

## **The Martial Arts Adventures of Koa Lesson Stories and Other Short Stories and Poems**

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Updates to the martial arts lessons short stories and poems can be found at

<http://health.groups.yahoo.com/group/KirkhamsEbooks2/>

files/MartialArtsStories/

After joining the group

[KirkhamsEbooks2-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:KirkhamsEbooks2-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)

If you can submit your own stories, even a fight scene or drill that I can wrap a story around, readers can gain a perspective of many martial arts styles and philosophies. Naturally for your trouble include a byline with whatever nonadult website link you'd like or other contact information you'd like to include.

I really feel this has some merit for your time.

Thanks for being a reader and considering a submission of your own

Rick

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**Note from Sensei Kirkham:** This story is based loosely on a dream I actually had. I placed martial arts descriptions and tactics in the story for my martial arts ezine readers' information and enjoyment.

Submitted 7-2-02005

## **No Way In...**

Koa had thought it through. He looked down from the tall building, knowing the woman he thought was the love of his life would not be with him. She'd left, promising to return, then, in an email, explained she'd changed her mind. No amount of convincing by Koa's father or anyone else that a liar was not even worth a second thought helped Koa.

Koa thought about it one more time – and jumped. At first there was the thrill as though he were flying, then as the ground got closer and closer, as though it was rushing up to meet him, fear. Fear of pain. Fear of the unknown. Fear.

Koa hit the ground. As time passed, he realized he was conscious. He kept his eyes closed and began moving his body parts, fearful of pain. Koa started by wiggling his fingers. He slowly worked his way up to moving his arms. Still no pain. Eyes still closed. Koa wiggled his toes and worked his way up to his hips. Still no pain. Still eyes closed. Finally, ever so slowly, he turned his head back and forth.

Everything seemed to be okay. Finally Koa opened his eyes. He sat up carefully and slowly. 'Where am I?', thought the martial arts master. He seemed to be in a different part of the city than what he remembered. Koa looked around, but didn't recognize anything. 'Oh well', thought Koa. 'I did just take a big spill. Guess I'm better at falling than I thought. I'd better find a bus outa here.', Koa thought as he rose carefully to his feet. 'Yep, guess I'm okay.'

Koa started walking down the street. Dingy looking even in the daytime.

"Wha you doin dis part a town!?"

Koa turned, there was a man behind him. 'I didn't even feel that guy behind me. That fall must have messed me up worse than I thought.', thought Koa.

"Just lookin fo a bus outa here bradah.", said Koa.

"I ain't yo bradah!"

And the man threw a straight right at Koa's nose.

Koa saw the punch coming. He felt the usual flow of adrenaline that he expected and had trained with so he could use it in a self-defense situation. He was getting ready to slip his head to the left, slap the the attacker's right hand with his left across his body and use his right front knuckles to his attacker's throat since Koa noticed his attacker's chin was up.

But just as Koa was about to execute this in one movement, Koa's right foot stepped back into a front stance , he did a classical inside to outside closed fist block with his left hand as his right hand went to his right side into the chamber. "KIAAA!", shouted Koa.

'Oh my !@#\$', thought Koa. 'Why is my body doing this. I've seen forms practiced like this, but no one in their right mind would ever fight like this! I'm wide open and I can't shift out of this stupid long stance to avoid another attack!'

In a millisecond Koa's combat creative mind came up with a solution. Since only a millisecond had gone by Koa's left hand was still inside his attacker's defenses against his attacker's right arm. 'I'll use my fingertips of my left hand since that's the closest weapon I have and strike my attacker's throat.'

Koa began to execute the front spearhand strike to the throat, but once again his body didn't move the way it was trained or the way he wanted it to. Instead of the spearhand strike with his left hand, Koa chambered right hand executed a traditional reverse punch. Well he was already overly extended from the long stance, his hips didn't twist with the punch to generate more power from the back leg and he could barely reach the attacker as it was. So

basically what happened was the attacker grunted slightly stepped in and grabbed Koa by the throat.

Koa didn't know what the heck was going on. All of his counter-attacks were classical ineffectual karate techniques. His father would have laughed him out of class for actually fighting like this.

Koa's attacker's centerline was wide open, but instead of executing the simple knee strike to the groin as Koa had planned and following the knee strike to the groin with a two fingered eye strike or roundhouse elbow strike to his attacker's temple depending on how Koa's attacker reacted to the knee strike to the groin, he stepped back again and brought his arms down onto his attacker's forearms. Because Koa had stepped back, pulling his attacker off balance, the move had the effect of releasing his attacker's hands from Koa's throat, but now the attacker was free to try to hit Koa again because Koa didn't control his attacker's arms and broke free instead.

Koa had had enough. He took the opportunity to get out of there. He ran toward a group of men at the same time looking for a police officer to report the attack.

Suddenly Koa remembered his recent experience with the unprovoked attack and stopped running toward the group of men. Sure enough they shouted, pointed at Koa and began chasing him.

He had no idea why his body was doing what it was doing after over ten years of martial arts training, but he knew he didn't stand a chance against multiple attackers fighting the way he was. As far as he knew, the way his body was working, he may jump in the middle of all his attackers instead of using one attacker as a shield and using angles to cut down on the number of attackers he'd have to fight at one time.

So Koa utilized another honorable means of self-defense – he ran. Lucky thing he was in good shape.

He ran toward an old official looking building with pillars in front of it. For some reason he happened to notice some kind of star symbol embedded in the concrete of the roof of the building.

'That's funny, the gang stopped chasing me.'

As he walked into the building he saw a receptionist typing on a computer keyboard.

'Must be some kind of celebration going on. The receptionist is wearing a very realistic goat's head mask.'

Koa walked up to her, breathing hard from his ordeal.

The receptionist looked up at Koa. "May I help you?"

'Amazing mask work', thought Koa. 'The lips on the mask even move when she talks.'

"Can you please tell me how to catch a bus out here?", asked Koa almost breathless.

"Oh, I'm sorry sir. There are no buses out of hell."

Koa sat up in bed sweating as though he'd run a mile. He jumped out of bed and found his father meditating in the backyard.

"Father! You were absolutely right! She's not worth it!" She's a liar and a coward so it would never had worked out anyway!"

Koa's father smiled, "I'm glad you finally figured it out boy. Tell me, what changed your mind?"

"Let's just say I went for a walk and did some thinking. There's no way in..., well she's just not worth it."

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7-18-2005 Submission

## **The Sales Call**

### **A Short Story By Phil Perez**

#### **Based on an actual event**

The next available cab pulls up from a long queue. I had just arrived at Grand Central Station from Boston. I always prefer to travel by train whenever I can. Why take the risk, I always say. My supervisor puts up with my flying phobia because when it comes to the bottom line, I always deliver. This hang-up of mine isn't strictly just about flying and it definitely predates our post 9/11 world. It's really about personal control and safety issues. I like to be in control of my environment whenever possible and let's face it, in an airliner there isn't any.

The driver turns his head and through a thick, grimy bulletproof protective plastic shield asks Where to Mistah?

I pull out a slip of paper from my briefcase and answer 4265 East Tremont Avenue.

I glance at the barely visible cab driver's license holder to notice his name and it is absolutely unpronounceable. It starts with the name Mohammed and that's as far as I can make sense of it. He wears an Islamic style bleached white lace skullcap. I figure he must be from somewhere in the Middle East. The music coming from his small CD Player on the front seat reminds me of two strays in a late night catfight.

You sure Mistah?

Thats what I said.

