

Chapter Three: Enough Clowning Around

“I know Carl I know, this is what I wanted! I SHOULD be happy!”

“....”

“It’s just!.. It’s just!...” **TINK!**

The sound of a forehead meeting plexiglass echoed. Clawing at her breast, a woman fell ill to the feeling of knives carving through her chest. Bone and muscle alike were methodically shredded. The breath in her throat felt like lead. She slid down the wall, shrinking into the fetal position.

“....”

TUNGGGI TUNGGGI! She slammed her fist into the walls of her metallic prison.

I should just turn around...What if they hate it and I never get another client? I should have just stayed on the farm...Why did I have to have these damn dreams!?! Maybe Mom’s right...

6:35 A.M.

Luke’s Vale beach...It still wasn’t too late to turn around.... Shooting her rabid eyes out the window the woman’s only form of council stared back. “I know, Carl, I can’t let the guest see me like this, ...What was her name? Lucy Lovebeat? Lovebeat? That’s the Goddesses’ last name...Must be a catfish...”

“....”

The woman shakily rose to her feet. **CHOMPI!** Biting down on her hand, the pain brought some form of stability. Fixing her messy hair the woman dusted off her cut orange hoodie and wiped the tear stains from her orange skirt.

7:23 A.M.

CLACK! Grinning ear to ear the woman threw open the door to her cell, greeting her next warden. “Hello! Thank you for choosin-!”

“You’re late.” A guy with dreads cut her off.

CRACK! “Quit bein’ a fuckin asshole!” Of the four people now standing before her, only one looked like their name might be “Lucy Lovebeat!” initiated a handshake. “Nice ta meetcha!”

OH MY GOD, DON’T MESS THIS UP...SHE’S NICE!!!

Accepting the terms and services of the handshake “Layle Cakoona!” pressed her sweaty palm against Lucy’s. She competed for tallest person on the dock. “I-I’m sorry about the delay! I experienced some unforeseen difficulties!”

“Nah it’s no biggie, the old head I’m meetin’ with ain’t give me a specific time. By the way, this is a pretty sweet ride ya got here!”

“Thank you t-this is my-” Flaring her arm out Layle introduced her, “*Clown Car!*”

“Name fits.” **CRACK!**

The largest of the four hit Dreads in the same spot Lucy had. The sight of a fully operational clown fish themed train wasn't a spectacle to him apparently. Not even the coral train tracks that had risen the machine to the dock's height was anything to be excited about to Dreads. Turning back to face her company. Lucy began her final goodbyes. With an innate ferocity somewhere between Dreads and the largest one, a young man with thick headphones spoke first.

“I don't gotta say much, you and I both know that I got the toughest little sister around. Even if things get hard you'll never be alone, especially with your personality. Don't forget about us tho. I'll still update the playlists and maybe we can find a way to do listening parties over the phone or something. Either way, I love you, Lucy.”

Then Dreads said. “You're the last person I thought might be a fed, well I don't know, you was always watchin' that Dynamite Hero show so I guess it makes sense. When you take over Decalore don't get too big a head now, you'll always be the runt of the litter. You always get caught up in your damn feelings so you better not let anyone screw you over or nothing, I'd hate to have to come over there and beat everyone's ass.” A sinister smile spread across his face. “HA! And don't forget to say hi to mom for me.”

And then the largest one. “Lucy, I know we used to go back and forth with the college thing, and I'm sorry it took me so long to realize that you and I aren't the same. You're the furthest from studious but your heart has always been your biggest strength. And weakness too. Just like Victor said someone may try to take advantage of the love you show, so move smart. But I know you'll be fine, and if not you already know who's coming to ensure you will be. I love you, Lucy.”

GROUP HUG!

Squished between her brothers Lucy squeaked out “Don't miss me too much ya old farts!” **TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK!** Their familial fist bump was blocked by a sheet of smudged plexiglass. As the train sunk into the water, Lucy was unaware that she'd been descending into Davy Jones' Locker...