



☐ Music In My Soul ☐

Batman - All Media Types · DCU · Not Rated · 499 words

by Arukir

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Bat-mite/Mxy -- Implied

Characters: Music Meister

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Music Meister has a secret. He's a little different, always has been.

Imps are... Loud. Petty. Childish. Obsessive.

They pick some mortal to base their entire identities after, then spend all their time arguing why their favorite mortal is better than the others.

They have no dreams, no hopes, no desires beyond their obsession -- but they don't even talk to them! Most of those special mortals have no idea they've got a nearly-all-powerful being cheering for them.

Well, Batman knows. Batmite isn't satisfied with just *watching* and *arguing*, he wants his hero to like him. He wants to *prove* that he chose best. Most of all, he wants to have a bit of fun, do something different for once.

And Superman knows, sorta. Well, he knows that an Imp keeps showing up and causing trouble. He doesn't realize that the Imp is a *fan*. Super-Mite is what his name *should* be, but instead he chose his own identity.

Mr Mxyzptlk is *admirable*, in that he's got his own desires in life. He still obsesses over his chosen mortal, wanting to prove that his choice is best, but he doesn't want to be Superman. Mxy *hates* other Imps, he's the 5th dimension version of a social outcast, but he hangs out with Batmite (yeah, just 'hangs out', riiight...).

But there's one Imp who doesn't have a favorite hero, nor a favorite villain. A single Imp who's fascinated with *many* mortals, and how they live. One Imp who decided to try living as one, over and over and over again, through hundreds of lifetimes.

Not as a normal mortal, of course, but not too powerful. Mr Mscmystr had many names, many faces, as he learned all he could about the mortal creatures that had so captivated his species.

Humans were so much more than how they fought. So much more than heroes and villains. Sometimes, he was a hero, sometimes a villain, but so often he was just an average guy. It was *fascinating*.

Of course, he doesn't speak much to the other Imps anymore -- less than Mr Mxyzptlk does, actually. But that doesn't mean he's alone. This time, this face, has friends.

Sometimes they're locked up in a place underground, lamenting a loss against the Flash. Sometimes it's a government site, and he sings insulting things about the Man Of Steel to amuse them. Sometimes in a place that claims to be a hospital, but seems more like a second home to the so-called Rogues.

And they all know him. Not his 'real' name, but the coded one he keeps using variations of. They see him as one of them, but not a threat, not an ambitious dude. Only a few know the truth, which is more than any century before.

He likes this name, this face, this life. He'll be sad when it's over and he moves on to the next. Many will mourn him, but none so much as the Music Meister himself.

— end of “¶ Music In My Soul ¶” —