

CHAPTER 22

Guttaman cavorted from out of that shit farm with a half roll of toilet paper folded beneath his left underarm; he then stopped and looked toward the Asian proprietor, who instantly stopped cleaning- and stood in a challenging type of form

“YO- Master Chan!I think I dun broke the shiitake bowl in the dojo a’gan.....;It’s a code Roto- RooterI got three words for you SenseiKellogg’sRaisinBran!”

The angry store owner stared him down with intensity- while muttering out ching- chang- chung- in his native motherland tongues; with two firecracker red cheeks wig-wiggling, and hot dragon like breaths- puff- puff- puffing forth from out of his fiery lungs

“YOU NO GOOD- COWARD- JIVE- CHICKEN- MUTHA-FUCKA!”, I did accusingly bark out; swiftly causing his neck to spin, to see who the angry voice was talkin’ about

That boney sand lizard’s neck of his shifted quickly to his right, to a complete one-hundred and eighty percent degree; at which point he let out a deep sigh of the purest relief, upon the realization- that it had only been me

Sweet Jesus-ALLEYCAT!", he chimed with confection- as he stepped in my direction;

"Save it- JIVE'EEE- TURKEY!", I did snap- while quickly folding up the newspaper section

"What- What in the HELL is you talkin' 'bout JoeI told you that I had somewhere really urgent that I was fixin' ta go.....; Don't sit here and try ta tell me that you didn't hear me brutha", he had the nerve to claim- to which I replied with

"HELL NO!"

"AW'WWW- Dem negros didn't even sweat you none- I betSo why are you so upset?.....; Cause you done disappeared on me a few timesLet us not so easily forget....."

Yes- sadly it was true, I had ran my scary ass off on some many occasions and people in my cowardice past; that most folk had nicknamed me- The Black Roadrunner, because just like the cartoon character- I'd skirt off on a negro fast

".....Recall all those times you shook on me When Big Rhonda would harass us after class.....;You'd just run off and let that wildebeest break her size ten off in my skinny ass!....."

(.....)

.....My ass would be sore for days- it would hurt ta doo-doo!I always stood up to that- BITCH- while you abandoned me jerk- and flew”;

“But Gutta- we were only thirteen years old at the timeBrutha what in the world did you really expect for me ta do?”

“You were supposed ta help me jump the bitch!”

“But she was a female!”, I then- broke in;

“FUCK THAT!.....”, he barked- while pounding the tabletop “.....A WIN- IS MUTHA-FUCKIN WIN!.....

(.....)

.....So lets just drop all the who ran off on who bullshitLet’s just move on wit’ today Joe- and let all the accusations go.....; Cause brutha we go way back- like two rear flats on a CadillacWe gone be friends ‘til we dead and gone- this I know Fo’ Sho’ ”

It took me a minute to taper, while he held low his hand for a five scraper; before I tooted- “**Sho’ ya right!**”, and gave his shitty hand a ‘SMACK’ with the paper

“Now that’s what I’m talkin’ ‘bout my brutha!From the cradle to the grave- ain’t no one gone love ya like the Guttaman loves ya!.....”; he crooned- as he reached down and broke off a piece of my doughnut, dunked it into my coffee- and popped it in his mouth- ”Brutha!”

“Here- It’s yours”, I did offer- while sliding the pastry forward in his direction; which he had the nerve to reject, by pat- patting a hand upon his mid-section

.....Indicating that he was full!

“I got a serious question for you jerkWhere those two shoe-less Flintstones footed negros actually lookin’ for you?.....; And please don’t you dare lie to me GuttaWhat in the HELL kinda trouble have you gone and gotten yo stupid ass into?”

“Alleycat- it ain’t nothin’.....Nothin’ ta trouble yo self wit’- not the slightest bit.....;I just borrowed one of their rides without due consentThat’s the truthI swear to it!

(.....)

.....If it ain’t the truth- may I lose my sweet toothI put that on everythang that I love- and the throne on the heavens above”; he did claim- as he slid into the seat directly across the small table from me, and held high a swearing hand- thereof

“STOP IT- stop yo jivin’!Intuitively- I know when your holding out on me.....;One dime for all the times you liedand I’d be movin’ to the Hills of Beverly”

“Okay- Okay- here’s the deal!maybe I borrowed the ride so that I could ride across town and cope them an eighth sack of crack.....; And just maybe- I might have mis-appropriated a few centsAnd forgot to bring the dope and their two-wheeler right back”

“WHAT!Gutta if them negros catch you- they gonna KILL yo- dumb- crazy- stupid azz!”;

“Please- I fear none but God!And the streets know that I’m certified with the Kungfu jazz!.....”

He sat his eight ball can down upon the table with a ‘CLACK’, then swiftly leap his stankin’ ass up and took a few steps back; of where he instantly launched an animated attack, with a series of silly kicks- chops- and and an out of place pimp smack

.....“.....WAH- WAH- WAH-WAH’HHHHHHH!”

“Watch out nowKilla on the loose!”, I did reply- with a tear streaming down my eye;

“Yeah- let them dumb bastards run upI’d sho’ in the- FUCK- like ta see them assholes try”

.....When- SUDDENLY!

There came a loud abrupt- ‘SLAM’- within the store, caused by the strong gusting winds outside- that had opened and shut the entrance door; which instantly caused Guttaman to shriek with fear, while dropping down flat onto his stomach- down upon the filthy ass floor

Spinning on his belly in a full rotation, searching for some explanation; with his eyes bucked out, as if he expected to see the negros from the station

“WOO -WHO- WHO!WOO- WHO- WHO!IT AIN’T SAFE NO MORE IN DA HOOD YA’LL!BITCH-BITCH-BITCH- TALKIN’ ‘BOUT WHEN IS I’M GONE LEAVE DA NEIGHBORHOOD!”; tooted the crazy old coot- in the flooding suit, **“.....WOO- WHO- WHO’OOO!Dat’s why I’m knockin’ on dis here wood An- I’m- sho’- feelin’-GOOD’DDDDDD!”**

Upon seeing that there was no ill groove, Guttaman stood back up real nice and smooove; as I did laugh- **“Let me guess Kungfu PimpThat was your secret deadly Kungfu move!”**

“Ya got-damn skippy- Alleycat.....”, he sang out- as he guzzled down a long swig from his Old English can **“.....Ya got-damn skippy”**; while upon hearing me, laugh the old coot in the suit began laughing and chuckling his crazy ass right along with me

.....“HE- HE- HE- BLU- BLU- BLU- BLAH!HEE- HAW- HEE- HAW’WWW!”