





*THE  
KARATE  
BUM*

In

*ENTER  
DA  
GARBAGE*

Written by *J.* NARCIUS



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# JEWELRY BOX



***'Finely shavin' and sanded, drafted and crafted with the finest of imported cherry wood; many long hours spent laboring, until it was perfectly and geometrically good'***

***'Double the coat of premium lacquer, for that cherubim like shine; a bedazzled exterior with zirconium stones, wrapped around the bottom in a rounding systematic line'***

***'Four interior compartments, with two silver hooks posted for an earring hitch; carpeting of plush velvet fabric, and triple needled with bright red stitch'***

***'One heart shaped vanity mirror on the interior, wide enough to reflect that bountiful face; trinkets thou doth honor a goddess, and for this each and everyone of you shall have your very own space'***

***'Upon thine head a silver heart, and inscribed in its center the angelical name- Keeba; you truly are a work of art, no doubt fit for that Greco-African temptress or that great queen from the lands of Sheba'***

***'OH-you sparkling jewel of heavenly beauty, you steal away the emergence of my breath; "HOO-RAH", let us hear it for love and reconciliation, and for the reviving of our past angels of death'***

*I*

*INFALLIBLE*

*PLANS*





# CHAPTER 1

“**DOWN\_TOWN\_LONG\_BEACH’HHHH!**”, crooned out the bus driver, as she swung the behemoth into the foundation of the Greyhound bus station; after what felt like a never-ending ride, originating from the Northern California San Quentin location

The sista’s high-pitched drone like screech, did penetrate throughout my subconsciousness deep; startling me good, and waking me from a perspiring nightmarish day sleep

Never before in all my forty plus years had such a strange and troubling vision ever previously arisen; far worst than the gruesome stabbing and rioting ones, that I frequently suffered- throughout my stay in that hellish prison

There I stood, surrounded within thick fog without another soul to dialogue; though I could hear someone’s eerie whistling, and the barking of a distant dog

I could not see very much though, except for a large chain wrapped garbage bin which sat before me at no more than a stone’s throw; and a closed door to my near rear, upon which a Newport sign did hang and blink- blink- blink with a bright green Christmas light type glow

....when- *SUDDENLY!*

A silhouette appeared to the left of me, though it's face I could not clearly see; It wore a China-men's hat atop its head, and held what looked to be a squeegee

**“Who in the fuck are you? ..... What are you doing here? ..... What in the HELL do you want? .....Why is it I- that you have come here to taunt?”**; I did so passionately plead out to the mystery man of height- and gaunt, whom just silently stood near of me to haunt

Startling me- the garbage bin came wake, and did violently start to shake; thundering- thrashing- and crashing with the force of a seismological earthquake

Horrified- shocked- and frightened by the loud prevalent thrashing sounds, I did expeditiously spin my scared black ass around; while simultaneously reaching my hand out for the door, yet distressingly- It was nowhere in the world to be found

The green Newport sign was still there blinking, though now posted upon a tall brick wall; tilted at an awkward low hanging angle, as if it were soon ready to dismount and fall

**“COWARD! .....PUNK! .....SCAREDY-CAT! ..... SISSY-MARY!.....”**, came an onslaught of unseen voices from the rear whom did proclaim loudly to shame; But I dared not turn back around to face them, up until that very point in which I heard a voice shout out my F’N name

..... **“ .....HEY JOE!”**

Back pressed hard against a brick wall, with buckling knees ready to give way and fall; I watched the man point toward the rumbling bin, that had my guts girdled within a ball

**....OPEN IT .....GO ON .....OPEN IT .....OPEN IT .....  
DON'T BE AFRAID .....OPEN IT JOE”**, the voices began to repeatedly chant; but the fear inside had me completely petrified, to the point where I closed my eyelids and shrieked out **“NO-NO-NO .....I-CAN'T!”**

A short while later, reluctantly- I did allow the lids of my eyes to rise; realizing the bin had ceased its bustle, and the man had gone to my surprise

Though the thick blanketing fog and the dog barking did stay, as the loud taunting voices did retreat and die away; leaving the area in pin dropping silence, which led me to earnestly plead out to the heavens and evocatively pray

In place of the jeering voices a dastardly childish laughter was so plastered; and upon glancing downward, there stood such an ugly little evil black bastard

He snatched the jewelry box from out of my grasp, turned and raced over to the garbage bin- committing a first-class trespass; which instantly did propel me to lunge forward after him, while barking out **“KID I'M GONNA WHOOP YO STUPID LITTLE ASS!”**

He transformed into a shadow, that did quickly get sucked within the garbage bin; which stopped me within my tracks, giving me goose bumps all over my tropical skin

Terrified and more reluctantly, I slowly crept towards the possessed bin that was only several steps in front of me; that was until the lid rose upward an inch or two, and two purple eyeballs pierced out from something large and most unholy

My bladder damn near released as my adrenaline level did rapidly increase; as the garbage bin chains- EXPLODED- from the powerful force of the rising beast

With such a lightning fast pounce and high growling leap, the large attacking garbage beast made a monstrous upward slashing paw sweep; quickly striking me across my head with the force of a sledge hammer, just as the loud bus driver did wake me from my sleep

.....“DOWN\_TOWN\_LONG\_BEACH’HHHH!”