



The Adventures of Superman #9
Ramon Villalobos

Published: 2006

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): "Lois Lane" Comics DC2 Superman Prankster

Adventures of Superman
Issue 9: "Return to Happy Fun Time"
Written by Ramon Villalobos
Cover by Roy Flinchum and Ramon Villalobos
Edited by David Charlton

The sun slowly rises over the grand cityscape of Metropolis marking the start of a new day and already the denizens of Metropolis are busy driving to respective offices, making calls on their cell phones, and stopping at trendy coffee shops before starting the breakneck city workday. But as the rest of the city rushes to get each task done, Clark Kent waits.

Alone in his apartment, Clark Kent has been asleep for no more than a few hours in a cramped apartment at 344 Clinton Street. He wakes up in time to be late for work. In the bathroom, Clark looks at himself in the mirror and examines his unshaven and barely awake expression. Using his heat vision he reflects red beams of light into the glass and it bounces off, trimming the otherwise unbreakable Kryptonian facial hairs. He runs his fingers through his thick hair and puts on a loose fitting suit. Crouched over, and in the loose brown suit and oversized glasses, Clark Kent is a mild mannered reporter, but in the *other* suit, he gets to be himself. As Superman, Clark can be the man that the Kents raised and that his Kryptonian parents always envisioned he could become when they sent him to Earth, when his home world was destroyed.

Clark Kent walks out of his tiny apartment and into Metropolis everyday repressing his natural instincts to be a man the world can accept as their own.

As usual, the *Daily Planet* is swarming with its buzzing news-hungry staff. Although the main office floor of the planet is practically lit with computer monitors and electronic devices, it still very much feels like the *Daily Planet* of old. Staffed to the brim with brown suits and bowties, the *Daily Planet's* atmosphere is almost trapped in another time long ago.

The elevator in the *Daily Planet* skyscraper comes to a stop punctuated by the flashing of a light and the gentle sound of an automated tone. Out of its narrow opening stumbles mild-mannered news reporter Clark Kent. Hurriedly bumping into the masses of people in front and to the sides of him, Clark smiles nervously apologizing faster than a speeding bullet as he plows through the dozens of co workers while dropping the loose papers he has sloppily bunched up against his chest in one arm and holding his coat over his forearm of the other. Clark's suit is intentionally loose fitting and although his body is larger than most of the people in the office, his slouched posture blends him in the crowd.

"Excuse me. Pardon me. I'm so sorry. I hope that wasn't too hot." He says with a panicky demeanor as he pats a co-worker on the chest to dry off spilled coffee. It's all part of the act.

Clark finally makes his way across the room leaving a trail of havoc in his path to the office of editor-in chief Perry White. Perry White is a stern but fair editor, the kind of newspaperman a person sees in the movies with grayed hair and a face full of wisdom in the form of wrinkles. Clark bends over to reach for the door knob of the office when he hears the muted scream of his boss and he zones in on it, picking up the conversation.

"Lois, what are you trying to do me? You know I can't send you out on a wild goose chase for this kind of thing! Why can't you cover something you get from a **reliable** source?"

"How many times do I have to tell you, Perry?" Clark hears Lois say in an angry roar, "Marshall Edwards **is** a very reliable source!"

"Marshall Edwards makes a living scrubbing city dumpsters."

"Yeah, dumpsters outside of the courthouse, police office, city hall... "

"Lois, **no** do you understand that? The two letters I have to pronounce to keep you from wasting valuable time on an empty story."

"Hey Clark." Jimmy Olsen calls out smiling goofily as he slaps Clark on the shoulder. And breaking his focus on the conversation.

"Oh, hello Jimmy, how are you doing today?"

"Oh fine, I was able to get down to the... " Jimmy continues as Clark fades him out and diverts his attention back into the office.

"Besides don't you think if this was true, allegations would have leaked? Don't you think it would have hit the dirt rags ages ago?"

"Don't you get it Perry? This isn't a scandal it's a cover."

"**Everything** is a conspiracy to you Lois! The last time you got short changed by the bagel guy in the lobby you called it a cover!" Perry shouts out.

"Perry, if you want this story to get away fine, but don't come running to me to cover it when it's big news."

"Yeah, and when the swine's sonic boom breaks my window, you can pick up the pieces, deal?"

Clark smiles nodding as Jimmy tells him the story.

"So what do you think Clark? Should I do it?" Jimmy says anxiously awaiting Clarks answer.

