

# CHAPTER 76

There were close to thirty competitors- each with their own back story, all chasing after that Tap-Dat-Ass fighting glory; and my cubicle was between an old white pipe smoking hobo named- Popeye, and a mulatto kid called- Kick Ass Corey

Our preparation area was in a backroom, sectioned off into cubicle spaces- no larger than six paces; in which I- and Master Dungee stood, discussing the intimidating atmosphere and crazy looks upon men's faces

**“Hey guys- I’m Kick Ass Corey!”** he greeted- while standing up straight, on top of a crate; intrusively looking over the divider, within the most cheerful of state

**“I’m Joe- I mean Kungfu Joey”**, I replied, while giving the kid a low five- along with another on the black hand side; as Master Dungee continued to wrap up my left hand in gold fighter's wrap, and Kick Ass Corey still curiously eyed

**“You nervous Kungfu Joey- not me! .....Been training in Jujitsu since I was three.....; ....What do you train in- my brutha?”**, he inquired- to which I replied-

**“Fot-Koo-Chi”**

**“WHA-WHAT! .....Blood- did you just say what I think you just said to me!”**, tooted Kick Ass Corey– what seemed to be almost instantly;

**“FOT’TTT .....KOO’OOO .....CHI’III”**, Dungee pronounced slowly- as he broke right into the convo, correcting young Kick Ass rather stern and quickly

**“What’s it like- some Korean thang?”**

**“It’s an ancient Tibetan art.....”**, Dungee then sang; **“.....Practised solely amongst the great temple monks- at tip top of Mount Deen-Go-Lang.....**

(.....)

**.....AH’HHH- for you see! ....It is the one and only shadowing artistry- the clandestine techniques of physical mimicry.....; ..... There exist only two Komodo Dragon Masters past the four winds of the earth .....The great Master Han Wu- and yours truly .....**

**.....Shall you not recognize!”**

**“DAMN- that shit sounds vicious! ....I can’t wait ta see that Fot-Koo-Chi...”**, tooted out Corey; **“...DUKE! ...You heard of Fot-Koo-Chi?”**

**“YEAH!.....”**, the man laughed- **“.....LAST NIGHT WHEN YO MOM WAS RIDIN’ ME!”**

**“Master- D.....”, Corey did speak- “.....Do you think that you could show me a bit of your Fot-Koo-Chi .....Maybe just a brief modest peak?”;**

**“Fot-Koo-Chi is not a thing to be gyrated upon ....You can not just watch it- like some spiritually perverted sneak.....**

**(.....)**

**.....Not like so! .....First you must court it- and then gradually slide a finger inside.....; .....AH! ..... but not too much! .....For you can not touch until it is moist- and ready to ride.....**

***.....Only then will you find true pleasure in such!”***

**“We’ve got bad news!....”, White Tony did wail- as he rushed into the tiny cubicle holding a mollusk shell- without its snail; at which point- Corey went back to doing whatever it was that he’d previously been doing..... What- ever- in- the- HELL**

**.....???????**