



☐The Dumb Blonde Fallacy☐

Batman - All Media Types · Batman: The Animated Series · Not Rated · 959 words

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Riddler says the wrong thing while planning a heist with Joker.

In a dark hideout, Riddler leaned over a model of Gotham City, carefully pondering where to leave the latest in a long line of clues. This particular clue's placement was absolutely vital, and the decision had to be made with the utmost-

"I'm boooooored!" Joker whined, slumping backwards over the model and ruining several buildings. "How much longer is this gonna take, Eddie boy?"

"Genius takes time, you-!" Riddler growled, trying to steady his breathing. Normally, not even he would get so angry at such a thing, but this was only a continuation of hours' worth of disruptions. "Joker, for the last time, I need to concentrate in order to plan. You may be fine with reckless chaos, but my process for crime is very different. So, please, shut up and let me work."

"Gee, if you hate my style so much, why're you even working with me?" Joker asked, bouncing up and perching on the edge of the table. He stared at the broken buildings, getting mesmerized as he tried to put them back together, only for them to fall over again.

"Why am I working with you?" Riddler scowled, taken aback. "Are you serious?"

"Rarely." Joker answered, shrugging. "So? Why are you wo-"

"You're blackmailing me, you bloody moron!" Riddler groaned and put a hand on his forehead, trying his breathing exercise again.

"I am?" Joker tilted his head, thinking. "Is it with the museum thing?"

"Yes, it's about the museum thing." Riddler stared at the clown, reluctantly worried. "How do you forget something like that? Are you off your meds?"

"I don't know." Joker hopped off the table, twirling absently. "Harley started hiding 'em in my food, so I'm not actually entirely sure how often I take them. Or what I take. Or whether I'm actually taking anything."

"How in the world do you trust her like that?" Riddler shook his head. "She could be giving you anything, even poison, for all you know."

"It's easier to have her remember stuff like that." Joker shrugged again. "She tells me things like how much sleep I need or whether I'm eating right or when I need to actually let the doctors take a look at me, and I'm free to focus on the important stuff! Like whether to use more green or more purple for the Laughing Gas blimp."

"You're outsourcing parts of your brain, basically." Riddler concluded. "And if she ever turns on you? She already left you to be with Ivy."

"She didn't leave me." Joker argued. "Having a girlfriend doesn't mean she can't still be my right hand, Eddie! I wouldn't fire her for that -- that would be homophobic."

"That's not what I-" Riddler sighed. "Never mind. Now, I need to think. We only have a few more hours to decide the next stage of the plan."

"I wonder how much faster a guy like you could think, if you didn't hafta fill your brain with the little stuff." Joker pondered. He snapped his fingers "You should get a Harley!"

"Oh, yes, what a brilliant idea." Riddler rolled his eyes, trying to focus back on the model. "My own ditzy bimbo to mess up my medications and take the fall so I can escape. My plans are delicate, I don't need some straw-headed dead weight to-"

Riddler grunted as he was slammed against the wall, a chemical smell assaulting his nostrils as two glowing green eyes stared way too closely into his own. The Joker growled. "Don' ya evah speak dat way abou' Harley again, Nashton, or ya'll wish I'd stopped at blackmail. Got it?"

Riddler nodded quickly, grunting again as he was dropped to the floor. He looked up to see Joker smiling, as if nothing had happened.

"Well, back to the plan!" Joker clapped his hands, giggling. "Do we hafta include the donkeys? Dontcha think mountain lions would work better?"

"...Are you brilliant or insane?" Riddler muttered, picking himself up. "I keep asking myself that. How do you know my name?"

"No idea." Joker whispered, frowning for just a second. That was all the answer Riddler would receive to either question.

"...can you believe it?" Edward sighed over his teacup. "All because I insulted Harley. I didn't even *mean* it. I was just annoyed."

"Harleen was one of three students I liked during my years as a teacher." Jonathan frowned slightly. "A truly brilliant girl."

"It was a little mean, Dormouse." Jervis added, leaning forward in the plush antique chair he sat in. "Though the Knave did react quiet strangely. Here I thought he didn't even like her!"

"Ms Quinzel has a habit of causing others to become protective over her." Jonathan watched as Edward sipped his tea, extending a hand to stop Jervis from doing the same. "Oh, dear me, I forgot to tell you -- I spilled some of my toxin into the tea."

Edward froze. "You *bastard*. How long?"

"Five minutes, give or take." Jonathan smiled. "I believe Jervis' panic room is on the top floor. Do you want assistance getting in?"

"No, I know the code." Riddler stood up, scowling. "You care far too much for that girl." Then he stormed off.

"What can I say?" He laughed, ignoring the horrified look Jervis was giving his tea pot. "Us straw heads need to stick together!"

Then he rushed after his friend to giddily observe the effects of his toxin.

Jervis sighed. "Ruined a perfectly good pot of tea, and all they can talk about is a girl! They've been around me too long..."