

# CHAPTER 63

**“Now listen up Joe- here’s what you need ta do .....You need ta gone and let the karate man train you in that Kung-Fu-Jit-Su .....; .....he got black belts in shit most folk ain’t even heard of .....And while your at it- see if that crazy ass negro can train me too”**

**“What happened to that French Kissin’ an alligator jive- that came out of yo mouth”; I did chime- as we blew cigarettes and stepped past Cerritos street, headed due south**

**“Well that was before you mentioned the karate man .....You should have given me that skinnin’ of info from the beginning.....; .....Really- how am I ta give my proper opinion .....If you fail to provide me with all the informational pinning”**

**“Well I ain’t doing it anyways- so you might as well save yo malt liquored breath.....; .....Cause I don’t wanna end up paralyzed .....Or in a state of vegetable death.....**

**.....SQUARE!”**

**“There comes a time in every man’s life.....”, he sang with a finger in the air- “.....When that man must stare down death for his fair share.....; .....If not Alleycat Joe- than please tell me- WHO ..... If not in the Tap-Dat-Ass street fighting tournament- then you please tell me WHERE”**

.....**SUDDENLY!**

A U.S. Postal truck swerved up to the near curb, with its loud horn- going airborne; curtly killing our convo, as we turned toward the sound- that had our attention torn

When we had spun our neck and eyes to the left degree, what monstrosity of nature was it- that we both did come to see; It was our junior high school bully- Big Rhonda, still big as ever- and still rockin' afro-puffs with a manly goatee

Rhonda Ann Furly- the black walrus, she was taller than us both- big and burly; she'd been knockin' out men- since thirteen, she had experienced puberty early

**“This ole- ugly- ass- fat- BITCH!”**, wailed out Guttaman- as he quickly balled up an angry fist- beneath both his left and right wrist; with an irritated expression upon his face, along with a deep frowning scowl- that did both together coexist

**“Well- well- ain't this a hoot! .....Heckle and Jeckyll- back together again”**, she did toot; exposing a cap within her snaggle mouth, beneath her wide elephant'eous snoot

**“What in the HELL do you want- SWAMP THANG!.....”**, Guttaman did spit back at the towering behemoth- with a disrespectful sting; **“..... DAMN! .....I heard you was dead! .....A reliable source told me that you had choked ta death last week- on a Pioneer's chicken wing!”**

**“Just thought Romeo should know .....My cousin Ced- is tappin’ his ex’s camel toe!”**; she laughed out-while gyrating her hips in a disgusting gesticulation show

**“Alleycat don’t give a- SHIT- about that dick lickin’ tramp! .....You fat- stupid- ugly-stakin’ ass- chitlin bucket faced- black bitch!.....; ....Just lookin’ at you makes me wanna poke out both my eyes .....And that hairy ass mole on yo donkey chin- just makes my skin itch!”**

**“HELL’LLL- NO’OOO! .....Who you callin’ a bitch-you black- nappy headed- crack- scarecrow!”**, she did crow; as she quickly exited the mail truck, while rolling both sleeves above her elbow

Watching Big Rhonda’s rapid approach, did immediately spur- my footing backwards with a quick involuntary stir; **“We can take this big ugly bitch Joe!”**, Guttaman declared, even though my body language- obviously did not concur

**“Now you listen hear- Rhonda Furly! .....We ain’t boys no more!.....”**, Guttaman did begin; **“..... It’s a scientifically proven fact .....That we men-are stronger than women”**

But without taking a pause- Big Rhonda stomped forward and reached out wide, swiftly grabbing hold of his stretched out jersey collar; then effortlessly lifted him and his malt liquor can high up off the ground, as he did protest and fearfully holler

He was afraid, as she spun him around in circles like a helicopter blade; then hurled him over her truck, where he painfully landed on the street- and just laid

She then turned towards me- and did- 'CRACK'- 'CRACK'- 'CRACK'- 'CRACK'- 'CRACK'- 'CRACK', all of her thick Grizzly bear knuckles- like Nestle Crunch chocolate bar snacks; still clearly harboring malice intent for me, even though it was Guttaman- who had made the disrespectful wisecracks

*.....She reached out for me!*