was dead.

And no one really cared.

END