There were few rules the inmates of the high security wing in Arkham lived by. When a wing in a secure hospital for the criminally insane is the only stable element in your life, the only certainty there is. Friendships are formed, brothers in arms almost. The media call them the Rogues Gallery. When you inevitably end up with your sorry ass carted back to Arkham. It doesn't matter what you've done, without fail, the minute you step back onto the wing the rest of the current inmates greet you with a slight smile, a thumbs up or a general nod in your direction. A welcome 'home'.

No one so much as lifted their head the one time the Joker was brought back after spending six months in a body cast in the infirmary. Silently, the general consensus was that the Batman should have cracked and finished the job. He had a right to. The Joker had broken the number one, unspoken rule of the high security wing. You never, ever kill a Robin.

There is one rule you never, ever break. No matter what. You never, ever kill a Robin. No excuses, no exceptions.

Or the one where the Rogues Gallery play babysitter in Batman's absense.
It took the inmates of high security all of five minutes to workout who the Red Hood was when the angry, young man with a gun showed up in Gotham.
They may not know his name, they sure as hell didn't know how, but they knew who he 'was'!
The Red Hood was Robin, 'the' Robin.

No one was surprised when the inevitable in all of their lives, eventually happened to the Red Hood. Late one night the corridors echoed with the troubled young man's angry roars. The inmates covered their heads with their pillows and tried to drown him out. That was the night when the 'new' Batman lost his smile, the night he brought the Red Hood to join the Rogues Gallery. 'Welcome home, Boy Wonder.' Came quiet whispers in the dark.
The old Batman, the original one, looked after his own, he had looked after them. Many a time had he found each of them at their worst, and brought them back home. More than once he had rained down fire and brimstone on Arkham in their defence. Sniffed out every bent guard, doctor, nurse or any other member of staff who abused their position, and brought the inmates the justice most would say they didn't deserve. Silently, the decision was made that the Rogues would look after his Robin as he could not. Their Batman had gone away, they knew not where but he would return. He always did. Until that day came, they would make sure his lost Robin was not alone.

No one but no one talked to the new Batman. He had left the Red Hood in Arkham with the Joker. None of the rogues understood his motives and all agreed that the real Batman would never have done such a thing. Hood, was the new Batman's brother, familial or just in arms was always a lively debate, but he was a brother all the same. You didn't betray brothers like this. Especially ones that had died and come back magically. The new Batman had done a bad thing in their eyes and Batman did not do bad things. That's what separated him from them. No, no it was agreed that no one was to co-operate with anything until the new Batman brought back the old Bat, the real one. That was made perfectly clear to him whenever the fake, new Batman visited. Whenever, the new Batman was seen entering the Red Hood's cell, the other inmates drummed on whatever they had to hand at the time, in support for the fallen Boy Wonder.

It was Jervis who started it. The man overheard the nurses talking at the nurses station on the way to breakfast. The Hood had refused to come out of his cell and now was refusing meals. If the boy didn't eat something soon they would be forced to take steps to ensure his wellbeing. Jervis knew that much. So he had snuck a round of toast out with him after breakfast. Sure the cutlery was counted in, but no one thought to check for inmates smuggling food out with them.

