

RP: Psycho Psycho Babble

Published by: [Negaduck](#) on 12th Dec 2012 | View all blogs by [Negaduck](#)
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((Reserved for Negaduck and Ludwig von Drake at this time. Following events in the poison coffee arc and Lilly's murder.))

Some days start better than others. And some days start with receiving a rather unexpected piece of paper across one's desk.

St Canard Supervillains Prison

Transfer Authorisation

Case No: 94-209

Prisoner Id: 65439

Name: Unknown (alias "Negaduck")

Address: No fixed address

Martial Status: Let's not even go there

Latest Charge(s): Criminal use of a biological weapon in the first degree; mass embarrassment; reckless driving; grand theft; attempted murder; fluffy animal cruelty; contempt (for both the judge and life in general).

Synopsis of Facts:

The prisoner, herein referred to as 'Negaduck', has been found guilty of the above charges following his arrest on 10th Dec, where local police recovered his unconscious form in a state that they could only describe as 'having been trampled by a hundred really irritated elephants'. Investigations have linked this to an attempt on the life of a resident, Ms Lilly Teal, who has a long standing history of violent encounters with this criminal.

Notably, this is his first capture in some time, and the first since a recent attack on the city involving the poisoning of the local coffee supply. While damage caused during the resulting chaos has largely been repaired, the dignities of many have not.

Due to multiple unserved punishments against Negaduck, sentencing is expected to continue into the next month, as court officials tally the cumulative total of over 3,458 crimes.

Costs involved in his indefinite detention are likely to be high, and in an effort to find a more viable solution, SHUSH have authorised his immediate placement into remedial therapy. Savings are to finance a staff pingpong table and cold drink machine for out the back. All psychological means are permitted to achieve this end state.

Until such a point is reached, the prisoner is considered extremely dangerous and maximum security protocols must be followed during treatment.



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by **Prof. von Drake** 2 years ago

Reviewing the case file, Professor Ludwig von Drake found himself steeling his nerves to the upcoming patient.

A seasoned psychologist, the Austrian professor had been sure he had seen it all. From family therapy to criminal psychology, he had done, researched, and written one mind-boggling case to another. However, he was never expecting a case such as this to hit so close to home. That was something he had never experienced in his decades of study, and wasn't quite sure how to handle it.

For a moment, he looked over Lilly's name before detaching himself from the situation and awaiting the arrival of the patient. A certain patient he knew all too well. However, as soon as the chainsaw wielding maniac crossed that doorway, professional work will have no room for personal experiences.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

It wasn't long before the buzzer sounded and the thick metal

door slid across to allow access to their happy visitor. Negaduck, somehow in his usual costume – budget saving measures must have included scraping prison uniforms – was deposited in front of Ludwig's desk by two surly guards.

They then left the Professor to his work, exchanging a glance that may have read 'good luck' or dubiousness over the scientist's long-term survival. Who thought it would be a good idea to leave this elderly gent in a room with the city's most dangerous criminal, even if the latter was thoroughly cuffed and shackled? Whatever, it was above their paygrade.

Alone, the masked mallard surveyed the office with calm, predatory intent. Not unlike a circus lion let loose in the ring with an underprepared trainer, he was looking forward to tearing his minder to shreds, this fool that had the nerve to think he could be 'cured'. As if. He had come up against the top specialists of very field, criminologists, neuroscientists, and even exorcists, and he made short work of them all. Dr Spencer Reed, for example, had given up a successful lifetime of profiling to take up a much more relaxing job as a daisy.

He was therefore confident that he could beat this loser with his hands, literally, tied behind his back.

Until he actually caught sight of who that loser was.

"**YOU?!**" He would have reeled back further had his restraints allowed.

Taking a step back, the disconcerted drake made a call for the guards.

"Lemme out, you can't keep me in here with this kook!"

One maniac to another.

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by **Prof. von Drake** 2 years ago

The professor rose from his seat behind his desk, and against all natural instinct of survival, came around it to sit closer in an armchair beside the restrained villain. He had his classic

clipboard in hand and clicking pen in the other, already beginning to dissect every movement into observational, psychological fodder.

