

Exerpt from WOLF HUNT : Taekwondo vs a werewolf named Matias

The parking lot of the YMCA was dark and almost empty as Matias' stomach growled. He was about to move toward a lighted area a few blocks away when a back door to the building opened. Turning, he saw a small oriental gentleman carrying a large duffel bag. Printed along its side was the legend, Nim's Taekwondo in stylized oriental lettering. The man quickly scanned the lot before turning back to face the door. He'd paused for a moment before closing it and then pulled to ensure that the lock had caught. He'd then turned a final time and started toward the line of three cars still on the large lot.

A little snack to start the night, Matias thought as he moved to intercept the man. Nim had noticed the man standing at the edge of the lot as he'd come out the door. He'd considered delaying his departure. The lot was dark, isolated, and Nim knew who owned the other two cars parked there. The man was neither of those people. Nim then envisioned his wife, Biyu's wrinkled brow and her admonition at his considering proceeding toward his car with a stranger waiting. Then he chuckled as she envisioned her brow as their already late dinner sat in covered bowls but still cooling on their kitchen table. With a shrug, he'd shut the door, checked that it was locked, and continued toward his car. *I'm sure the man intends no harm*, he'd decided. After his first few steps Nim suspected his decision might have been the wrong one as the man was approaching. Nim was not very concerned however. He after all had been awarded a ninth level black belt 12 years ago and had been sparring and training new students at varying levels, at three schools over the entire period since. He had no reason to expect he might earn a 10th level tonight.

As Matias continued forward, Nim noticed that he seemed to be changing physically. He looked taller than his progress should explain, but he also looked bigger in other ways. Nim was convinced of trouble when he looked at the man's face and saw that it was covered. *A mask*, he decided.

Continuing to walk, Nim slid one hand into an opened side pocket in his duffel. He wrapped his hand around his Dan Bong and its cord around his wrist. The 10 inch, "Short Stick" also referred to as a Bone Crusher was the simplest of weapons but versatile and when necessary, lethal. As the large man drew near, Nim turned to face him. "Can I help you?" he asked while Matias was still several yards away. When he received a growl in response, Nim let the shoulder strap of his duffel slide off his shoulder. As the bag landed beside his foot, Nim stood, feet slightly apart and with the Dan Bong hidden behind his leg. "I don't want trouble," Nim called and then reacted as Matias lunged.

Nim was surprised by Matias' speed, but then so was Matias surprised by his. The wolf's greater surprise was the feel of the wooden stick smashing against his shoulder. The pain was great but not what it could have been for Nim hadn't wanted to cripple the man, just stop his attack. Matias still stumbled to the side several steps and howled in shock as much as pain. Nim, in his ready stance watched Matias for a sign of surrender or retreat but was distracted when he focused on the beast's face. Its snout stuck forward from its face like a wolf's, but the beast stood on two feet. Its face and large pointed ears were covered in fur again like a wolf's, but it wore clothes. Its fingers were blunt, wide, and also fur covered. It wasn't a man. What was it then? Releasing his Dan Bong, Nim let the Crusher spin round his wrist twice before catching it again. "Stand back demon," he ordered.

Again Matias lunged. This time Nim side stepped, releasing the Crusher again, but as it swung behind his hand, building up the speed necessary to deliver a lethal blow, he saw that the beast's

speed was too great. Matias collided into Nim, taking him off his feet, and crushing his ribs, which pierced his lungs and heart. On the pavement, Matias held his weight on his uninjured arm as he ate.