As the cab pulls away from the curb I notice that its close to midnight. I left Maine early this afternoon. I would have been here by early this evening even with all the extra security procedures at the airport. Oh well thats the price I pay for taking a train instead of a plane. My meeting is scheduled for early tomorrow morning.

My name is Bill Turner and I am a sales representative for a leather tannery by the Salmon River up in Berwick, a small town in southwestern Maine. The narrow river separates it from Somersworth, New Hampshire. We have been trying for quite some time to create a business relationship with Ringcraft, a leading professional boxing glove manufacturing company. Its been the owners dream to capture this account for all the years Ive worked there, and I started at the loading bay. In the last few years, with the disappearance of the Maine shoe industry it has become even more critical to the tannery to bring in new business. This account could possibly double our business. This meeting tomorrow morning is the most important of my career so far.

I figured it wouldnt hurt to get here today to make sure I arrive at my appointment on time, rested and refreshed. I always try to see potential clients early in the day. I perform better that way. A client is also not tired yet from a long day at the office and is usually much more responsive to my pitch. If things go well it also allows us the opportunity to go out for a business lunch complete with cocktails. The cocktails certainly cant hurt in clinching a lucrative deal for my firm. In fact they tend to make it quite a bit easier.

I would have made reservations at a fine midtown Manhattan hotel but there is a major jewelers convention going on at the Javits Center this week and there isnt a room to be had anywhere near it. I cant believe there are that many jewelers in this country that they can fill all the descent hotel rooms in the heart of the worlds largest city. Ill have to take my chances and find a suitable hotel or motel room near my sales call. I hate to rely on impromptu travel arrangements but the opportunity that has presented itself to me with this company was a last minute minor miracle. Their long-time leather supplier has recently changed ownership and management team. Ringcraft apparently doesnt like the new team and has decided to look for a new supplier. I dont want this huge opportunity to slip by me. All our competitors are chomping at their bits to be the first to make their presentation.

We cross a rusty bridge slopped with fading gray paint over more rust in a vain attempt to make it look safe. At least thats all I can make out of it by the gloomy streetlight available. As we rumble over the metal grating underneath I wonder if well make it to the other side. As soon as we drive off the bridge into the Bronx I notice that the scenery outside the cab has abruptly changed. Abandoned cars and condemned tenements are so numerous here that they seem to overwhelm everything else.

Is this where the worlds leading boxing glove manufacturer calls home? In my minds eye I can imagine how at one time in the now distant past it may have been a vibrant, thriving neighborhood. It must have been that way when the company was founded. I guess I should

be grateful that I'm here at all. Most other boxing glove companies are manufacturing in China now and it would definitely not be cost effective for them to do business with us. I must admit, I don't know New York City very well and if I had known this sales call was in the middle of a nasty ghetto I would definitely have taken the risk and waited until next week to be able to stay in a nice midtown hotel.

Are there any hotels near here? I ask the driver anxiously.

You kidding Mistah? By the hour, maybe. He responded.

As we pull up to the address I had given him I glance up the street. Two blocks away there is a sleazy looking hotel. The antique, flickering green neon light marquee above the entrance reads: TR\_MONT H\_\_TEL. The missing neon letters a flagrant testimonial to the quality to be expected at this squalid inn.

What about that place up there?

Sure Mistah.

He drives up to it and double parks next to a sparkling new turquoise colored Fleetwood.

Will you wait a minute? I just want to find out if they have a vacancy.

He nods in consent. As I extricate myself out of the cab I figure I'm definitely going to have to hang my luggage from a ceiling light fixture just to keep the cockroaches out of my clothes tonight. I can only imagine what the rooms must look like. I suddenly wish I had brought a plastic sheet to place over the very likely soiled, seldom changed bedding.

As I walk toward the hotel entrance it all becomes moot. The cabby peels away with a shrieking squeal of rubber. With a sudden shock I realize he is stealing my brand new Hewlett Packard laptop computer as well as my leather briefcase and overnight luggage. No wonder he didn't mind letting me get out of the cab without paying him first. He must have been eyeballing my laptop as I got in the cab earlier and thanked Allah for it as I got out. Just great, there goes my presentation, my credit cards and all my cash, still in the briefcase. I swear I will never care about bulging jacket pockets again. How could I have trusted him? I must look like what I really must be: a naive country boy from the back woods of Maine that only imagines he's street smart. Damn it all to Hell! I can't even remember his last name, never mind his taxi driver's license number.

Come back here you son of a bitch! I yell loudly as I start to lamely run after the quickly disappearing taxi.

As I start back toward the hotel entrance I notice a tall thin black man in what looks like an expensive dark green double-breasted Armani suit and sporting a wide brimmed matching fedora. He slothfully leans against the passenger side front bumper of the Cadillac. He

casually turns his face toward me as I pass by him and flashes me a toothy grin that I can only imagine a predator giving its prey just before devouring it. Is that a diamond in-bedded in his front teeth? It must be at least half a carat. He flicks his cigarette butt to the sidewalk and crouches back into the back of his limousine.

I remember my cell phone is still attached to my belt. I pull it out and I start to punch up 911. My stomach does a somersault inside of me as it informs me that the batteries are totally drained. Mr. Murphy is certainly working overtime tonight.

I walk into the shabby hotel lobby. The smell of urine intermixed with disinfectant pine-sol cleanser is enough to make me gag. I fight the urge to heave and go up to the clerks counter. Hes busy watching the Conan OBrien Show on a tiny TV set and his body language as he tears himself away from it to walk over to the counter shouts: Why the hell are you disturbing me? Asshole!

What actually come out of his lips is Yeah...what. The strong odor of marijuana, cheap liquor and stale armpit sweat emanates strongly from him as he leans lazily toward me with one elbow on the counter.

A cab just took off with everything I had. Can you help me? I need a phone.

We havent got a pay phone. Everybodys got cell phones now.

Cant I use the phone right there behind you? Cant you call the police for me?

Listen buddy, live with it. Cops dont exactly come rushing over here for petty crimes. Youre right smack in the middle of a bad assed neighborhood, if you havent noticed. I dont like cops and I certainly dont want them anywhere near here. Its bad for business. Besides that cabby must be half way down to the East Side Highway by now. Did you get the plate number?

No, I was too busy trying to run after him.

Then youre totally screwed.

Why would a nice whitey like you be up here alone in the middle of the night anyway?

Its too long a story. I dont want to bore you. I cant bear the stench in here a minute more.

As I walk out, a young olive skinned, bleached blond Hispanic hooker in extremely short, almost thong-like hot pants and tall spike heeled shoes stumbles into me. She was too busy supporting her drunken john who was barely on his feet to notice me coming out. Her enormous breasts spill out from her skintight halter-top as she tries to regain her balance. They seem out of all proportion to the rest of her otherwise thinly lithe body.

Sorry. She blurts out as she starts to adjust her top. I sense her avaricious thinking process as she provocatively advertises her breasts for my full visual inspection before cramming them back in her flimsy halter. Quickly calculating, I gather, whether I might make a better prospect than the john she already has. I can see the track marks on her arms and the bruise on her face that she is desperately trying to mask with her make-up. She certainly needs more cash than a simple trick can provide.

This john is definitely going to be robbed. She decides to stick with a sure thing and drags him inside. I decide to try to find a police cruiser or better yet, a subway station. I'd rather sit in a subway car for the rest of the night. It would be much easier on my legs and a hell of a lot less dangerous. I eventually come across a subway station entrance. I climb down the filthy, urine drenched, dark staircase. The putrid air breathable only because of the strong rush of dry, hot ozone permeated wind that blows up from below as trains screech into the station or fast moving ones pass by on the express track.

