

CHAPTER 80

Immediately- the Dump Truck began to ‘STOMP’ ‘STOMP’ ‘STOMP’- towards me, with both his or her flabby arms outstretched wide- outwardly; in an attempt to snatch me up like a small barnyard animal, that he or she intended to KILL- SKIN- and FRICASSEE

“VROOM’MMM- PUTT- PUTT- PUTT! VROOM’MMM- PUTT- PUTT- PUTT!”, piped the greasy lips of the obese large black beast; as I evaded Pat’s lunging arm swipes, causing the crowds’ approval to decrease

Following another minute or two of avoiding all direct combat, with the giant wildebeest know as Fat Pat; the crowd began a verbal assault, with loud aggressive chants of **“BOO!”**s

“.....STOP RUNNING BITCH!.....”

“.....FIGHT SUCKA!.....”- and-

“.....KUNGFU SCAREDY CAT!”

In response to the heckling sounds, I stopped shuffling- and solidly stood ground; ending my retreat and leaving myself open- for The Dump Truck to toss around

“VROOM’MMM- PUTT- PUTT- PUTT!”, crooned out the Dump truck- as he or she rushed forward with both arms cradled down low- in a position to mow; swiftly clamping upon both of my legs, before fork-lifting me high over his or her head with one expeditious blow

I soared a yard or two to Pat’s rear, where I soon landed with a neck *‘CRACK’*- and *‘SMACK’*; so damn hard, that Master Dungee and White Tony both did cringe upon my impact

“ERH- ERH’HHH- SHEW- SHEWE’EEEEEE- PUTT- PUTT- PUTT- PUTT!”, the Dump Truck did sputter out- and sound, as he or she mechanically turned around; as I watched in horror- looking up from my awkwardly contorted position, that I had fell into upon the ground

With no time to recuperate from the whiplash, the Dump Truck raced forward to smash; but I swiftly rolled right out of the way, barely escaping the stampeding dash

“DUMP- TRUCK- DUMP- TRUCK- DUMP- TRUCK!”, the crowd began to stereo- causing the Dump Truck to momentarily stop and hype their flow; repeatedly pumping those blubbery arms up-and-down, before breaking into a full-fledged *‘Rerun and Rog’* Pop-lock show

White Tony chimed out- **“Private JoeYour doing a smashing job- against that big slob!”**; while crawling painfully back to my corner, away from that fat thing-a-ma-bob

“Please tell me that you’ve got some advice for meCause I kinda need some right now- my man”, I- before Master Dungee did plea; whom calmly looked around for a spell- then said, **“Yes- yesOkay- no- noHmm’mmmLet me consult with Shon’tika- and we shall see”**

I stood by nervously gnawing my fingernails, while he rubbed the skin of his chin; trying to figure something out, as Pat finished up- with a Michael Jackson spin

“DUNGEE’EEE!”, I wailed- just as Pat returned all of his or her focus back towards me, while backing away- and crooning-

“BEEP’PPP- BEEP’PPP- BEEP’PPP!”;

“Sumo Samurai Three!.....”, chimed Dungee- **“..... Recall the scene in which Suko first awoke from out of the paralysis of sleep”**

It took a while– but suddenly, the scene did come to me in colorless flashes; fragmented slashes- in which the sumo assassins engaged in bloody clashes

With the scene fresh in my memory track, I stared the wildebeest square within its lazy eye- and valor I did not lack; and when Pat- The Dump Truck- crooned out “**VROOM’MMM!**”- and rushed me, I yelled out my very own war cry- and rushed him or her right the HELL back

We charged straight for one another’s black hide, with powerful strides- destined to collide; yet a split-second before the clash, I swiftly dropped low into a baseball slide

I slid in between Pat’s fat wobbly legs as if sliding for home-plate, with both my arms stretched wide- at a full span elongate; causing The Dump Truck to trip over them and stumble forward, under the gravitational pull of his or her own weight

Pat loudly cursed, as he- or she- fell to the floor with a thunderous impact burst; shaking the entire warehouse with a quake, as he- or she- landed belly first

I Kangaroo hopped back onto my feet’s terrain, as the Hippopotamus flailed his- or her- flabby limbs about in pain; attempting a short moment later to climb back up on all four hooves, breathing really hard- with a loud and laborious strain

On my feet- I wasted no passage of time on the clock, putting Pat's fat hog's neck into a tight strangling Python lock; which did eventually cause Fat Pat to tap-out, leaving the disbelieving crowd-within a complete state of shell shock

“THAT’S COLD-BLOODED!THIS NEGRO DUN CHOKED OUT A- BITCH’HHH!”, wailed a disgruntled man within the crowd- standing amongst a cigar cloud; while Master Dungee and White Tony did ‘CLAP’ ‘CLAP’ ‘CLAP’- and whistle out praise, as the crowd’s disappointment grew extremely loud

.....”KUNGFU JOEY- WINS’SSSSSS!”