"Umm... Sure, Jimmy. That sounds swell." Clark says with a smile as he nods his head and tightens his perfect Windsor knot.

Jimmy's face brightens up, "Really, Clark? I never thought **you** would have thought getting a nose ring would be a good idea."

"A nose ring?" Clark says in surprises, "Oh, umm, right a nose ring. Well it's not my preference but I... umm... support your... " Clark says stumbling over his words. Taking off his glasses to wipe them on his shirt, he continues to mumble until the door on the side of him bursts open and out of the door storms a raging Lois Lane. Lois slams into Clark dropping a stack of papers. Clark smiles fretfully as he bends over to help Lois, "Oh, sorry Lois, I didn't see you coming. I was just talking to Ji-"

"Yeah? That's great, Smallville. Can I get those paper's back now?" She requests impatiently, holding out her hand as Clark fumbles to get the papers in a neat pile. Lois rolls her eyes and grabs the papers from him making her way to the door through the thick crowd of people. Clark raises his hand to call out her name and before he makes his way through the swarms of people a silence spreads and the people shift out of his way to avoid further *accidents*.

Ignoring Clark, Lois enters the elevator and presses the 2nd floor button before he is able to find his way. Quickly, he uses his arctic breath and freezes the track to the floor. Frustrated, Lois begins slamming the buttons of the elevator as Clark makes his way in and melts the frost allowing the doors to shut. "Thanks or holding the elevator, Lois" Clark says smiling goofily as he fixes his shirt cuffs.

"Yeah, no problem." Lois says flipping through the papers.

"What have you got there?" He asks inquisitively peeking over her shoulder at the now wrinkled papers.

"Oh, no. Not this time Clark." She says without looking up.

"Um... Pardon?"

"I know your little game, you want me to just hand my story over to you again, is that it? Well forget it. I am on to something big here."

"Oh, right um... sorry, Lois." Clark says looking away from her, "But I just figured, if it's something big you could use some help... you know, I am a great fact checker."

Lois rolls her eyes and exits the elevator as it comes to a stop and she walks out ignoring Clark altogether. Clark follows her and finally she turns around o face him, "Okay, want to know? Do you know the guy from that show, The Prankster or something. Fat guy wore a green suit."

"Yes, when I was a boy I used to watch his show all the time."

"That's great. I have information that someone has set him up in that creepy old home of his and he is getting kids delivered to his house like

they were pizzas."

"I had no idea... " Clark says quietly.

"Yeah, well how would you? Listen, do me a favor and just stay away from this okay?" She says as Clark stares down, "Okay?!"

"Of course, Lois, if you insist... ." Clark says quietly. Lois steps into a taxi and he signals for the one behind it right away. The cab is small and the cabby looks back to see ask where to drive but as he turns around to see his customer, all he sees is an empty seat and a five dollar bill.

Yesteryear...

The sun rises over the small town of Smallville, Kansas, as tractor engines rev up for a hard day's work, and the sound of roosters call out the start of a new day. Living in Smallville is a life of waiting. Farmers wait anxiously for crop to grow, so they wait until they can harvest it. Wives wait for their husbands to come back from the fields so that they can wait for them to finish eating and go back. Children wait for school to end so that they can spend the rest of their lives waiting like their parents. But for the Man of Tomorrow, waiting was not an option.

Clark Kent sat readily at the small dining table for his Ma to bring him a plate of pancakes for breakfast. She slowly placed them before him and as she sat down at the other end of the round table and looked back at him, the pancakes had already been devoured and syrup stained the edges of his mouth as he reaches over the table with his short arms to grab his small glass of milk. Ma Kent's eyes widened as she saw the boy raise the glass to his mouth both hands firmly holding the base. "Ma," He begins quietly setting down the glass, "If I help Pa with the wheat, can I watch The Prankster on the T.V.?"

Martha Kent was still amazed by her son's developing abilities.

"B'cause at school, Pete was telling me a joke and I asked him where he heard it because it was funny and he said the show with The Prankster on it and he's awfully funny Ma."

"Clark, you know how your father feels about the television."

"Yes Ma... " He says lowering his head to the table and rubbing his plate to suck another spot of the sticky maple syrup off his finger. The table is quite as Ma looks over at the heartbroken boy across from her and eats her pancakes.

"Clark... " Ma says quietly resting her fork on her plate and bringing up her napkin. Clark's eyes brighten up and he raises his head, "How about... . Just this once, without Pa knowing, if you watched that program?" As Ma speaks each word Clark grows happier and more and more excitement builds up inside him.

