



# FUNNYBONE

## RAGE OF THE LUCKY 13

BY ALVARO CORTES JR

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Funnybone: Rage of the Lucky 13-  
By Lance Danger

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Recommended reading of what came before:

Fred Peterson, The Mighty Warlord

[http://www.theduckwebcomics.com/Fred\\_Peterson\\_The\\_Mighty\\_Warlord\\_Book\\_1/](http://www.theduckwebcomics.com/Fred_Peterson_The_Mighty_Warlord_Book_1/)

Alfred Gomez' Clown: Rogue Assassin

<http://www.theduckwebcomics.com/Clown/>

Dedication:

To the one who believes in me, even in the days I do not believe in myself.

Thank you, now and forever.

Funnybone's Personal 10 Commandments:

Die. Die. Die. Die. Die.

Die. Die. Die. Die. Die.

## Act 1

### “The Death of Isaias”

Stop me if you've heard this one: There's this man. His name is Isaias. Now, you may have never heard of him before, and if you did, you'd know that he was a thief and a scoundrel. And right now, he's running for his life. No doubt the consequence of being, well, a thief and a scoundrel. And these type of people usually get by because of plain, simple, dumb luck. Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your point of view), the problem with luck, is that just like with life, it eventually runs out.

Isaias enters a dark alley next to a pub called "Why Not?" You can only hear his panting and wheezing, along with the pitter-patter of his feet as it steps on puddles of water. He takes a small breather, waits approximately five minutes, because five was his lucky number. Then he slowly peeks his sweaty, dehydrated face from behind that trash bin he was hiding behind in direction to the street. All he sees is the typical tropical night in a city like San Juan, with the pub and convenience store lights buzzing, and of course, the odd group of friends drinking alcohol hidden in brown paper bags, away from the site of any cop could see.

“Lost them....” Isaias whispers to himself, still short of breath. He slowly straightens his slightly overweight, unhealthy body, when from further inside the darkness of the alley, he hears a low sneer that slowly builds into a howling laughter.

From the darkness emerges our tragic main protagonist himself, the man who calls himself Funnybone. Isaias facial expression, which was exasperated but relieved, was now filled with horror. “Wh-who's there?” cries out Isaias in a whimpering scream. “Isaias Trujillo, important in-between man in weapon deals between the crime lord Fatfish and El Cuervo Tuerto, the big drug lord” says Funnybone with certain amusement in his voice.

Isaias holds out a gun. “Y-you're that raving maniac, aren't you!? The one I've heard about, the one that dresses like a clown....” he whines as he tries to stop his hands from shaking. Funnybone, unfazed by the firearm, slowly makes his way towards the cowering Isaias, revealing his katana. “I'll give you extra points for calling me a raving maniac, but come on, a clown? No, I'm afraid not. A harlequin. A homicidal harlequin, at that!” he says with an air of dignity in his words.

Isaias shoots at Funnybone, but Funnybone had already started rushing towards him, knowing he would try to take a shot at him. Isaias misses his mark because even though up until now he was a very lucky man to have survived all the things that had happened to him, one thing he was not was a good nor lucky shot. With one swing of his katana, Funnybone kills him, gashing him from his torso up to his neck. Funnybone takes out a cloth to wipe the blood off his sword. “Ahhh, what a night... .heh” he says to himself as he sheaths his sword. He turns around into the darkness, content with himself. Because, you see, and feel free to stop me if you've heard this before, a man walks into a dark alley next to a bar, and gets himself killed by a harlequin. You may have not known Isaias, but if you did, you'd know he was a thief and a scoundrel. And if there's something that brings a smile to that son of a bitch Funnybone's face is killing, well, thieves and scoundrels.

## Act 2

### An Introduction for the Uninitiated

Funnybone, real name, Samuel Valentin. Ever since he was just a child, he was enamored with the martial arts. He believed the people could achieve enlightenment with martial arts. He truly believed that with his style, he could change the world. Samuel married his high school sweetheart, Marysol Quintana. Together, they opened a dojo together, just as he finds out she was pregnant with their first child. But fate can be a cruel mistress.

