

CHAPTER 62

A short moment later- we sat at a booth inside of Pam's Hut, our favorite penny-wise local fast food enterprise; sipping from complimentary cups of ice water, while munching on a shared large container of steaming hot chili fries

While munching and yapping, he went on to tell me the biz with his negro-napping; which sounded far-fetched, though with Richard- strange shit always had a way of happening

“Tiger Master Sham- this crazy black Rick James lookin' mutha-fucka, keeps a man-eatin' tiger as a pet- NO BULLSHIT!.....; And check this out!He got two cross dressing bodyguards- and both of these man-bitches martial art skills is certified legit!..

.....I'm talkin' Kungfu theater!”

“Damn Gutta!How do you always manage ta get into scat- with these kinds of cat”;

“I took a down payment on a jobI've just been havin' a small problem with that...”

(.....)

.....But Joe- don't you go worrying for me noneCause like the US Postal Service- the Guttaman always gets the job done.....;Rain- sleet- snow, stand back and let the boy goA playa don't strike out too many times- before soon enough hittin' that homerun”

“I can- digg -it!”, I sang like a musician- just before a brief intermission; **“.....Hey- GuttaHave you ever heard of some Tap-Dat -Ass street fighting competition?”**

“HAVE- I!It’s only the rawest no holds bar fighting challenge for all street gladiators- on both sides of the equator!.....; Why you thinkin’ about entering.....”, he said with a laugh- **“Because if so- yuh’z betta off French Kissin’ an alligator!”**

.....Trust me!”

“Yeah- I knowBut this guy Master Dungee thinks he can train me.....”, I began to quote; when suddenly- Guttaman began to choke on a fry caught deep within his throat

He continued to violently choke and hack, as he leapt up from his seat and motioned his thumb quickly over his back; signaling for immediate assistance, which caused me to frantically wrap my arms around his intestinal track

.....And squeeze- squeeze- squeeze!