

CHAPTER 84

“BAD NEWS!.....”, wailed White Tony- as he rushed into the cubicle shoveling spoonfuls of mayonnaise mixed with macaroni; **“.....For the next round they have the Private matched up with Rasta Man Rondell!And the odds in favor- are really quite baloney!”**
.....When- SUDDENLY!

The Sandman guy- began to croon out a sad tune while raising his hands to the sky; with an emotional tear streaming down his eye, though he did not proceed to cry

With his head bowed low- shielding his heart with overlapping hands, he did not thereafter weep- nor make a solitary peep; he then slowly came back to life and grabbed the first Negro walking past, pulled his hand back far- and quickly *'SLAPP'*ed him right to sleep
.....With the loudest echo I had ever before heard!

He then wiped the tears from his face, and proceeded to dance off- while swinging his hair; singing a new up-tempo song, while turning wildly- and shaking his derriere

“That cat is COCO LOCO! ...But he don't intimidate me NUN!”, tooted Corey- while munching on cold cuts within a bun; as he once again stood looking over the cubicle wall, dishing out his insight and unsolicited opinion

“What kind of grub ya got there in your feel?”, asked White Tony- referring to his meal; to which he replied-

“Turkey- tomatoes- with Swiss cheese- on whole wheatWHY- what’s the deal?”

“Why don’t ya let me white whip that sammy up for ya- Chip”, offered White Tony- as he held up his jar of Miracle Whip; causing young Corey to think for a spell, before he chimed out-

“Oh what the HELL! ...Go on and give me a little bitty dip...

.....I am half white you know!”

“Do you dabble in mollusks and spumoni?Ever tried a snail?”, asked White Tony;

“HELL NO!Just a spoon of mayo here-and-there, or a single slice of baloney”

“CHICKEN?”, tooted White Tony, with mayonnaise and macaroni residue smeared all across his teeth-smiling perkily;

“HELL NO!Chicken is- GROSS! It’s only beef- or Turkey for me” Corey replied quick, not in the least bit herky-jerkily

“What about those Van Halen brothers?”-

“SureI guess I like half of their songs-no doubt”;

“I KNEW IT- I KNEW IT!I’m on my way over-we’ve much good things to talk about!”

“KUNGFU JOEY- MY MAN!Just the cat I wanted to crawl up on!.....”, some flashy dressed Negro in a bright green snake suit- did toot; with a skimpy dressed slut muffin hoar beneath each arm, and two multi-ringed manicured hands- full of U.S. currency loot

“.....I just wanna thank ya brutha- for makin’ a hustlaz pockets swollen like humps.....;You gone win this thang baby! Cause you way betta than all those overrated chumps!

(.....)

**BOOMBAA- YAY!I wanna see you out there floatin’ high like butterflies- and stingin’ hard like bees that have been Africanized!.....;Am I makin’ any sense- like dead presidents!A wise old owl once told me that one-and-one is fiveNow- ain’t- you- surprised!.....
.....Kungfu Joey- MY MAN!.....”**

The Negro then continued on with his lady pair, as I continued to stare; saying- **“.....Big daddy gone treat ya’ll to a Snoopy Snow ConeBUT!Ya’ll gone have ta- share!”**

To my sudden surprise- no sooner than the flashy Negro and his two less than classy escorts had disappeared past me; Won Ton quickly raced into the cubicle barking up a storm- as he stood up and touched me with both his paws like Lassie

.....THERE WAS TROUBLE!