

# CHAPTER 50

**“OH- brother ...It is just you”,** he did reply- as he swiftly lowered his guard and with much relief breathed out a dragging sigh; **“.....For a moment I thought you to be a street bounty hunter ....But I should have known- because I saw peace within my third eye”**

**“You’re a fugitive of justice .....Laying low and evadin’- is what your sayin’?”**

**“NO- I am a righteous man brother .....It is Tiger Master Sham- who is payin’.....**

**(.....)**

**.....Sadly I do say- that a price has been placed upon my head .....Ten thousand if captured alive- five thousand if I am dead”;**

**“.....First off- just who in the HELL- are you? .....And second- why in the world does this person want you dead?”,** I inquisitively said

**“I am Komodo Dragon Master Dungee ....Practiced in the art of Fot-Koo-Chi.....; ....Sworn protector of the poor caste ...Somewhat like a monk- now do you understand me?.....**

**(.....)**

**.....Tiger Master Sham is a perverse local drug peddler .....And for the people and little ones- he does not give a damn.....; .....I am very bad for his business .....I have destroyed many crack temples- which are suspiciously sanctioned by Uncle Sam.....**

***.....Such a dirty business- it is”***

**“HELL NO- HELL NO!.....”,** I exclaimed in disbelief- rather ecstatic and candidly; **“.....So you’re the one that they’ve been talkin’ about in the paper! ..... THE VIGILANTE!”**

*.....”Yes- brother .....That would be me!”*

I wondered if his claims were imaginative cabbages, or if he were truly responsible for the ravages; though it really did not matter- ‘cause I’d humor the vagrant, if only to help me confront those ill barefooted savages

Perhaps he did know how to fight, or perhaps not- and we’d be dead by first morn’ light; but I was willing to take the risk, mainly because my brain was not thinking right

The imp on my left shoulder told me- *‘Use him until resolved’*, while the angel on the other warned- *‘Not to get him involved’*; though it did not take much influence to sell my soul, because I knew that I’d get no rest until my problem had been solved

*.....So I asked*

**“Master Dungee- I need your assistance .....I can-PAY!”**, I had just begun to say; when I was cut off by a black van that braked near to us- with a hard rocking sway

*.....The back doors then swung open!*