

CHAPTER 65

Following my emasculating run in with Big Rhonda, which had left my fragile brain in a state of mental derange; I found Master Dungee standing outside of Hanson's, sucking on half a grape popsicle- while panhandling for spare change

While approaching him in nothing more than the wristwatch, and stretched out drawers- that I wore; he did smile brightly, as if he already knew what I had come there searching for

.....His Fot-Koo-Chi!

I quickly stepped up close to his standing location, damn near out of breath- and dripping hard with sweat beads of perspiration; where I came to an immediate stop- and threw both my hands up, feeling the salt wounds of my spiritual desperation

“Okay- Master DungeeReady to train”, I said- with a voice full of Novocain;

“A man can only deny himself Vageena for so long- before he feels pain”

.....When- SUDDENLY!

His eyes shut and his head shot back really quick, his body began spasming- while dropping the change and his popsicle stick; he droned out strange sounds- as if possessed with evil demons, as if suffering from a seizure- or if congestive heart sick

“Master Dungee- are you okay?”, I did with a worrisome look wail out and say; before he opened his eyes- and said, **“Brother- I see a darkness coming this way!”**

“HUH?”, I chimed out- morassed, just as I heard tire rubber and spotted a Cadillac turning a blind corner at full gas; causing Dungee to swiftly grab a hold of my right arm- while yanking me toward himself, saving my frozen black sassafras

The Cadillac and it's two Ultra perm headed occupants came to a stopping floor, right in front of the market's front door; with it's white wall tires halting in the exact same spot, in which I previously stood- no more than a second before

The passenger quickly hopped out smoking on a Kool King cig, while at the same time running a hand across his slick permed wig; and with a cooler than you walk that propelled him forward in the direction of the market, in a slow strolling zag-zig

It was the smoothly timed strut of the vein street cat- very much braggadocio; the gait of a misguided man- whom believed that life was just one big runway show

“NEGRO!”, he sang out- while briefly stopping and lowering his shades to gaze me **“.....You ain't got no clothes on- SQUARE!Is you crazy!.....; AYE YO- DRE!CHECK IT OUT- MAN!HALF PINT STANDIN' OUT HERE IN HIS UNDEROOS WIT' A NINJA OOPSIE- MUTHA-FUCKIN'- DAISY!”**

Laughing to himself- he disappeared into the store, with his slow and steady flow; with his neck and head tilted to the side, and his hands curved to the back- down below

“Tha-thanks!”, I said to Master Dungee- of his actions graciously praising **“....Your reflexesThey are pretty damn amazing!”**;

**“You two shall develop such keen sense
.....Once you are deep inside the Vageena’s
sweet walls Devouring its wisdom!
.....Grazing!.....**

.....And you shall never be full!”

“Sounds delicious.....” I replied- as if reading from a script- **”Look- I wanna learn everything quick Karate jump kicks- and flips!; ...How to do arm locks- hand chops- roundhouse and sweep kicksHow ta run across water- and how ta apply all the Vulcan death grips.....**

.....Hook me up!”

“You will obtain these skills- I assure.....”, he said- as he picked up his change from the floor; **“.....But first we celebrate with grape Shastas and chimichangas- from inside the store”**

As we approached the store entrance- out strolled the perm headed negro, with a cigarette pack and two different cognacs; he stopped before us and slid three ones into Dungee’s cup- saying, **“There you goNow you can buy this black- crackerjack- some slacks”**

He then hopped back in the Lac, where he and the driver did briefly something discuss; before the wheels burned rubber to funk music, after he threw up the fist on us

.....THE BLACK POWER FIST!