

## Improve Your Martial Arts Skills Now!



**The Tale of One-Armed Albert** has been the most requested series from the weekly e-zine, **Martial Arts Mastery: A Tell-All of Tips, Tactics, and Techniques**.

Now, read the entire series, plus its sequel, **Little Brother Meets the Master**.

After you read this eBook, try some of the principles found in the stories. These techniques are some of the **Hidden Gems of Martial Arts**.

**And yes, you use these valuable techniques, even if you aren't one-armed or someone's little brother. Enjoy**

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No, these stories are not about you. They are works of fiction. The characters were not based on anyone you know, either. For the true identity of One-Armed Albert, read page

Special Thanks to, in order of "Appearance": M. Grube, Mike Russell, Caleb Pierce, Jacob Means, and Ken Bischel.

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# The Tale of One-Armed Albert, **Part I**

This story begins ... in the middle. You see, One-Armed Albert, Al to his friends, originally had two arms. He was a logger in the Northwest (of the U.S.). He lost his arm in a work-related accident. But that was long ago.

This story continues after Al overcame his feelings of inadequacy. It starts after he got back on his feet.

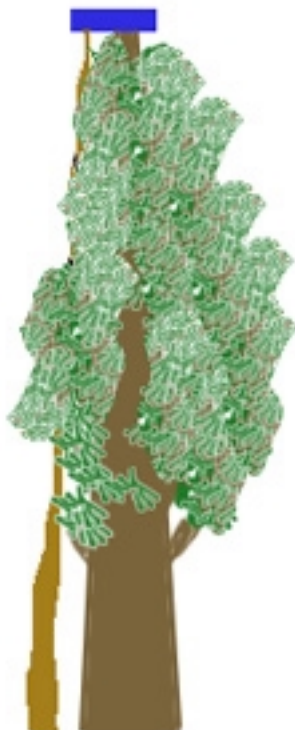
It begins after he started getting picked on in the local taverns, and it begins shortly after he met a martial arts master one day, while walking through the woods (although, their meeting is an interesting tale, in and of itself)....

Al walked along the side of the road towards the address the master had given him. The master had insisted that he walk to the address on the paper.

Taking a taxi wasn't **permitted**. Al didn't understand why.

When Al reached the address, all he saw was a large tree. And about 30 feet in the air was a tree house.

Yes, an honest-to-goodness tree house.



He could see the master at the door, way up in the air.

Amazing.

The older man spoke from above. It was far enough up, that by the time the words reached Al's ears, they were just whispers.

"Come on up."

Al looked around. All he saw was a rope. No ladder.

"How do I get up?" Al asked.

The master answered from above, "Climb the rope."

"But I Only have one arm," replied Al.

"Yes,I know." And with that the master went back into his tree house.



So, Al climbed. He used his legs wrapped around the rope, and his one arm. He never thought he'd make it, but he did -- finally. He was so awkward at climbing with only one arm. He was exhausted.

When he got inside, the master said, "So, you want to learn to defend yourself in tavern brawls. You don't want to be picked on. My advice would be to move -- just go to a safer neighborhood. Don't go to taverns. See? I have solved all of your problems, Al."

"That's not an option," replied Al. "I have lived in this area my whole life, and I won't be forced to move. And I want to learn to defend myself , not just for me, but for the family I someday want to have -- now that I know I have a lot to offer a wife, even with just one arm. I want to defend myself like you."

"Not a good idea," said the master. "I have two arms; you don't. It would be better if you learned your own way of self defense. But don't worry, I'll be your guide."

With that the master went to a giant pair of binoculars supported on a sturdy tripod. He looked through them out his window. He focused for a minute and then told Al to take a look.

"What do you see?" Asked the master.

"A few lily pads in a pond."

"Look more closely," said the master.

"I see frogs," said Al.

"What are they doing?"

"Eating flies," responded Al.

The master made Al observe the frogs on the lily pads for over an hour. Then he asked Al for his observations.

Al noticed that the frogs used their tongues to catch the flies. He noticed that some of the frogs were better than the others. It seemed as though the younger frogs weren't having as much luck.

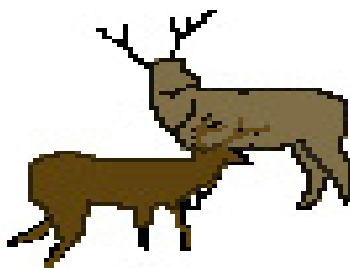


As soon as Al commented that their timing wasn't as good, the master almost shouted -- "Yes! Exactly."

Then he went over to a telescope at another window. He looked through it. This time they had to wait over an hour, before the master told Al to come look.

This time Al saw two elk fighting. Again the younger elk (you can tell by their antlers) was having more difficulty than the seasoned pro. It was timing again.

The older elk seemed to catch the younger elk slightly from the side. The younger elk just wanted to "lock horns." The older elk took clean shots forward and to the side; he avoided the clash.



Then it was time for Al to leave. The master advised him to apply timing to his own fighting.

As Al walked down the road, he saw fish jumping.

"What a weird encounter," thought Al. He continued to look at the fish as he walked.

They were cleanly snatching their dinners from just above the surface of the water. They too had impeccable timing. Those flies didn't have a chance.

"Maybe the master really did have a key. Timing seemed to play an important role in survival out in Nature."

At just the right time, the fish jumped.

Al thought, "The master had said that with one arm I wouldn't be able to fight like everyone else. Most of my boxing feints wouldn't work. He also said that I wouldn't be able to make efficient use of blocks followed by punches...."

So, I have to figure out how to punch at just the right time. This doesn't sound easy. I think I have my workout out for me...."



And this is how One-Armed Albert started training with the master. He took what he had learned at that session, and he studied. He went to bars to watch some brawls.

He started figuring out openings based on the "when" of the other person's fighting technique.

At home, he started shadow boxing. With his one arm he performed a series of different punches. He actually practiced so his shadow was projected onto a wall (light behind him).

He practiced over and over. He watched his shadow. As his one arm projected a punch he tried to imagine himself reacting by counter-punching at just the right time.



It took him a little over a month to start to really get the feeling of timing.

Then he went back to the master ....



# The Tale of One-Armed Albert, **Part II**

So, about a month after his first visit to the master, Al found himself walking the dirt road again. **Boy, a taxi sure would make this part of the trip easier**, thought Al. Maybe he could convince the master to let him.

He approached that dang tree house -- with that awful rope he'd have to climb. That was definitely a disadvantage. He'd be worn out by the time he made it up to the tree house.

He'd be too tired to show all that he had observed and learned in the last month. Maybe Al would start climbing a rope at home, to practice. Then he'd be less worn out.

Also, it got him thinking. He was moving and expending a lot more energy on his rope climb, even before he squared off with the master. If

there were some way for him to make his opponents in the tavern get tired, before they actually fought him ....

Hmmm. Could he get them to run around him, while he remained relatively still? Maybe by rotating ... sort of like pivoting in basketball. He'd think about this later.

He had reached the rope. He started climbing ....



He was thankful that the master had let him catch his breath, once he reached the top. Then they put on gloves -- not boxing gloves, but these weird things; black leather, with fingers like actual gloves. How strange.

The master came in from different angles. He punched with both hands. The funny thing was ... his punches weren't that fast.

Al would have expected better ... faster. Al was able to take each and every punch. He used the timing that he had learned in his lesson with the master, and he incorporated the techniques he observed in the tavern brawls.



Then the master's techniques started getting a little 'crisper.' And they sped up a little.

Still, Al managed to take them.

And then the master **upped the level** yet again. He continuously threw faster and faster punches, until Al couldn't take them.

Now, Al's opinion had changed. He felt that he had only witnessed a fraction of the master's true speed. The master was just testing Al. He worked up to Al's limit, not his own by any means. Wow.



"Well, Al," said the master. "You have definitely learned a lot about timing in this last month. And you have some very strong techniques."

"Thank you."

"But," continued the master, "you have some definitely vulnerable spots in your **armor**, so to speak."

So, they talked. Since Al was missing his left arm, taking an opponent's right punch seemed to be his weak spot.

When an attacker punched with his left hand, Al just let it go on past his left ear or side, and then at the correct time, Al punched into the guy's kidneys (back midsection).



His timing was impeccable. He always found an open sweet spot as the arm punched through. Sometimes he had to take a step for distance, and sometimes he remained static.

On the other hand, he wasn't so good at taking an opponent's right punch. He let the right punch pass as well, and then he tried to turn back and deliver his right punch to the attacker's lower back. It didn't work so well.



**So, the master gave him a new lesson.**

"I want you to punch to the inside of every punch, that I throw. Your timing will have to be just as precise. If I punch at you with my right, I want you to step past me, and leave a punch into my chin, or my solar plexus. maybe even my throat. Your punch comes up through the center, under my arm.

The point is, you move past me and leave something on the inside of my right punch.



If I punch with my left hand, just duck your head into your arm a bit and punch right up along my arm, but on the inside, until you reach my face."

Don't worry about my punch; it will just slip right over your head as you duck.

So, Al and the master worked just those two shots. Al always came in on the inside. He still saw some outside shots, but he was learning the value of concentrated practice.

With both of these shots, he realized that he didn't have a check hand. So, it would be easy for his attacker to counter with an open shot. Al got used to **spotting** the other fist. He was always taking it into consideration.

He was also getting better at climbing the rope up to the tree house. He practiced almost daily with the master.

He also set up a rope at home. He practiced short quick lifts with his arm and his legs. He was building muscle, and developing coordination on the rope.

He also didn't mind the long walk to the tree house so much anymore.



In [Part III](#), One-Armed Albert learns just how strong he is starting to become. And he learns a technique for taking an attacker using his new-found strength.

Stay tuned....

Also in [Part III](#), Al learns to tie his three principles together into an efficient fighting system.



# **The Tale of One-Armed Albert, Part III**

Al found himself facing the master, yet again. The months of working with him on a self-defense system for a single-armed individual had flown by. He was even getting used to the daily climbs up the long rope to the master's tree house.

When asked why he chose to train in a tree house, the master had told Al,

"I live in the Pacific Northwest. The area has beautiful trees. I like trees."

And that was that. No other explanation was given -- or necessary.

So, Al found himself up against the master. They were sparring. The master would throw a punch, and Al would counter with his single arm,

except this time...

### **IT WASN'T WORKING.**

The counters didn't have any effect. Al thought back to a recent lesson that he had had with the master ....



Al had just finished climbing the rope up to the tree house. The master was giving him time to rest.

Al's arm didn't need a rest. It was getting in tip-top shape from all of the climbs and the martial arts practice. But his legs were a different story.

The master had started requesting that Al bring him a gallon jug of natural fruit juice on each visit. Just carrying a jug in his backpack added enough weight, that his legs got really tired during his long walk down the dirt road to the tree house.

So, the master let him rest a bit after each climb. While Al rested, they talked.

"OK, Al. You have two pieces of the puzzle in place. Do you know what they are?"

"I'm not sure I know what you're referring to," replied Al.

"Do you mean that you have taught me two main principles, so far? You have taught me a lot more concepts than just two."

"What did you learn from all of our previous workouts? Can you reduce all of our months of training into just a couple of principles?"

"Well," started Al. "I think that at first you had me finding clean openings. I worked on timing, until I didn't have to block -- now, I just use my timing to hit at the right moment. An understanding of distance doesn't hurt either."

You started me punching over the top of my opponent's arm, but I quickly learned that I could pass a punch and go under, immediately countering to the kidney.



So, I guess the first piece of the puzzle would be timing, and finding clean, direct shots. Am I right?"

"Sure," said the master. "Your explanation is right for 'you.' It sounds like you learned a decent lesson, whether or not it was exactly what I planned for you to learn. So, go on. What was the second piece of the puzzle?"

"I found," said Al, "that I couldn't always get to that opening, especially when I tried to take a right punch, since I only have my right arm. So, you taught me lesson #2.

You had me punching on the inside of the arm. My punches came up from underneath to the center of my opponent's body. It gave me a whole new way to look at counter-attacks.

So, now I have two ways to get in ...."



Now, here he was against the master, and those two tactics weren't working ... at all. He'd look for an opening, but by the time he tried to get to it, it wasn't there any more.

He couldn't get the master to commit enough, so Al could get in. When the openings were apparent, the distance was wrong, and when Al got to a workable distance, the particular opening had cleverly vanished.

And he couldn't use the second tactic either. Whenever he tried to punch to the inside, the master shifted his body just enough that the master's arm closed off the line.



**It wasn't a block -- it was more like a pivot of the body a bit.**

Al was locked out. He didn't know what to do. These two techniques might work in a bar -- in fact, they probably would work just fine. But the master had just shown him that they would 'not' work, if the opponent became aware of both tactics.



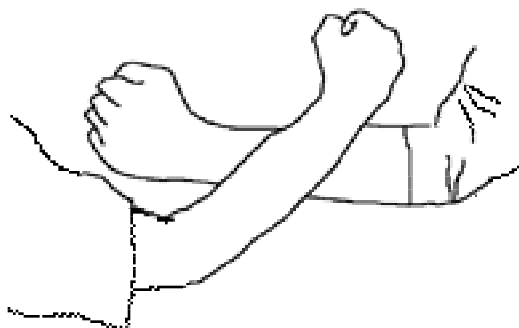
The master put some protective padding on his body. It protected the master's stomach and chest.

"Let me give you the third piece of the puzzle. The third tactic is for you to punch over the top of your opponent's punches."

"But I already learned that in the first tactic," protested Al.

"This time it's different. Here -- punch my chest. Make sure you punch over the top of my arm."

Al tried. He couldn't do it. The master's arm got in the way. Its position naturally blocked the punch.



Al tried again with his refined sense of timing. Still no luck.

The master gave him a single suggestion. All he said was ...

## "Punch with your forearm."

So, Al tried again. And again. And again.

Finally, he started to figure it out. If he made contact with the master's arm with his forearm 'first,' he was able to smash it out of the way, so his punch landed easily on the protective padding.



From previous lessons, he knew not to break his technique into two movements. He didn't forearm hit and 'then' punch to the chest.

He punched in one motion. He just tried to lead with the forearm. To everyone else, it looked like the same punch.

Al knew better. He was starting to learn a different 'energy.'

What Al couldn't figure out, was why now it seemed like he was smashing through the master's arm as if it were as light as a feather. It was easy. He cut through the defense like butter.

He asked the master, if the master was 'letting' him come in.

The master smiled.

"No. I am not 'giving' you the move. You are blasting through like a hammer, because you are strong.

Not only are you using your one arm more nowadays, because it has to do the work of two, but ...," the master paused.

"... I have been making you climb the rope to this tree house for the last several months."

"I even practiced rope climbing at home," interrupted Al.

"Well, I didn't have you climb that rope for nothing. In fact, this isn't even my tree house. **I am just borrowing it to train you.**

You were working up to this penultimate phase, and you didn't even know it. You built a forearm of steel."

"What's '**penultimate**'?" asked Al.

"It means '**next-to-last**'," responded the master.



"Now, our lesson has come to an end. When you come back, we'll really start training."

"Am I going to add more pieces to the puzzle?" asked Al.

"No, you aren't. In fact, I am going to convince you to put these pieces away in 95% of your encounters.

You'll probably never have to use what I taught you again. At least, you won't have to have the precision that I have taught you. Still, it was an interesting exercise -- and you did some good training."

With that the master turned his back on Al. Al looked on as the master started cleaning up the training area.

So, Al started his descent.

When he reached the bottom, he heard the master yell down to him....

"And don't forget to bring me a gallon of fresh apple juice."



# The Tale of One-Armed Albert, **Part IV**

So, Al found himself seated in front of the master -- pouring apple juice for both of them. He brought a gallon of fresh juice for the master each time he came to learn and train. It was a small price to pay for learning how to defend himself as a one-armed man.

This time, the master had met Al at the base of the tree house. It was the first time that Al didn't have to climb the rope with his one arm and two legs -- although he was getting very adept at it.

No, this time the master had met him down on the ground. Even though Al no longer needed any recovery time from carrying the big gallon

of juice in his backpack all the way from the store, the master still insisted that they take time for a glass of juice.

"Never play the other person's game in a fight."

The master let those words hang in the air.

"Pardon?" said Al.

"This is the subject of the next phase of your learning. You could title it '**Don't Play The Other Person's Game!**'"

"But," protested Al. "You already taught me that game. It was our first lesson. Since I am '**challenged,**' I can't fight in the same manner as someone with both arms, right?"

"You're on the right track. But you haven't considered the complete application of the rule. You made an assumption after your first lesson."

"What was that?" asked Al.

"You witnessed perfect timing in nature. You turned what you saw into a principle. And you applied the principle to the game -- in this case, **tavern brawls**. But ... you are still playing their game."

With that, the master put his glass down and stood. He told Al to do the same. Then he motioned for Al to attack.

Al tried. He came in with one of his solid punches. Just as he thought it would land, he felt a sharp searing pain in his shin.

He looked down. The master had kicked him. For a moment, Al couldn't continue. That little kick had really hurt.



When he was able, he continued. No matter what Al tried, the master countered with some type of a kick.

The master kicked to the shin, the knee and the groin. He swept Al off his feet -- thud. Al's face crashed into the ground.

"You see," said the master. "This whole time, you have been playing 'their game. You were still playing a punch game. It's what you saw in the bars.

Nobody told you to generalize a fish's jump for food to timing in taking a punch. You worked on punches, because that's what you know ... that's what you saw."

Al thought about it. The master was right. A frog's tongue snapping out for a fly, or an elk fighting with his antlers had nothing to do with a one-armed man punching. Suddenly, Al was depressed.

The master saw this change.

"Don't worry, Al. You didn't waste all these months. I didn't lead you down the wrong path.

I just taught you the second line of defense 'first,' OK? If you are good with your legs, you won't have to use your arm in 98% of your encounters."



