

CHAPTER 64

Big Rhonda grabbed a tight hold upon my baggy Pendleton and like a fisherman quickly proceeded to reel me in; but as she drew me inward- closer- and closer, I slithered right from out of my shirt- like a rattlesnake shedding its skin

Once free from her grasp, and leaving the shirt behind in her Hippopotamus clasp; I flew right past her big stankin' ass, just like the Marvel superhero- The Flash

Shuckin' and Jivin' her 'Hey Kool-Aid' lookin' ass with a duck, she rushed her three hundred plus frame back into her postal truck; then fishtailed with mass acceleration- 'RRR'RRRHHH', leaving Guttaman and his can laying behind within the street like horse muck

To the end of the block- I quickly fled, looking to turn right- but went left instead; east down Cerritos- I raced ahead,, as the truck turned behind me- and swiftly sped

She steered the truck up the curb and onto the sidewalk, trying to run me over like a farming tractor to a corn stalk; breaking apart an active teenage Break Dancing battle, causing everyone to quickly back out of the way- they Moon Walked

She crushed their boombox into pieces, like Africa- under the Portugueses; nearly catching me- 'til I ran into a complex, bringing the wheels to ceases

.....'SCUR'RRRTTT'

I ran through the complex courtyard without haste or delay, straight out of the back gate- and into the adjacent alleyway; where I then swiftly hid behind a small brick partition, peeking out in both directions- as if I were animal prey

Two minutes passed- when I decided that the danger had evaded me at last; it was not unreasonable to assume, that her truck had needed to be gassed

I dusted off my jeans and t-shirt with the Pac-Man display, then began my hike through the smelly garbage packed alleyway; heading in the opposite direction of my jerk, praying that he had the good sense to get his ass up- and run away

Stopping to put a Newport between my lip pair, while pulling debris from my hair; I heard an engine gun behind me, that spun me around to a really good scare

A U.S. postal truck was the main source, and behind the wheel of the vehicle- was none other than Big Rhonda of course; who gunned the engine with no remorse, barreling through all sorts of disgusting trash- that stood within the path of its wheel force

I felt like a tiny forest ant, being chased down by an enraged elephant; and as I tried to escape, she hit me with a package- threw from a left side slant

Being struck across the back of the head, I lost all my balance and tumbled down into dirty diapers and moldy bread; just before the postal truck came to an instant halt, and she quickly hopped out- filling my body with much horror and dread

As I did crawl away in a hurry, she grabbed both legs- preventing my scurry; **“OH NO YOU DON’T!”**, she tooted out- as she yanked me back towards her in one quick flurry

.....“NO- NO- WAIT LIZZY!IT AIN’T GOTTA BE LIKE THIS!”