

CHAPTER 92

Hearing his concern thereof dawn, we turned back around toward the Voodoo woman- but surprisingly she was already gone; and the golden bottle that held Dungee's Vageena had vanished from the table- that it had previously sat upon

“NO-NO-NO- PLEASE’EEE!.....”, Dungee did ball-down upon both his weary knees he did so fall; **“..... Mu-mu-my- Va- VAGEENA! ...Without it- I am absolutely nothing at all!”**

“I’m sorry Master- but we have ta goWe have ta go now!.....”, I did with reason repeat- as I pulled him up to his feet; then quickly wrapped my arm back around his lanky waist, and helped him walk over to the door for our immediate retreat

Twisting the handle left to right, I tried to open it but it was locked up tight; It was a disheartening encounter, because Dungee was in no form to fight

“DAMN- DAMN!THE DOOR IT’S LOCKED- IT’S LOCKED!”, I did wail out to White Tony- totally shocked; who replied-

“Are you sure!Try it again”, with his eyes forward and head slightly cocked

WHA- WHA- WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO MAN?”, I did cry out with much fear- as White Tony escorted Sham closer near to our rear;

“We go back the way we came”, he said- as we looked toward the rolling door, which was in the direction- our eyes did quickly steer

.....It was a real long shot!

The obstacles between us and that rolling door, had brought to my head- so much dread, knowing that if we attempted to pass through the men, we’d most likely end up.....DEAD

.....When- SUDDENLY!SHAM MADE A MOVE!