And so Al and the master started a different type of training. Al learned all about footwork. He learned the most efficient kicks -- usually low ones. He learned sweeps. He learned to control the attacker's leg from Wing Chun. He explored the sweeps of PENCHAK SILAT.

And he learned why the timing that he learned in his first lessons was different from the rhythms that he was now learning.

Yes, the master was right. No matter how he looked at it, he was still a one-armed man fighting in a two-armed world. He definitely couldn't afford to play the other person's game. He needed every advantage he could get.



Once, early in his leg training, he had asked the master about strengthening the leg muscles. He didn't know if his legs would be strong enough in a real fight.

In reply to the question, the master had said ....

"Why do you think I made you walk the whole way to each and every lesson, rain or shine [and boy does it rain here]? You built up a lot of leg muscle and endurance just by walking the long road and climbing the rope to the tree house.

I even had you training with weights ...."

The master smiled and winked at Al.

"Why do you think I had you carry a gallon of fresh juice to me on your back?"

**'Next Week': The Epilogue of One-Armed Albert**





# One-Armed Albert's Epilogue

Thanks for all the positive response on One-Armed AI. It really was a fun little series, wasn't it?

So, is it time to reveal One-Armed AI's true identity? By the way, this is never done in the comics. Heaven forbid anyone should learn the true identity of ® [Superman](#)!

What? Clark Kent, you say? Don't tell me such lies ;-)

Anyway, drum roll please ....

One-Armed AI is ...

## ...a figment of my imagination!

I hope you aren't disappointed. Anytime I want a One-Armed AI Exercise, I just put one hand in my pocket and leave it there. Then I do martial arts against someone, while that hand stays out of use. That's it.

So, besides giving you some very strong tactics for punching, why did I write One-Armed AI?

1) To hammer the point home yet again that you don't have to block. Each of the techniques/tactics in the One-Armed AI series can be executed without any blocking. Cool?

2) To remind everyone that not all fighting has to be close in enough to punch. You can attack the shin or knee, even before you are in a hand range.

3) To show you a benefit of individualized instruction. You don't have to crank out cookie-cutter martial artists where everyone does the exact same thing.

If you want more helpful information on individualized instruction, see the report ["Become a Super Martial Arts Teacher in 72 Hours."](#) It is included for free, when you order the eBook, ["Secrets of Teaching Martial Arts More Effectively."](#)

4) There is another super teaching technique being demonstrated in this series. It is another of the **"Three I's of Great Teaching."** If you recognize it, then you already use it. If you don't, you need to buy the book, right?



Note: I really do urge you to occasionally stick a hand in your pocket. The sparring experience is enlightening. Also, it would be a great time to try one of the three principles covered in "The Tale of One-Armed Albert."

Also, you might try "building over time." Remember how AI built strength by climbing the rope over and over again. What would you like to improve over time? Flexibility? Strength? Speed?



## So, what's next for One-Armed AI?

Hmmmm. Have you ever heard the tale where ...

### "Little Brother Meets The Master"?

The tale continues on a bit longer. I sketched out three more lessons, where the Master teaches AI's **little brother**.

Remember, this is all fictitious. In other words, AI doesn't really have a little brother, since there is no AI. Get it? And before you start guessing ... no, I, Keith Pascal, am an only child -- no little brothers.



# Little Brother Meets the Master

Mike found himself waiting outside of a martial arts school. The door was locked. No lights were on.

He was sure he had the right place, and pretty sure that he hadn't been mistaken about the time. He wondered where the master was.

His brother, Al, had recommended him to this 'master.' Actually, whether or not the guy was a master, he had done miraculous things for Al.

Al was down after losing his Arm in the logging accident. Who wouldn't be?

But this guy had helped Al gain back his self esteem, but more than that, he had given Al some great fighting skills....

Mike thought back to that one night that they had decided to go to a tavern in the next town for a few beers. They had been picking up some supplies from the hardware store nearby.

Mike and Al were talking, when a big guy was suddenly standing in front of them. Al didn't seem surprised, thought Mike.

With his eyes, Al pointed out a hammer hanging from a loop at the hulk's side.



This guy started teasing Al about only having one arm. Al ignored him. Mike thought Al was doing a great job of staying calm.

Suddenly this guy grabbed Al by his shirt.

Mike didn't see how, but Al had been ready. He must have kicked *Hercules* in the shins or knee — by the way he suddenly bent over and grabbed below the table.

He grunted in anger, and he grabbed for his hammer. But before he could get the hammer free from the belt, Al had used his one arm to quickly punch the guy in the ribs and again in the nose.

