

CHAPTER 72

The very next morning we got up bright and early with a spark, just before the sunlight had begun to break through the dark; me- Won Ton- Guttaman- Master Dungee and White Tony, for a day of Fot-Koo-Chi sensory training at Cal Rec park

First was Vageenal reflex training, consisting of soft eggs being pitched at me; as I tried to catch one without cracking it, using the focus of Fot-Koo-Chi

When it became obvious that I wasn't ready to master such a skill, we moved on to an endurance building drill; which consisted of me spin- spin- spinning around- and around, as I stood within the center of a park carousel wheel

I was spun so fast that everything became a blur- of equilibrium stir; and when the wheel had finally stopped, I threw up breakfast- and talked out with a slur

....."I-I don't wanna do-do this no more'eeeee"

For the next training piece- White Tony did tar my half of the tether ball court with thick coats of slippery baloney grease; after which I attempted to beat one of the neighborhood girls at a game, which was supposed to help my balance increase

Not only could I not beat the trash talking girl, but I kept slipping- and sliding; and the one time that I did get the ball, I lost it and went off the court gliding

Her tether ball skills were certainly ahead of the rest, but in staring competitions- she was hands down one of the best; Dungee had explained that it was eye focus coordination training, in the form of a juvenile flinching contest

.....Of which I also failed

Next- I was blindfolded, while the trio took swinging licks at me with hard broomsticks; and soon the girl jumped in- and went Ike Turner on me, for her own sadistic kicks

I hollered and howled out more 'AH's and 'OH'es than a seventies slow jam- until I had had enough of the broom-sticking stuff; at which point- I bolted, causing her to chase after and tackle me- in a manner that was unnecessarily ruff

.....Where she continued to- BEAT ME!