

JUSTICE LEAGUE

Wonderland



BATMAN

Chapter 1:

Down the Rabbit Hole

BATMAN WAS BEGINNING to get very tired looking for clues along the bank of The Hambrook and finding nothing to do with the mysterious theft of a rare deck of playing cards from the Wayne Museum. He and Superman had followed the trail of clues all the way from downtown Old Gotham through the former meat packing district, the wandering, tree shaded paths of Gotham Park and now the much smaller Queen's Park which was located on the northern end of Gotham City.

Queen's Park featured a small meadow, a petite bluff and the grassy banks of the Hambrook, a slow moving, lily pad dappled offshoot of the mighty Gotham River. As parks go, it was quaint and invited one to lay out a blanket and chat over tea, though few had done so in many years as tea parties had gone quite out of fashion. Teens, though, did go to the park to vape and practice their kissing.

"There were so many clues leading us here," Batman said. "And now not a one to lead us where to go to next. It feels like we've been led into a trap, and yet no trap had sprung."

"Did you know people come to this park only to look at this statue of Alice?" Superman said as he looked at a statue of Alice.

"Alice in Wonderland," Batman said.

"In fact, the name of the book in which Alice appears is called Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," Superman corrected. "Yet, many people falsely recall the title as Alice in Wonderland."

"Curious," Batman said, then shook his head. "I never say curious."

"The Mandella Effect," Superman said, seeming to suddenly grow very excited.

"When a large number of people believe something that never occurred or occurred differently than it actually happened. Yes, I suppose misremembering the title of Alice's book could be an example of that."

"True, but I also just found a book called The Mandella Effect." Superman held up the book. "This could be a clue."

“Or a trap.”

“Books can’t be traps,” Superman said opening the book and beginning to read. As he did so, a cloud of golden dust seemed to rise up from the book, yet neither he nor Batman noticed. Superman, in addition to his many other powers, could read superfast, and so he flipped through the pages at an amazing rate that made them seem a blur. When he finished, he looked up, puzzled. “There are no pictures of conversations in this book,” he said, perturbed by the utter absurdity of such a thing.

“I don’t see the point of a book with no pictures or conversations,” Batman said. Though he had very much intended to further expound on his views, which he could not as yet ascertain whether Superman shared, his attention was distracted by the fact that Superman suddenly looked to be wearing a pair of costume bunny ears. In addition, the Man of Steel also looked to be wearing makeup—lipstick, mascara, blush. “Superman,” Batman said. “You um...” Batman gestured toward his face, his head. Indeed, the dark knight couldn’t decide whether he should mention the ears of the lipstick first, but finally he just blurted out, “Rabbit Ears! You’re wearing rabbit ears.”



Superman looked at Batman like he had gone insane.

“Ridiculous.”

“I know it may sound ridiculous,” Batman said, “but you” before he could finish the thought, however, a pair of large, perky breasts popped out of Superman’s formerly hard, muscular chest. “Boobies!” Batman said, pointing. “You have boobies! Something isn’t right.”



“I’ve had boobies since I was a teen. All boys do,” Superman said. “Other than you. Sorry. I know you find your flat chest embarrassing. And these are not rabbit ears, but hare ears. There is a difference. And, why is my voice so deep? Boys have high-pitched voices.”

“You’re under some sort of spell,” Batman said. “Boys don’t have breasts, and we need to find Zatanna right—holy heck! You... you...” He gestured up and down Superman’s body, making the hourglass shape that men used to indicate a woman’s shape. It was not merely the shape Superman now had, but the fact the man of steel now wore an outfit like one of the serving girls at Lex Luthor’s notorious Bunny Club. “You got...” he made a cupping gesture in front of his chest, “and you got” then the hourglass shape again.



“Alice,” Superman said, and he now had a sweet, pretty voice like a girl. “I’m sorry you’re a flatty patty, but instead of being so jealous of me, get a boob job for goodness’ sake. Lots of boys are getting them these days.”

“What are you talking about?” Batman said. “Boys don’t get boob jobs.”

