

CHAPTER 69

“KOO- YAH- YAH- YAH!” crooned out Master Dungee- as he did double bop, swiftly upon me- with a right and left karate chop; that I did instinctively block with both forearms, though the intensity did cause both legs to do a suspension like drop

Other folk did quickly get up out the way, of our Kungfu theater melee; not wishing to incur collateral damage, from a kick- or punch thrown astray

The only people that did not move- were two Negros huddled near a plasma center window frame, engaged in a dice game; one wore slacks and a long permed natural, while the other rocked a four-finger gold ring- with a blue hat of the Kangoo brand name

“Shoot- fifty!”, chimed the permed man in slacks of black, while holding dice- and a paper stack; as Dungee continued his chops, tracking me right into their game- forcing me back

“Shoot!”, replied the man with the Kangoo hat crowned- while he did drop cash upon the ground; as I backed further into the game, while the boombox thumped a loud hip-hop bass sound

The permed man shook- shook- shook up the dice with a twist, then made that irritating ‘AH’HHH’ sound- while tossing them from out of his wrist; at which point Dungee swiftly proceeded to forcefully knock me down upon the Concrete- with a powerful double fist

Just as my black ass hit the sidewalk, the Kangoo-headed fool hollered “**TEN-O’-FOUR!**”; Dungee waived for me to get my ass up, pruning the rage- that I could not ignore

I was most highly upset, as I picked myself up from the concrete below and both our centered eyeballs focused and met; as the kneeling permed man dropped another fifty bill upon the ground, and then proceeded to call out the challenge with- “**BET!**”

“**FOU- AH’HHH!FOU- AH’HHH!FOU- AH’HHH!**”, the man on the dice did chant- as he rolled for that billfold; when I let out a Lion’ish roar, then charged him with arms out for a grapple hold

He slid out of the way- while landing a hand chop, before I stopped and threw wild punches- both erratically- and nonstop; hoping to catch his tall crazy ass with a lucky strike, that would rock his karate world- and propel his body to drop

“**POINT!**”, rejoiced the dice man- as he snatched up his stack, and his counter crooned out-

“**BET BACK!**”; while dropping more bills to the street floor- as I continued with my fruitless attack

Even with both of us fighting within the midst of their dice dough, they still continued on with their back dough little Joe-Joe; gambling as if we weren't there, as we danced around- simultaneously exchanging the blows that we did block and throw

“Baby need new shoes!”, sang the dice man- as Dungee exited the frame of their game; and I too also tried- but unfortunately, I could not do the very same

At first glance- I appeared like a natural dancing my feet to the rhythm of Kungfu, who in the world would have even knew; that was until the dice bounced straight in my direction, and had soon collided with me- bumping against my left planted shoe

.....SNAKE EYES!

Both men instantly jumped up ready to grist, with their hands clenched within a tight fist; and I'd surely be remiss, not disclosing that Dungee had improvised this twist

I attempted to apologize to the men lickety-split, but they weren't receptive to any of my jive bull spit; it was clear that I had crossed a line not meant to be crossed, and I felt a tad terrified- I must honestly so admit

“NEXT!”, called out a worker from the plasma center, at which point Dungee did enter; abandoning me in the hostile situation, of which- he was inventor

.....The plasma center doors closed behind!