After fishing for coins in my pockets I realize I don't even have enough for a token. The turnstiles are of the jump-over proof variety. Ceiling to floor painted steel bars surrounding a matching ceiling to floor style rotating door entrance. The hermetically sealed token booth attendant could care less about my predicament.

No token, no entry. That's the law! At least that's all I could make out of the garbled noise coming out from the cheap intercom system. Screwed again!

As I climb back up the stairs to street level I notice a large, neon lit clock through a steel grated storefront window. It's now close to two in the morning. Suddenly my instincts tell me I'm being watched. A car pulls up from behind. Three young men rush out to surround me on the otherwise deserted sidewalk. I have always heard that in situations like this you better have something of value to give or they will shoot you out of spite for wasting their time. I have nothing but my inexpensive Timex watch and a run of the mill cell phone, peanuts to these hoods. I'm toast!

As they encircle me I quickly analyze the immediate terrain around me and quickly pick out the leader of this pack. They are wearing their gang colors: yellow and black silk blazers over T-shirts with black bandanas on cleanly shaved heads, heavy gold necklaces dangling around their necks. Expensive sneakers adorn their feet under their very baggy blue jeans. The chief gangster sports a short goatee, a facial tattoo and is wearing a lot more gold around his neck than the other two. He's the one who steps in front of me extending out in his right arm a nickel-plated 9 mm semi-automatic to only inches from my nose. What he commences to bark at me I don't hear. Mind is too busy reeling from this surreal and dangerous situation that I suddenly find myself in.

My whole life flashes in front of my eyes in a flash as my adrenaline reaches a new height that I previously would have thought impossible. Before tunnel vision starts to set in I take a deep but silent breath and go into motion. No time to think, only to act if I want to survive. I lift up my arms as I assume he must have just requested. I carefully keep my

elbows down, already preparing to execute an abbreviated form of Kotegaeshi. As he starts to blink, I twist my upper body clockwise in less time than he can reopen his eyes again. Simultaneously I reach for and grab his death dealing hand with my raised left hand. I start to spin my entire body around in the opposite direction instantly, wrenching his wrist and gun barrel toward his face.

With blinding speed my other hand also grabs the same gun holding hand to help wrench the gun barrel toward him even more viciously. It discharges into his face as his reflex action pulls the trigger. His whole head explodes behind his face. As I continue to spin around in a counter clockwise direction I cause it to discharge again, this time right into the chest of his now stunned back-up partner. As he goes down, the gun is now firmly in my hands as their leader finally slumps backwards unto the now blood, gore and bone splattered front hood of the parked car behind him. I stand pointing the 9 mm at the third hood. Hes been caught off guard by the suddenness of my response. Their car speeds away immediately. The driver obviously wants no part of me. As we stand there facing each other the alarm of the parked car starts to blare away.

I yell to the one left standing, only a youth really Put the gun down gently on the sidewalk. He does so.

Kick it to me, gently now, no fast motions, now lie face down on the sidewalk with your hands at the base of your back with your legs spread wide apart. Dont even look at me. Look straight down at the ground.

I continue to point the gun at him with both my hands. I have no choice. Im trembling so much I would otherwise drop it.

I can finally make out police sirens in the distance and they are getting much louder quickly as he complies. Thank God, I think to myself, I dont know how much longer my knees will hold out. The fear I had just experienced had almost completely consumed me. All the years of training at the little dojo back home had unbelievably paid off tonight, big time.

My head is ringing from the noise of the gunshots and my Senseis favorite proverb, To be a pacifist is to be a man of peace. To truly be one you must first be able to defend yourself. Then you have a choice you can make: To fight or not to fight. If you cannot defend yourself, you do not have that choice to make. You are merely helpless.

I have always been a practical kind of guy. I was never quite athletically talented enough to be a first stringer in high school sports teams. After sitting on the bench for a while I wisely figured out that martial arts training would be more rewarding. I could also accomplish two things at the same time, fitness AND self-defense.

After looking around for quite some time I chose a small traditional school that emphasized age tested, no-nonsense, practical self-defense instead of a larger, much more popular tournament oriented sport school. I was already sick of athletic competition. In my forties

now, I still get to the dojo twice a week religiously to keep healthy, fit and for much needed stress relief. A few of the same people are still there although the majority of them have moved on with their lives and away from our rural area. The dojo is still in the same location and it seems nothing in it has changed in thirty years except for the faces of the students. The only obvious difference is Senseis hair; it used to be jet black, now its snow white.

I spent the rest of the night in a haze of police interviews. They are quickly convinced of my insistence of self-defense, especially since the rap sheets of the three men were massive. Two of the three were actually wanted by the police for a vicious home invasion and rape the night before. I have no criminal record whatsoever, not even an unpaid parking ticket. When I finally look at my watch its a quarter to nine. I ask the desk sergeant if I can get a ride to Ringcrafts building.

Theres been a car waiting for you outside for about fifteen minutes already. He informs me.

Thats very nice of you. I respond.

Its not one of ours. I believe it belongs to Ringcraft.

I go outside and spot a limousine waiting there. The driver comes around and opens the door for me. I get in and find an immaculately dressed black man with short-cropped salt and pepper hair talking on his car phone. He puts it down and extends his right hand to me. I take it firmly in my right hand for a moment as I sit down next to him.

Its a pleasure to meet you Mr. Turner, Im Michael Corley, the owner of Ringcraft. May I call you Bill? To my friends Im just Mike. Id be honored if I could count you as one of them.

Im the one that should be honored sir. I reply in my humblest voice, suddenly all too aware of my unshaven, disheveled appearance and that I have nothing to present to him this morning.

Im sorry but I had a hell of a night and have lost my presentation material.

I know all about it, the whole city is buzzing about it this morning. As a matter of fact, excuse me a moment...George lets get the hell out of here before the TV crews get here. I want to talk to this young man before the media vultures get to him.

You dont need to make a presentation to me. I am more than confident your product can fit our manufacturing needs. I have an unwritten rule in my business, Bill. I do business only with people I respect. Thats why I stayed with the Jones Tannery for over a decade. Dick Jones ran his business like I built mine, with integrity. When he passed away recently, his family was forced to sell his business. They couldnt afford the inheritance tax. The new owners are jerks as far as Im concerned. They fired all of Dicks upper management team

without even meeting them. Ive picked up as many as I could, excellent people, all of them. Dick never could stand yes men, and neither do I.

Anyone who can handle himself so well in a such a dangerous situation the way you did speaks volume to me about you, as well as your character. Im an old boxer myself and I have become a good judge of character because of it. You are as good as gold with me Bill.

What you did last night was, how should I put it, just short of downright spectacular. I wish I had been there to see those scumbags get what they deserved. Mr. Corley continued.

I have seen this neighborhood go down the gutter in the last twenty years. I live up in Greenwich now with all the beautiful people but I insist on keeping my firm here where I grew up. Someones got to help out the vast majority of good people still left here in the old neighborhood. I try in my own small way to fight back against the sub-human filth that is trying to take it over. I supply as many good, quality jobs as I can to those I find are worth helping out.

Now, when are you going to invite me to come up and see your Maine? I hear its stunning up there this time of year.

The End

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**Note from Rick:** I asked Arashi for a simple team drill for two people defending themselves against multiple attackers for a story I was writing. Naturally I would have included a thank you with whatever byline he wanted. Instead what I received was an entire short story wrapped around the fight scene.

More importantly my thoughts were correct. Arashi added thoughts and ideas I would not have considered. If more people contribute short stories, drills or scenarios this concept will

grow and give all readers and martial artists a huge source for ideas and entertainment!

Thank you Arashi for getting the ball rolling. Great story!

