

VIII

TAPPIN'

DAT

ASS



CHAPTER 75

Awestruck- it turned out that the tournament was an even bigger deal than I had expected- backed with some major hood buck; there were hot ring girls- suited Asian cats- and somebody's mama was spinning records from out the back of an ice cream truck

The Tap-Dat-Ass showcase, was being held on the west-side within a warehouse space; there was a full boxing ring in its center, and swarms of bodies crowding the place

The place was jam packed with real street hustlaz- playaz- pimps- macs- thugs- goons- and gimps- of many different racial breeds and all creeds; who had all gathered to watch some ass get whooped, satisfying all their violent blood fueled gambling- and entertainment needs

Cold hard cash was passed all around the floor, in fifties and hundred bills- by the score; and there was loud yelling- screaming- and whistling, from those excited fans galore

Everyone- everywhere- stood amongst a foot high sea of garbage, not in the least bit bothered as if it weren't even there; and some of the crazy bastards had coped themselves a seat, it was obvious to me- that no one really did even care

Towards the back of the place, street vendors sold homemade salivates- and soul food on plates; hog mogs- chitlins- hot links- macaroni and cheese- and beverages with carbonates

Coleslaws- fried okra- fat burgers- home fries- salt water cornbread- red beans and rice- hush puppies- fried fish- fried chicken and neck bones; chili cheese fries and hot pickles, while the smoker with the clip-on tie sold single Newports and fifteen-cent Snoopy Snow Cones

.....He was gettin' his bread!

There was a giant chalkboard with the names of the fighters- all matched up in brackets; and surprisingly- half of the crowd, was dressed in Michael Jackson Thriller jackets

As I entered- wearing the toggle coat that Dungee had gifted me, and tied around my waist- my green belt in Fot-Koo-Chi; a seedy looking old Chinese man quickly spotted us and rushed over with a green toothed smile- that we all could clearly see

“Welcome now! ...To the Tap-Dat-Ass Fighters’ Competition”, he greeted with a bow; “.....I am Wang- Hang- Soe- Lo- Chitty- Chitty- Bang- Bang!But you may just call me- Wang Chow.....

(.....)

.....I will be this evenings' master of ceremonies- slash judge- slash medical expert- slash undertaker- slash odds maker.....;OH- I've heard such promising things about youTee-Hee- Hee'eee!", he giggled- with eyes bouncing about me like condiment shakers

"Hey- I'm Joe!", I chimed- with an outstretched hand, as he eyed me like a fresh rack of Lamb; from head to toe, with more intensity than a fully nude medical exam

"Komodo Dragon Master Dungee!", he greeted- with a low bow and spider arm span, as Wang gave him a thorough eye scan;

"AH- YES'SSS! ...Dragon Master Dungee- I know of you ...Around these parts- I do hear, that you are somewhat of a sought after man...

.....Tee- Hee- Hee!"

"Lieutenant Tony Van Sauerkraut!But everybody just calls me- White Tony"; he introduced- while munching on a Miracle Whip sandwich with fried baloney

"Typical", Wang whispered- in my earlobe, as he timidly shook White Tony's hand with the tortured look of a Xenophobe; before curtly pulling his hand back with disgust, then proceeding to wipe the mayo residue off upon his black robe

He then spoke Mandarin to a waspy looking lad- scribbling on a notepad; who quickly raced over to the chalkboard, to deliver the message that he had

He had a fast talking interaction with the chalkboard man, who dangled above ground- strapped within a hanging contraption; the board man then swiftly glid across- chalking out the action, Kungfu Joey- with my odds at thirty-three and a fraction

....."Come- let me show you the preparation area"