"Happy to see me?" The Professor cheerily greeted, "Don't worry yourself, Negaduck. I will be just und professional. You're in here for a psychiatric evaluation, not to haf yourself cured – now, dat itself is a kooky idea! – but to provide better care facilities to von vit' ... your kind of history."

He made a motion tick on his clipboard, "Anyhoo! Before ve get started in da lessons, I vill wait for you to calm down und settle yourself. You're in here for an hour today no matter vhat you zink of dat."

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

And he didn't zink very much of dat.

"Oh sure I'll settle – settle you right into a coma!" Negaduck bristled. Honestly, the gall of this guy, speaking to the world's most brilliant criminal genius as if he were a sulky toddler.

Sure made him want to throw one fierce temper tantrum.

With no lamps or tiny puppies within throwing distance, however, he had to settle for throwing words around instead. Remaining standing, he narrowed his eyes at the Professor spitefully.

"Care facilities? What a joke. The only care facilities you should be worried about are for yourself – and maybe some sort of style clinic for that colourblind daughter of yours."

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by **Prof. von Drake** 2 years ago

The Professor gave an empathetic nod towards the villain, much like a patient substitute teacher trying her best to control an unruly student without resorting to illegal uses of duct tape and the broom closet.

"I'm sorry to disappoint, Negaduck, but care facilities is not for making sure you are cared for. It is for da making sure dat conditions are met to keep you from endangering dose around you through mental health care methods." Ludwig clarified patiently, "Und by da hostility und unprovoked violent nature, I can see ve are going to look over your sedation options!"

That was delivered in an oddly cheery demeanor, and followed by the Professor's classic lighthearted chuckle. He continued, "I'll start of vit' horse sedatives as your prescription until you are done vit' your tantrum. Maybe even a gentle clobbering on da head und some relief for concussions – no, vait, I zink dat vas outlawed in '54. Oof! So vas lobotomy.."

Psychiatry was getting unreasonably harder in this day and age of sensitive folks.

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"It's going to take more than a lobotomy to calm **me** down!" he thundered dramatically, as if it were a challenge. Had his hands been free there may have been been some dramatic finger wagging.

Instead, he had to rely on sheer lung power, which was thankfully dramatic enough.

But did he have to?

Gears started turning. Keen senses took in very detail. The spring in the floorboards. The amount of slack in his chains. The clipboard the Professor was holding. The distance to the skylight.

"Say, Doc..." he began slyly. "If I were to 'calm down', as it were, could I borrow your pen for a minute?"

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by **Prof. von Drake** 2 years ago

"I zink da only lobotomy dat vould benefit you is complete removal of da brain." The professor responded with a completely backed up science fact. He looked up again from his clipboard,

pressing that softly against his chest protectively and clearly stated, "No, you are in no position to ask of me kvestions in a session. Dat vill be all me, und of da writin' as vell."

Getting himself comfortable on his armchair for the very uncomfortable hour that was up ahead, the Professor adjusted his glasses thoughtfully and continued, "Dere ah to be no objects or exercises dat rekvire da use uf anyzin' dat is not physically und biologically a part of you. I prefer for da coroner to tell mai wife dat I died of natural causes, not because a pen vas lodged down my throat."

All this stated as facts of science, it was no ifs ands or buts, much less any fear, but instead, keen observations and educated guesses based of the patient's history of – well, lodging things into people's various other things and said people appearing dead shortly thereafter.

"Now, I see dat you are calmed down, or else you vould not be able to control your voice to dis level of sanity." He began, "I ask of you da most important kvestion; vhy do you insist in comin to world which is not of your origin?"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

Shut down. Not given half a chance to explain his legitimate lies for needing that tool of mass ink stains. And to think, he wasn't even intending to harm Ludwig with it at all.

No, he was going to use it as a lockpick, pummel the other drake's head in with that Dr Scratchsniff bust, and then escape.

A frustrated foot stomp. Negaduck didn't care whether the 'facts' were science or pure bull; he simply hated not getting his way.

He was busy being aggravated about that when Ludwig's question caught him off guard.

Initial shock wore off – that's right, the guy had built him a portal detector – and was quickly replaced by a sarcastic smirk.

