

CHAPTER 71

It was quick- a sink bath in the park restroom and free lunches consisting of sandwiches- cookies- and a fresh carrot stick; then it was back to the boxcar for more intense training exercises, and even more Kungfu theater fighting flicks

Early the next morn -I awoke before four, restlessly laying upon the floor; on a moth-eaten sleeping bag, while Dungee repeatedly screamed out- **“THEODORE’EEEEEE!”**

Though my fighting skills in the Fot-Koo-Chi had grown rather immensely, I stilled lack much confidence within myself- hencely; for I couldn’t help but worry about the danger that I faced, which would no doubt affect my body and mind intensely

I envisioned myself glad, winning all- and giving Keeba the box that I had; we then walked off hand-and-hand into the sunset, with her saying.....**“I LOVE YOU- DAD!”**

The more I pictured my daughter’s beautiful smiling face full of cheer, the less I thought about my anxiety and fear; when suddenly- there came a loud ‘BANG’- ‘BANG’- ‘BANG’ing upon the door, that startled me good- and rattled the drum of my left ear

“THEODORE!IS THAT YOU!”, shouted Dungee- while swinging upwards from his active sleep; as I got up from the sleeping bag, and headed toward the door at a stealthily creep

To my testimony, when we opened the boxcar door- there stood Guttaman in front of a rifle wielding White Tony; who said- **“I caught this joker snooping around in the darkWhile I was outside eatin’ miracle whip and macaroni.....**

.....Ya’ll know this guy?”

Upon Guttaman entering the box, Won-Ton immediately tried to maim- with an attack that was wild and untamed; causing Master Dungee to rebuke him in some strange Asian tongue, that made him retreat to a corner with his head down- shamed

“Did ya’ll see what that CRACKER was eatin’!He just shoved that shit right into his face!.....”; tooted out Guttaman- as he took himself a self-guided tour around the place

(.....)

.....Karate man- I’m impressed!You got the mattress- a toilet paper filled briefcase- a Beta-max- this is one mac’ed OUT space!.....;A fish tank full of nice shoes- a portable TV- a vanity mirror- and hundreds of movies in this here suitcase!”

He stopped at the suitcase, and fingered through the movie labels- “..... **Kill On Sight!Street Fight!.....;**
.....Enter The Dragon!Dragon Fist Warriors- one-
and twoAND- Bloody Shaolin Night!.....

(.....)

.....Temple Massacre!The Pissy Drunken
Master!Wang Ping Pang Ching Cling Clang
Chin’s RevengeTwelve Past Dead!Death
Beyond the Moonlight!.....;AW SNAP- the
man even got Dolemite!”

“Gutta!what in the hell are you doin’
here- it’s past midnight?”

“OH YEAH!Right- right- right!.....

(.....)

....I came here to warn youThey was gonna
match you with Poncho in the beginning.....;But
someone saw you slide two hoods- and now they’re
scared that you got a chance at winning

(.....)

.....They dun rearranged the brackets- and
matched you up with the upper echelon fighters
.....Alleycat- I’m talkin’ the REAL- DEAL!.....;
Kevis- The Crackhead McGee!Gorgeous Jorge-
The Bolivian Sandman!Wombat Willie!
Sweet Zeus- and Periwinkle Bill!.....

.....PERIWINKLE MUTHA-FUCKIN’ BILL!

....Last guy fought Bill is still getting reconstructive surgery!”, he stressed- with protest;

“So they’re gonna try and cheat!”, I wailed- while Dungee looked no more than intrigued at best

.....Now I already know- that you had your heart and soul set on givin’ that jewelry box as a gift to your daughter Joe.....; But if you fight in this tournament- it will be the worst decision that you’ve ever made in yo entire lifetime bro!.....

.....Trust me!.....”

(.....)

.....Its gonna be a hobo wool poolAnd if you step in that ring- use- a- DAMN- FOOL!.....;Tap-Dat-Ass has always been a fixAin’t no way in HELL- you’ll ever win that duel!.....

(.....)

.....ALLEYCAT- are you even listenin’ to me! Them dirty bastards want yo yellow ass- DEAD-capital D- E- A- D!.....;They ain’t neva’ gone give you back that jewelry box ticket!They got it locked up extra tight with hobo security!.....

(.....)

“What do you think Master?”, I asked of him- with a heightened anxiety measure;

“Once the Vageena chooses a manIts penetration brings about- GREAT-pleasure”

**“It most certainly does!.....”, chimed Guttaman-
“Especially when you stimulate that pearl tongue-
and get that fat thang to relax!”;**

**“A stimulated Vageena- is a ready
Vageena”, he said, ”.....And brother-
your Vageena will soon come to climax”**

With these confusing words- Guttaman quickly gave us both a brief suspicious scan; as he lowered his malt can- and asked me, **“What in the HELL is he talkin’ ‘bout man?”**

“I’m starting ta have strong doubt Master DungeeIt just feels a bit like I’m committing suicide”, I had thusly replied;

“Do not worry!You must form a trusting union with your Fot-Koo-ChiAs a honeymooning groom is to his virgin bride....

(.....)

.....YES!For we are the cardholders.....”, he chimed- while resting his hands upon my shoulders; “..... A tightly straddled Vageena can crush even the most- MOUNTAINOUS- of boulders!.....

.....Once it has fully opened!”