"Ma," Clark begins rumbling in his chair, "May I be excused?" The little boy firmly holds onto the edge of the seats as he shakes causing it to beat against the floor quickly as he shook with anticipation. Ma looked outdoors to where Pa's tractor could be heard in the fields and then down at the extraordinary four year old sitting opposite of her and she smiled and nodded her head.

And so began a secret tradition that would continue for two years before Pa began to show him the way of the life on the farm. Every morning, for about half an hour a day, Clark would be able to put aside the fact that he was *special* and be treated like a normal kid. Ma figured that for the rest of his life he would be limited by how much he would be able to fit in with normal society because of his gifts would mark him as an outsider for the rest of his life.

The television set in the Kent's living room crackles momentarily and suddenly emits a soft glowing light on young Clark Kent's wide-eyed face. Contorting shapes of lime green, orange, and pink fill the dull screen followed by a high pitched whistling theme song. Sitting, anxiously on his knees Clark leans closer to the set in excitement. Behind the jagged, colorful shapes, a bizarre face starts to peek through. The pale doll-like face of the Prankster suddenly appears and Clark's excitement peaks as he hums the theme aloud.

The show's opening theme fades out into the clapping and cheering of hundreds of children when The Prankster runs onto the stage in his iconic green polyester suit, felt bowler cap, red bowtie, and yellow flower

pinned to his coat pocket. Back then, Oswald Loomis was obese and overly blushed but as the decades passed, his face and body disintegrated along with his career as he seemed to eat away at his flesh with extreme surgery to remove every last ounce of fat from his body, completely change his face to match his cartoon on air persona, and stretch out parts of his anatomy to make him look taller in comparison to the children audience. At one point in his life, Loomis captured the imagination of children everywhere, but at some point it all slipped away from him and he disintegrated into madness.

Present Day

In the darkness, aged and wrinkled Oswald Loomis, otherwise known to the world as kiddy television star, The Prankster, sits on a bloated mattress alone. His dark eyes are fixated on the bright doorway across the room and he stretches cheeks into a large crooked grin revealing his comically large, gapped teeth. Slowly he raises his hand and stretches his elongated spider like fingers and gestures the petite figure in the doorway over to his inflated mattress. "Come on, little boy," he whispers in his deep baritone voice, "I don't bite."

The boy shivers, gripping his stuffed doll of the man crouched over on the giant bed. His grip tightens as he takes his first step into the darkness.

"That's right... " The man's voice creeks out as he pats the bed next to him. "Don't be afraid... I just want to be your friend. You want to be my friend don't you? Everyone wants to be my friend." He says smoothly.

The little boy's freckles and soft colored hair fade to black as he takes his next small step to the frail man. The Prankster breathes hard long gasps of air as he waits for the young man and his polyester green striped suit stretched over his rib cage expands and deflates as the boy takes each faint step closer to his bed.

"I invited you over special because I thought you were a nice little boy. You **are** a nice little boy aren't you?" He asks with a sorrowful tone as he droops his head down and raises his eyes at the gentle child before him. The boy shakes his head slowly looking up into the eyes of the man he

had looked at with joy and admiration only hours ago before he was invited to a private *playtime* with the television star in his world renowned Fortress of Fun. "Good." The skeletal man says smiling again devilishly, "I hate being wrong."

Then, without warning, the man springs to his feet on the bed and laughs wildly as colorful lights flair from the center of the room outwards and his whistling theme song roars out of speakers overhead. The boy jumps back and drops the doll on the floor as he falls to the floor and the door behind him slams shut. "You see, I know good little boys when I see them and guess what I see right now little boy. Go ahead and guess! Open up them cute little lips and speak!" He screams in delight hopping up and down on the bed.

The little boy crawls toward the door in fear but before he can go further the Prankster's highwater pants land cut him off from escape. The Prankster kneels down to the boy and rests his silk gloved hand on the boy's hair.

"Oh... what's the matter?" He asks wearily, patting the boy on the head, "Don't you want to play? Aren't I funny?"

The boy's eyes begin to well up and the Prankster laughs wickedly.

"How about a joke? Do you want to hear a joke?" He shouts pulling on his greasy black hair. "Okay, I got one! What is the difference between you and the chicken that crossed the road?" He screams into the boy's face. The music plays louder and lights spin faster and time passes as the Prankster smiles waiting for a response. "Don't know? The chicken... got to the other side!" He shouts tossing himself onto the floor rolling around in laughter.

