



Batman #5
Mitch Coenen

Published: 2006

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): Comics DC2 Batman

Batman

Issue 5: "All the King's Horses..."

Written by Mitch Coenen

Cover by DrDread

Edited by Ellen Fleischer

Thursday, 7:15 pm

The Rooftop of Gotham City Police Department

Once more the symbol of the bat lights up the skies of Gotham City.

LT. Detective Jim Gordon stood on the rooftop with a cigarette in one hand and what appeared to be some case files in the other. You didn't have to be the World's Greatest Detective to realize that he had a long tiring day.

"What can I do for you today, Jim?" asked Batman as he emerged from the shadows.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!" Jim yelled. "You are going to give someone a heart attack one of these days."

"I get that a lot." Batman said, watching with some concern as Jim puffed on a cigarette.

"Have you been reading the Gotham Gazette?" Jim asked. "Particularly Vicki Vale's article on Gotham City's newest serial killer, Humpty Dumpty?" Jim threw his finished cigarette over the ledge of the building.

"It caught my eye."

"This afternoon we found another body. That makes five in as many weeks." Jim thumbed through the files. "We are no closer to finding the Un-Sub (*Author note: Un-Sub = Unidentified Subject) than we were a

month ago.”

“What do you have so far?” asked Batman as he grabbed the files from Jim’s hands.

“Not a whole lot. T.O.D. (*Author note: T.O.D. = Time of Death) puts the victims dead on Wednesday, around 1:30pm.”

“Have you got a weapon?”

“We don’t know. The coroner said that Humpty’s first two victims appeared to have been cut with a chainsaw along the joints. The last ones were cut with something that cauterized the flesh to stop the bleeding.” Jim elaborated. “Here’s the kicker. He stitches them up again.”

“That is unusual,” said Batman with a bewildered look on his face. “Anything else?”

“There is nothing that connects the victims, and the killer leaves no prints,” said Jim. “Oh, I almost forgot. This is what we haven’t told the press. He’s taking body parts as trophies. A different part from each victim. So far, it’s been two legs, two arms, and a torso to be exact.”

“We have one disturbed person here, Jim. I’ll look into it. If you come across anything new let me know.” ordered Batman.

Jim looked away for one second to light up another cigarette. When he turned back Batman was gone.

“Godspeed, old friend.” muttered Jim as he stared into the Gotham night.

7:25 pm

Batmobile

“Alfred, are you there?” asked Batman as he turned on the overhead intercom.

“I am here, Sir. Do you require assistance?”

“Gordon asked me to look into the Humpty Dumpty case. I’m faxing you everything that he has. I need you to look for any kind of connection between the victims. I don’t care how small it is.”

“Shall I try to reach Master Dick?” asked Alfred, knowing that he’d get a rise out of Batman.

“NO!” exclaimed Batman “ Just get back to me as soon as you can. I’m headed for the most recent crime scene.”

“Very good, Sir.” smiled Alfred.

9:00 pm

Apartment of Robert Austen

Batman sat across the street from Austen’s apartment, waiting for the opportune time to enter unnoticed. Inside, two forensic investigators worked hard to find evidence, any evidence that might lead them to this madman. One of them, Batman recognized as Humphrey Dimpler. He was a good forensics officer with whom he had previously had dealings. The other guy had to be new. Batman had never seen him before.

A few minutes passed and the two officers appeared to be wrapping things up. Batman saw his chance to enter. He withdrew his grappling hook from his belt, shot it across the street with amazing accuracy, and plunged it into the wall above the late Robert Austen’s Bedroom window. The wind caught Batman’s cape, creating the illusion of a giant bat flying through the night. The two officers left and Batman entered through the window.

At first glance, it appeared that the forensics team had thoroughly examined the crime scene, but Batman was skeptical. He was reaching for the mini-lab kit on his belt when Alfred called him.

“Sir, Is this a good time to talk?”

“Go ahead, What do you have?” asks Batman as he touched the earpiece on his cowl.

"The only connecting factor that I have detected is that the same forensic officer has worked each case. One Humphrey Dumpler," Alfred elaborated as he shuffled papers.

"Really? He was working the case tonight." Batman said as he sprayed Luminol over the spot where the officers had found Robert Austen's body earlier.

"I need you to run a background check on Humphrey." ordered Batman as he reached for his UV light.

"I believe, Sir, that I am one step ahead of you. I have already run the check," said Alfred as he reached for a file "Dumpler was orphaned at a young age. His parents died in a car crash one evening on their way back from the movies."

"Was he in the car?" asked Batman, as he took a forensic swab to a blood spot he found on the carpet.

"Indeed he was, Sir," said Alfred. "According to the police report, he was in the back seat for three hours before anyone found him."

"How did the accident happen?" Batman asked as he looked for more clues.

"A drunk driver sped headlong into the Dumplers' automobile. The hood dislodged from the drunk driver's car. It went through the Dumplers' windshield, and decapitated them. When they found young Humphrey, he was in shock with his parents heads in his lap," explained Alfred. "Subsequently, the lad was placed in an orphanage."

"Quiet, Alfred," whispered Batman as he looked around "I think someone's coming."

"Sir!" Exclaimed Alfred. "You must hear this. While at the orphanage, Humphrey was disciplined several times for fighting. It appears that the other children would humiliate Humphrey, by calling him Humpty Dumpty. I think Humphrey Dumpler might be your man."

Noiselessly, Humphrey crept up behind Batman. Not many people could do such a thing. Humphrey held a stun baton at the ready in his left hand. Batman turned, fist clenched prepared for a fight, but Humphrey was faster. He brought his Stun Master Stun Baton to Batman's face. The baton delivered a high-voltage shock to his right cheek. Batman fell to the floor. Humphrey quickly got a handkerchief and a bottle of chloroform.

"I always wondered what made the Batman tick. I think I'm going to have to take you apart to find out." laughed Humphrey as he spilled some chloroform on the handkerchief and then placed the handkerchief over Batman's mouth and nose.

11:15 pm

A abandoned warehouse in Gotham Harbor

A slap across the face, restored Batman to consciousness. He awoke to find himself handcuffed and chained to a medical examination table. A six foot-four balding man with glasses stood over him. Groggily, Batman looked around the blood-covered room. Clearly, he had underestimated Humphrey. It would not happen again.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Humphrey "I never figured that in coming back for my crime-kit, I'd find the urban legend known as Batman."

"Humphrey, you need help!" yelled Batman as he dislodged a small needle from his glove.

Humphrey turned to grab a surgical scalpel from a table full of various instruments he had used to take apart his victims.

"Wait, Humphrey!" screamed Batman as he tried to buy time "I can help you."

Puzzled, Humphrey lowered the scalpel.

"You can't help me. No one can help me. I have OCD, Batman. Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder." explained Humphrey. "Do you know

what it is like to live with OCD?"

"I know a little bit about it," said Batman as he stuck the needle into the handcuffs and tried to quickly pick it.

"I have to know how things work. I take stuff apart to find out and then put them together to make sure I'm right. The last few months I have been reading Grey's Autonomy. I want to be a coroner. That just fascinates me to point that I am obsessed. I need to practice my trade," said Humphrey as he raised the scalpel again.

"Why the missing body parts?" inquired Batman as he unlocked the handcuffs.

"Look above you Batman," shouted Humphrey. "Look at my masterpiece!"

To his dismay Batman's gaze fell upon a headless corpse made up of the missing body parts sewn together.

"Your head will fit perfectly, Batman. Don't you think?"

Humphrey lowered the scalpel to Batman's throat. Batman grabbed Humphrey's wrist and with a twist of his hand the scalpel blade now faced Humphrey. With a quick jerk, Batman caused Humphrey to slice his own face. Humphrey stumbled backwards clutching his cheek and, screaming in pain as his previous victims must have. This gave Batman enough time to free his other hand and start working on his legs.

"Screw you, Batman!" shouted Humphrey as he picked up his chainsaw.

Humphrey started the chainsaw and raised it high in the air. Batman freed himself from the last of his restraints and threw them at the chainsaw. The restraints wrapped around the chainsaw blade. The restraints' dangling ends knocked Humphrey in the head. Dizzy and disoriented, Humphrey dropped the chainsaw. It fell to the floor with a loud crash. Unable to see the window behind him, Humphrey stumbled backwards and fell through the window.

Batman stood looking through the window at Humphrey's body on the pavement below. Instantly Batman remembered the nursery rhyme.

*'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.'*

Or could they?

Epilogue

Elizabeth Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane

4 months later

Grant and Dave had been security guards on the graveyard shift at Arkham for twenty years. They had seen some strange people on their watch. Killer clowns, walking scarecrows, and man-eating animals. This night would be no exception.

"Those people in Metropolis did one hell of a job rebuilding this guy." said Dave to Grant as they looked in on Humphrey Dumpler's room.

"Why would they put in so much time and money on this freak?" asked Grant "I mean artificial limbs and cybernetic joints. Come on! It could have been spent on a better person."

"I don't know, but if this guy gets out..." exclaimed Dave.

"He won't be as easy to take down." interrupted Grant as the two walked away from Humphrey's room.

Inside the room Humphrey lay on a bed wrapped in white bandages looking at the ceiling.

"All the king's horses did put Humphrey back together again. Even better than before." whispered Humphrey as he gazed off into space, plotting his revenge.

The End

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comic books and graphic novels.



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind