

CHAPTER 70

As the two Negros aggressively approached me, with the light of Hades' shining within their ill frowning eyes- burning bright; though part of me wanted to turn and take flight- I stood there nevertheless, deciding for once that win or lose- I would fight

Perhaps it was all the times that I had cowardly fled- that spun inside my head; cowards die a thousand deaths' a day, was something throughout history that was said

.....But those cowardly deaths were far behind me!

In this moment- the clouds of fear began to evaporate, allowing the star of bravery within to liberate; and with it- all the anxiety drained from my incarnate, as did the basic instinct to flee- completely dissipate

I felt a strong electricity, pulsing through every nerve in my body; and when I saw Poncho with the pawn receipt, I was ready to do Fot-Koo-Chi

It was in this moment- that I had made the life changing decision, from that scene within my earlier daytime vision; the decision whether to fight against the beast, or to die within a fear-sustaining emotionally built prison

Though they tried to daunt me with their raid, I still stayed- to accept the two-on-one fade; causing the perm headed Negro to say- **“Wrong choice!”**, as he whipped out a sharp switchblade

In the very beginning- there wasn't much of a real strife, as I backed away- and maintained my distance from the man's knife; for I felt a strong ever-present bonding with the Fot-Koo-Chi, though I still did not want to negligently lose my life

.....When- SUDDENLY!

The Kangoo headed Negro- then shook, and swiftly lunged forward with a right hand hook; that I just as quickly blocked, while the steady gathering crowd with suspense did look

In that moment- I strangely began to see scenes from the Kungfu flicks that I had been forced by Dungee to watch- and rewatch; and upon mimicking the moves that came to me, I had that Negro all smacked up- with a finishing hard kick to the crotch

“Mutha'aaaa”, he winced- as he collapsed down to his knees painfully- right in front of me; where I knee'd his chin, causing both eyes to curtain- leaving him sleep like a baby

With hot breath reeking of marijuana and cheap vodka drank, and with his right hand still assaulting me with that switchblade shank; he verbally threatened me with- **“I'm about ta draw more pints of blood from yo damn body- SUCKA!Than a- Red- Cross- Blood- Bank!”**

I could tell that his confidence had been broken a gram, though not enough to scam; he thusly proceeded to slice-slice- slice the blade at me, as if dicing up Spam

As I backed away from the 'SWOOSH'ing switchblade quick, I began to visualize a scene from another Kungfu fight flick; which led me to swiftly drive a foot into his left shin, and as he tried to shield it- I gave the other a solid kick

He blocked a shin- I kicked the other open shin, again- and again- and again; and when he had finally dropped the blade, there came a dropkick straight to his jive chin

That sucka - that monkey- ass- jive- hack, instantly went airborne like a jet- and soared between seven to eight yards to the back; crashing down upon the boombox, and landing painfully upon the concrete with a head bouncing 'SMACK'- and bone crunching 'CRACK'

I then arose from the ground swift and agile, feeling strong- confident- and virile; just as Dungee stepped from out of the plasma center, with a wide stretched Kool-Aid smile

.....And a snicker-doodle

After tying my left sneaker shoelace, he walked over to me- and upon my right shoulder a gentle hand he did place; saying- **“No longer are you a spiritual virgin
.....For you have tasted the Fot-Koo-Chi- which
now stains your spiritual face.....**

(.....)

.....It smothers youYour Koo-Chi no longer lays in an awkward positional hunch.....;Come now!Let us venture down to MacArthur Park- and obtain ourselves a free lunch

.....Shon'tika willing- they will provide us with milk"