7-16-2005

## **Four The Hard Way**

### **A Team Fight Scenario**

November 20<sup>th</sup>, 1989, a day like any other typical day in the southwestern United States, a friend and I were just finishing up our drinks at the OU student center snack bar, where they had great pizza if you were a student with limited funds and even less time between studies, and we decided to run by the local video store to catch some quick new releases before they were all rented out.

We waved to Donna, a good study partner and my on again, off again girlfriend whom we had both known since high school, she smiled and told us to be careful, as we went down the hall towards the main doors.

As we left, four guys were walking up to the doors laughing and carrying beers in hand.

My friend, Tom, saw them first and said, Hoo boy! Watch these guys, theyre drunk.

He was the always guarded type, who seemed to have a knack for knowing when there was about to be trouble.

Dont do this to me, not now. Man I gotta get home in one piece. Donna said just go to the video store and get something nice then shed meet us at the dorm in an hour. Is that so hard? I said.

Hey, Im just sayin, these guys may be a problem. Tom replied.

Both of us were students at Master Takawas Dojo, Tom longer than I and it was because of him that I got involved in learning Aikijujutsu and Kempo.

I had learned to trust his judgment so I usually let him lead and I played shadow.

The men stopped outside the door, talking among themselves and finishing their beers before simultaneously crushing the cans against their heads. Whooyeah! They yelled out in chorus.

We waited for them to enter but they stayed outside, so we opened the door and started to exit.

After we got outside, we passed making sure not to make eye contact lest it stir them up and possibly start a fight. As we walked by, Tom closest to them and I on the outside, one turned and shoved his elbow into Tom, bumping him.

Tom stopped and looking at the man, he said Excuse me, sir.

The man, a tall skinny ROTC wannabe turned around and said Hey, watch where youre going dumba\*\*. Im walking here!

Again Tom said Excuse me, sir. Adding Im sorry.

We tried to continue walking, playing it off, but another man, a short red head, said Hey YOU! Get back here! I dont think that apology was good enough!

Two others, one blonde, the other brown haired with a crew cut, agreed nodding their heads and one said Yeah, come back here and kiss his boots!

Tom kept walking. I started to worry. We had practiced one against one and one against two in the dojo but never really worked on two against four before. Partnerships were rarely the center of focus with Master Takawa. His opinion was that one should avoid fighting at all costs. And the chances of being in a situation where there are two of you dealing with other attackers was uncommon. To Master Takawa, it was so unlikely that he rarely spoke of it except in the historical sense. Such as armies and sometimes when he worked with the police students who also trained with him at the dojo.

But they always had guns, or could radio for back up.

Tom mumbled to me, Stay close but dont get in my way. If these guys wanna do something were both gonna need all the room we can get. Then he added, Take the red headed guy out closest to the biggest one. Hes the instigator. Without him the big guy will lose heart. Ill take the leader and the others will be fairly easy after that. Remember Legs are longer than arms so if they punch you kick.

I sized my target up without trying to seem obvious. Always watching the two on either side. We didnt want them getting behind us. Keep them in front so we could see them and

control the situation somewhat. Master Takawa called this Containing the flood waters.

Pinch them in and keep them tight. If they have to fight close together theres less room for them to all get to you at once. The guys in back will have to fight past their own comrades to hit you. So only one or two will be able to attack at once.

If they start to fan out to move behind you, move with them and keep them in one direction.

These guys were eggin for a beatin. Tom was a fourth degree black belt and I was almost a dan myself. I bet they didnt have any real training themselves, so if it came down to it, we could takeem. I supposed.

We tried to keep walking but one of them threw his beer can at me and Tom stopped. With his back to the group he just stood there and asked me if I was ok.

Yeah, Im good, theyre so drunk they missed. It landed at my feet.

Lets go get those videos. Tom said, and we continued walking.

Hey, stupid! Im talking to you! Are you deaf!?! one said.

Tom ignored the man and kept walking. His head was down but he walked with a purpose. Being lesser experienced, I mistakenly looked back over my shoulder.

This inspired them to make more degrading comments but they must have decided it was too much work to run up after us.

Ahh forget it, lets go. I need to see if my connection is in here. The instigator said.

Yeah, those p\*\*\*ies! Hey, that chic Donna is in there! Man Id like to nail her! The tall one said.

That caught my attention! What did he say about *MY* girlfriend?

Forget it, let it be. Tom said, and he kept walking.

No way man!, They were talking about Donna! Im gonna go back and do something! I said.

I turned around and headed back towards the door.

Tom grabbed my shoulder and said Look, they arent likely to do anything inside, there are cameras and a security guard always someplace nearby, ok? Shell be fine. Besides do you want to tell her you couldnt find any good flicks?

Just wait a second, I just wanna see if they mess with her. If they keep going, we can go. I said.

Fine. Tom said and we began towards the entrance.

We stopped just outside the double doors and watched through the glass.

They were standing near the vending machines and one was rocking a machine to and fro to get a free candy bar. Nothing came out and so it looked like he was digging into his pockets for change. Upon not finding any, he hit the machine with his fist and broke the plastic facing. Still not hard enough to break it open. He gave up.

Laughing, their group turned and started walking in Donnas direction.

She sat with her back to them, not realizing what was going on. She was always so much more trusting that I had ever been. She believed in the best in people. But then, she grew up in a good home with parents who were well to do. I was always more on the other side of the tracks and grew up in a trailer house in Norman with the railroad tracks bumping up next to us, and an industrial park on the other side. I had learned that trust will get you only so far.

I couldnt hear them speaking as they approached her so I opened the door and started in.

What are you doing? Tom said.

Im going in! I cant hear! I replied.

Reluctantly, he followed me in.

You know what will happen if they see us dont you? he said.

Shhh! They may hear us! I turned and said to him.

Hey Donnnnnnna! How ya doin babe? the tall one said.

She half-turned to see who it was addressing her and said Oh hi Joe, you guys look like youve been enjoying yourselves. She said it sarcastically.

Oh yeah, you know it you sweet thing. The red headed one said.

Guys, its real great that you came by to see me and say hello but I have to study. So forgive me if I get back to my books, ok? she said, trying to ignore the comment.

The tall one sat down next to her and put his arm around her, saying Well hey babe, how about a hug before we go then?

Guys, really, I need to study, this is important. No hugs today, ok? she said pushing him away.

No hugs?! What, are you too good for me now? And to think, I was gonna take you for a ride later on my Harley. Its all put together now and rides like silk on a babies bottom! Smmmmmooooooth! But if youre not interested, well its your loss. Ill just go see your little sister and see what SHE thinks! Joe said.

Leave my sister out of this. In fact, leave my whole *family* out of this. Ok? Good bye Joe. Nice seeing you again but goodbye. She said, getting frustrated.

I saw that loser EX boyfriend of yours, why dont you let me show you what a real man is like? he said. The others laughed and had those sly grin looks on their faces.

Did you hear that? That freakin jerk! I dare him to push it! I said in half whisper to Tom, as I was looking around the corner of the hall into the main rest area.

Tom, behind me, couldnt see and asked me what they were doing.

I looked around and saw that one had wandered off while I was focused on Donna and that creep.

I turned and told him that he must be in the bathroom. As I looked back around the brown haired one was exiting the restroom and noticed me looking around the corner.

Well, well well, what have we here? Hey guys, we have some spies perving on us. He said.

The others looked up and saw Tom and I standing there. Ahh crap! Tom said. I told you.

The guys started walking towards us and Joe got up stepping in front of the rest.

Get the hell outa here you sickos, you getting off watching us or something? Huh? Tryin to learn some pointers on getting a girl? Youll never be on our level ya know. Were a breed apart. Joe said.