The boy holds his tears back no longer and they begin to flow from the bottom of his eyes and he plants himself to the floor.

Suddenly the laughter stops. Then the lights dim and the music fades and the boy is left in complete darkness clutching the long shag carpet of the Prankster's floor.

"No seriously. You aren't going anywhere." Comes the echo out in the

darkness of the room. "Because I was wrong. You don't want to play or have a good time at all... you just want to sit there and cry like a little baby. I thought you were a good boy. You aren't a good boy. None of you little brats ever are." The boy looks out into the darkness for a faint glimmer of hope.

Suddenly, a loud crash is heard overhead and a flood of light follows through as Superman bursts through the roof of the dark room. The Prankster leaps back in fear and the boy stands up and runs to Superman.

"You'll be okay son." He says consolingly to the boy beside him, and he looks up to the Prankster, who's curled up in fetal position beside his bed. "You're going to pay Loomis. Where are the rest?"

Oswald's eyes dart back and forth in sheer terror as he faces the Superman glowing in sharp a beam of light. "The jokes on you, Superman. It took you longer to find out about this than they said. You thought my benefactors would set me up with this place, with access to all those fine little boys without expecting **you** to show up? Did you honestly think they wouldn't expect you? Why don't you say hello... to my toys... " He says devilishly in his deep voice as red lights begin to light up around the room.

Dozens of bizarre toys suddenly are visible and they all launch automatically at the Man of Steel as he tries to keep the boy out of harm's way. A twisted Jack-in-the-box shoots towards Superman's head as he dispatches blades of fake flowers hurtling towards the boy. As the jack-in-the-box attaches to him, the box busts open and several robotic arms spring out and latch onto his neck and a small deposit of kryptonite radiation is released overhead.

Desperately. he continues to destroy countless poison-filled whoopee cushions and cans of poisonous snakes that launch toward him.

The boy hides behind him and the Prankster stands up slowly with his eyes fixated on him. "All this time I had to hide this, but now it doesn't matter does it?" He screams as he makes his way toward the boy.

Superman rips the box off of his back and he tosses the box at the wall

and it explodes. As the Prankster finally puts his long spiny fingers on the boy, Superman's eyes glow red and he punches the Prankster with all his might. As his fist rockets towards the Prankster's plastic and pasty face, he pulls it back and the sheer force of the punch sends the Prankster slamming into the wall across the dark room, breaking the wall and finally landing on his back.

"Stay here," Superman tells the child as he floats into the air and makes his way to the Prankster. "Ever since I put on this uniform, I have vowed to fight for truth, justice, and the American way. I left the judgement to the courts because I have faith in the system. But you are really tempting me to look past all that. These kids, they looked up to you... and you destroyed everything that was once innocent and pure. If I kill you... I am no better than you."

The Prankster writhes in pain and looks up frightfully at the Man of Steel with his eyes glowing red in the darkness.

"Now where are the children?"

The Prankster laughs, "That depends on which hole you look in doesn't it?"

Superman lifts up the Prankster by the suit collar and flings him through the next wall

"I am going to come back, and I am going to find every last one of those kids, Loomis. But first... you are going to jail."

The End...

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comics and graphic novels.

From the same author on Feedbooks

Detective Comics #8 (2006)

Detective Comics: Grim, Part 3: Bang Bang. You're Dead.

Two men die, one lives, and one is reborn. The action packed conclusion to the three part Grim arc is finally here and that is not a good thing for one man.

Detective Comics #6 (2006)

Detective Comics: Grim, Part One: As Thou Hast Sown, So Shalt Thou Reap.

Batman throws himself into the night and faces a macabre threat from Gotham's dark past. As Det. Gordon investigates, violence ensues and a villain thought long dead returns!

Detective Comics #7 (2006)

Detective Comics: Grim, Part Two: One Long Night.

It's out of the frying pan and into the fire as Batman hunts down the psychotic ex-vigilante known as the Reaper---and you know what they say, what goes around, comes around! But how far will Batman be willing to go to put an end to the madman hell-bent on taking as many lives as possible? Watch as we see Batman pushed even farther to the edge no coming back from!

Powers, Inc. #1 (2006)

Powers, Inc.: The Official Title.

San Francisco is about to meet its newest team of protectors! From the office of Josiah Powers comes the second... Third... Fourth greatest super team of the DC2 universe, as Powers. Inc explodes onto the streets in this first thrilling issue!



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind