

# CHAPTER 1:

## *THEY CALL HIM SENSEI, AND THIS IS HIS STORY...*

### NU' AWLINS

**A** city known for its popular Frenchquarters, its great cuisine of foods, jazz music, its City Hall, Warehouse District, Superdome and its skyscrapers all come alive by day. When the nighttime hits, those same skyscrapers lighting up the city, take on a sinister meaning in the dark, a shadow of hustle and flow. It's 2:30am, an 18-wheeler trailer can be seen coming up the street in the warehouse district. Two men are opening the gates which lead to the backside of the warehouse. As the truck stops, written on the truck's driver side door is the company's name JMAC EXPRESS.

The door of the truck opens and dark boots of a man step down. The truck sits idle as its motor runs. A black bald shaved man walks to the back of the trailer and opens it up. The majority of black men with a few whites are jumping off of the back of the trailer. Some of the men's hands are wrapped up in white first-aid gauze and white tape. Some men even have towels around their necks, while most of the men are regular dressed. A side door of the warehouse opens for these men to enter. A crowd noise is heard. A black man in the front of the warehouse dressed in a gold sportscoat and black pants, hands over money to a white policeman sitting in his police car.

The men enters a well-lit room and the crowd noise grows louder. A black man with dreadlocks, face covered in blood and bruises; he's beaten up almost unrecognizable. A right fist also covered in blood strikes the

face of the bloody man. The bloody fist belongs to a streetfighter, underground New Orleans champion. The champ turns his left hip towards his right and delivers a round-house kick off his leading left leg to the bloody man's stomach; the bloody man folds up a little. The champ then throws a left hook then another right cross, then a left upper-cut as the bloody man's head lifts back and blood from his mouth shoots up into the sky. The champ finishes with a retreating jumping reverse front-kick off his back leg to the bloody man's mid-section, knocking him backwards and down to the floor. The crowd gets excited and starts to applaud the champ's victory. The bloody man lies on the floor with the champ looking down at him, walking slowly towards him. The champ's body is wet with sweat dripping from him and his fists covered in blood. The bloody man attempts to raise his head off the floor, but he is too weak to get up and so his head falls back down, signifying that he is done for the night.

The champ walks over to the side of his entourage where everyone is happy and applauding him. A white man dressed in a suit and tie with a dress hat is the boss and manager of the champ. This boss and manager whose name is Chip Meyers; reminds you of a young Frank Sinatra type. Chip Meyers is a privileged white male who inherited the wealth of his dead parents and is considered by most as an outstanding prominent businessman in New Orleans. Chip is clapping and pats the champ on the shoulder as the champ passes by him to sit down, **“Great Job.”**

The champ sits down and next to him on the bench is a cereal box of Captain Crunch, with milk inside of the bowl. The champ pours the cereal into the bowl and starts to eat. Meanwhile, two men are attempting to pick up the bloody man off the floor. The bloody man suddenly gains new life and energy and starts to pull and push away the two men. The two men back away as the bloody man regains his balance and stands up at the center floor looking at the champ, suggesting that he is not finished.

The champ takes notice with a look of destruction and destroy on his face. The champ puts the bowl of cereal down and starts making his way

back to the center floor. Chip Meyers stops him momentarily and gives him an order. **“Give him your signature move this time, give him the guillotine” “You got it boss.”** When the champ makes it to the ring floor, the bloody man delivers a round-house kick off his front leading left leg to the champ’s head. The champ blocks the kick with a right hand out-side block. The bloody man counters with a left hook off his front leg, the champ also counters with another rear out-side block but this time he keeps his right hand up in the air and slams a right-hand chop to the bloody man’s side neck. The champ then delivers a left and right body punch to be followed up by a right-hand tiger claw to the bloody man’s windpipe and squeezes.

The bloody man’s face is in anguish being choked with more blood coming from his nose and mouth. Suddenly the champ goes into his signature move, which is a front headlock also known as the guillotine. The champ leans back and snaps the bloody man’s neck, killing him instantly. The champ then lets him go as he falls face forward to the ground. The champ goes into a deep horse-stand flexing his arms in a curl position with his fists closed making a yelling sound. **“Ahhhhhhhhh!”**

The champ then brings the heels of both of his feet to a 45-degree angle, stretching out horizontally both his arms as he tilts his head back and closes both his eyes with a look of satisfaction, calm and relief on his face. The crowd is chanting his name. **“Fernando, Fernando, Fernando, Fernando..”** The bloody man is dragged away, as the crowd continues to yell Fernando’s name.

