

CHAPTER 96

Re-wrapping my hands within my cubicle alone, there wasn't that same fighting atmosphere- with its loud chaotic tone; in-fact it was uncomfortably quiet, the only two left was me- and One Punch Poncho- everyone else was gone

Poncho- who was usually far off to the right, was now nowhere within my sight; and strangely- within the cubicle area, there seemed to be even less light

I had made it, the only thing standing between me and my Keeba's jewelry box receipt was One Punch Poncho himself; and though I felt ready and capable of the challenge, I couldn't help but feel anxiety- like a Christmas eve elf

Poncho had a knockout punch that had disabled many of his challenging foes; It was as if he had an iron fist- of which one could not withstand too many blows

I calmly meditated on my Vageena, wondering if it would guide me through the most turbulent fight of my life; would it shower its hot warmth down upon my spiritual erectness like a most passionate and faithful mistress- or wife

Would it leave me alone- and stranded, allowing for me to be reprimanded; **“Why duh worries- Champion?.....”**, I heard a voice behind me toot- abrupt and candid

Into a broken mirror before me- I did peer, spotting the image of Ghetto Bob Marley standing to my close rear; puff-puff- puffing away on that reefer bush, toting that strange bag of his- and still wearing that same Rastafarian gear

“.....Look to the sky- ChampionThrough all da suffer’in an heartaches- Ya did not break.....;Ya dun held ya own with cour’aj in dis here world full of de’mons an ev’al snakes.....

.....And now ya be a true- Champion”

“Why don’t I feel much like a champion? Why am I still constantly plagued with new fears and anxieties from day-to-day.....;And no matter what I do- or what I sayThey’re still there haunting me- pulling at meThese feeling just will not go away!.....

(.....)

.....Am I truly worthy of redemption?Have I changed- or am I still just a fraud.....;A two-bit hustler looking for a new schemeWith only myself here to defraud?”

With these words spoken- Ghetto Bob Marley just stood there silently, staring right into my eyes reflectively- still smokin’; blowing out an endless cloud of hovering marijuana smoke, until finally- his lingering silence was broken

“All champion- dem ‘ave fear for well bein’ dis ting it makes ya hu’mon bee’n.....;but da true champion fights through deez worriesRighteousness!Dis- ‘im keep on see’n”

“Brutha- I’m just your average- no- good- street-hustler....You don’t.....”, I began to expound- while swiftly spinning myself around; but to my instant surprise, Ghetto Bob Marley was nowhere in my eyesight to be found- once again leaving me confound

“Who in the HELL are you talkin’ to Joe?”

“Gutta- you didn’t just see that guy who was standin’ right hereWith long dreadlocks- smokin’ reeferKinda looks like Bob Marley?”;

“Yeah- I saw him.....”, Guttaman replied-
“He was the one that left with the Easter BunnyRidin’ on his marshmallow Harley.....

.....Alleycat- you trippin’!”

“Maybe I am- broI have been overworking myself these last few days- or so”;

“Well It ain’t neva’ too late ta throw in the surrender towelAnd just quit-ya know”

**“I’ve come much too far too turn back- no discussion
.....I have ta see this thing through- no matter what
the endgame repercussion;whether I spend
the rest of my days in a wheelchairOr- end up
comatose- from a hard knockout related concussion”**

**“Well- no matter what comes bruthaI’ll be right
there with you- I swear on my mutha!”;**

**“I- love- you- jerk!You’ve always had
my back!”, I sang- while giving him a close
smutha**

***....”I love you too bro!Now let’s go out there and
WIN this thang!***