“You don’t have curves,” Superman said. “So you must be a girl.” Then, his eyes went wide, his mouth dropped open and he gasped. “I’m late!” He said. “I’m late for a very important date!” “Oh, dear me! I’m late?” This would all have been more than strange enough, but Superman then reached down into his cleavage and fished out an old-fashioned pocket

watch. He made a small shriek when he saw the time. “I have to run! “Sorry Alice. I gotta go.” Shoving the watch back in his cleavage, he turned and ran off.



“Why are you calling me Alice?” Batman asked, then his own eyes went wide, and his own mouth dropped open. When he’d spoken, he’d spoken in the voice of a girl! He felt his body shrink and curve and swell and re-arrange itself, and looking down he saw he now had a girl’s body! “I’m turning into a girl!”

“You’re turning into a boy!” Superman shouted back.



“Wait!” Batman said, running after Superman. As he did so, his clothes morphed into a blue dress with a scandalously plunging neckline that revealed the daring swell and alluring shadows of Batman’s newly blossomed cleavage. Indeed, the neckline plunged so low Batman could see the frilly edges of the bra he now wore—and needed. Meanwhile, golden hair fell prettily around his shoulders. His heels lifted as he found himself wearing a pair of Mary Janes, and the cool material encasing his legs made him realize he now wore tights. A glance informed our confused and embarrassed hero that the tights were white, and his calves looked quite fetching beneath his pleated skirt. Or, fetching legs for a girl, which he

was not though, well, he was even though... Batman stopped trying to sort it out. He knew even if it didn't make sense that he was and wasn't a girl at the same time.

"I don't think anyone will take me seriously as the dark knight detective if I am wearing a dress," Batman thought, chagrined. He didn't have much time to worry about it, though, as he was busy chasing Superman, who had a puffy bunny tail attached to the back of his outfit that was really adorable.

Superman jumped into a hole and vanished from sight. Without thinking, Batman plunged in after him and ran along in the half dark. The hole went straight on like a tunnel for some ways and then dipped down, so suddenly that Batman didn't even have time to think about stopping himself before he found himself plunging down a very deep well. Instinctively, Batman reached for his cape, meaning to glide downward, but then he remembered he was wearing a dress and not his Bat outfit.

"Ugh!" Batman shouted, his pretty voice echoing in the tunnel. "Boys don't wear dresses."

"Yes, we do!" He heard Superman shout from somewhere deeper in the hole.

It was either a very deep well or Batman was falling very slowly as he had plenty of time to look around and wonder what might happen next. At first, he looked down, but all he could see was darkness. When he finally decided to look at the sides of the well, he was surprised to see they were lined with all manner of cupboards and bookshelves as well as occasional maps and pictures hung on pegs. "Curious," Batman said, thinking that maybe it wasn't so bad to sound like a girl. Everything he said sounded cute. As he fell, Batman grabbed one of the jars from a shelf and saw it had a label that read Orange Marmalade. He was very disappointed, however, to see the jar was empty. Batman was quite fond of orange marmalade, especially spread on a piece of buttered toast.

He thought about dropping the jar, but he didn't want to kill someone, so he managed to slide it onto one of the shelves as he passed. "It seems I am still quite dexterous," he said. "Even if I am just a girl now."

"You're a boy!" Superman called from somewhere below.

Batman continued to fall. If Batman had, in fact, become Alice and thought only like Alice, he may well have pondered how fall he had fallen and speculated that he might soon pop out of this well on the other side of the Earth which, as he ran the problem of what he might be thinking if he were Alice through his analytical mind, was Australia. Batman was not Alice, nor did he even look much like her in that he did not look like a little girl in a dress, but an old-school stripper dressed like Alice or Little Bo Peep since, well, men are weird. Batman had gone undercover at Bunnies once as a patron, and he'd noticed the stripper—

oh, wait, the proper term was now exotic dancer—had curtsied. Would people expect him to curtsy now? He shivered at the prospect. He almost said boys don't curtsy but having already grown annoyed at Superman for his constant shouting back, he bit his lip.



