

# CHAPTER 85

I- White Tony- and Corey too, did follow Won Ton into the trash littered alleyway that he quickly guided us through; and just what dire emergency we were being led forth to soon discover, I did not harbor the faintest of a clue

Though when I came to see, Ghetto Bob Marley ahead-puffing like a Cherokee; I knew in my heart of hearts- that we were exactly where we were supposed to be

As we approached the spot of where he stood in solidarity, he vanished around the corner- near which he did tarry; faster than a secret agent man, disappearing on an international counter-intelligence adversary

Won Ton stopped before two grape Shasta cans, which both laid flat- near Dungee's bamboo hat; and my bottle of painkillers had also been left behind, right where they all sat

With two unfinished cans of grape Shasta- Dungee's hat- and the bottle of painkillers that earlier had vanished on me; it didn't take much thought to figure out just what had occurred, and just who this ill bartending culprit could most likely be

**“LOOK! .....It’s the Coochie Master's China-men's hat!”**, tooted out Corey- while picking it up from the spot in whence it did lay at;

**“Well D-M wouldn't just leave his hat .....He loves that thing!”**, chimed White Tony- as he did quickly scan the full alleyway with stat

I picked up the pill bottle- swifly, while saying- **“Someone dun slipped him a mickey”**; before White Tony chimed-

**“It appears that the situation has gotten .....Sticky!”**

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