



FUNNYBONE

RAGE OF THE LUCKY 13

BY ALVARO CORTES JR

2



: Rage of the Lucky 13-
By Lance Danger

Funnybone: Rage of the Lucky 13
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Table of Contents:

Act 8: The Clown Searches for Samuel

Act 9: Samuel's Lament

Act 10: Run!!!

Act 11: Crazy?

Act 12: A Word to the Wise

Act 13: Go, go, Lucky 13!

Recommended reading of what came before:

Fred Peterson, The Mighty Warlord

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.

Fun fact:
Pigs can't sweat.

Act 8: Clown Searches for Samuel

Vincent, aka the rogue assassin Clown, is speeding down the narrow streets of Viejo San Juan. No one even really notices him at this time of night. Not really much people out right now, and the ones who are, well, let's say they are more of the shady type that would rather ignore assassins speeding on motorcycles at this time of night.

"This doesn't look good. I go out to get info on the newest drug pushers, instead I find out there's a bounty on Samuel. Why the hell the yakuza, of all people?" he asks himself.

Clown arrives at Samuel's hideout, where he's greeted by Mara, who was in sleeveless top and pajama pants, laying down on a beat down sofa. There's a small coffee table close to her with a cup of steaming tea resting in a Peanuts mug. She was reading Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone (an early British edition, how nice!). "Vinny! What happened? You sounded so upset over the phone" she exclaims, looking up towards Vincent and carefully putting her book down.

"Do you know where Samuel went?" Vincent asks, worried. "H-he only told me what I told you, he said would to take out the trash. He was fully costumed, though." she replies

now sounding concerned. “Look, I can't go into specifics now, but you better leave this place, now.” “But, Samuel needs me here....”

Clown looks at her. He's trying to think of the best way to reason with her. To let her know that remaining there could mean her death. “I know you have an attachment to him since he saved your life. He must think fondly of you too if he let you stay here, even when one night you somehow back tracked him here. But... looks like things are going to get dangerous for a while. Why don't you go back to wherever it is you ran away from? I need to find Samuel. Don't be here when we come back. If we come back.”

Mara looks on, contemplative as Vincent turns about and walks away from her. Then the door shutting slowly.

Act 9: Samuel's Lament

Viejo San Juan, Puerto Rico. Paseo de la Princesa. This lovely promenade dates back all the way to 1853. It's one of the oldest and most beloved places in all of Puerto Rico. Along the walk, that evokes feelings of another time and place, of the past drenched in the history of Spain itself, you see food vendors. Artwork and sculptures. At the end of the walk, you make it to the gates of San Juan, basically the heart of Puerto Rico's capitol, San Juan.

But towards the beginning of the walk, there's a majestic fountain. Samuel looking at the fountain. That's the place where he met Marysol, he's holding a rose in his hand. See, as mentioned before, she was his ill-fated wife. He proceeds to lay the rose in the water.

His mind drifts as it happens whenever he's here. He thinks of simpler times. Times of reading books together, walks along the beach, talking about the future. But then, everything always turns blood red. Then red with anger. Regret. Loss. One day, one day he will kill every single one of those bastards that took her away from him.

He clenches his fists, then relaxes them. He turns around, ready to leave. As he turns around and lifts his sights, he sees her standing in front of him. She's standing there, trying to catch her breath.

Mara.....

Act 10: Run!!!!

Mara finds Samuel at last. He is not amused. "I thought I told you to stop following me, especially when I'm out like thi-" Mara, trying as best as she can to control her breathing, grabs Samuel by his shirt. "I-it's Vincent! He's looking everywhere for you! He said something about danger coming towards all of us. Samuel, I'm scared" she says, her voice trembling more with every word.

