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Subject: OT: LOL - Pit Bull Vs Raccoon

Posted by [Blazer](#) on Tue, 14 Sep 2004 22:11:39 GMT

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I just happened to stumble across this story, and it made me LOL.

<http://www.craigslist.org/about/best/sfo/40620151.html>

For those too lazy to click:

All my life I've pondered what would happen if you caged a raccoon, threw him in a ring with a pit bull and had them fight to the death. No, I'm not going to start a thread about how my animal abusive uncle pulled off such a feat (because he would), but this morning at about 3 am I was fortunate enough to witness about 30 seconds worth of this dream match-up and it didn't disappoint!

I'm sound asleep early this morning when I'm suddenly awakened by the intensity of a fierce street fight between 3 cats...fuckin' battle royal WWF style, and everybody knows what a cat fight sounds like. The only reason this cat fight peaked my interest was because usually cat fights last about 15-20 seconds before one cat realizes he's about to get his ass whopped and runs away like a little bitch. Not this fight. This was fuckin' Ali/ Frazier and after about 45 seconds of ferocity I knew I had to get some ringside seats because these cats were absolutely getting after it! I run to my front room window which looks down on the street and and it was beautiful!! The street light in front of my neighbors house shined right down on the fight like I was at Ceasars Palace. The only thing missing was a giant bong rip and a few half naked ring card girls....and beer. And hookers.....anway....

So I must have been watching this free for all for about 45 seconds when out of nowhere this big fuckin' raccoon comes rollin' up 5 deep out of the alley between my house and my neighbors' to the right. I mean he's got his posse in full effect. I dont know, they might have been his bitches, all I know is I saw him out of the corner of my eye and at first I thought it was a dog, thats how big this coon was. I see raccoons all the time but this bastard was abnormally big, he was like Deebo from the movie Friday without the introduction music. The intense whine of the cat fight must have attracted his attention, he probably was in some dumpster getting his eat on when he heard the commotion, turned to his hoes and was like, "You wanna go see me whup some ass?" So he rolls up with his entourage and within seconds this cat fight comes to an abrupt end. Game over. Thanks for coming. In the blink of an eye 2 of the cats are fuckin' ghost! They know better. They're like, "No need to stick around, thats the biggest motherfuckin' racoon I've ever seen, I'M OUT!!" Now the other cat, he didn't move. He must have paged the coons or some shit because you could tell they were boys. The minute he saw the calvary coming he probably looked at the other cats and was like, "Yeah, whats up now bitches? This is my block. West side. Recognize!" Throwing up alley cat gang signs n' shit. So I'm watching this and my adrenaline is just pumping, I love confrontation especially between animals. I'm a little disappointed that this raccoon showed up because he broke up a really entertaining cat fight but just when I was about to climax all over myself things got really interesting...

My neighbors to the left own a pitbull named Davis and by no means is Davis one of those "trained to kill" style ghetto pitbulls, he's actually a sweetheart but he is a pitbull and he can get down. Davis is the kind of dog that is cool with humans but will not hesitate to obliterate any cat he

can run down. Occasionally he gets under the fence which doesn't bother me at all but at times has the other neighbors terrified. Sure enough Davis also heard the catfight and wanted to get a live glimpse himself, he just didn't know he was about to come face to face with a 105+ pound coon. So the minute I see Davis I let out with a "HOLY SHIT!!!" and once again my adrenaline is flaring like a pack of hemorrhoids because I knew this had the potential to be fuckin' awesome! With that my roommate comes bolting out of his room half asleep thinking somebody was breaking into his piece of shit car, it's black as pitch in our house and dude just runs head on into the hallway corridor. Fuckin' WHAM!! He goes to turn on the lights in the living room and I'm like, "No, you're going to scare them away," he still has no idea what's going on and turns his attention to what I'm watching and just flips out!! He's more pumped up than I am! You have to understand, my roommate and I are HUGE boxing fanatics who grew up together and were the type of guys who would have heated debates over who would win in a fight, John Rambo or Luke Skywalker. You know the types. King Kong or Godzilla? Mountain lion Vs. Black bear? So this was right up our alley.

The minute the raccoons see Davis four of them decide it was in their best interest to find the nearest escape route and head right back towards the alley. Not the big fella. This raccoon had balls of steel and even Davis was kinda lookin' at him like, "Yo nigga, don't you know who I am? Is your ass crazy or something? I'm a fuckin' pit bull son." However the only thing on this coon's mind was tearing shit up. So Davis is sizing up the situation and this raccoon goes right into a defensive attack position. It was about to be on and I'm not sure how it happened but within moments my roommate and I are engaged in a heated debate over the outcome and automatically a 20 dollar bet was on the table. So he starts going off about Davis having "lock jaw" and once Davis establishes that advantage the fight would be over, Davis would tear him apart. I start telling him that it's not going to matter what kind of jaw Davis has because the second he gets close, that raccoon is going to use his razor sharp paws and carve him up something fierce. So we are going round and round like fuckin' Jim Lampley and Larry Merchant from HBO Sports and as always when my adrenaline starts and I get excited...I gotta take an enormous shit. I mean I'm straight up turtle heading. I can't hold it any longer.

Alright give me some room here....does anyone else get that or is it just me? I don't know why, but ever since I could remember anytime I feel any type of anxiety I automatically have to take a giant dump. It's the craziest thing. If I go to Blockbuster to rent a movie, within about 2 minutes I have to take a shit. Same thing if I go pick up a video game, it's like fuckin' clock work. When I'm about to light up a giant bong rip, I always run to the bathroom first. And sometimes there's no bathroom around so I have to go with the "heal plunge" where I bend over to pretend like I'm tying my shoe but all I'm really doing is ramming my heel up my ass to stop me from shitting all over myself. Speaking of video games, when I was 13 my little brother would bring over his Chinese friend to play Nintendo and this kid was such a savage that he wouldn't even bother to press pause when he had to take a shit, he'd just drop a growler right there in his pants!! I mean come on, I know Chinese kids love video games but there's a pause button for a reason. This kid was like, "no way" getting to level 9 in Mega Man was WAY more important than a trip to the bathroom. Little fella would just go caveman style right there in the living room.....

So anyway, I frantically sprint to the bathroom about to drop my garbage all over the floor and I'm on the toilet yelling at my roommate to give me "the play by play". I must have been on the shitter for like 12 seconds flat, if crapping was an Olympic sport I'd have just brought home the gold. I run back into the living room with a trail of toilet paper still lodged in my ass and as soon as I take my

seat, my cock blocking neighbor comes flying out of her house screaming at her dog to come. Obviously with that the coon bolts, I'm bummed out of my mind, my roommate throws on the lights in the living room and dude is sporting a 3 inch gash right down his forehead. Apparently when he came running out of his room and took on the hallway corridor the guy split his fuckin' wig. He's got blood all over his shirt like he just went toe to toe with a god damn mountain lion.....

I got to get some sleep.

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