

CHAPTER 56

Had I been a fool for placing my faith in the hands of the karate man's, who had inadvertently ruined my plans; for at some point in the distant past, Master Dungee had struck a covenant- with those ungodly barefooted charlatans

“Brothers- please understandTrouble- such intentions we most certainly have not planned;We have come seeking amicabilityIn the negotiations at hand”

“NEGOTIATIONS- WHAT!.....”, Poncho did then sing- **“.....Who in the HELL said that we'd be willing to negotiate a GOT-DAMN thing.....;HMM'MMMBut then again- you have most certainly piqued my interest.....So gone and tell me what this offer is- that you do bring”**

“Betta' be crack!”, chimed a hobo- as Dungee waived me forward unexpectantly; catching me off guard his ransom suggestion, as I stepped up rather hesitantly

I reached deep down into my right sock and removed the thin flattened billfold that I did possess- and did earlier compress; then one by one- unfolded and straightened each note, as they quietly proceeded to watch this painstakingly slow process

“Uh- FiveFifteenSixteenSeventeenEighteenNineteenAnd Twenty”, I did count out; as Poncho stretched out his gorilla paw, and wiggled his eager fingers about

I placed a ten- and two dollar bills upon his open palm, more than half of the accumulated stash- that I did flash; yet- judging by the look on his ugly face, it didn't take a rocket science degree to know that he wanted more cash

Three more single dollar bills, but he just coughed- while wiggling those black baby eels; causing me to hand over the last five- assuming that it would have sealed the deal

“That's it!You got it- ALL- man!That's everything! Every dollar that I got to my name!”, I did emphatically proclaim; yet- I could tell that he still wasn't satisfied, because his dumb emotionless expression- remained exactly the same

He did deceive, when he closed his hand around the cash- that off me he did relieve; then went on to do something extremely crazy, something that I could not believe

He ignited the bills within the bonfire flame- in front of us three, while raising them up high so that we all could see; then crushed the burnt notes within his fist, opened it back up- and blew the ashes right into my face most disrespectfully

My adrenaline began to quickly race- at a most accelerated pace; causing me to lunge at Poncho, yet- Dungee's left arm held me back within my place

“ALL YOU DEMONS ARE GONNA BURN IN HELL!GOD DON'T LIKE UGLY- LIKE SUCH!”,
I loudly reprimanded- with a spiritual touch;

“Well- we're all Atheists hereWe don't subscribe to silly dogma- nor do we accept your battered syndrome slave master's crutch”

“Brother- surely there must exist something that will appeal to your liking moreOr.....; Some task that we can complete on your behalf If so please tell us- I do implore”

With these pleading words- Tree leaned over and whispered into Poncho's filthy left ear, causing him to suddenly flash a sneer; as he uncomfortably eyeballed me up and down- unusually, like a prime cut of beef on a grass feed Angus steer

I swung my head toward Dungee and White Tony, who's faces were focused and stony; appearing completely perplexed- as Poncho received word from his right hand crony

.....”There isONE- thing!”