

Deceased: Lawrence, last name unknown.

Location of Death: Gotham Bell-tower

Cause of Death: Impact with ground after falling 80' feet through Gotham Bell-tower.

Lawrence knew he had messed up the moment his feet hit the floor behind Batman. The crack of the wood splintering beneath his feet as he landed sounded incredibly loud even over his own shout. He had planned to land and pull Batman into a suplex from behind, with the hope of incapacitating him. But as he bunched the muscles in his leg in anticipation of landing, he felt the aged wood of the bell-tower giveaway completely. It happened so fast he had no time to reach or grab at the sections of the still intact floor around the suddenly created man-sized hole.

As Lawrence plummeted through the floor directly behind the caped crusader, he let out a primal scream. It was filled with frustration and a large dose of fear, the sound bouncing off the walls of the Gotham church bell tower. The first half-second was nothing but fearful thoughts, the sudden shock at the sensation of the darkened abyss swallowing him from below.

The next second was a flurry of images that bled into the next, a quick glimpse at his mother's face and the sense of his father looming over him that melted into the countenance of the only woman he ever truly loved. Her name had been Sarah, and he had felt his heart backflip the first time he saw her shopping in the market where he worked his after school job. He had asked her out on the spot, and she had turned him down with a laugh that took the sting of rejection away. She had come back a few times after that, and when he learned she had started coming there specifically to see him, he made his move. Their romance had been fiery, and passionate, but had been almost fated to fail. They had both found something beyond special in each other, but that led to possessiveness. They both quickly realized their love had become built on an idea of what love was supposed to be, not what it really is. It had almost killed him to let her go after that year together, but setting her free had been the right thing to do and he had thrown himself into his boxing career as a way to forget.

His thoughts continued to bounce from moment to moment as he picked up falling speed. His thoughts strayed to his last amateur boxing match, the one that had felt like the beginning of the end. The face of his opponent appeared between his boxing mitts in his mind's eye, his bloody and bruised expression that faded quickly into an almost white light and the moment he opened his eyes in the hospital after the match. He remembered for a split second the crushing sense of defeat, both physically and the weight of the knowledge that he had lost his final fight.

These all flashed through him quicker than he could think, and he felt like his scream wouldn't end. He flashed to the moment he had been recruited into his first street gang, when a member of the gym he had started working at gave him a card with promises of wealth for some slightly shady work. It had started with simple loan collections for a bookie named Big Jim that operated near the Gotham docks. He was too effective in this role, causing destruction at levels that wouldn't allow clients the opportunity to pay back what they owed in an expeditious manner. His anger had nowhere else to go. His frustrations at life, his choices and their results, all seemed to be funneled into his fists at that time. His brutality began to make a name for him, becoming an enforcer in Carl Grissom's crime syndicate. He later swore allegiance to the Joker after he offered Grissom in his own office. Lawrence had known him as Jack Napier, the name and man that died when the Joker was born.

He remembered the chill that had run through him at the sight of his boss's new face after the accident. He hadn't been scared of him before. Reluctantly admired, or begrudgingly given top-dog status was how he had always felt towards his bosses. The Joker never told his goons what exactly had happened. Even if he had, there was no way to know if it was the truth. He was still getting paid regularly, taking his cut from fenced stolen goods and drugs that had fueled Napier's criminal syndicate for years. When his boss had returned from the dead and strolled into their hideout as the Joker, Lawrence had merely shrugged at it. He didn't care what his boss looked like really. He had become accustomed to following orders, and found himself delighted in the mayhem the villain created wherever he went. Sure the Joker was unhinged, and could snap and kill him at any moment. It made him feel alive, almost invincible though after he became friends with Joker's right-hand-man Bob. They had pulled some jobs together, and Bob assured him that while they were living dangerously, they were going to own the entire city before the year ended. He had even been given the task of carrying the boombox around during dramatic entrances, something he knew his boss enjoyed immensely.

That had been the first time he felt something akin to loyalty. An us-versus-them mentality towards the average citizen of Gotham, but especially towards Batman. The caped crusader threatened everything he had come to know. The things that he enjoyed, a way of life that he had been living for almost a decade at that point. He knew he was a mercenary and the things he was doing were mostly wrong, if not downright evil. Despite that, his anger and greed had lead him to this place. To his inevitable death and the panic that surrounded it. He hadn't given a second thought about being ordered to stay in the bell-tower with a few other henchmen.

Through the fear taking over his mind as he watched the ground slip terrifyingly closer, he felt... regret. Regret at choices that turned out bad, regret at the the loss of life.. He had never really faced it before, never given it much thought in fact. Unfortunately there was very little time to think about it now though as he sped downwards through the darkness. Death was there, and as he plummeted towards it his last thoughts weren't of love or life, but of disappointment.

A stolen candy bar in his hand, a bloody face beneath his knuckles, each flash of thought was quick and almost unnoticeable underneath his terror. But Lawrence couldn't stop the train of negative thoughts. Even in that final instant before impact, he was filled with nothing but anger and disappointment. Mostly directed at himself, because he had come to terms long ago with his choices. He knew he was a bad guy, but it had felt good to him. And in his very last moment, all he regretted was jumping from the rafters.