

# CHAPTER 52

**“He’s waking up Sarg .....It appears that this soldier will live to fight another day”**, I clearly heard an unknown male voice say; just as I opened my eyelids to the vision of an old white guy, standing over the very spot- in which I did lay

He wore an old leather pilot’s cap, with goggles rested dead upon his forehead; a decorated World War II flight jacket and an old scarf- that use to be red

He had a thick white mustache- just above his thin upper lip, that he wore in a spiral- at the end of each winding tip; and he was munching on a fried baloney sandwich, which had sickly clumps of mayonnaise-that did freely slide out and drip

Master Dungee and the wigged pooch, both soon appeared on the opposite side of me; saying- **“Blessed be- Shon’teka! .....For smothering you in her bosom of majesty”**

I slowly sat upwards from the dirty sleeping bag and flat basketball pillow, and grabbed hold of Dungee’s out-stretched right hand; which he then used to carefully help me up from my position, and onto my feet where I did voluntarily stand

With one scan of the place, I knew that we were inside someone's habitation space; 'twas a rail-car- and I could see tracks outside from the direction that I did face

Laying around the place were engine parts- work tools- pots and pans, copper wire- boards- and garbage bags filled with bottles and cans; several piles of clothes- shoes- books- electronics- umbrellas- Laser Tag equipment- along with lamps and electric fans

A stained mattress to the far right corner- undressed, that many roaches did infest; beside a small shrine burning incense to a thick sista- with a double-D chest

**“Lieutenant Tony Van Sauerkraut! .....But most folks ‘round these parts just call me White Tony .....Put ‘er there!”**, introduced White Tony; **“.....If your hungry- we got plenty of rations .....I could fix ya up a quick sandwich- with Miracle Whip and fried baloney”**

**“No thanks- I’ll pass .....My name’s Alleycat- but most people just call me plain ole Joe- though”**; I replied- while shaking his hand, before he said-

**“If you change your mind- let me know”**

**“So- you’re a military man?”**, I asked

**“Once upon a time .....But these days I’ve been grounded- I must regretfully say so .....; .....Though I’d give a testicle to see more action .....Tell me- have you ever served honorably for your country Private Joe?”**

**“NO! .....I’m not risking my black ass for a country that stagnates its non-white peoples.....; ....I tell you- until there’s a black man in the White House .....We’ll never be their equals”**

**“Brother- Joe .....Your keen insightful wisdom holds no boundary of information”**, Dungee chimed- with joyful resonation; as he placed his left hand lightly upon my right shoulder, intensely smelling of odorous onion dip perspiration

He then stepped over to a near igloo- where he did stop and lift it’s beat-up top; saying- **“Let us celebrate this joyous union, with jerky and grape Shasta pop”**

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Following two cans of grape Shasta- a stick of teriyaki jerky- two Newports, a score of cheers and war time sing song; not only had I convinced Master Dungee to accompany me, but White Tony had also agreed to come along

**“Gentlemen! .....To the victory at hand!.....”**, was White Tony’s grape Shasta toasting call; **“.....Together we shall be akin to the musketeers .....ALL- for- one- and- one- for- ALL!”**

When White Tony had volunteered himself to help get the job done, I didn’t agree- just because I thought that it would be fun; I agreed because he struck me as the type of old service kook, who never left the house without packing at least one gun

*.....YA DIGG!*