



Proudly Presents

DEAR BATMAN

(A MONOLOGUE DISGUISED AS
A SERIES OF LETTERS TO BATMAN)

WRITTEN BY JAKE BARTON

©2008



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IMPORTANT: PLEASE READ

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Dear Batman,

A few weeks ago, my younger sister was diagnosed with Muscular Dystrophy. Everyone in my family cried; that is, everyone except my sister. She just smiled, but she *always* smiles. She smiles no matter what's going on in our family. Some kids at school call her 'retarded,' but Mom says they're wrong. She's 'mentally-challenged.' I asked Mom if they didn't really mean the same thing, but she said, 'No. There's a difference.' I was just wondering if you had anything that could help her. You seem to have a gizmo for everything, and I thought maybe you had something that could cure her. I hope things are going good for you in Gotham City. If you can help in any way, I know we would all appreciate it.

Your friend,
Raymond

Dear Batman,

Do you ever cry? I only ask, because lately, I've been crying a lot. And not just because of my sister, but that makes me cry, too. I can't stop myself sometimes. I'll just be sitting at my desk in school, working on my vocabulary words or some math problem, and then bam! My shirt is wet, my eyes are red, and I *try* to hold back the tears, but that only makes matters worse. Usually, some girl in my class will slip out of her desk and tell the teacher. That's when the teacher quietly walks to my desk, taps me on the shoulder, and asks me to follow her into the hallway. She asks if there's anything she can do for me. Then she tells me to get a drink of water and go to the restroom for a few minutes. I think she called my parents, but they haven't said anything to me about it.

Your biggest fan,
Raymond

P.S. Just so that you know I'm not making any of this up, the two little spots on this letter aren't where I spilled something. They're my tears. I was hoping they'd disappear after they dried. Unfortunately, they stained the letter. I was going to apologize for them, but then I thought, "Hey, Batman's human, too." Right?

Dear Batman,

How do you do it? How do you juggle fighting all those criminals in Gotham City and still find the energy to run a multi-million dollar enterprise at the same time? Does it depress you that everytime you put one criminal behind bars, another one just pops up and takes his place? Doesn't that depress you, Batman? I wish I knew of a magic potion that would just make my sadness go away. You know, like how Poison Ivy and Cat Woman sometimes try to come up with some sort of potion that will make you fall in love with them or something? I know they're not nice women and cause you a lot of grief, but do you think one of them might have a potion that would help me feel happy again? The next time you catch one of them and put them behind bars, will you ask them for me?

Thank you,
Raymond

Dear Batman,

I think one of my teachers might have called Mom. Lately, as soon as I get home from school, Mom asks me if I've had a good day. I tell her it was okay, and every day she just smiles and says, 'That's good.' But I've heard my Mom talking to Dad a few times late at night. She tells him that she's worried about me. Dad tells her I'll be fine and says that all kids get depressed sometimes. He tells her it's natural and to stop worrying about me so much. Then he reminds Mom how they have *bigger* fish to fry right now. By bigger fish, I'm sure Dad's referring to my little sister. I hate