

# CHAPTER 67

According to Dungee's knowledge, the great art of Fot-Koo-Chi had since been practiced by it's pioneers- for thousands of years; though its knowledge had previously been trapped within a sunken temple, deep within the ancient mountains of Koo-Koo-Smears

We dined on Beef-a-Roni and Shastas from an ice chest, then got a good nights' rest; though it was not much of an easy night for me, sleeping in an active roach nest

The next morn- I was up before the crack of dawn, mainly because I couldn't sleep thinking about my box within the pawn; smoking through cigarettes in a badly refurbished fold-out chair, the kind that you would see sitting out on someone's front lawn

He had graciously offered me his stained mattress- I admit, though I refused it; and even though he'd given me a somewhat clean blanket, I never once- used it

As if it weren't already hard enough for me to rest, or experience a few moments of R-E-M sleep dreaming; I had to endure Dungee's sleepwalk karate fighting, along with his repeated snoring- farting- moaning- and screaming

*.....The man had issues!*

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First we will begin with a quick regimen of light limb stretches- to get the blood and the Vageenal energy flowing; Master Dungee instructed- as we stood outside within the rail graveyard, where we did stand with our arms stretched out and rowing

I copied his every movement from left to right, following his depth- and his height; while asking him- **“Just who is this- Theodore- cat .....Who’s name you kept yellin’ all night?”**

With this question floating within the air- Dungee abruptly stopped stretching, stood erect- and gave me a crazy intense stare; saying- **“Theodore .....He is a long since forgotten ill coward .....He is- NO- one that you should concern yourself with- NOR should you care”**

**“Well you sounded pretty damn traumatized for someone who deserves no attention....; ...You was like- NO- NO- THEODORE’EEE! .....NO- PLEASE- DON’T”**, I did mention- causing more tension

I could not help myself but to wonder most curiously, just who in the world could this Theodore cat possibly be; I wondered- could this haunting soul have been some past acquaintance of his, or perhaps even some sadistic childhood bully

**“I will not further stand- nor further tolerate his mention.....”**, he did reprimand; while holding up a halting finger, **“...Let us not deviate from the task at hand... ”**

(.....)

.....We have much training to do before you are ready for battle .....We must train harder and faster than ten able men .....TEN!.....; .....We must stay on the enlightened path of Puhn-Tang .....Let us not deviate from the task at hand”, he repeated- once again

*”Okay- Master .....I’m ready”*