

# CHAPTER 51

It was a street caper- rushing forth from out of those open van doors came two Negros completely wrapped in toilet paper; one of the Negros was armed with a lead pipe- and the other a razor, that large menacing old time shaving cream scrapper

**“Dead or alive- BITCH! .....It don’t fuckin matter to us”**, the razor man did so cuss; while his comrade patted the pipe against his palm, daring him to put up a fuss

Caught within the thick of it- I really did not know if I was expected to stay and back him within the deadly fray; but I was greatly relieved- I must say, when Master Dungee instructed me to hold his hat and backed me safely away

**“OH! .....This Junior Evans lookin’ negro think we playin’- Sly!”**, chimed the razor guy; as he looked at his comrade- to his right side, who then swiftly let his lead pipe fly

*‘SWOOSH’ ‘SWOOSH’*- Master Dungee had swiftly ducked the first two swings of the pipe, *‘SWOOSH’*- he quickly backed out of range of the very next; *‘SWOOSH’*- with the third assault he grabbed ahold of his attacker’s pipe wrist, and that is when the razor man slid forward- and flexed

'CLINK' 'CLINK'- the razor scrapped against the pipe, that he controlled with the other man's hand; "WAAA'TAAH!"- Dungee kicked him in the chest, and he fell down before the razor could land

He swiftly forced the man and his lead-pipe to bend over forward, then forced the lead pipe man to bend far-far-far to the back; then swiftly forward again with momentum, causing him to somersault and land on his Back with a bone-fracturing- 'CRACK'

That's when the driver hopped out the van, another dark toilet papered ninja man; who raced around the vehicle with nun-chucks and a nose bigger than a Toucan

He stopped before Master Dungee- scopin', and began twirling and whirling his nun-chucks faster than some double-dutch ropin'; then did swiftly race forward like a mad man- swing- swing- swinging, trying to bust the white meat on his tall black head wide open

He drove Dungee back- briefly, 'til Dungee drove his right foot into the man's left knee; then dropped low into a crouch, and punched the shit out of the man's chest- rather swiftly

He then wrapped the man's dome inside a tight headlock snare, and lifted that jive turkey upside down- feet sky high within the air; before allowing himself to fall straight back- 'KA-WHAM', suplexing him viciously- like the wrestling superstar Rick Flair

As Dungee climbed back onto his karate shoes- I stood speechless- I must confess; because not only did I doubt his skill, but I had too doubted his truthfulness

All I could think to do in the moment was- 'CLAP'- 'CLAP'- 'CLAP', as my blind faith opened to his mysterious Fot-Koo-Chi- crap; while walking up to the brutha and returning his bamboo hat, with a low- five- a fist bump- and a strong pounding fist dap

**“Now brother- can you see what it is like! .....What the Fot-Koo-Chi can do when it strikes.....; ..... And with our Vageenas ..... Together .....We shall become two impenetrable dikes!.....  
.....How pleasing- it- shall- feel!”**

**“Well monsieur Dungee- I’ve seen that Fot-Koo-Chi in action .....And felt that Vageena- and they both do sho’ nuff attack and smack!”**; I sang out- just as I spotted another toilet papered ninja on the Tommy’s roof, behind his vulnerable back

Beneath the radiant and full moon, upon the roof- knelt the toilet papered goon; holding a wooden straw to his mouth, preparing to spit something out very soon

**“WATCH- OUT’TTTTT!”** I yelled- warning of the snipe, causing Master Dungee to drop to the ground into a quick roll of the Kungfu type; swiftly roll- roll- rolling over to one of the downed men, where he stopped and quickly grabbed ahold of the abandoned lead pipe

With one swift turn- he let the pipe go, 'WHACK'ing the man with one devastating blow; causing him to fall from the roof, 'CRASH'ing into the receptacle down below

I then quickly grabbed at my neck where I had felt the slight stinging pinch, finding a dart buried within- at least a full inch; **“Man’nnn .....I don’t feel so- so-gu- good’ddddd”**, I slurred- as my knees began to buckle and my eyelids began to repeatedly flinch

*.....Once again- slipping into darkness!*