



Fencing

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 584 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Batman - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Jonathan Crane & Edward Nygma

Characters: Jonathan Crane, Edward Nygma

Tags: Character Study, Injury, No Dialogue, Epiphanies, Or more accurately missed epiphanies, Fencing, Swords, BAMF Edward Nygma, HOW THE ACTUAL FUCK IS THAT NOT A TAG, Training, Jonathan Crane is Highly Observational, My 286th fic overall :)

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Edward Nygma was born on April Fool's. This was the universe's version of a joke. A joke on Batman, perhaps, giving him a man like himself but twisted all around. Or a joke on Edward, maybe, to remind him of what he really is — a creature of irony and hidden things.

Or: Jonathan watches Edward fence on April Fool's and doesn't quite come to a revelation about him.

Today is the first day of my birthday! The actual day-of-birth is tomorrow. To celebrate, I post a Riddler Birthday/April Fool's Fic every year — enjoy!

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This is a bit different than my typical Riddler birthday fics, and it's a bit vague.

The point of it is that I see Batman and Riddler as the same baseline person shaped by different things — mentally, at least. The same mind, but one raised to be confident NOT being the smartest in the room, and the other raised to be insecure even if he is.

Which brings up an interesting thought — if they have the same mind turned towards different things, maybe they have the same body and will too. Just twisted 'round and exposed to different things.

It's funny, or ironic anyways, the thought that maybe Edward could've been Batman's equal — if fate had rolled the dice a little differently.

Anyways, happy April Fool's! :)

Edward Nygma was clumsy.

He was the guy with the limp and the cane who tried to carry too much one-handed and thus dropped it all more often than not. He tripped when he tried to run, and he often smacked into things because he was busy thinking about or looking at something else. Anyone could see that he was clumsy.

But if one factored in that limp and that cane, if they payed attention to the moments when he wasn't carrying too much or he was fully focused on what he was doing, they'd realize that he wasn't really all that clumsy at all.

In fact, he had a certain level of *gracefulness* about him, a fluidity to his motions that spoke of control and precision that came easily to him. It came out when he tinkered with his machines or graffitied question marks on his walls with green markers, his fingers moving elegantly in a way the rest of his body copied whenever he wasn't pushing it to do more than it could without proper thought to what he was doing.

Jonathan Crane, as one of Edward's closest friends and a psychologist who was quite skilled at noticing little things like that, of course figured out his typically unnoticed grace fairly quickly. But he hadn't really internalized the concept of it, he realized, until he'd seen Edward fencing.

Edward hadn't noticed that Jonathan was there, too caught up in what he was doing. The Scarecrow had come to fetch Edward for a small birthday dinner with their friends, but he had paused in the doorway when he realized what was happening in front of him. Edward's cane was discarded on the floor, sans handle as the hidden inner sword had been removed.

Edward spun and flowed across the floor, a look of intense concentration on his face as his limbs whirled from one movement to the next. Jonathan stood transfixed as he saw, for the first time, his friend practice his preferred style of physical combat.

The thing was, Jonathan knew how much effort it took for Edward to walk without his cane. His bad leg would get stiff, even painful, if he put any great pressure on it. It wasn't too bad, most days, so long as he had his cane. Some people didn't even realize he had a limp, right away.

But that didn't change the fact that what he was doing at that moment had to be incredibly painful, and incredibly difficult. The signs were there, Jonathan could see sweat on Edward's brow, caught a wince here and there, heard as his breathing became more and more labored.

And yet, he continued. His movements seemed almost effortless, to one that couldn't see the little signs of tire. He fenced against imaginary opponents, his movements not just skilled but *masterful*, and Jonathan could do little but continue watching him.

Then a thought occurred to Jonathan, one that was a tad more superstitious and fate-based than he was normally inclined to thinking. He wasn't sure whether to blame Corvin's or Jervis's influence for it. Maybe both of them.

The thought was that maybe the accident that crippled Edward Nygma hadn't been an accident at all. Maybe the universe or something in it had orchestrated the events on purpose.

Because if he was like this with the bad leg, Jonathan wondered just how good he would've gotten without it.

— end of "Fencing" —