

# CHAPTER 78

The Tap-Dat-Ass Tournament had finally begun- and, the first fight of the day was Duke The Nuke Jones versus The Ice Man; and Duke was oiled up with so much baby oil, that he just slipped from out of The Ice Man's hands- like a black oil can

Duke did break The Ice Man's chin like glass, with a hard hit that laid him flat on his ass; he then kicked the dog shit out of him until he had finally run out of gas

**“CAN'T NOBODY BEAT THE DUKE BABY! ....I'M ONE LEAN MEAN- FIGHTING MACHINE! ...I AM THE MUTHAFUCKIN' THRILLA IN MANILLA!”**; he shouted out loud and victoriously, before he began to beat- beat- beat upon his chest like a wild gorilla

Once Ice Man had been dragged out the ring like slop, a Mexican man entered chop- chop; who began to quickly sop up all the puddles of blood with a bucket- and mop

After the ring had been sanitized, it was Popeye- The Hobo Man- versus- Gorgeous Jorge The Bolivian Sandman; who did seem somewhat androgynous to me, with his queer fetish for slapping men's faces with the full length of his arm span

The Sandman took the Hobo down real expediently, with much pain- might- and main, as he cavorted the full ring, fluffing his long hair- while letting drop elbows rain

**“LOOK- JORGE HE IS SO GORGEOUS’SSSSSS! .....IS THERE- ANYONE- MAN ENOUGH IN THIS WORLD TO FACE HIM!”**, he did arrogantly shout out; before he began to croon a Spanish number, while rhythmically dancing in circles- and gyrating his hips about  
*.....SUAVAMENTE!*

Next fighters into the Tap-Dat-Ass ring, were Kick Ass Corey- and- Rocco The Moose; and since Corey’s skills were superior, he quickly put Rocco on his caboose

There were several more first round fights following Kick Ass Corey’s, with each one just as vexing and cringe worthy as the next; with illegal moves being freely utilized, my overall decision to compete had become- all the more complex

Then came One Punch Poncho- versus- Sammy- Da’ Bulldog - Daniels, whom both did not leap; until Poncho hit him with with a quick left, that did instantly rock Daniels to sleep

**“I KNOCK WEAK LITTLE BITCHES OUT! .....THAT’S JUST WHAT I DO ....I’M THE KING!”**, One Punch Poncho did then vainly yell out and loudly sing; with his gloved hand held up high, he strutted like a victorious rooster while rounding the full perimeter of the ring

*.....The crowd loved him!*