

CHAPTER 58

Moments after involuntarily having the tournament position unwillingly accepted on my behalf; we were then immediately escorted from off the premises, by three pitchfork toting dirt-bags from the hobo staff

Rightfully- once back outside the chain linked fence, I expressed myself- insightful'ly; waiting until out of their earshot, not wanting the receipt destroyed spitefully

“What in the HELL were you thinkin’ back there man!”, I stopped Dungee with my wailing appeal- that I most belligerently grilled; **“.....I asked you to help me get my daughter’s jewelry box back!Not to enter me into a battle- that could get me KILLED!”**

Following these disappointed words, he did not respond back immediately; he just look out into the yonder, as if contemplating what to say to me

“Do not burden yourself with such ill doubt- Brother JoeFor I’ve seen your victory within a prophetic vision- as so.....;You raised your fist to the sky in triumph”, he chimed- while raising his fist **“.....And smiled with such a magnificent Vageenal glow.....**

.....I will never forget it”

“LOOK- FAT CROTCH- FAT COOCHIE!”, I wailed

“FotKoo CHI!”, his lips pronounced
for me;

**“Whatever- the point is I’m no fighterAnd I
know where I ain’t suppose ta be!”**

**“Brother Joe- if you truly knewwhat the
riding powers of the Fot-Koo-Chi and the Vageena
could bestow upon you.....;Then you would
have no fear of battleFor the Vageena’s warmth
would open to you- and its energies would rise
up- and spew.....**

.....With such great force!”

**“For the last time man- hear what I say!I’m
not fighting- ain’t NO muthafuckin’ way.....;
Now what I will do is go find me a gunCome
back here- and show them I don’t play!”**

**“If your planning on going to war- Private Joe
.....Then you can surely count me in”**, White Tony-
supportively did extend; until Dungee placed a rebuking
hand upon his right shoulder, bringing our war alliance
to an immediate end

**“Look- thanks for the clothes and company fellas
.....But it’s time for me ta get goin’.....;It’s been
fun and all- but as they sayWhen the winds
stopGrab your oars- and get rowin’”**

“Brother – it is ultimately your choice in life’s directionAnd I shall with great honor- respect your pathway selection.....; And I do pray that Shon’tika smothers you tight within her bountiful chocolate bosom of indigent protection”

“May the lord keep you guys wellAnd I’m sure we’ll cross paths again- one day”, I did say; before I gave both men a warm and gracious handshake, and then quickly walked away

.....”I CAN STILL SEE YOUR GLOWING VAGEENA- YOU CAN NOT COVER IT!”