

# CHAPTER 57

**“There is- ONE- thing!”**, Poncho had then said- with a wide sinister grin and sadistic undertone that could easily be read;

**“What is it?”**, I suspiciously inquired- while Master Dungee tightly clasped his hands and gave him a low bow of the head

**“It seems that were short one position for our Tap-Dat-Ass fighting exhibition.....; .....Had to scratch a man ....He was detained on a cannibalism extradition”**

With these shocking words- and what not, it was clear the hobos expected for me to fill the void in the Cannibal’s spot; but I had no intentions in getting beat to death- and having my flesh chewed up like a five-foot-two human apricot

**“I accept these terms”**, replied Master Dungee- before Poncho glared at me and blared;

**“I was talkin’ ‘bout this pint of Banana Rama! .....That is unless he’s- uh ..... SCARED!”**

During my prison duration- I had heard stories of such deadly fights being held in secret back alley locations; dark stories of men being savagely killed- maimed- and paralyzed, that instantly brought upon me nervous perspirations

**“Look at this coward sweatin’ like an ole field slave!”**, chimed one of the background singers; as I stood there silently panicking, while they shot out at me with more zingers

I was most scared, for such an unexpected challenge- I was not in the least bit mentally or physically prepared; and once their degrading insults and loud snickering had died out, all that remained was the silent atmosphere that we shared

When unbelievably- Master Dungee then proceeded to answer up for me; placing a hand upon my shoulder, saying- **“Brother Joe- accepts- with certainty”**

*.....”I- WHAT!”*