Yeah you may be right. I thought all Australopithecus died out eons ago. I said.

What the hell?!?!? Are you lookin to die soon \*\*\*hole? the redhead said.

Leave her alone and go play somewhere else. Tom said.

You think youre man enough to make me? Joe said.

Just leave her alone. Im not in the mood. Go have some more drinks and let it be. Tom said.

Here, Ill even give you a fiver to help out, ok? he said, pulling out a five dollar bill from his front pocket.

Yeah? Well screw your money! Itll take a lot more than that for even one beer for each of us, make it twenty and we may think about it. The redhead instigator said. Thats right! said the blonde coming out from behind the group.

Suddenly, he had gotten more confident. They knew they outnumbered us.

Donna got up from her booth seat and hurriedly went to find security.

Tom looked at me and said Just like I said before. Lets keep em wedged in.

I made a slight almost unnoticeable nod to show I was ready.

We started to walk into the deeper part of the hall and they followed, taunting and jeering.

Where ya goin losers? one said. Yeah, loosers! another said.

Follow my lead. Tom said.

He turned quickly and forcefully facing them, stomped his foot hard and shouted as loud as he could Go away! We dont have any drugs, Okay?!.

This stunned them into sudden hesitation, and drew a lot of attention our way. People started coming out from everywhere.

Whats going on? A girl asked.

Nothin, just gonna give these losers what they been asking for all night! Joe said.

The brown haired one picked up a broom and held it like a baseball bat.

Uhhgg, theyre drunk! Go get security! Geesh they smell like a brewery! another girl said.

Gimme that! Joe said as he took the broom from the brown haired guy.

He raised it to swing at Tom, as I stepped just slightly to the side, sure to keep some room between us.

Tom rushed at Joe, hitting him with both fists straight into the solar plexus, winding him.

Joe fell back onto two of his friends, who also lost their balance, falling.

The redhead jumped over the falling bodies and yelled Get up guys! then he turned to Tom, looking for something to pick up to swing.

Tom moved in on the guys who had fallen and kicked Joe in the groin yelling Stay down!

The Joe yelled out in agony and doubled over on his side holding his crotch. The others had stood up, the brown haired one started to back away. The blonde rushed with wildly swinging arms, his face beet red.

Im gonna kill you! he yelled, coming at Tom.

Tom threw him against the wall and he rebounded off towards me.

Stunned and dazed, he staggered and tried to turn around quickly, but I tripped him with a leg sweep, and he fell on his back hitting his head on the hard tile floor.

CRACK! The sound echoed throughout the length of the hall.

The redhead dove towards Tom but I tackled him and he hit his chin on the floor, chipping his teeth. He screamed out in pain and smacked me in the jaw with his elbow, but it didnt hurt. I balled up and buried my head into his back and he lost most of his force due to the odd reaching angle.

Tom stepped back and helped me to my feet.

The redhead and the blonde got up, the blonde trying to get past us to maneuver his way behind, but I threw a side kick out to inspire him to back up. He did wisely and looked at the redhead.

Dont just stand there you f\*ckup, get in there! the instigator yelled.

The blonde rushed again from another angle, at the same time as the redhead. Who rushed forward straight on. I did a stomp kick and forward punch combo and the blonde one caught my hand in the throat and fell over from having my foot driven into his gut.

Tom kicked out with a front kick, nailing the redhead in the chest, also winding him and sending him down. The brown haired one looked at Joe, who was still holding himself and said Are you ok, man?

Do I LOOK like Im OK????!! Joe said with a strained effort.

The brown haired one stepped towards us and picked up the fallen broom.

He stepped over the blonde and swung at Tom, who ducked and swept his feet, causing him

to fall against a table that was sitting in the hall.

It broke into pieces and he hit his head against the wall. Blood trailed down the wall slightly where his head had traveled down.

He got back to his feet and patted his head looking at his hand. He started to freak out and swung blindly knocking pictures off the walls and nearly hit a female onlooker in the head. He came at me, and I dodged, by ducking down under his swing.

Keep them in front of us! Tom yelled to me.

Yeah! I said with a raised voice.

The crowd had gathered behind them and we had our backs to the double doors. I saw the tell tale signs of police presence as flashing lights shown on the walls from behind us, and I turned around to see if anyone was coming.

Look out! Tom yelled, as I ducked expecting to get hit.

The brown haired one swung at me trying to get out the doors, but as I ducked , Tom grabbed his shirt and pulled him back, throwing his swing off target.

He hit Tom in the ribs with the broom handle and Tom went down on one knee clutching his side. The guy then turned to me again, but I was on him like lightning, as Master Takawa taught us, and I threw him on the ground using Kote-gaeshi.

Suddenly the doors flew open and five officers rushed in.  
Get on the ground! Get on the ground!. The officers yelled.

Right then, the unarmed security guard stepped forward and an officer with a mustache asked him, Ok, whos going to jail tonight?

Donna stepped up as well and tugged on the security guards sleeve. Thats my boyfriend right there, and thats his friend, they didnt start it, it was those jerks there! My boyfriend and Tommy were only defending me. She said.

Everyone else agree thats what happened? the officer asked of the crowd.

Yes sir officer, thats exactly what happened. The girl who almost got hit said.

Yeah, thats what happened., most agreed in unison.

Well then, gentlemen, go home and stay outa trouble. Cuff these guys and well call dispatch to tellem were comin in. Uhg, Dear lord, are these guys drunk? I just cleaned my car for crying out loud! the policeman said.

Ok, you guys puke in my back seat and Ill make you eat it! You got that? he said.

You guys ok? the security guard asked.

Yeah, we tried to holdem for you until you came. You know, stopem from going out and hurtin someone else or themselves if they tried to drive or whatever. Tom said.

I appreciate that son, I was out answering another call. Good thing you were here then. Im gonna have a hard time explaining this mess to my boss but Im sure hell deal with it. Its ok. You might wanna go to the hospital and get checked out before you do anything else. He said.

I nodded and turned to Donna. We never made it to the video store. I said.

Yeah, I figured that. But Ill let you off the hook THIS time. She said smiling.

Lets go. I think weve had enough action for tonight anyways. I said.

Amen to that! Tom said patting me on the shoulder.

Watch out for the slick floor, I think one of them mighta wet themselves. The guard said as we walked down the hall and out the door.

Visit Arashi's website at

[http://www.geocities.com/tonbo\\_kai\\_dojos/TonboKaiDojos.html](http://www.geocities.com/tonbo_kai_dojos/TonboKaiDojos.html)

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### **The Devil and The Martial Artist**

I was pacing back and forth one day trying to figure out how to get to my love across the sea. "I'd sell my soul to get to Hawaii!", I said. I felt pressure like I always feel when someone is near me, I turned defensively. A man had gotten into my house without me hearing him and with all the doors locked.

He smiled, walked over to the couch and sat down. "Something troubling you, Mr. Kirkham?", he asked me. There was something about the way he moved, he didn't walk like most people do. He was in balance with every movement he made, even as he sat down.

"Nothing I can't figure out on my own.", I said playing this guy's game determining the extent of any threat. I continued standing, facing him at a 45 degree angle, my weight even on both feet so I could move in any direction. I kept my hands at my sides, but I was ready to use them if I had to. What's was that smell? A whiff of rotten eggs. That darn water

heater again. He stood up and walked towards me. Again with that amazing balance and fluidity. There's something wrong here, nobody moves that good.