The bruiser, who was now the **bruisee**, had had enough. He quickly left.

After that episode, Mike had asked his big brother for an introduction to the master....



An older man walked up to the door of the martial arts gym. He unlocked the door, but didn't go in. He waited....

After a few minutes, he asked Mike, "you wouldn't happen to be Little Brother, would you?"

Mike answered, "Yes, that's what Al calls me."

"But you are **bigger** than your Brother, in height and bulk."

Mike explained that he was Al's **younger** brother, and that's why he was called Little Brother. After their introductions, the master ushered him inside.

"Why do you want to study fighting with me?" asked the master. "You seem like a big, strapping young fellow. You shouldn't have any problem throwing your weight around."

"I'm slow," responded Mike. "I have always liked the idea of being able to defend myself, but ... I am slower than snot. I thought maybe you could help speed me up."



The master went out to the center of the floor. He suggested that he and Mike just lightly play around. This way, he could get a feel for Mike's abilities. So, they played.

Mike wasn't that impressed, even though Al had warned that the master often matched to the level of his student. He didn't want to overwhelm you. Mike was not overwhelmed.

After about five minutes, the master motioned them to stop.

Mike did notice, that while he himself was out of breath, the master wasn't breathing hard.

"So," asked Mike. "Can you make me faster? Can you turn me into a speed fighter?"

"No," answered the master. "Probably not the way you'd like to be."

He continued, before Mike could get completely depressed. "But I can turn you into a decent fighter. Just not a particularly fast fighter."

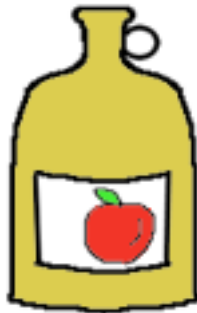
Mike asked him to explain.

"Well Mike," started the master. "You are slow. Very slow. And while we should work on speed to some degree, we shouldn't focus all of our attention on it."

"As I said, you are slow, but that doesn't mean you can't learn to be good at self defense. Your brother learned how to fight — he was one-armed, so it didn't make sense to train him as if he had the use of both arms. You are slow — so, it stands to reason that we shouldn't train you to fight like a speed-demon, right?"

The master continued, "I have the use of this dojo, if you'd like to train with me. It belongs to a friend, but we can use it on certain mornings, if you'd like."

"That sounds great," said Mike. "Can we talk about payment, or are you going to trick me into some sort of strength-building exercise with a gallon of juice?"



The master chuckled. "No, I won't trick you. And I also won't repeat the lessons that I taught your brother, Al. I figure he can always teach you his way, if you are ever so inclined." for you Mike, straight-forward lessons, OK?"

They agreed to meet the following week. The master told him to wear loose clothing ....



## Thousands and Thousands of Practices

So they met. He had Mike practice elbow strikes. Mike put one open hand out in front of his body. The elbow from the other arm made a circle and struck the palm firmly.

Then he immediately turned his elbow striking arm into an out-stretched open palm, and the other arm bent into a wing, so its elbow could strike the newly opened palm.

He kept going back and forth.



When he got lazy, he fudged by bringing the open palm in to meet the striking elbow. This made a nice, crisp sound, and it was a lot easier to elbow strike this way ....



The master caught him almost immediately, “Mike, you are cutting the distance in half, when you bring the open palm in to meet the elbow. Instead, make the elbow work to get all the way to the open palm. Got it?”



After Mike started feeling as though he were striking with real power, the master added different angles. Mike practiced 45 degree angles from each side, both going up and going down.

He practiced horizontal elbow strikes. he practiced vertical strikes, and he practiced both striking forward, backwards, and to the side.

And the master took Mike over to a heavy bag, hanging in the corner of the workout area. Mike learned to strike that bag with his elbow from every angle. He was just as strong with either elbow, as it should be.

After the lesson, Mike was exhausted. He was sweaty. He had absolutely zero appetite. What a workout!



The next week Mike returned. He got the exact same lesson. repeated move for move.

And the next week, it was more of the same. In fact, the master gave him seven lessons, one exactly like the next, before Mike decided to complain.

“Look it Mike,” said the master. “I want you to get really good with your elbows. I want you to get so good with them, that you don’t think about anything else except elbow strikes.

If someone comes into range, and it's a close one for elbow strikes, I want to you take them out with power — close-in, sledge-hammer-like power.

You see, they probably will get past your hands and your feet. You are too slow for the fast ones. But you aren't too slow, if they fight you in your territory. It just so happens that close-in is your territory."

"That sounds great," said Mike.

