

CHAPTER 88

Outside of the tournament we commandeered three Hobo beach cruisers, which we did ride upon as unauthorized users; straight over to the Tiger Dojo, on the corner of PCH and MLK- in order to confront those losers

First- we did a bit of reconnaissance, watching the scene through a distant chain fence; watching as groups of tiger stripe wearing men, entered through a roll up door- from whence

From out of a purple limo parked near, stepped a purple-striped tiger and a short dark woman- dressed in voodoo priestess gear; she wore a black robe and many beaded chains, with several pairs of crazy earrings- dangling from both the left and right ear

“LOOK- now ya’ll see that muthafuckin man eating beast!He feeds that wild bitch- HUMANS!.....; I’ve seen the left over bones with my very own eyes- lots of them!Yes- sir!HUMANS!

“So far- I counted seventeen people enter the place.....”, said White Tony- while lowering the binoculars from his face; **“.....I’m assuming that theirs probably twice that insideAnd the outer perimeter is secured tight- like an army base.....**

.....I have no idea of how we’ll get in!”

there was silence amongst us for a spell, as we contemplated our best game play; **“Guys- I think I’ve figured out a way!”**, I did a short moment later- come to say

Me and Guttaman hid within a King’s Park restroom stall- without stir, while White Tony went out to play the baiting game bird; the plan was for him to lure a couple of Tiger Boys into our spiderweb, by walking up and using the N-word

It did not take long for three of them- to follow, and ragefully chase after him; right into our thwarting trap, that we did quickly unleash upon their lowest limb

In under five minutes flat- we had them stripped- gagged- tied and dragged into stalls- in which their three bodies were positioned to hide; then quickly dressed ourselves up within their tiger-striped attire, before the Tiger Dojo we did exit for- and slide

.....On a rescue mission!