Since Batman was not Alice, he instead began to ask himself who had lured him and Superman into this trap and turned them both into girls. The answer came to him as clear as could be: unknown. It's always a mistake to begin speculating too soon as to the identity of a criminal, Batman reminded himself. It can lead to bias confirmation, which is a thing that happens to grown ups when they see what they expect to see and miss out on so much. Batman would not be accused of confirmation bias. No. It was not, however, a violation of proper procedure to make a list of possible subjects, and so Batman grabbed a

scrap of paper from one of the passing shelves and then a pen. On the paper he made his list, which consisted of one word: everyone.

Batman looked at his list and nodded, quite pleased with himself. ‘If this were a story,’ he thought, “it would probably be better to keep the audience guessing as to the identity of the criminal as long as possible.” He giggled. Batman’s eyes went wide. The Batman? Giggling? It was unheard of, and yet he’d just heard of it. A crooked smile came over his pretty face. He sounded quite cute when he giggled, and so he giggled again, as a very strange series of thoughts crossed his mind. First, he wished Selena, aka Catwoman, was here with him. He and Selena had become friends and even dated, and though he was sure she would tease him over him having become a girl, he still thought it would be fun and useful to have her along for this adventure. Then, he wondered, do cats eat bats? Alice may not have known the answer to such a thing, but Batman did for as soon as he wondered it to himself, he answered in the affirmative. “In fact,” he said out loud, “cats are believed to eat 86 different species of bats.” Batman was disappointed that Superman didn’t reply. He was feeling a new desire to get approval by showing off how many things he knew, and we must admit Batman knew a great many things despite the fact he was now a blonde with large knockers.

Whomp.

Batman finally reached bottom, having landed on a large heap of dry leaves. Batman was not hurt at all, and he jumped right to his feet and assessed his new location, which was a small chamber with a long hallway leading away. Down that hallway, he could see Superman running along, and the clicking of Superman’s high heels echoed down the hallway.

Thinking Superman looked quite adorable in high heels, Batman took off like the wind, racing behind his friend as fast as he could manage. Just as Superman turned a corner somewhere up ahead, he muttered “Oh, my maracas, how late it’s getting!”

Batman had been closing in on Superman, as his own Mary Janes had lower heels and were a bit easier to run in, but when he turned the corner, Superman had vanished. Batman found himself in a small room with a three-legged table. On the table was a bottle, and attached to the bottle a note that read “Drink Me.”

“Curious,” Batman said, examining the bottle as he brushed his long blonde hair back from his shoulders. Maybe it was good to have long blonde hair, he thought, because the gesture of brushing it back made him look very cute.

“According to the satellite tracker, this is the last place they were seen,” Wonder Woman said as she looked around the park. “Then, they both just seemed to vanish.”

“Curious,” Nightwing said as he found himself staring with fascination at a statue of Alice. “She was in that Looking Glass story, right?” He said.

Wonder Woman looked at the statue and shrugged. “I’m not that familiar with this Alice,” she said looking at the statue which also included rabbits and a tortoise and other seeming cartoon characters. “Do you think this statue might have something to do with the case?”

“It could,” Nightwing said. He decided to stretch, raising both arms above his head and arching his back, which was just the moment when he popped out his very own pair of



boobies. Wonder Woman blinked. She rubbed her eyes, but nothing changed the fact that Nightwing now seemed to have his very own pair of brand new breasts. He also appeared to be wearing makeup.

“Nightwing,” Wonder Woman said. “You—have--” she made a cupping gesture with her hands over her own chest. The gesture struck her as slightly sexist and unbecoming of an Amazon, but she was having trouble finding the words to explain to Nightwing that he had popped out a pair of puppies. “You have, um, bongos.”

“I’ve had bongos since I was 12,” Nightwing said, confused that Wonder Woman had decided to note something that had been obvious for some years. However, at the sound of his voice, his eyes went wide. His hand went to his throat. “Why is my voice so deep?”

To be continued...

Bonus