Yes, it does, replied the master. "And you're not there yet. Keep working."

So, Mike kept training. Week after week, he practiced the same moves. Even though he was bored beyond belief, he took comfort knowing that he was learning the best method for Mike to defend himself.

He started to get faster too. After about the tenth week, the master started modeling proper technique, speed, and timing. And speaking of speed — boy was he fast. Now, Mike was impressed.

The master could whip those elbow strikes out faster than you could say **Bruce Lee**. Mike was constantly amazed by the master's skill.

Mike modeled his strikes after those of the master. And he got faster.

One day, a few months after began, he felt completely confident about his elbow strikes. He was fast; his timing was on; he was effective, if the master came into his range.

**Yes, Little Brother was learning.**



## A Step In The Right Direction

The master was pleased with Mike's progress. "Mike, I really feel that if a target were in the range of your elbows, you'd hit it. You are becoming fast at elbow strikes.

You look a lot faster, now that we were able to eliminate that telegraph you had — you did a slight lift of the shoulders right before you made your elbow strike. You look downright speedy now that that **tell** is gone."

"Thanks," replied Mike. "So, what's next?" He could hardly believe that they were moving beyond elbow strikes.

"I am concerned with the part of the hypothetical encounter leading up to your elbow strikes. We need a way for you to close the distance better. I won't worry about the long range — not to harp on it, but you're still a **slow mover**. So, I am going to assume that most of the fast fighters will be able to get into punching range, or thereabouts."

With that, they went out to the center of the floor, as usual. This time, instead of working elbows, the master had Mike take a lead. Since Mike was right-handed, he led with his right foot slightly forward — it was almost a neutral stance.

As the master punched towards Mike with his left hand, Mike was told to step a little forward and to the right with his right foot. He should let his left foot naturally follow.

They practiced this over and over again. The master varied the rhythms. It kept Mike on his toes — he really had to pay attention, in order to react. After all, he was a slow mover.



At his next class, the master had him step to the left, while the master still punched with his left fist.

Mike stepped forward, and walked right into the master's right fist.

"Mike, you are going to have to allow for a fist from the rear hand, if you move to the inside. We can practice having you move again around the new weapon, and/or we can have you learn to take that secondary hit."

Mike said, "If I have a choice, I think I'd like to learn to take it. It makes more sense, since I am a big guy."



So, they worked on taking the secondary hit. Mike learned to punch past it — similar to one of his brother's tactics, and he also learned to make contact with the hand ... he learned to lock it, thus controlling the attacker.



When he got really good at closing that last little range, the master taught him how to allow the attacker to move too far, putting him in the range of Mike's elbows. so, Mike learned to combine the two techniques. He could move to either side of his attacker, and he could then follow up with an elbow strike ... or a series of them.

After a couple of months of learning to glide across the floor, Mike was ready for the final phase....

## The Big News

“Mike,” began the master. “I like you ....”

“And I like you too,” interrupted Mike.

“And I have decided to continue teaching you beyond this last phase, if you want to.”

“If I want to?” said Mike excitedly. “Of course, I want to. I am really beginning to crave these lessons. And you’re good — real good. I am learning a ton from you. But I know there is a lot more I could be doing.”

“We’ll use your further training to fill in some of the gaps. You’ll learn to pick people off at a distance with kicks, like your brother has learned. You’ll learn about punching before someone gets to the special Mike range....”

“What do you mean the special Mike range?”

“Well, since we have decide that you are slow,” the master smiled, “I decided that you would deal with everything at a close range. You wouldn’t have to worry about speed as much, this way. Later, we’ll fill in the other ranges, but for now, I want to teach you **the Art of Wrist Locks**.

If someone grabs you, you will learn to wrist lock them. Or even an arm bar. And if someone punches at you, you will take your little step and you will start pounding with your elbows. But as soon as the attacker’s arm or hand is slow enough for you to grab, and in the proper position, I want you to snap a hard lock on them.

So, they practiced wrist locks. When someone grabbed at Mike, he learned to peel the fingers off into effective locks. His favorite was bending the two smallest fingers of his attacker along the ridge line of the hand.

And his favorite lock from his elbow strikes was an arm bar.



Mike learned everything there was to learn about Wrist Locks. He could reverse them, counter them, and he had even invented a few of his own. Once, he had seen the master refer to a small, **black book with yellow writing on it**. Mike thought that **Wrist Locks** was part of the title....

Mike continued training with the master. The master was an excellent teacher. He had a way of really getting his points to hit home. He told just the right story at the right time ... his anecdotes really stuck.

