

# CHAPTER 100

The warehouse became a scene of pandemonium- as all the playaz abound, fled from the encroaching pigs all around; while Wang- swiftly disappeared with a briefcase in hand, right into a trapdoor- that was hidden just below the staging ground

Those who attempted to flee through the rear, were met by storming pigs in riot gear; along with canines- SWAT- and federal agents, all in one storming brigadier

There were swinging police batons and clubs, shields- mace canister smoke- flying bean bags- and brandishing of chrome thirty-eight snubs; it was a scene similar to the Watts Riot suppression, or those turn-of-the-century raids on bootlegging nightclubs

Amidst the badger insurrection, I briefly glanced in every which direction; before my instincts led me back to Poncho, who now stood- fleeing the ring section

AND- he briefly stopped to gaze back challengingly towards me, with a sinister smirk stretching his full sausage linked lip expand; he reached into his front coverall pocket, removed- and mockingly- waive- waive- waived the pawn receipt within his ungloved hand

*.....Challenging me to- COME- AND- GET- IT!*

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**“WE GOTTA GET THAT TICKET BACK!”**, I did shout out most grim, as Poncho raced his big greasy black ass off-limping on one limb;

**“I’M GONNA GET IT BACK FOR YOU JOE!”**, Guttaman swore, as he swiftly dropped his Old English Malt can- and took off after him

Chasing behind them- I came to an official withstand with a man of command; who wrestled with me vigorously, until I soon had gotten the upper hand

By the hand- the lawman I did firmly grip, before slamming him swiftly down to the ground- in a feet to the sky front flip; then continued after Poncho, who barreled through people- tables- and other shit- as he attempted to give us the slip

Out of a broken wall Poncho had ran, right past the pigs- right past those Ku-Klux-Klan; followed closely by Guttaman, who fought to shorten their separational span

I followed them from the distance, as Poncho raced through the streets and alleyways- and Guttaman tailed him with much persistence; actually catching up to him for a short moment, where he engaged him within a Wrestle-Mania resistance

Inside of that store, Poncho rammed him into everything from counters- to the door; before he lifted Guttaman’s skinny ass up and tossed him far across the floor

When outside the store window- I did appear, Poncho abandoned his attack and exited through a door to the store's rear; causing me to quickly race around the outside of the building, in order to cut him off before he could disappear

I made it just in time to see him exit out the door- into the alleyway; at which point I pursued him through the garbage and trash, that did block our straightaway

Nearing the end of the alleyway- thereof, I lunged forward with both hands extended and grabbed hold of his left boxing glove; anchoring his feet- and initiating a match, in which we both did tug at one another- and violently shove

In fear that he would somehow skate, I pulled for dear life- against his powerful weight; soon pulling the boxing glove right off his hand, along with a cast iron knuckle plate

He swiftly right hooked me down into piles of trash, then rapidly spun back around- and entered another forty-yard dash; but I quickly shook off the blow- kangaroo hopped back up to my feet and continued to race after him- as he did mash

Though Poncho did not get very far, before he got 'SMACK'ed hard- by a passing car; which knocked him halfway across the street, where he landed- like a stuntman superstar

*.....He got- FUCKED- UP!*