Fernando is a black man, med. complexion, Late 30’s, medium build. A Michael B. Jordan, looking type from the movie Creed; well-conditioned. His body reminds you of a Mike Tyson, very arrogant and very sure of himself. He takes pride in himself as the underground New Orleans street champion. He’s known as a vicious streetfighter who likes taunting with his opponents. He also loves eating and drinking cereal and milk before and after his fights. He is not ashamed to show he’s the king of the hill, and dares for any man to knock him off.

## **Chapter 2:**

### *THE DUMPSTER*

**S**till in the quiet of the night, two men in gold sportcoats, are outside the warehouse carrying the body of the bloody man that Fernando just killed. A third man is opening the top of a dumpster. Two dead bodies are inside; one male, one female. The two men carrying the dead bloody man's body, throw it into the dumpster. One of the men looks down into the dumpster, for one last time then abruptly closes down the top. Everything is quiet. It is, what it is.

## **Chapter 3:**

### *THE DOJO – FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA*

**I**t's Saturday, a pretty sunny and blue sky day in the City of Florence, South Carolina. A parking lot filled with cars is next to a pre-fab warehouse style building. Children are walking in and out of the building coming and going to their karate discipline classes. Parents are getting in and out of their cars with their children dressed in black karate uniforms, trimmed in gold. Teenage students are walking from the parking lot towards the dojo karate building; talking, laughing and having fun. One of the teenagers gets to the front door of the building at the same time as a parent arrives at the front door with her young child. The karate teenager stops walking to allow the parent and her child the opportunity to enter into the karate dojo building first; by holding the door open to let them in, it displays the discipline and courtesy that would appear to be a part of their martial arts karate discipline training.

## Chapter 4:

### DOJO ACTIVITIES

Inside the dojo are different programs going on at the same time. Every hour students rotate to different classes. All the adult black belt instructors have all been training in the martial arts by Chief Sensei Tariq; besides those instructor's martial arts skills, they also volunteer their different other life skills to the youth every Saturday on a daily basis. Class #1 children age's five to seven are in their karate uniforms going through their basic drills. Class #2, young girls are going through self-defense applications. Class #3, teenage boys are running through their forms called two-man katas. Each two-man kata has in it at least twenty to twenty-one moves. Some two-man katas have in them fifty moves of attacks and counter-attacks. This is called partner training of their martial arts which is used to stimulate the left and right side of the brain, to get the two sides working simultaneously. It is called brain sight. Brain sight is when a real attack occurs; the students will react to it without realizing it. This unique martial arts system and its concept was created and taught exclusively by the school's founder and director who's known as Sensei Tariq; a 7th Degree Black Belt, Master Instructor. Class #4, with students still in their karate uniforms, they are also taking up life-skills training; which consists of dance, music, carpentry and plumbing. Students are also in math, reading, tutoring and STEM classes; using donated Apple Computers.

Parents, adult females also are taking classes in self-defense but in plain dressed clothes. The first female instructor is teaching them how to use their keys for defense. "**Ready, Cover, Position, 1.**" The women's class yells and strike with their keys. "**Chess!, Throat!, Eye!, Slash! Slash!**" A

2nd female instructor addresses the class. **“Remember ladies, self-defense is not just physical, it’s also spiritual, and having the proper knowledge and awareness of the things around you; for that is the true meaning of self-defense.”** A 3rd female instructor in her karate uniform is in the kitchen area with women dressed in plain clothes sitting down getting cooking tips about the importance of the navy bean. She’s holding a fist full of navy beans in her right hand as she then lets it fall into a bowl. **“What is the value of the navy bean, did you know ladies that the military did a study on the navy bean and found out that it helps reduce the effects of radiation, if the soldiers were exposed to radiation, and with this 5G speed internet out here you’re going to need this bean as part of your daily bread. Listen to me good ladies, this navy bean has in it, everything that your body needs to stay healthy and nourished. This navy bean will help strengthen your immune system. This is what Sensei Tariq teaches us in the Hodari Jua Karate-Do System.”**

