

CHAPTER 82

Sweet Zeus stepped into the ring with his chest flexing nonstop, with pectorals that looked as if they were past ready to pop; he wore thick black eyeliner and a thick furry pink coat, with his permed hair slicked back- within a heavy gelatinous glop

Inside of the ring- he raised both hands to the sky, and hollered out- **“ZUES’SSSSS!”**- one good time; before he then did shed his coat, which in itself- was an intimidating crime

In a bedazzled tight hot pink wrestling suit- he bounced up and down- and from side-to-side as if he were dancing a Mambo; swing- swing- swinging- a series of quick jabs- hooks- and uppercuts, in an energetic display of a shadow box combo

“If this steroid freak gets a hold of me- I’M DEAD!”, was the hail- of my fearful wails; as Dungee eyed Zeus- unimpressed, and White Tony ‘CRUNCH’ed on a bag full of snail shells

While delightfully ‘CRUNCH’- ‘CRUNCH’- ‘CRUNCH’ing, White Tony offered Master Dungee a handful from his bag’o shells- without the snails; but he did quickly block him off with a raised left hand, which said- *‘Get that BULLSHIT up out of my face white man’*- and- *‘GO TO HELL’*

“The Vageena is like Harlem’s doorWith a bale of cotton- at its inner core.....;There is a rage within this doorThat shall lead you to a trunk of pure golden ore.....

(.....)

.....For TONIGHT- is the NIGHTThat Fot-Koo-Chi will make you a woe manIf there is NO pain- than surely there too can be- NO- gain;Do not blame the Vageena- for the Vageena is just the spirit of a manDoing the best that it canFor- this- gain.....

(.....)

.....Fot-Koo-Chi will not leave on some Midnight Georgia trainIt will not abandon- NOR.....;Leave a vacancyIt will not find another place to stayWhen- it- is- called- for.....

.....No- no- no-no- no!”

“FIGHTERS- GET READY!”, Wang had called out- with his gong stick thing at ready and waiting; summoning us to make our way over into the center of the fighting ring

“FIGHT!”, he hollered out- and then, brought the gong stick down into the vibrating gong signaling for the fighting match to begin; and until a fighter had either tapped out- or got knocked the FUCK out, only then- would the match come to its violent fin’

.....IT WAS GO TIME!