

# CHAPTER 66

First thing we did was sit down and chow on a quick rejuvenating lunch- or perhaps it would be considered after brunch; consisting of microwaved chimichangas and hot sauce, and while he washed his down with grape Shasta- I had Hawaiian Punch

Next- we stopped by the Goodwill, in order to find me some wears- without any tears; and of course upon entering the place, I got a whole lot of odd looks and stares

**“NO’OOO! .....UH-UN! .....YOU CAN’T COME UP IN HERE IN NO DRAWS!”**, barked the sista behind the counter- whom did instantly make me nervous; as she repeatedly shook her head from side-to-side, while pointing toward a window sign- which read *‘NO SHOES ...NO SHIRT...NO SERVICE’*

**“.....You outta be ashamed of yo self walkin’ in here in those stretched out skibbies .....OUT!”**

**“BUT- BUT- BUT!.....”**, I tried to explain- as she continued to point toward the exit route;

**.....”OUT!”**



After an hour inside the store- Dungee had scored me a pair of blue biker shorts on sale that did fit me rather well; along with a Punky Brewster t-shirt and a comfortable pair of sneaker- the nine dollar price tag was rather swell

I watched from outside the store window, as he made the purchase with quarters and dimes; which clearly irked the cashier, especially when he recounted several times

Once she had all she could stands- and could stands no more, she just accepted whatever he had and scooped it into her cash drawer; Dungee then thanked her with a low bow, but she just waive- waive- waived him off like a mosquito- in the direction of the door

*.....She had all she could stands and she could stands NO more!*