"Could wonder the same thing about you, Professor."

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by **Prof. von Drake** 2 years ago

The professor looked up.

"Dere's a difference between studyin' da causes und effects of dimensions and vhat makes of da tears in dem which lead to portals," He very calmly explained, "Und practically living in odder dimension to do nozing but cause crime und aggravate your dimensional counterpart."

He adjusted his glasses and gave Negaduck a patient glance, "Dat vill be da only time I vill entertain sometink about myself. It is not open to discussion. Now, misdirecting, classic sign of vanting to ignore a deep und troubling kvestion."

He made note of that, and the possibility that there was a much deeper reason why Negaduck continued to mess around in this dimension. He also made note to be very cautious of the types of things asked toward the masked mallard, and the possibility of keeping every kind of object away from him.

"It seems to me you haf personal vendetta against Darkving Duck simply for bein' your face. Does dat raise any self-doubt in you?"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

"'Being my face'?! More like being **in** my face!"

A snarl, and he brought that little rage-explosion under control. Just. The twitching of his hands gave away his desire to hurt somebody.

If the Professor wanted to keep him calm, perhaps talking about Darkwing Duck was not the best strategy.

"Listen, pal, I can't count the number of times I've been doing my own thing, when that blundering idiot has stormed in and ruined it. For cripe's sake, he came to my home town and damn near destroyed it. And you want to talk to me about vendettas?"

A darkness overcame him, filled with nothing but festering,

hateful fury.

"That fool has the nerve to look like me while trying to undermine everything I am and everything I've worked for. But he won't succeed. I will tear him and all that he cares for apart."

That vengeful glower ominously turned onto Ludwig.

"Just like I will everybody who gets in my way."

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by **Prof. von Drake** 2 years ago

"Vell, now ve ah gettin' somewhere." The professor announced cheerily as he began to scribble down illegible notes following every venomous statement furiously tossed around in the office.

He seemed not to be shaken and otherwise fully expecting this kind of reaction from Negaduck. He had his suspicions between the ultimate core of hatred that kept Negaduck in the normalverse and his ego as well.

"So you feel dat your reputation is bein' tarnished by Darkving und you're set to restore yours und tear apart his." He shook his head in deep, fascinated thought, "Now dis is some kooky kind of identity crisis...!"

He returned his attention back to Negaduck, and continued, "Vhat if you DO succeed and bring down – even kill – Darkving? Have you ever thought of dat?"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

His posture relaxed at the very thought.

Now that was calming.

"Oohyeah," murmured happily, almost to himself. "I've thought of that plenty."

Daydreams, so many satisfying daydreams. Unlike most people, however, he put the most vicious of his daydreams into action,

although the vigilante had an irritating habit of surviving them.
One day though, one day...

In the meantime, it was the best form of stress relief he had,
other than mowing down old people.

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by **Prof. von Drake** 2 years ago

The Professor's brows lifted in either absolute surprise that the suggestion calmed him down or that there was some way to actually work the guy. Whatever it was, he mentally congratulated himself, considering it a milestone in psychology if not a once in a lifetime opportunity.

"Is dat so?" He asked, intrigued, "Vould you care to share some of your thoughts on dat, und vhat you will do after? Is there any chance you'd go back to your reign in da Negaverse or will you indefinitely replace Darkving?"

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by **Negaduck** 2 years ago

That kicked some of the focus back, and he sent a glare in the professor's direction. Still, nowhere near as murderous as he had been only a few minutes before.

"Are you a moron? Like I'd do either of those things! 'Replace him'? You sure you're not on horse tranquillisers too...?!"

Trailing off, he soon returned to the topic at hand. Because it was such a nice topic.

"No, with Darkwing gone, there would be nobody to stop me plundering this St Canard too. I'd have all I'd ever wanted from both universes; all the money, all the power, all the jewels.."
Unhinged chuckle bordering on cackle. "I could do whatever I wanted with this city and there'd be nothing any of you could do to stop me..!"

Ah, it was so good to look ahead. Prior to capture, there was a limit to how much he could indulge in it; such megalomaniacal ranting invariably led to a loss of concentration at a crucial

moment. But here, who cared?