Slowly, Samuel puts his hands on her narrow shoulders. He slowly gets his face closer and closer to hers. His lips are close to her right ear. She starts to feel goosebumps the moment she feels his breath close to her earlobe. Samuel, looking past her, says in her ear, slowly and calmly "...Mara...you've been followed"

Suddenly, there was a pop. Then more, until the air is full of noise and gunpowder. Samuel grabs Mara and hug the ground. Then he lifts her up and they run for cover as bullets start raining towards them again.

Funnybone and Mara running away through all the gun smoke. As he looks behind, he sees a garbed figure through the smoke. He's tall, around six foot one. He's wearing a cowboy style hat and poncho. The smoke clears and the man is just standing there, smiling. He's holding revolvers, one in each hand. He stands there smirking at the carnage.

Six Shooter Larry they call him. "That should get them nice and warmed-up for the show." he says while he smirks. Funnybone and Mara find their way to his motorcycle. They hop on, fleeing the scene. Funnybone shouts at Mara to hold on. Vincent suddenly appears on

the road and pulls up close to them on his motorcycle. “Funnybone! It’s Otomo of the yakuza! He’s put a bounty on your head!” “My, my, looks like my hate index is growing!”

Lolita Letal walks seductively on the street. Her short, blond hair underneath a bandana. She wears a short dress with thigh high leather boots. She stands side by side with Larry. “Ran away, did he?” she asks in a teasing, flirtatious tone. “Just as the report suggested. He avoids fighting while innocent spectators are around” he replies dryly. “Huh, a hitman with a conscience? What has this world come to?” she says as they turn around leaving the scene.

“Let’s get out of here. Our scouting is done.” he says as he lights up a cigarette.

Act 11: Crazy?

All three are at Samuel’s apartment, wondering what to do next. “This is messed up. I mean, why would Otomo want you wiped out anyway? He should know by now that you want to take out Fatfish as much or more than he does” Vincent ponders. “Beats me. But, there is one way of finding out” Samuel says with a smile on his face. “What? How?” asks Mara. “Should we go around for the usual suspects and ask around?” asks Vincent somewhat confused at Samuel’s reaction. “No, my friend. This calls for something more social” Samuel replies, still smiling. “Wait, do you mean....?” Vincent starts asking before he’s cut off by Samuel’s simple answer, “Well, I’m going in through the front door, of course.”

“That’s suicide! Are you crazy!?” Vincent exclaims, sounding both worried and perplexed by this development. “Do I look crazy to you?” Samuel asks as he grabs his katana, while he smiles, well, while he smiles like a crazy person.

Act 12: A Word to the Wise.

The following evening is a night little day. It's 85 degrees and the humidity isn't as bad as it usually gets. In Guaynabo City, there's a nice little Italian restaurant. Bon Apetite it's called. Rumor has it that it might receive a Micheline Star, one of the highest honors a restaurant can receive. It's lavish décor and rich menu makes this place a must eat.

But more pertinent to this story, is that envoys of Otomo usually dine here. Especially when they get tired of Japanese food. "Waiter, another bottle of wine, my date doesn't seem to be drunk enough" says one such envoy, named Carlos Mercedes. "Yes, sir" says the waiter, looking out of the corner of his eyes at the woman dressed in a red cocktail dress, looking tipsy and giggly.

All of the sudden, Samuel pops in, pushing past the waiter. "Excuse moi!" Samuel says as he sits down, Vincent and Mara in tow, sitting at the table as well. All five are now sitting at the table, Carlos looking petrified. "Y-you-you're-!" he stammers looking directly at Samuel. "Yes, the ghost of Christmas yet to come, here to enlighten you on what may happen if your boss doesn't take off the bounty he has on me" says Samuel with striking confidence. "Surely you must know of our zany exploits, including many, many severed heads" Vincent continues. "Especially severed heads." Samuel emphasizes. "Now, I'd like to think it's a mistake and there is no price on my friend's head here, hmm?" Vincent inquires.

