

CHAPTER 53

It was an east side walk-a-thon, with me- Master Dungee – White Tony- and the wiggled bulldog who I'd come to know as Won-Ton; making the long trek across the county storm drain- and city streets, on our way to confront those shag-headed barefeet Klingon

In route of their den, Dungee did school me on how his Fot-Koo-Chi life did begin; an orphan child- adopted by Chinese parents, who'd raised him since the age of ten

He further explained how he'd been guided in the ways of the Fot-Koo-Chi, by his father and teacher- Goat Master Ben Lee; **“A disciplined man**”, he said- **“.....Who follows within a lineage of Fot-Koo-Chi masters- dating well back into B-C.....**

(.....)

.....Ben Lee is a Master- in hindsightThough I've never actually seen him fight.....; **.....But as it is written in the scrolls of Chola-Cho-Cha.....FAITH!**Is greater than- **SIGHT!”**

At some point along the way- White Tony had located two ground snails, that he had lifted up from off of their slimy trails; then unconscionably raised them both up to his mouth, and *'SLURP'*- *'SLURP'*ed those poor tentacled bastards right from out of their shells

“Now that’s what I call fine dining men!”, he tooted-
as my stomach did churn about; and when he *‘CRUNCH’*ed
the shells like crackers, I was damn near ready to let the bile
spout

It was this very moment-thus, Master Dungee gazed
toward me seeing my facial expression corrugated with
disgust; propelling him to say- **“Please do not judge
brother Tony’s nature harshlyFor he is different
.....Not quite like one of US”**

It was quite off the wall, when he told me that Won-Ton
was not a canine at all; but the incarnate spirit of Who-Chee,
spreading joy like a golden shower fall

**“But did you really have to dress him in the wig
though?”**

**“It certainly was not I who has adorned the
spiritSurely- NO!.....;NO- The true
question isIs it Won-Ton who has
chosen the hairpieceOr the hair-
piece that has made the choice here-
Brother Joe?”**

“Uh’hhhWon-Ton?”

**“A’HA!Once again you are most correct
.....For It is both the spirit- and the fine hairpiece-
that have chosen one another!;And just
as the river chooses to be swallowed by the sea
....So shall you swallow of the Vageena’s sweet
nectar- brother!.....**

.....You shall receive a mouthful!”

“My man- has anyone ever told you that your words sound a bit like- uhSex Play!”;

“The Vageena is- NO- game”, he replied, while uncomfortably looking my way

It was high sun when we had finally arrived just outside of the fence, that surrounded the hobo’s squatter’s residence; yet strangely- there was not one of the barefooted bastards in our sight, nor could we find any such convincing evidence

.....Thereof

All of the bikes were M-I-A, save for one with a flat tire- that stood alone; though we still passed through the link Fence, and entered into their hobo- NO- TRESPASS- ZONE

.....On a repo mission!