And he cared for Mike as an individual. He even knew how to motivate Mike. Before the master, Mike would have thought himself to be a bit on the lazy side. But all of that changed — the master was able to get him to practice and practice. This guy knew how to teach ... he wasn't like any teacher Mike had met.

He would continue training with the master as long as possible ... even if Mike was once thought of as ... slow.



So, what black book with the yellow writing did the master refer to?

**“Wrist Locks: From Protecting Yourself to Becoming an Expert.”**

This book is for anyone who has ever wanted to become a wrist lock expert.

Do you want to control your attacker ... all the way to the ground? Do you want safety techniques for times when a basic kick or punch doesn't seem to work?

You really will go beyond mere techniques. Learn to reverse and counter 99% of the locks out there ... in the real world.

Find out more at

<http://www.kerwinbenson.com/wristlocks.html>



So just how did the master become such an awesome teacher? Some folks think it's because he read ...

**“Secrets of Teaching Martial Arts More Effectively.”** Some swear that they have seen techniques incorporated from **“Get Your Students To Practice Martial Arts Outside of Class.”**

He definitely based much of his teachings on **“Become a Super Martial Arts teacher in 72 Hours.”** Although he had a lot of doubts, when he read that title. After all, it took him a lifetime to learn his martial arts skill. Even with the hokey title, it still gives three elements of super teachers. Without them ....

Of course, had Mike seen the master coach other martial arts teachers, he would have seen him use tips from **“21 Ways to Energize Your Martial Arts Class.”**

Find out about all of these **Hidden Gems of Martial Arts at:**

<http://www.kerwinbenson.com/secrets.html?al>

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## Epilogue:

It was Mike's birthday. Al was there with his new wife. She seemed very smart, and she was very pretty. And she laughed at Mike's jokes.

Mike was glad that Al had found someone.

Al and Mike's parents were at the celebration too. They were a happy couple too. After all these years, they still had sparkle in their eyes for each other.

It was too bad that the master had to be out of the country. He would have liked for him to meet his parents. But his trip was unavoidable.

Mike blew out his candles -- carrot cake, with cream cheese frosting. His favorite.

Everyone had cake and ice cream. At Mike's request, there were extra maraschino cherries -- enough so everyone could have *the cherry on the cake*.



Al gave Mike a piece of exercise equipment. There was a piece of rope, about four feet long, with a five-pound weight tied to one end, and a dowel tied to the other.

The dowel was about a foot long and an inch in diameter. Al demonstrated the proper technique of holding it out with his arms straight, parallel to the floor. Then using only his wrists, he wound up the rope around the dowel.

When the weight was wrapped up to the dowel, he then slowly unwound the rope with the same motion. It really gave his wrists a workout.

Next, he opened a card from his parents. His mother and father had given him a gift certificate to a bookstore.

The last package had a card and two video tapes from the master.

The card instructed him to play the first video in front of the guests at the party. Mike popped the tape in the VCR and hit play.

The scene showed Mike fighting against several martial arts students.

*When had this taken place? Oh, I remember. The master brought them in for some training. They were his other students, I had assumed. They were good. But I don't remember him taping the class.*

The guests watched the video. When it was over, they congratulated Mike. They complimented him on his skill. And more than one said that they didn't know he was so fast.

*Fast? They actually consider me fast. I'll have to look at that tape again. I thought the other students were faster, but my friends and family don't seem to think so. They were impressed with my speed. Amazing.*



After the party was over, Mike sat down with the second tape. The master's face came on the screen ...

"Happy Birthday Mike. Sorry, I couldn't be with you. By now, you realize that you are fast to the average eye. In fact, you are as fast as you need to be, in my opinion. No, you are not as fast as the fastest martial artists out there. You don't need to be.

Of course, you may still want to work on increasing your speed.

I have enclosed a second tape. You know, you never questioned why I had you go out to the middle of the floor to practice. You just went.

Well, I had a particular reason. Behind one of the training mirrors I used my friend's video equipment. He had a two way mirror set-up. So, I recorded you. I recorded pieces of your practice sessions.

This is my gift to you.

You can see how you progressed from a beginner to a solid martial artist. See how you got rid of your telegraphing to increase your speed.

You can see how devastatingly fast your elbow techniques really are.

I have enclosed some videos that I made of myself doing the same exercises. You will see that the student has surpassed the master, with some of the techniques. Good for you, Mike.

And you can see where you need improvement. As you compare, modify. And continue to improve. It's always good to have a model ... a goal to strive for ... something you can see.

Thus, I leave this video in your hands.

And don't worry. I'll be back in a couple of months."