Like the females, the male adults also receive in their training spiritual self-defense guidance as well. As these men are sitting on the floor in their karate uniforms with their legs folded, one male instructor addresses the group of men. **“Don’t get worry in a time of crisis brothers, about they may not be any water left in the stores at a time of crisis. So what! Listen, boil the water at your homes, from your water faucet, it will purify the water and that water will become distilled water brothers.”** The men are sitting attentively. The male instructor continues **“Now you may be thinking, what if they shut off the water all together. Then I will say as it is in the scripture; go to the nearest lakes and the rivers with your buckets and fill them up brothers, then take it home and boil it. This is what Sensei Tariq has taught us in our martial arts discipline training; he wants us to think! Outside the box and become wise.”** In another class children are still in their karate uniforms reciting some of the karate class creed as taught to them by Sensei Tariq. One child is leading the group class in reciting some of the karate class creed. **“What is dope?”** The children answers. **“Dope is poison and death”** The child leader continues,

**“Who is a man that uses dope?”** The children answers. **“Ah dead man.”** Youth leader continues, **“Who are you?”** The children answers. **“I am the future.”** The leader continues, **“What system do you study?”** **“Hodari Jua – Karate Do.”**

Meanwhile in another class, there is a quiet room, not a room just for meditation but a room for quiet concentration. It is a chess classroom. Again, children in their karate uniforms are sitting at a long table across from one another playing a game of chess. A young girl is making a final kill move on the chess board against a young boy. **“Checkmate”** The young boy throws both his hands back with disgust on his face. **“Ah man!!!”** The young girl smiles as she looks at him. **“I can’t accept this; this ain’t right, how you beat me two times in a row.”** Sensei Tariq walks into the room noticing the confusion. **“Hey, Hey, why you acting like that brother?”** The young girl speaks, **“He acting that way because he lost Sensei.”** Tariq then says, **“Brother, why you acting so uncivilized?”** The young boy responds, **“I’m sorry Sensei, I’m sorry sister.”** Tariq says, **“Yeah brother, I don’t want to see you act like that anymore; you hear me.”** The young boy replies, **“Yes sir Sensei.”** Tariq then looks at everyone in the room and asks a question. **“What is the duty of a civilize person?”** All the students raise their hands. The young girl speaks out loudly. **“Oh! I know Sensei.”** He looks at her. **“What’s the answer sister?”** She looks Tariq in the eye then says, **“The duty of a civilize person is to teach the uncivilized to be civilized.”** Tariq responds, **“That’s right sister.”** The young girl then turns her head from Tariq, to her left side looking at the other students in the room as she continues to speak to them. **“That means everybody.”** Tariq then speaks to the entire class. **“Okay everybody, we got about ten minutes before we rotate to the next class, understood.”** They all respond. **“Yes sir Sensei ! “**

Sensei Tariq, is a black man in his Mid 40’s. Medium build stands at 5’7. Handsome, still boyish looking. A martial arts expert and street-fighter. A serious person when it comes to teaching, and mentoring students. He’s somewhat a laid back person and a problem solver. A highly



creative person with a humorous side to himself. He's soft spoken at times; and has a good head for business. Tariq is a very conscious minded person, especially when it comes to the needs for children.

## Chapter 5:

### POETRY DISCIPLINE CLASSES

**A**nother group of children are in their karate uniforms sitting at a desk, they are participating in their karate discipline poetry class. A female black belt instructor dressed in uniform, who's known as Sensei Nisa; is conducting the class. she's black, 30-ish, stands at 5'0 ft, beautiful and attractive on the slim side, an Aziza Scott type from the Apple's TV network series "Home Before Dark" **"Okay class, last week I told you to go find a poem that you like and come back and read it to the class and tell us what it means to you. How many of you did that?"** All the children with enthusiasm raise their hand. **"Okay good, lets start with little Sister Aziza; you're first."** Eight-year old Aziza gets up from her seat and walks to the front of the class. Sensei Tariq, walks in and observes the class from the rear of the room. **"The name of my poem is Do It Anyway, by Ms. Sherry Mims."** Little Aziza starts reading her poem, when she's finished everyone starts to applaud. Tariq is also applauding from the back of the room as he smiles.

