

CHAPTER 94

We stopped outside of the Tap-Dat-Ass Tournament at a puttering creep, with Dungee leaning on my shoulder- fast asleep; there was yelling and loud cheering coming from inside the warehouse, that sounded like a thousand mutated gorilla sheep

“Gutta.....” I said- **“.....Jerk- I’m proud of you You really stepped up to the plate and came through; Our asses would be barbecued tiger meat right now- If it hadn’t been for you”**

“What you talkin’ ‘boutI’m the one who sold the Karate Man out in the first place”, he said- with a sad look upon his face

“What’s important Gutta- is you didn’t leave us hangin’One show of bravery- reverses a thousand acts of disgrace!”

I opened the broke passenger side door, and planted both my feet upon the floor; **“You give ‘em HELL- Private Joe!”**, White Tony then sang- as Dungee let out a loud snore

“Alleycat- tap some ass for me!At first I didn’t believe in youI thought you’d wind up another foolish casualty.....;But now- it’s like the Karate Man says- I see the change in youYou’ve become brave and strong- your a much better man than me.....

.....Brutha- now I see the glow!”

With these words spoken- I gave Guttaman a five, before he put the car in drive; then pattered the truck off down the street, as I thanked God above that I was alive

I walked in just in time to see young Corey being rolled off on a medical stretcher- by several small Asian men; and as he rolled past me wearing a neck-brace, he reached out and grabbed hold of my left wrist- and began to oddly move his chin

It was a very bitter surprise, to see the distress within his closing eyes; as he tried to communicate something important to me- through low moaning cries

From the unintelligible words that came out in croaks, It was apparent that at some point his jaw had been badly broke; he repeatedly point- point- pointed his right hand index finger at his left fist, before swinging a quick shadow box poke

“Uhk- n- da’aaa- gov’vuv!Uhk- n- da’aaa- gov’vuv!”, he continued to repeatedly moan away

“I’m sorry- I don’t understand CoreyWhat is it that you are trying ta say”

Before he could utter another syllable, the stretcher began to roll off- behind the strength of the five Asian men; just as I heard Wang loudly announce from the stage- **“KUNGFU JOEY HAS ONE MINUTE REMAINING TO ENTER THE FIGHTING PEN!.....**

.....OR- HE FORFEITS!”