

# CHAPTER 77

**“BAD NEWS GUYS! .....Our first bracket fighting debut, is against something that everyone’s calling- Fat Pat- The Dump Truck- Donahue!.....; .....Is it a man- is it a woman- I don’t know .....But whatever it is- it weighs much more than twice the weight of both of you!”**

**“Victory is not determined by size .....Such things are mundane .....”, Dungee did explain; “.....For if so- than the Mighty Kong would have found much glory in his kingly campaign”**

**“So profound D-M! .....It all makes sense!.....”,** chimed White Tony as he began counting with his fingers- becoming his proponent; **“.....Crampus- and uh’- Goliath! .....Andre The Giant! .....The British Empire! .....All defeated by a much smaller opponent!”**

**“Damn.....”,** I sighed- with worry in the air, when Guttaman appeared from out of nowhere; smoking on a cigarette with a nervous disassociated kind of stare

**“.....Where in the HELL have you been?”**, I asked- as Dungee and White Tony did exit the cubicle to take port’o-potty breaks;

**“Uh-uh- I just been- uh! .....Checkin’ up on- uh- some business and uh- stuff.....”,** he replied- with a sudden case of bodily shakes

(.....)

.....You sure you want ta go through with this-  
Joe? .....Lots of cats dun died in that ring fo' sho'  
.....; .....There's a lot of bullshit going down behind  
the scene .....You betta act like you know!

(.....)

.....Now I know that you was set on givin' that box  
to yo daughter bro.... But it's time ta gone and cast  
that thing into the past.....; .....FUCK all this crazy  
ass Fat Coochie shit! .....FUCK Poncho- and the  
rest of them ugly bastards! .....Let's just skate up  
outta here- FAST!.....

(.....)

.....Alleycat my man- I do contend .....Do not let  
this day be that very sad end.....; .....Think of Keeba!  
.....Cause if you die- you'll neva' see her pretty  
face again my friend.....

(.....)

.....And just think about it Alleycat- who in the  
world gone step up and bury yo broke yellow ass!  
.....Most certainly not me!.....; ..... Cause the last  
time when we did a three-day car wash for Eddie  
Moe .....We only made eighty-six damn dollars-  
LITERALLY!"

"I have to go through with this- Gutta.....Cause  
It ain't just the box anymore- at hand";

"Negro- is you kiddin' me!"

"Gutta- I thought that of all people- you would  
understand.....

(.....)

**“....I’m sick of running from my problems- sick of livin’ in fear ....Sick of being pushed around like some black Mister Belvedere .....; .....For once in my lifetime .....I just wanna know how it feels to take the wheel of destiny within these hands of mine- and steer.....**

***.....I want a taste of the Vageena!***

**“GOT-DAMN IT- JOE! .....Are you listening to yourself jerk- your really sounding absurd! .....; .....Wake up man and spit out that poisoned Coochie-Aid! .....And let’s fly this coup like a bird! .....**

**(.....)**

**.....There are real powerful men out in these streets- that want the Karate man’s severed head ....Willin’ ta pay a whole lotta bread.....; .....And IF- they even think for a second that your in cahoots with him .....Then you too could become a target and wind up dead!.....**

**(.....)**

**.....Well It’s clear you dun made your choice Joe .....Why I’m waistin’ my breath- I don’t even know .....; .....All I can do is pray for you- cause I refuse ta stay and watch this slaughter show!.....**

***.....I can’t do it! .....I- WON’T- do it!”***

**“You’d really abandon me jerk when I need you in my corner- brutha? .....After all we dun been through with one anutha.....”**; I wailed out- as I turned my back and patiently waited for his reconsideration, **“..... Huh- Gutta?....Huh- Gutta?.....Gutta?”**

When I had seconds later spun back around, Guttaman was nowhere to be found; **“He left.....”** chimed out Corey- as he stood eating noodles, making a loud *‘SLURP’*ing sound

***.....”.....Do you believe in Dragons?”***