The crime lord known as Fatfish arrived into their lives much like a tornado. Without warning and leaving behind a path of destruction. Samuel's pregnant wife was murdered in their dojo. Fatfish gained Samuel's trust and in turn Samuel turned into an assassin, trusting Fatfish's word that he would help avenge the death of all that he loved in the world. As it turned out, Samuel was betrayed by Fatfish and it was revealed that he had a hand in Samuel's misfortune. After escaping an assassination attempt on him, Samuel vowed to bring down Fatfish's criminal empire, and anyone that gets in the way of this, the most holiest of missions.

Clown, real name, Vincent Bogart. Vincent's father was a well-respected officer of the law. After he was discovered as an undercover cop that was trying to discover who Fatfish was, he was killed by one of Fatfish's men. He ended up taking Vincent as a child, and en-

trusting him to Samuel, to train him at an early age to become a homegrown assassin for his criminal organization. He grew up to be one of his top men.

After a botched mission, Fatfish ordered Samuel to assassinate him. Samuel, having developed a deep bond with Vincent, lets him escape. Later on, when Fatfish eventually tried to have Samuel killed, it was, in fact, Vincent that helped save Samuel's life. Now, together, they live for overthrowing Fatfish's criminal empire.

The more you know.

### Act 3

Meet Runaway Mara

Five Months Later.

Mara Trujillo is no ordinary woman. Though her appearance may be deceiving, she is quite the character. Her black hair in two ponytails on either sides on the top of her head. Big, round glasses. She wears a t-shirt and hoodie and are too big for her. She also wears baggy pants. She really does not draw any kind of attention towards herself. Not even when she's struggling to carry two big bags full of groceries all over the streets of Viejo San Juan.

She makes her way into one of the old houses close to the public plaza. She struggles up the stairs until she finally makes her way to her current home. She puts the groceries on the table and starts putting them away. Mara hears feet dragging along the floor coming from one of the three bedrooms. "You know, you could help out a little since I brought these groceries, Sammy!" she cheerfully says. Samuel enters the kitchen, looking a little worse for wear. "No one told you to, Mara" he says with resignation in his voice. Mara slumps over the dining room table and heaves a big sigh. "That's the thanks I get after being so generous!" she exclaims annoyed. "It's not generosity unless you use your own money" he retorts. Mara sits up straight. "Where am I supposed to get money?" "Get a job. Better yet, move out of here, get a job, and leave me alone."

Mara stands up and walks up to Samuel's face, looking concerned. "Samuel.... you and your bravado. You can't take on the world by yourself. Besides, I have to repay you for saving me two months ago, remember?"

Two months ago. It doesn't sound like much when you actually say it. But a lifetime of things can happen in the span of 60-62 days. Two months ago, on her eighteenth birthday, Mara ran away from her home. She started living on the streets. One night, two men that were up to no good, tried to take advantage of her. Just when she thought her day had come, Samuel, in full Funnybone costume, came out seemingly out of nowhere. He slayed the two creeps without much thought. After that, she followed him around, trying to repay him for saving her life.

"I hope you realize that deep inside, you're still that caring, sensitive soul that wanted to change the world" she says to Samuel as we rejoin them in his kitchen. "I'm going to do some training. You better not interrupt me again" he says as he walks away from her.

Mara looks on until he is surrounded by the darkness inside his room, and as the door slowly closes behind him.

#### Act 4

Pablo Watanabe and Lolita Letal's idea of fun- a phone call!

It's a dingy, dirty abandoned factory. The economy has hit the once prosperous island of Puerto Rico hard. Many factories have left the island, either because they went bankrupt, or because it was simply cheaper to do business elsewhere. That's where this dingy, dirty abandoned factory comes into play.