"He-he will kill him. Just you wait. And if you two have enough smarts, you'd leave his side. He is marked for death." Carlos finds the courage to respond, though he sweats more and more with each passing moment. Sweating like a pig, as the saying goes. Even though pigs lack the glands that would make them sweat. So fun fact: pigs can't actually sweat.

"Such hostility! What did I do to anger such a magnificent specie such as dear old Otomo?" Samuel asks, not fazed by the threats. "Don't worry yourself on why he wants you dead. I advise you to worry on how you plan to live your last days." Carlos replies, sounding more confident. "It's a pity we couldn't come to terms then. Come on troops, let's get out of here and let the nice couple finish their dinner, it is quite expensive." Samuel says with a sigh

and shrugging his shoulders. “Oh, and if you're wondering why your bodyguards didn't come after you secretly texted them on your smart watch...” says Samuel before Carlos interrupting him “You.....how did you notice....?” “Because we're smart that way. In any event, about your bodyguards...a word to the wise, if you don't want to lose that expensive dinner you have in your tummies, I suggest you not enter your VIP room if you're....squeamish...heh.”

The three are now outside the restaurant. “So, what do you make of it?” Vincent asks as he mounts his motorcycle. “Yakuza sure can hold grudges” Samuel replies nonchalantly. “I still think it was crazy to bring Mara along” Vincent says looking at Mara, who is sitting behind Samuel on his motorcycle. “I-I didn't mind.” Mara replies with a soft voice. “See? She doesn't mind. Besides, if we left her behind, she most assuredly would've gotten herself into some kind of trouble.” Samuel responds. “Fair enough.” Vincent says sternly.

“Zany? You actually said zany back there?” Samuel mockingly asks as they ride out.

Act 13: Go, go, Lucky 13!

Pablo Watanabe receives a phone call in his posh apartment. “Hello? Yes, this is he. Understood.” Pablo stands up. “McGraw! Come over here a moment.” Pablo yells.

"Bearclaw" McGraw enters the room. A most grizzly (no pun intended) man. Standing at five foot nine, he has a muscular frame. He's wearing a robe. If you look down to his right hand, you'll see he has no hand at all, instead, he has a prosthetic hand. “How can I be of service, Watanabe-San?” he asks in his deep, raspy voice. “Gather the other rages. We move out tonight.” Pablo orders. “As you wish, Watanabe-San.”

Pablo is standing contemplative in his living room, his back turned at McGraw, looking out the window overseeing the city. “I truly believe the human race is the only animal capable of hating their own kind for selfish reasons, my dear Bearclaw McGraw.” he randomly says. “Excuse me, Watanabe-San?” McGraw asks confused.

“I'm talking about pure, good old fashioned, unadulterated hate, my old friend. Hate usually comes from anger. And anger usually comes from being hurt.” Pablo replies in a matter of fact tone. “I am not quite sure where you are getting at, Watanabe-San.” expresses a confused McGraw.

“The moon will run red with blood on this night, Bearclaw. Our benefactors of hate has paid us to distribute murder. And we will give them bloody satisfaction, as only the Lucky 13 can do.” Pablo states. “Yes, Watanabe-San. If you excuse me, I shall reunite the rest of the rages.” McGraw answers with a wicked smile. “Please do, and thank you.”

Lolita, Larry, and the other rages are in a game room close to the living room. There's a pool table and a few old school arcades. Bearclaw walks in. “Look alive, people.” he exclaims. “So, are we finally going to attack?” Lolita asks. “Yes. We have been green-lighted.” McGraw answers. “About time.” Larry says as he pulls close to his chest one of his six shooters.

McGraw faces everybody and starts talking at them, “Casandra Castro, ‘Lolita Letal’, beautiful, but deadly! Larry Mercado, ‘Six-shooter’ Larry, the fastest gun in the tropics! The nine rages....the most deadly assassin group assembled. And I, Kennedy “Bearclaw” McGraw, second only to our beloved leader Pablo Watanabe-San....We, The Lucky 13 shall unleash our rage on Funnybone on this night!

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.

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