

As we neared the plant. I couldn't help but feel like dread was creeping up on me. Like I was running towards a trap, the jaws of the beast, the center of the void.

I don't know how to explain it. But, the feeling was unmistakable. The worst part was, that I didn't know why I was feeling like this.

I had texted Dinah and Oliver letting them know I was working with Robin, just in case my feelings were some kind of premonition, and I needed backup.

"Here we are," Robin muttered, using a small computer to hack into the facility. "I'll get the blueprints, from there all we have to do it's turn the plant down, and capture the bad guys," he added, typing on my computer at unbelievable speeds.

I nodded, guarding his back. Playing the role of the muscle.

"Got it," Robin said, getting my attention. "Here's the power control of the facility. We take that off, and all of their plans are as good as gone," he explained, pointing in the blueprints where the power control room was.

"How do we get there?" I asked.

"This is the best route," Robin pointed, to a set of vents leading to the room. "It should allow us to reach the room without being detected."

I nodded, avoiding combat sounded like a good idea right now. We still had to assess the situation, before determining how to approach the next step, taking the bad guys down.

“Ok, then let’s go,” Robin nodded, putting his small computer back on his belt, as he ran towards where we would infiltrate the facility, with me following close behind.

-----

Inside the vents, we silently dragged our bodies across. The eerie silence of the outside, giving me a bad feeling. I mean, where were the villains that had taken over this place? I had yet to see a single henchman or hear anyone for that matter.

“Robin, there’s something wrong here,” I said, tugging on his leg to get his attention. “Where are the henchmen, the villains? This place is empty. Too empty.”

Robin frowned, pausing to think for a bit, before signing. “You think this is a trap?”

I nodded, after all, in Gotham things were never this easy. Because when they were, hell was about to come.

“Let me try getting into the cameras again, the signal was weak from the outside. It should work now,” Robin signed, pulling his computer out. A few seconds later, there was a small change in Robin’s face, enough to tell me, we were fucked.

Without even asking why he had that face, I peeked into his computer, to see no other than the giggling mass murderer responsible for a body count that hadn’t been, no, couldn’t be tabulated, as it was monstrously high, Batman’s nemesis, The Joker, happily waving at the camera.

“Well now. This is a joke,” The Joker said, surging with uncontrollable, crazed laughter. “I knew Batsy had it in him! I just knew it! I mean, look at this Harley, he sent the boys! Now, that’s a joke.”

“Awww pudding. He sent them to their deaths!” Harley laughed, sounding almost as crazy as the Joker himself. Yet, not even close to him. “I knew Batsy liked us, sending us guinea pigs. How nice of him!”

Robin at this turned his PC off.

We had to get out. Whatever trap the joker had set for Batman, would probably kill us, we had to escape to rethink our strategy.

-----

We rushed through the vents, trying to go back to the entrance point. However, the Joker's henchmen started shooting at the vents, forcing us to exit from another point that connected to the inside of the facility.

"Call Batman," I signed in worry, knowing very well we needed support. It wasn't that the Joker was stronger than us and we were overwhelmed. No, it was that he was more dangerous than us, not more powerful. His deranged mind made for an unpredictable adversary, a wild card, something even Batman on a good day struggled to deal with, because of how erratic he was.

"The radio signals are jammed," Robin cursed, his body displaying anxiety.

I frowned.

If the radio signals were jammed, it meant the Joker intended to keep us alone, without outside assistance. Which didn't bode well for us, at all, as we wanted to escape to better plan our approach.

I could destroy the walls with a whisper, but I had no idea how the chemicals in the plant would react to my power. For all I knew I could generate a nuclear reaction, destroying Gotham.

I could also try to punch my way out. But that would simply make the Joker's job to locate us easier if he didn't already know where we were.

Our best bet was to destroy whatever was jamming communications. And contact the league, playing the Joker's game on the defensive.

"We need to destroy whatever it's jamming our signal. Any idea where a device like that would be located?" I asked, gazing at Robin.

Robin nodded, opening the blueprints of the facility. "For optimal results, a radio jammer should be around these three rooms at the top," he said, pointing at the rooms.

"Then we need to take that down and contact the league," I replied, eyeing the blueprints for a moment to memorize the general layout of the facility for later navigation.

"Works for me," Robin nodded.

-----

[The Joker POV]

If the kids expect to play against the Joker, they'd better be prepared to be dealt from the bottom of the deck!

In all honesty, this worked even better than I had imagined. Sure, I had wanted to dance with Batsy, one on one, just the two of us, and my guns, but he had stood me up. How rude.

Or so I had thought! *HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!*

Batsy loved me so very very much, he had sent the juniors to play! How thoughtful of him, to think of my fun when he isn't around to play with me. That right there, it's the sign of a healthy relationship! Yep, siree!

Sure, they weren't Batsy, a minor inconvenience. But when Batsy gives you lemons, well you make lemonade.

"I thought we were going to try this on Batman," My newest partner, a friend of friends, my BFF, a brother from another mother, Scarecrow said, with a terrible frown on his face.

"Bag head, put that frown upside down! Sure, they aren't Batsy.. But they will do for a test run. *HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!*" I laughed in delight.

"Mad bastard," Bag head, aka Scarecrow sighed, walking away.

How mean of him.

I'm not mad at all! I'm just differently sane!!

