

# CHAPTER 73

**“I can’t do this Master Dungee- AT ALL!”**, I wailed- as we sat on the grass sipping grape Shastas and munching on a Snowball;

**“Brother Joe- it is only the greatest warrior that does pick himself up after each and every disastrous fall.....**

(.....)

**.....For the Vageena rides upon great men- like the mighty stallions of Cah-Miel-Toe.....; .....What a great bounty of spiritual loose change you shall earn .....And your Koo-Chi shall flow.....**

**.....YES! .....Your Fot-Koo-Chi is good!”**

**“Thanks!”**, I replied- as I scanned the active park all around, realizing that Guttaman was nowhere in sight to be found; while White Tony and a new white male friend, high toasted with a cup full of snails- chillin’ at a table nearest the playground

Moments later- we were back to bread and butta, with the emergence of Gutta; who did reply to my inquiry- saying, **“The- the- the- bathroom!”**- with a stutta

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Somehow I had found new determination from out of nowhere, that had seemingly manifested from out of thin air; like the apt student in all the Kungfu flicks, who would ultimately find the drive to battle for their purpose and welfare

Three more cartons of dropped eggs- nearly, before I began to hear a voice you see; telling me to stop trying to catch the eggs, but to allow the eggs to catch me

*.....So I did just that!*

With such newfound insight- not only did I soon after catch one of the soft eggs that were threw, but- I went on to catch TWO; one thrown by Guttaman from the right, and another that was thrown low from the left by White Tony- that I caught with my shoe

As I faced the wheel- where they spun me with speeds making my stomach feel quite funny; the voice guided me not to fight against the force, but to let the feeling just be

*.....So I did just that!*

**“FASTER’RRR! .....FASTER’RRR!”**, I shouted out- with each and every pass, holding both my hands up to the sky- ‘til all three ran out of gas; at which point a dumb kid tried to hop on with me, but ended up flying right back off-landing flat on his dumb little ass

Back to the ball court- the girl kicked my ass two more times with her powerful ball drills; until the voice said- it’s not the girl or the grease, but the lack of balancing skills

Full of wisdom- knowledge- and what was right, the inner voice had again guided me into the bright conscious competent light; for once I accepted that the ground below was slippery, it no longer hindered my willingness to compete and fight

I then whooped her without slack, she got upset- and launched an un-sportsmen like attack; but crossing into the grease, she glid right past me- and fell on her butt with a 'SMACK'

The last staring contest lasted nearly an hour, but the girl eventually lost that one too- when she blinked a few; for the inner voice had guided me to clear my mind, allowing for the all-pervading awareness to penetrate through

Once I was back to being blindfolded, receiving those swinging licks- from broomsticks; the inner voice said, listen to the vibrations- and ignore the mind's parlor tricks

*.....And I did!*

Soon enough I was blocking a decent amount of their swinging test, and dodging over- under- and around all the rest; and I could tell by the excitement within Dungee's voice, that he was overjoyed with my progression- and highly impressed

I then heard the little girl order one of my sidekicks to give her a broomstick; at which point- she did exactly what I'd come to expect of an ill Long Beach chick

*.....SHE TRIED TO KILL ME!*