

CHAPTER 55

We instantly ceased our curious exploration, while spinning ourselves back quickly around- to face the deep vocal sound; where we did catch sight of eight pitchfork wielding hobo's, along with Poncho and Tree- whom all stood blocking off our entry ground

“.....Because you see- ME...I get off on the midget-on- midget shit personally;While Tree enjoys lesbo carpet munching And Twitch loves his black amazon pussy.....

(.....)

.....Now I'm guessin'.....“ he chimed- as they approached “.....That you three bitches must be into the gay anal orgy- because now ya see.....; Nobody in their right mind would ever trespass into our domain- unless they lookin' ta get fucked”

“No-bod-eee!” chimed Tree

Soon only a bonfire separated both our factions- by a small fraction; with Dungee appearing calm, as if expecting no aggressive interaction

“Our presence here is not to cause a rift between one anotherWe have only come to support the cause of our brother.....”; spoke Master Dungee- **“.....To seek a resolutionA resolution that we can agree upon- to peacefully smother”**

“YEAH- SUCKA!I’ve come back ta get what ya’ll turkeys stole from me!”, I barked angrily; **“They stole my daughter’s jewelry box!This tall ugly mutha-fucka- and those three!”**

“Is this what you want?.....”, crooned out Poncho- as he pulled the receipt from out of his pocket, and held it up before my socket; licked the back of it one good time- before he *‘SLAPP’*ed it upon his head- turned in my direction- and then playfully cocked it

“Is dis wha da little baby lookin’ por on da-da’s head.....”; he mockingly said; causing his rat pack to laugh, as I percolated with rage and wished them all dead

It was shocking to me- and so much more, that the asshole already knew exactly just what I had come there looking for; the only possible way that it made any sense at all, is that they were tipped off by the pawn man- of this I was sure

leaning over the fire- he sadistically toyed with me for a fraction; air guitaring and crooning out Van Halen, trying to provoke a reaction

.....Which he eventually got!

I quickly rushed forward at those dirty fleas, and football tackled Tree down flat on his back- by way of his high stilted knees; climbed right on top of him and began punching the shit out of his dog face, as he begged out for mercy- with loud fearful pleas

I then grabbed Pocho's fat monkey ass- by both his monkey ass overall strap flaps; and then proceeded to give him a series of loud 'SMACK- SMACK-SMACK'ing backhand 'SLAP's

And with each and every powerful swing of my backhand that landed and hit, he drooled out a mixture of blood with spit; I then swiftly 'RIPPPP'ed the pawn receipt from right off his forehead, taking the edges of both eyebrows off- right along with it

Like a pyre- I grabbed his watermelon head and forced it into the fire; laughing like a mad man, as the dancing flames grew higher- and higher- and higher

.....**"AH- HA- HA- HA!.....AH- HA-HA'AAAAA!"**

"Now I know why this dumb Chiquita banana negro wants some....." Poncho spoke, as my vision I did abruptly wake from, **".....But I thought we had an agreement Karate bumSo what is the reason that you and Farmer John over here- did come?"**

With these confusing words spoken, I swiftly looked to the right of me- toward Dungee; **"What's he talkin' about?"**

"Sun Tzu!", chimed Poncho-"**.....The enemy- of my enemy!**

.....Bla- blah- blah- blah"