Then he sent my mind reeling with a statement that made me remember the last thing I said before he appeared. "How can I be of service to get you to Hawaii Mr. Kirkham?" Oh crap, I've done it now and I'm scared. I took the fear, slowed down my breathing, I felt my body relax and the adrenaline continue to flow. I focused on any suspicious movement this "guy" might make. "Go to !@# \$!" , I said glaring at him. He laughed, "shortly Mr. Kirkham. You're an interesting human. You use your fear to your advantage. You do not let it control you. In any case Mr. Kirkham the deal is already done. By you saying you'd sell your soul you already have. You just need to tell me how I can help you get to your love."

"I don't need YOUR help!, I said, "This is True Love, and it contains more power than you'll ever imagine!" He just smiled, shrugged his shoulders and waited. I knew he had me. I'd messed up. I glared at him again looking up slightly, "I'll fight you.", I said calmly controlling my breathing, trying to stay relaxed and alert so my body can do the job it had been trained to do for more than a generation now. "You'd lose.", he said with a smile. "But you'd know you'd been in a fight.", I said, staying relaxed and ready to move at any moment. He laughed again, "Probably", shaking his head, "A very interesting human." I always teach my students to use their creativity and imagination. I started using mine. "Is there any way I can get out of this?", I asked him. He paused for a moment, "I have to abide by certain rules. If you can give me a task I cannot perform or a command I cannot follow, you will be released from your contract. You may ask me three questions."

I begin to think, "Three questions?" Yep that's one." he said. "Hey!", I said. "What an !@# \$.", I said under my breath. "Goes with the job.", he smiled. I thought some more, my mind open and fresh from the controlled breathing and the flow of adrenaline. "Are there any limitations to your powers?", I asked. "No Mr. Kirkham. Not as far as human beings are concerned.", he replied in a confident manner. "Is there any place in the universe I can send you that you cannot return from?", I asked. Looking impatient, he said, "No I told you I have you, your mine. Now finish this up I have more humans to see." I thought he said human the way some people say dog!@# \$. "I don't have all day Mr. Kirkham now give me a task.", he demanded.

"It's not a task. It's a command.", I said straightening up looking into his eyes. "Okay command away and let's get moving. You know this won't work.", he said with an ego only the devil could have.

My eyes burned into his and in a low voice I gave him his command, "Get lost." He began laughing. Suddenly he stopped laughing and I saw fear and shock in his eyes. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO", he cried as his stability seemed to get worse and worse. He fell to the floor and disappeared through it. My body began to relax again stopping the flow of adrenaline. My breathing slowed to a less controlled, relaxed state.

The phone rang. It was a long distance call from Hawaii.

## Tygre

He lay face down on the ocean beach sand  
Clutching a throwing star in his hand  
A sound from behind I thought he was dead  
For under his heart lay a shuriken  
But a spark still burned so my hand lashed out like a knife  
And late that night I saved the life  
Of Tygre  
Well I nursed him till the danger passed  
With herb and acupuncture he mend at last  
And then from dawn till gloom of night he'd practice and practice  
Till again it was light  
Hour after hour I'd watch in awe  
No human being could stand at all  
Against Tygre  
Well the days went by and we parted at last  
And I went east and he went west  
I took bushido and my name grew far  
While he spread terror from bar to bar  
I knew someday we'd face the test  
Which one of us would be the best  
And sure enough the word came down

That he was working out over in China-town

Well I Left the students back at the school

And I went in alone to meet

Tygre

They say my speed was next to none

But my lightning strike had just begun

Went I felt the wind brush by my face

I turned and spun at a lightning pace

And I was looking into the eyes

Of the deadliest killer alive

Tygre

Well they say that was the only time that anyone had seen him smile

He slowly bowed his head to me and said

We're even Sensei

And then at last I understood

That a bit of bushido was still good

In Tygre

I blocked the path of his retreat

He turned and lashed out with his feet

Thunder and lightning crashed and then

A moment later

He lay dead

The students all began to shout and cheer

No where lay a shed of tear

For Tygre

Well that's how it happened

Or so the legends say

And it was just the years it's said that made me give my school away

But legend nor man

None can explain

The faded black belt above the name

Of Tygre

by Sensei J. Richard Kirkham

Published 9/30/99

Thank you for your support

Rick

Sensei J. Richard Kirkham

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### **Koa Meets Fear**

Koa was walking through the dark Forrest, not remembering how he got there.

"Kooooaaaaa"

Koa looked around, his breath increasing and adrenaline pumping. As a trained martial artist his body immediately became relaxed though he felt the strength from the fear super-charging him. Suddenly something jumped out in front of him.

"Kooooaaaaaa!"

Koa raised his arms in a defensive position. His eyes accessed strengths and weaknesses of the shadow in front of him. The shadow was facing him directly so his center line and vital areas were open for attack. The shadow gave a low chuckle.

"I know you.", said Koa, "Fear! Have you come to do battle with me again. I will defeat you as I have before!"

Fear laughed again. "I never wanted to be your enemy Koa."

Koa looked confused.

Fear laughed again. "Who do you think kept you safe walking across the street and saved you, not only when you had to defend yourself, but when you had near car collisions as well? I've always tried to be your friend. Here take this."

Koa held his hand out as Fear dropped a spider onto the palm of his hand.

Fear chuckled, "If you had not been afraid of that spider it would have bitten you and you'd have died.

Koa lowered his arms facing Fear and began listening.

"Why not use me as your friend and ally Koa. I am here to serve you and protect you. Notice how your body relaxed when you saw me? That is the reaction of a trained warrior, ready to embrace me and use me to increase the odds of survival."

"Kooaaaaaa, Kooaaaaa"

Koa awoke, felt something in his hand and dropped it quickly. He laughed, a penny his toddler must have given him in his sleep.

"Kooaaaaaa, Kooaaaaa! You lazy boy, I've be callin you for 1/2 hour. You gonna be late for your match. What wrong with you boy. You afraid?"

Koa looked at his father, a martial arts master, "Yes tata (father). I am afraid", Koa smiled, "so I'll probably win."

Koa's father walked away, barely able to hide his smile. At last the boy was starting to understand.

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### **Freddy's Dance** – Based on the Nightmare on Elm Street Horror Series

Freddy kills young girls and boys

He takes away their tears and joys

I'm standing tall

Though Freddy's 'round

I need some help

To bring him down

Every room

It leads to doom

Cause it lead to

The boiler room

I need someone with a heart of stone

Cause if I get killed you're all alone

Now come now Freddy dance with me

For in a monster's death

There's harmony

7/15/2000 Sensei J. Richard Kirkham B.Sc.

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### **Koa and The Blood Sucker**

Koa was in the dive of a bar in downtown Honolulu having a beer, his back toward the wall. He knew he'd be able to sense people coming that meant to harm him but he never believed in assuming.

'You don't stay alive long that way he thought to himself.'

Koa felt a strong presence and scanned the bar. He saw a man with a dark aloha shirt on, in fact he barely saw the man.

'I don't think anyone sees this guy unless he wants to be seen.', thought Koa. 'He seems to melt into that shadow.'

Their eyes met and Koa had never felt such a force before. Koa did his best not to show his surprise. He raised his beer to the stranger. The stranger returned the salute.

Koa had just finished shoeing away the fifth hooker (15 years of martial arts training put out an aura of confidence or something that was somehow irresistible to women), he saw the stranger get up and walk out with a hooker out the back door leading to the alley. Koa watched the man walk with awe. Every movement was in balance and no wasted motion. The guy was probably the most dangerous mother!@#\$ in the bar and Koa was probably the only one that knew it. Koa sensed something dangerous about this man too. Something sinister, evil. The hooker was in trouble. Koa hated this part. He was nervous as always, when facing an adversary, but that was what kept him alive. Koa knew he had to help. It was in his nature. It was what he taught his self-defense students.

