

CHAPTER 21

After escaping the hot cauldron she had tried to dump on me, I found myself wandering the streets like a refugee; puffing through the last of my comforting Newport cigarettes, while ruminating long and hard over a contingency

When the weather began to once again punish the street, freezing my toes and feet; I stepped inside of a Winchell's Doughnut shop, seeking refuge- and a bite to eat

The shop was a well known retreat, where the wanderers of the east side could sit and momentarily rest their weary feet; while basking within the circulating heat, and enjoying themselves a doughnut or some other sugary glucose treat

“MAN- YOU- AIN’T- NO- ANGEL!YOU SHO’ AIN’T NO- GU- GU- GANG-STA!WHAT- YOU THINK YOU IS MY BLOOD COUSIN- BOO-BOO- LA-LA-LA-BLAH-BLAH!.....”; yammered out a gaunt old man in a filthy hand-me-down brown suit, just before he crazily laughed out- **“.....HE-HE-HE-HA-HA!”**

He sat shaking a bag of doughnut holes, bob- bob- bobbling his interbred jug head; licking his tongue around his crusty lips, clearly in need of a dose of psych med

The only other customer inside of the joint, was a local homeless woman known as Edna Jean- The Pigeon Queen; who's head rested against a window- snoring, in a thick and filthy trench coat covered in crusted splotches of white and green

I made my way up to the counter, behind which the owner of the spot did squat; busily wiping down the display, and a nearby percolating coffeepot

I ordered a fresh pack of Newports to teat, along with a small coffee and a strawberry doughnut with sprinkles to eat; then walked over in the locality of the restroom, where I found a fairly decent table and took myself a seat

As the Asian proprietor continued to clean, and Edna Jean's head did lean; I found myself a newspaper to read, while 'SIP' 'SIP' 'SIPP'ing upon my caffeine

“HELP ME- SOMEBODY CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT CAUSE MY ASS IS ON FIRE!OH LORD- IT'S STEAMIN'-IT'S STEAMIN- IT'S STEAMIN'NNN!;I REBUKE YOU- COME OUT OF ME NOW YOU UN-HOLY SHIT DEMON!SWEET JESUS- IT HURTS!I'M LEANIN'-I'M LEANIN- I'M LEANIN' NNNNNNN!.....

(....)

.....SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME- WHAT'S WRONG WIT' MY GUTS!I'M- ROCKIN- I'M- ROCKIN'- I'M- ROCKIN'NNNNNN!.....;WHAT HAVE I DONE TA DESERVE THIS TORTURE! GRH'HHHHH- I'M LOCKIN- I'M LOCKIN'- I'M LOCKIN'NNNNNN!.....”

That big mouthed- jive- constipated- insect, showed no level of sanitary decency- nor mutual public respect; causing my appetite to quickly disappear, like a negro who owed you money- vanishing after cashing a check

“.....UR'RRRHHH- HERE THEY COME YA'LL!IT'S ABOUT TA GET REAL MUTHA-FUCKIN' SHITTY UP IN HERE!.....;NA-GA-SAKI'IIIII! HIR-O-SHIMA'AAAAAAA!”, he grunted- louder than a sound stage for Shakespeare

It was then that I heard two disgusting terds- as they belly flopped, splashed down into the toilet water- and loudly 'PLOP'- 'PLOPP'ed; before that sick asshole broke out whistling a Kool-N-The-Gang tune, the one about that baby- and the bomb being dropped

I heard the bowl handle jig- jiggling, though the bowl did withstand his flushing demand; before he just abandoned the task- and walked out, without washing one single hand

.....THE SICK BASTARD!