

CHAPTER 68

On Wednesday- on Thursday- and on Friday- it was pretty much the same training routines- along with the same tin-canned cuisines; starting with sprints through a bald tire obstacle course, following a breakfast of raw eggs and a plate full of pork-n-beans

Next it was Kangaroo hops and leg squats, followed by push-ups and stomach crunches; before we watched classic Kungfu flicks, then with a mattress practiced- kicks- and punches

Then it was right back to the Kungfu flicks- before grappling a bit, and being forcefully pushed down into a leg split; we ended each day with a meditation, where all we did was burn incense before Shon'tika- and just quietly sit

Wednesday- he had me digging through trash and garbage cans, collecting bottles and cans; but on Thursday- I grew skeptical, as we squeegeed the windows of cars and vans

Come Friday- my faith in the man had reached its plummeting decline, as we stood outside within the plasma donation line; I had all I could stands of the beggarly activities- and could stands no more of the treatment that felt somewhat equine

His number two golden rule- not to ever question his training methods again; had most definitely- like an old rubber band, stretched my patience spiderweb thin

“What’s up with all this crazy jive shit that you got me doin’!You got me out here lookin’ dumb in these streets that I come from!.....;I asked you to teach me how to fight!Not for you to capitalize off of me- and train me to be a got-damn street bum!”

“Rule number- TWODo- NOT”, he began to say- causing my anger to stew and brew; at which point I did curtly interrupt him- **“FUCK YOU! AND YO JIVE ASS TRAINING TOO!.....**

.....I’M OUTTA HERE!”

“JOESPH’HHH!”, he loudly called out to my butt, with the demanding authority of a drill sergeant- as I did cut and strut; causing me to hastily stop and spin back around to face the karate nut, while angrily barking out the word-

“WHAT!”

.....HE ATTACKED ME!