There's a man hanging from the ceiling bound, by his hands. Standing at about twelve feet away from him is a woman who prefers that you call her Lolita Letal. She's torturing him by throwing darts at his exposed chest and abdomen. There's a phone ringing, and it's answered by a man, his name is Pablo Watanabe. "Hello? Yes, this is him" says Pablo in a smooth, almost dreamy voice. "What? A man screaming in the background? Never mind him, he's just assisting one of my subordinates in her...eye-hand coordination. Yes, 8:30 would be a good time. Remember to bring \$250,000 in advance, unless you want to be of assistance to my subordinate as well" he says as he looks back towards Lolita hitting her target once again.

## Act 5

### Clown makes a startling realization!

It's night time. The same way there are abandoned factory structures here and there in Puerto Rico, there are also a growing amount of abandoned houses. In some cases homes that had begun construction, but funding for it dried up and the house would never get to be completed. Or people that just couldn't maintain a house anymore. A couple of addicts are taking advantage in one of these very homes. "Sure hope he gets his. Ever since he chopped up my dealer, my stash has been whack" says the younger drug addicted man to the much older man sitting down with him. "I hear ya, man" he replies in a raspy, nonchalant tone. "I swear, I'm gonna be the first one to be dancing on his grave!" "Bout time they put the hit on him."

Seemingly out of nowhere, Vincent, dressed up as Clown, appears behind them. "Sounds like a nice guy" he says through a half smile. The addicts get startled and try to run away, but Clown jumps in on the addicts. "I was hoping to get info on Fatfish's newest drug dealers, but this sounds pretty interesting. Whose head has a price on it? "I... I..." stammers the older man. "Whose head has a price on it!?!?!?!?" Clown screams now. "F-Funnybone!" finally confesses the younger man. "So, Fatfish finally snapped and decided to get outside help to shut us down...?" Clown wondered to himself. "No, not Fatfish! Word on the street, Yakuza is after him... looking for info on all hitmen crazy enough to try and take out Funnybone." "My God..... Otomo? The Otomo Clan!? What the hell is going on here?

## Act 6

### Funnybone takes out the trash

Clown rushes towards his motorcycle, pulling his smart wristwatch to his mouth. He's desperately calling Samuel's home.

"Chello?" Answers Mara cheerfully. "Mara? Where's Samuel? It's important!" he exclaims with urgency.

"Oh, hey Vincent! I don't know. I saw him go out ten minutes ago. Asked him where he was going, but he only said he was going to 'take out the trash.'

Outside, near central park in San Juan, We see five strong men, then we see Funnybone standing in front of them, tonfas in his hands. The men are bodyguards to some men in Fatfish's organization. Or so they said to Funnybone, followed by "What the hell, you know who we work for, punk?" Says the first man with level of insecurity. "Better tell us what you doing here, you freak, so we can tell Fatfish who and why we killed a freak." Exclaims the other person. Funnybone is now grinning. "I'm here to take out the trash, little ones." He says still grinning.

All five men rush in, but in a matter of seconds, all five are defeated fast. Funnybone walks on them and then stares at the fool moon.

## Act 7

### Done Deal!

Later on, there's a meeting taking place between an envoy of the Otomo clan and Pablo Watanabe. "Do we have a deal?" he asks, intimidated by Watanabe. "Did you bring the cash?" asks Watanabe. "He always pays in full what he owes to ensure no side trouble" the envoy replies, as he opens a briefcase full of money. "A wise man" Watanabe says. Pablo leaves with the briefcase walking away without looking back. "On behalf of the rest of The Lucky 13, we thank you for your patronage..... To be continued.

#### About the Author:

Alvaro Cortes Jr grew up in Williamsburg, NY, and later spent most of his life in Puerto Rico, before moving back to NY. His love for The Chronicles of Narnia and comic books as a child fueled his imagination to this very day.

You can find more of his works here:

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