Koa walked out of the bar and felt the stranger's presence again. He was kissing the hooker's neck but there was something wrong with her. She was limp. Not acting the way he'd seen hookers act at all. She was in trouble.

Hey!, yelled Koa

The man turned and hissed at him. Koa kiated (a deep yell) and took a fighting stance when he heard the hiss and saw the blood on the stranger's mouth.

The stranger blinked and smiled. An interesting reaction human. You use fear you do not allow it to control you.

Koa thought the stranger said human the same way some people say dog !@#\$.

Back away from the woman., said Koa.

What and spoil my dinner?, smiled the stranger.

The stranger dropped the hooker. Before she even hit the concrete the stranger was on Koa attacking with what Koa thought to be something similar to a reverse punch. The stranger was fast. If Koa wouldn't have seen the shoulder movement and body position he would not have been able to begin his palm slap block as he slipped the right hand strike to the left. The stranger threw a lightning front kick at Koa's groin. Well something like a front kick anyway. Koa spun his right leg around so he was sideways to the stranger and the front kick went past him. Next came something like a backfist toward his nose. The stranger caught Koa flat footed and Koa had to block hard snapping to knifehand blocks with both hands to stop the backfist and it still almost knocked Koa over.

Koa was having trouble focusing. He was afraid. 'Was this guy really what he seemed to be? He's so fast and strong he fights like he's had centuries to develop his own fighting style. Is this guy a vampire? Koa couldn't focus, couldn't center himself. He couldn't use the fear like his father and other teachers had taught him.

The stranger hissed again and brought his left knee up. Koa make a beginner mistake due to his fear. He dropped his hands slightly and looked down. Sure enough it was a fake and a right reverse punch like strike came harder and faster than anything Koa had ever seen before. It hit Koa in the left cheek. Koa dropped like a rock, dazed and barely able to stay conscious.

The stranger stood over him, gloating.

Well, looks like I get dessert tonight too. The blood is so much sweeter when humans are afraid., the stranger said as he began to bend over Koa.

Koa felt and saw a wavy image of the stranger bending over him. From the standing stranger's body position he knew where the stranger's knees should be. He was still on his

side out of reflex from ground fighting training in a defensive position though he was almost unconscious.

Koa kiated as he snapped a side thrust kick out and felt the snap of the, dare he think it, vampire's knee. The stranger gave an inhuman howl of pain and sped off way faster than any man with a limp should be able to.

By now the police and ambulance had arrived as Koa was recovering from the lightning fast strike of the stranger. The hooker was moaning. She was still alive. With the hooker still alive Koa decided to tell the police the entire story, though they probably still wouldn't believe him.

Stay tune for more adventures of Koa the Modern Warrior.

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## **To Dream The Dream of Pele**

Part of the I, Martial Artist Series by Sensei J. Richard Kirkham

Koa was tossing and turning in his sleep. He was dreaming of erupting volcanos and tidal waves.

Suddenly a beautiful woman with flaming red hair appeared in his dream. She smiled the most sensuous he'd ever seen in his life.

'She's even more beautiful than my wife!', Thought Koa. 'And that's impossible for any human being!'

She looked at the volcanoes and tidal waves, turned back to Koa, and smirked.

'How the hell do you look beautiful smirking!?', Thought Koa.

The woman in Koa's dream, still smirking, nonchalantly waved her right hand and the volcanoes stopped erupting and the sea settled down.

"Who are you?", asked Koa.

"Someone who finds you attractive. Come and be with me. I promise you'll not regret it.", she smiled that smile again.

Koa began walking toward her. Almost in a trance. Her arms were out waiting for him.

He stopped and shook himself.

"No!, he yelled. "I love my wife"

**"YOU DARE CHOOSE A MORTAL OVER ME! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS. I WILL HAVE YOU.!"**

Koa stood there as the woman's eye's began to glow red.

'Was her hair on fire?', wondered Koa.

He stood there in shock.

"Pele! Leave my boy alone!"

"You!", shouted the Volcano Goddess Pele.

"Father!", shouted Koa. "What are you doing here?! Where is here?!"

Koa's father ignored his son and concentrated on the legendary goddess.

"You gave your word Pele that you would leave my family alone!"

"Yes and this boy, now a handsome man worthy of me was not yet born. I will have him."

"Wake up boy!" Koa knew his father was fast, but he hadn't even seen the slap coming that stung and seemed to knock him unconscious, but he wasn't unconscious. He was awake sitting up in his own bed.

Koa jumped in the car and drove to his father's. He found him in the backyard meditating.

"Father! Who was that? What happened? Where were we?!"

Koa's father slowly opened his eye, "What's wrong boy?"

"What's wrong?! You were there what was that all about?!"

"I was where boy? I here all morning."

"NONO in the dream! What happened?!"

"Dat what you all upset about boy is dream? Wait, you just getting up now? You lazy boy you.", Koa's father chuckled his quiet laugh.

"Well, yeah, a, dream...."

"Better go home boy. Looks like you been surfing too much. Even your half Hawaiian skin getting burned."

"I haven't had time to surf, but you're right pop, I guess I do need some rest. Are we going to workout today?"

"Yes boy, in fact I thought we might intensify your training a bit."

"Whatever you say you're the master."

Koa's father made a face at the word master. Koa smiled at his reaction. Good as his father was he still didn't like being called Master.

Koa went home and showered. The hot water stung his face and body a bit. He wondered why.

As he was drying himself he looked in the mirror and stopped. He never lied to his dad. He had not had time to surf with all of his training and teaching. So why did he look so sunburnt...?

'And why did my father suddenly want to intensify my training?'

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## **I, Martial Artist**

### **Koa and The Boarmen**

#### **More Adventures of Koa**

By Sensei J. Richard Kirkham B.Sc.

**Note from Sensei Kirkham:** Here you'll find a section of my new fictional martial arts ebook I, Martial Artist The Adventures of Koa. This selection has a bag drill, multiple attack sequence and ground fighting sequence for your training purposes. For your entertainment purposes see if you can figure out who the stranger is at the end of this story lesson. The word Koa means warrior in Hawaiian by the way.

Koa was training harder than usual. He'd had the dream again. His wife appeared before him in a dream to warn him the fire goddess Pele was sending another challenge. Koa didn't know who, what, or how many people or things Pele would send for him. He just knew he had to win the battle so Pele could not have him.

Koa thought back to the day when he spurned the fire goddess's advances toward him in a dream (or what he thought of as a dream) for the love of his wife. A battle almost ensued even then. The next day a freak volcanic eruption destroyed his home, with his wife in it.

Now Tara appears to him in his dreams warning him of challenges to come she'd hear rumors about. This time Tara said she'd heard that Pele was talking to the pig god.

Koa had just finished his bag workout. The workout consisted of limiting available weapons in one minute rounds.

Round one was no limit.

Round two was feet and knees only. Simulated slipping and ducking for defense but no blocking.

Round three was hands, arms and elbows.

Round four was left arm right leg.

Round five was right arm left leg.

This continued until Koa had covered all possible combinations of body weapons. He'd do the same drill with external weapons such as baton and staff another time.

Koa's father had taught him to practice as many combinations and situations as possible. If Koa found something he was uncomfortable with, his father made him practice it until Koa was comfortable with the combination, situation or angle.

Three men appeared in the door of Koa's martial arts school.

"Sorry we're closed," said Koa, "but I can take your names and numbers and get back to you."

The three men looked tall and muscular. Judging even from the way they stood they were probably athletes, observed Koa. They were wearing shorts, tank top shirts and slippers (thongs to mainlanders), typical garb for locals in Hawaii.