Knocking on the door of the Red Hood's cell, Jervis set down the toast in front of it. 'Starving achieves nothing, Boy. If you desire to leave Wonderland, you need both a strong mind and body.' Jervis kept walking when he heard the door clink open. He felt the boy's eyes on him but he didn't turn and acknowledge him. As Robin, he had always reminded Jervis of the White Rabbit a little bit, manic, timid and occasionally aggressive. Rabbits were funny creatures, Jervis always found that rabbits felt safest, thus more compliant, when you kept your distance. The cell door closed again and Jervis looked over his shoulder with a smile. The toast had gone.
This success began a ripple effect.
Edward heard the boy from across the hall, being plagued by nightmares, late one night.
It wasn't hard to deactivate the lock on his cell (he'd figured it out months ago). Keeping an eye out
for guards he crossed the hall to the Red Hood's cell.
He didn't knock, he didn't want to frighten the boy even more.
Instead he pushed an uncompleted crossword, underneath the cell door. Hoping it would distract the
boy from his terror.
Making his way back to his own bed, Edward smiled when he heard a muffled.
'What the fuck?'
'Language, Boy Wonder.'
Nigma chuckled to himself, closing his cell door behind him and locking it, just as a guard rounded
the corner.
'Riddle me this: what's purple and green but covered in red and yellow?'
He whispered quietly, smiling at the memory of the smart mouthed, little boy. He'd been annoying as
hell, and nothing was more satisfying, than whacking that cocky smirk off his little face.
The boy hadn't deserved to die though, hadn't deserved whatever hell had brought him back.
He most certainly did not deserve to be blamed for his own murder as he very often was.
You were a child, Boy Wonder.
A child playing an adult's game. A child murdered by an adult. It was the adults' fault, the ones who
failed you, failed to safeguard you. Never you, Boy Wonder, it was never your fault.
Cigarettes, books, puzzles and more offerings of food were left outside the young man's cell.
Eventually, the Hood was driven out by sheer, damn curiosity as to what the hell was going on, and
why stuff kept being pushed under or placed next to his cell?
No one lifted their head or even acknowledged his presence when he stepped cautiously into the Rec
room and looked around in suspicion.
Sitting down in the chair nearest the door he just sat there quietly for a little while.
The boy watched the other inmates, clearly feeling uncomfortable before getting up and going back
to his cell again.
'It was nice to see you.' Jonathan muttered as the boy increased his pace, his fear and anxiety
intrigued Crane, until Harvey elbowed him hard in the ribs.
'Stop it.'
'What?'
'You know what, Crane. Stop it. Leave the kid alone. Don't you think he's been through enough?'

It was Harley Quinn who made the bravest move of all.
When the clown girl was readmitted, lovesick and pining for the Joker, again, things were more than
a little tense.
However, both Harley and the Red Hood stayed out of each other's way.
That was until one day.
Harley watched the boy her ex-lover murdered, shuffle past, eyes down and shoulders tense.
That wasn't the BoyWonder she had been told about, the spark in him had gone out.
Making her move, she grabbed hold of his hand and pulled him inside his cell before he could
protest. Shutting the door behind them.
'Get outta here, Boy Wonder. Even broken wings can fly. You're cleverer than this.'
She said softly and calmly, before reaching beneath her uniform to produce some papers and a pen,
throwing them down onto the young man's cot.
'Rotting in here ain't gonna do ya no good, Kid. Go. Leave this place and run. Run, faraway and get
better. You deserve to find peace. Come to me, when you've filled it in, I'll make sure it gets to the
right folks.'
With that she span on her heel and skipped back outside before the guards noticed her absence.

The young man gazed down at the papers and pen in mute wonder. Someone really needed to double check that they locked the office door before leaving. It was the form to petition the courts for a transfer to Blackgate! It was easier to run from Blackgate. On a separate piece of paper, the struck off psychiatrist had written notes to help him fill it in. What to put, what not to put. Tips on what to say during the tribunal. Harley Quinn, was the catalyst that gave the Red Hood back his fighting spirit. His spark, his magic.

The Red Hood fell victim to a game of pass the buck between Arkham and Blackgate, all of the Rogues had been subject to it at one point in their lives. The Boy Wonder however, had used it for his own gain and had absconded during his transfer back to Arkham. The inmates sat in the Rec Room, watching him fly away into the distance on the television. Edward had juggled with it, so they could get a decent picture and the right channel. With the sound low, the guards chatting in the corner were yet to realise that they were watching the news. No one cheered. No one dared be that obvious, but the Rogues smiled as they exchanged looks with each other. The broken Boy Wonder was free.

A few days later Harley Quinn received a mysterious message through the post. 'Even broken wings can fly away. Thanks. Thank the motley crew too. Still gonna kick your asses when I come back. I always come back. B.W #2' Edward smiled and offered to keep the note on his person to save Harley from the Jokers wrath should he find it on her.

There was one rule you never, ever broke and the Joker had broken it. You never, ever kill a Robin. It wasn't forgiven and it wasn't forgotten. It definitely was not the Robin's fault.

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