

CHAPTER 79

When White Tony had told me that Fat Pat- The Dump Truck- Donahue- was three to four times bigger than me and Master Dungee; it had been a hard thing to imagine, but it was no longer difficult with that blob standing before me visibly

With large boobs in a leotard encase, and a short 'fro above a baby face; I could not tell if it was male- or female, just as no one else could in that place

Wearing skin tight black spandex over mounds of flabby flesh, along with high buckled boots- to support the monster at its roots; Pat The Dump Truck was every bit the size of an adult Grizzly bear; or of two Japanese sumo wrestling recruits

“DUMP- TRUCK- DUMP- TRUCK!.....”, was the crowds chanting crown- a sound that did easily others drown; as Pat proceeded to hype them up, waive- waive- waiving those flabby arms up- and down

.....DUMP- TRUCK!”

“This person here just might be a few pounds out of my weight class- gents”, I chimed out- with a faltering spirit of confidence; to which Master Dungee replied back with a supporting speech, that in the sum- did not at all make a single lick of sense

.....NO- NOT AT ALL!

Pat then stopped hyping the crowd, and placed hands upon those jiggle knees of his- or her; then began foaming out the mouth- and shaking, as if having a sudden seizure

“Brother- any man can fightBut only with Vageena- can he lastALLNIGHTLONG!;ALL NIGHT!And all who this Vageena meets- will be jammin’ in those streetsALLNIGHTLONG!...

.....ALL NIGHT!”

“Break a leg Private Joe!I don’t mean this literally- but more in the realm of ceremony.....”, tooted out White Tony; before he said- **“.....Can you believe it!Out of all these vittles here- not one person thought ta sell mayonnaise- snails- or any fried baloney!**

“BEEP’PPP- BEEP’PPP- BEEP’PPP- BEEP’PPP- BEEP’PPP!”, Pat did then croon out, while taking several heavy boob jiggling steps back- like a Suzuki jeep; or some large reversing construction vehicle, warning passing pedestrians of its slow and dangerous back wheel creep

“FIGHTERS GET READY’YYYYYYYYY!”, Wang did sing- standing on a high stage, holding a gong stick thing; at which point- me and Pat did step forward, ’til face-to-face- dead center of the ring

“FIGHT’TTT!”, was the order of Wang- as he then brought the rod down fast and struck the gong signaling that the fight did therein- begin; and until a fighter either tapped out- or got knocked the FUCK out, only then would the battle come to its climatic end

.....IT WAS ON!