The three men walked onto the training mat.

Koa made a 45 degree turn. Keeping his centerline covered but making his rear weapons available (right hand and right foot). He held his hands up palms out. Closing his fists

would put him in a fighting stance, but Koa didn't want to appear ready for combat.

"I said we're closed now please leave."

The three men suddenly grabbed their heads almost at the same time and began screaming in pain. As they were screaming they began to change. Their shirts tore as they grew taller and more muscular. Then their heads and faces began to change. The men grew tusks as their screams began to turn into the ferocious squeal of the most aggressive wild animal in Hawaii, the wild boar. By now their feet looked more like cloven hooves and their fingers ended in claws.

Koa appraised the situation. There was no where to run. The boarmen were blocking the only entrance and exit to the training area.

He appraised the boarmen's physique. They were all about 6'11", muscular, possibly fast. The claws indicated an emphasis on circular attacks. Since the boarmen were stronger than him he'd want to stay outside their circular attacks to lessen the chances of being grabbed and avoiding the other arm. Koa would sacrifice blocking the inside of the arm if he had to in order to avoid moving towards another boarman and risk an attack from multiple attackers and multiple angles at the same time.

Koa, who could never help being a smart!@#\$ said, "Would it help if I said I was thinking about becoming a vegetarian?"

The boarmen squealed a war cry as they charged Koa at the same time.

Koa shifted his weight right then jumped left making sure he was to the left of the boarman's centerline since the boarmen were still rushing Koa. The fake worked and caught the boarman to Koa's left off guard though it still had time to sweep at Koa with its right hand. Koa knew he had to work inside the boarman's arms and get out of its arms as quickly as possible.

Koa snapped his left arm out in a knife-hand block but ducked at the same time. As Koa ducked he executed a straight right punch downward snapping it into the boarman's groin. This slowed the boarman down but its momentum was still carrying it forward, thus the reason Koa didn't want to be in the centerline of the boarman's charge.

Koa's left leg was forward from executing the straight right to the boarman's groin, Koa pivoted off his left foot sliding his right foot counterclockwise moving his body out of the line of force from the boarman's charge and now putting the boarman Koa just struck between Koa and the other two boarmen.

Koa still had his left hand inside touching the inside of the boarman's right arm so as he was pivoting he struck the boarman with the outside edge of his left palm to the right side of the boarman's neck using the pivot to create the power he needed to injure the thick necked beastman.

The groin strike, almost immediate knife hand thrust and pivot had the desired effect. The other two boarmen would have to move around the injured boarman in order to get to Koa.

The injured boarman was on both knees slumped forward looking up at Koa. Glaring at the other two boarmen for psychological effect Koa kicked the injured boarman in the snout.

The other two boarmen knew how to fight as a team. They both squealed a war cry and charged Koa each running around a different side of the injured boarman.

If Koa didn't attack, both boarmen would reach him at the same time. Koa lunged right stepping forward with his right leg. The boarman on Koa's right slowed down while the boarman on Koa's left, seeing an advantage, increased his speed.

The maneuver worked. Koa smoothly, without bobbing his head giving away the weight shift, executed a skipping in side thrust kick with his left leg into the boarman's groin on Koa's left. Koa used his left leg to attack so he could keep an eye on the uninjured and injured boarmen on Koa's right.

Koa knew a hard strike to the groin wasn't as painful as a snapping strike, but he had to slow down the boarman or he'd have to defend against two different angles of attack at the same time.

If Koa had time he'd of ask the boarman he'd just kicked in the groin what he thought of green eggs and ham, instead, because the boarman had dropped his hands and bent over, though the boarman was still moving forward, Koa used a two fingered eye jab with his right hand as he sidestepped the boarman to the left so he would fall between him and the other boarman left standing. Koa ignored the boarman he'd just taken out as it laid there squealing in pain.

Koa nodded up with his head, "You still want dance with me brah?" Koa said in his best pidgin. Asking the boarman left standing if he still wanted to fight.

The boarman snorted and leapt over the fallen boarman trying to air tackle Koa. Koa sidestepped to the right knowing he may still get caught by the lightning fast boarman but hoping his left arm would be weaker. Whether it was or not Koa couldn't tell as the huge arm and the weight of the flying boarman knocked Koa to the ground.

The boarman was on his own stomach with his left arm over Koa's neck. Koa knew he was in trouble if the boarman scooted on top of him. So Koa worked the irritating techniques to keep the boarman from thinking straight.

Koa immediately grabbed the boarman's left wrist with his right hand and he grabbed just above the boarman's elbow with his left hand and turned the boarman's hand so the palm was facing toward Koa's feet. Koa then bit down hard just above the elbow in the triceps area. The boarman squealed in pain and tried to jerk his arm away, but the weak angle made it more difficult to do so. Koa then chopped down with his left heel into the boarman's left calf.

The boarman squealed in pain and frustration again this time, as Koa hoped, thinking more about his calf than his trapped left arm. As the boarman relaxed his left arm Koa immediately snapped his right palm forward hooking above the all ready held boarman's

elbow in a left ridgehand strike formation and snapped his left wrist toward him at the same time.

Koa heard a snap and again the boarman squealed in pain and this time fear. Koa then lifted the boarman's injured arm over Koa's head while Koa rolled left, making certain to slam the boarman's injured left arm onto the floor while holding it just above the elbow.

Koa kned the boarman in the back of he left thigh. The boarman lifted his head as he squealed. Koa slipped his right arm around the boarman[s neck and spun left so Koa was on his back and the boarman was on his back on Koa's stomach. Koa wrapped his left arm around the back of the boarman's neck placing his right hand in the crook of his left elbow and wrapped h9s legs around the boarman's legs. Koa then squeezed like a bear hug killing the boarman that had tried to kill him just minutes ago.

Koa rolled the boarman off of him. He began walking out of the dojo. Knowing from past experiences of making a fool of himself that later there would be no sign any of this had ever happened.

"Look out kid" as a man suddenly appeared in Koa's training area.

The first boarman with a bleeding snout had recovered enough to try to attack Koa from behind. The stranger had saved his life. Attacking the boarman before it could get to Koa. The stranger fought with great skill in a style Koa had never seen before. It was almost as though the man had been around long enough to have developed his own martial art. As the boarman fell, Koa realized the boarman was falling because the stranger had already killed it.

The stranger began walking toward Koa. Koa noticed a strange scar on the man's forehead he really didn't like to look at.

"Mahalo bradah", said Koa.

The stranger gave a small smile. His eyes were distant and lonely. Like a war veteran that had seen too many battles in his life. Koa had usually only seen that looked on old men who'd spent their lives as soldiers, only to come home to nothing.

"You're welcome kid.", he smirked, "Tick off a deity kid?"

"Yeah, Pele. But you don't seem surprised about."

The stranger smirked, "Ticked one off myself a long time ago."

Koa wondered why the stranger kept calling him kid. It was difficult to tell how old he was. The stranger was almost out the door. Koa hadn't even seen him start to leave.

'That fight must have taken a lot more out of me than I thought', thought Koa.

"So what did you do to get your deity mad at you?", asked Koa.

The stranger turned around from the door. A far and ancient expression in his eyes. Koa looked down so he wouldn't have to look at that scar again.

"I murdered my brother kid."

"That's pretty bad.", said Koa.

The stranger's whole face now seemed empty.

"Yeah kid, you might even say I started a trend."

And the stranger was gone out the door before Koa could ask him what he meant by that.

Then Koa realized what he meant – and who he was, a cold shiver went down his spine.

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