Suddenly, Tariq's number one assistant instructor Sensei Lawrence, whispers into Tariq's ear. **"Sensei, Sarge is her."** **"Okay, I'll be right there."** Tariq looks to the front of the class and calls out to Sensei Nisa. **"Sensei Nisa."** **"Sir."** **"Great concept."** **"Thank you Sensei."** Tariq turns and walks away. Sensei Nisa continues with the class. **"Okay Aziza, tell us why you chose this poem, and tell us what it means to you."** Little Aziza then answers, **"I like the poem because even when I don't want to do something,"** Aziza makes a playful head gesture, she continues **"Like for instance, clean my room."** The class starts to laugh, Sensei Nisa Smiles. **"I feel good at the end because**

**my room looks real good, so for me it's worth the sacrifice. Sometimes when I don't want to do my karate training, I do it anyway because one day I wanna be a black belt. Like Sensei Tariq teaches us, you have to be self-determined like our parents, when they go to work everyday to feed us and give us a good quality of life. I think that's what Ms. Sherry Mims, is also saying in the poem."** Sensei Nisa, looks at little Aziza in amazement nodding her head up and down as she smiles. **"Girl, you deep."** The children in the room start to chuckle.

## Chapter 6:

### TARIQ'S OFFICE

**S**itting inside Tariq's office wearing a military camouflage jacket is a black man around his mid-70's, a Glynn Turman, looking type who goes by the name Sarge. Sarge is a Vietnam Veteran who is waiting patiently for Tariq. Tariq walks in, he's walking towards his desk speaking to Sarge at the same time. **"Sarge, Ush!"** Sarge replies, **"Ush!"** Tariq then sits behind his desk and puts both hands behind his neck. **"What's up."** Sarge smiles and nods his head. **"I got what you wanted in New Orleans."** Tariq moves his hands from behind his neck and leans forward. **"Really?"** **"Yeap! It's all set up, you just have to be discreet because they are very discreet. It's like I told you, it's an underground world to itself. In these fights anything goes; except for no weapons, that's male or female. The money potential is great in New Orleans, you can make a lot of money in a short time. Enough to buy this building and then some, if you're a good fighter, which you are."** Tariq smiles and leans back in his chair.

Sarge hands Tariq a sheet of paper with information. **"Here are the addresses of secret locations; listen carefully to me as I explain this. If someone gets killed, we would have no way of knowing what happened to you. They'll just throw you in a dumpster or something. Look here, these people in New Orleans, in this fight world are very, very vicious, and you got to have a vicious mindset going into this."** Tariq then looks down at his desk briefly then looks back up at Sarge, in a calm demeanor and calm voice he then says, **"The owner of this building is only giving us so many months to come up with the money at a low price to purchase this building. Look Sarge, it's like this, the mindset I have is freedom,**

justice and equality; for these children and the programs we're trying to run for this community; I'm not as fortunate as some non-profit groups in this city or elsewhere who gets grants and loans and you know some of them don't even deserve it. They're not even putting in the work that we do. You got a city mayor here that hardly gives you the time of day and I'm not going to kiss no behind or anybody else's political behind who's got an ocean of wealth and assets, begging them for a drink. I don't want to be like the Bible's Lazarus; begging for the crumbs that falls from the rich man's table; where I can go out and make a table for myself."

Sarge is paying close attention as Tariq continues. "As for this vicious mindset that you talking about, Sarge I would take spit in my face even if that spit means death to get a child across the street safe. But know this; I would also put spit in someone's face to get a child across the street safe. I'm prepared to do whatever it takes to complete the mission, and if that means being vicious in battle with serious intent or permanent intent, then so be it." Sarge nods his head in agreement. Tariq continues, "Look Sarge, I don't have to think about it, my mind is made up, I'm physically and spiritually prepared. This is my mindset. This is my passion." Sarge slightly raises up his right hand. "Alright, alright, you good, I'm good. But you got to find you a maker." Tariq looks puzzled. "A maker, what's that?" Sarge answers, "Someone who can make your fights happen; someone who can put up the money and take bets for you. How are you on cash?" Tariq answers, "I'm good, I'll pick up a collection before I leave." Sarge nods his head in agreement and takes out an envelope of money and hands it over to Tariq. "Well, count me in." Tariq smiles. "Preciate you." Tariq then says, "I just received another grant letter yesterday, turning us down as usual and this was an all women's group foundation here in Florence. It brought tears to my eyes man; they won't consider anything for these young girls in the Urban Community." Sarge then asks Tariq, "Oh, yeah! What was it that the rich white guy who owns a bank here in the city, what's his name, I