



PICK-KENDO

LEGEND 1

WRATH OF THE 411 411G FLAMES

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PICK-KENDDO
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WRATH
OF THE

YIN YANG

FLAME

A
BLASIAN AMERICAN
SHORT STORY

CREATED & WRITTEN BY
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This book is a work of imagination. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination and is used with fantasy. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, dead or living, is coincidental.

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Once upon a beautiful night outside in Chicago Chinatown, a yellow moonlight was shining bright down on the mostly Chinese American citizens. More specifically, outside on top of a Chinese styled apartment building called, Dragon-Tail Apartments, which is low-income based and financially supported by Chinese embassies to temporarily support Chinese American citizens until they find sufficient

employment. Standing on the rooftop of Dragon-Tail Apartments, is a Twenty-three-years-young half Brown-American, half Chinese man named, Mudre, who's currently wearing black pants with a white flame dragon design. He also wears a black belt around his waist with a golden letter M belt buckle. As for his upper clothing, he's wearing a long-sleeved, white jacket with a black flame dragon design on his sleeves and on the back of his jacket. Under his white, long-sleeved, black flame, dragon jacket, he is wearing a plain black T-shirt. As for his hairstyle, he is mostly baldheaded except for a single bundle of long, black dreadlocks tied into a ponytail similarly fashioned like a traditional Chinese warrior with a little bit of white dyed on the lower tips of his hair.

Since he is mixed with Brown-American descent, he is also a bit taller than most Chinese people, standing at six foot ten inches tall. Furthermore, he has Asian slanted eyebrows, inherited from his Chinese mother,

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Fong-Fong. Lastly, he is wearing black boots with even more white flame designs.

While standing on the rooftop of Dragon-Tail Apartments, he was practicing his sword skills with a wooden kendo stick.

Although, he is overall more familiar with Chinese culture, Mudre's grandma, Jing-Mei introduced him to a famous Japanese sport called, kendo, which she brutally taught him from when he was age five until age eighteen.

While standing directly on the center of Dragon-Tail Apartment's rooftop, Mudre was standing in perfect kendo position. His hands were fully reached out in front of him while firmly gripped onto the handle of his wooden kendo stick. Also, his right foot stood in front while his left foot stood in back. His eyes were closed as he spent a moment thinking of his highly strict grandma,

Jing-mei and how she mostly sheltered him from the outside world by homeschooling him and enforcing long hours of kendo training. His cruel upbringing of abusive isolation within his original home in China is also why he knows only very little English.

While remembering all those years of brutal kendo training from his grandma, he opened his eyes before angrily and swiftly swinging his kendo stick up and down, then left and right for a moment.

“Hm! Ha! Hm! Hyaaa! Ha! Heeya!” He shouted while swinging his kendo stick.

After each swing, he got angrier and angrier as he reclosed his eyes and visually remembered all those times his grandma would repeatedly hit him with either a kendo stick or a bamboo stick whenever he failed an advanced kendo movement, or attempted retaliation

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during her strict training sessions. He swung so quickly, so strongly, and so angrily that his livid body began to rapidly grow black and white fur around his whole body! Furthermore, his height increased, and his canine teeth grew longer, while summoning magical black and white fire in his mouth! Plus, even bear claws were quickly growing outwards from his fingers. Lastly, his ears were changing into more of a circular shape, completely transforming him into a magic flammable panda, except he was a lot more muscular than fat!

However, he suddenly reopened his eyes and returned to his original body after realizing he allowed his past to enrage him once again, and even gasped for air afterwards.

While still maintaining his kendo battle stance, he rapidly inhaled and exhaled many small breaths before releasing one big breath of disappointment for himself.

However, Mudre knew his sudden panda transformation is a magical family curse that's been generationally descended within the Chinese side of his family since 1954, starting with his grandma, Jing-Mei, who can also turn into a flammable panda.

While Mudre mostly has much better control over his Flame-Panda transformation now, he wasn't always accustomed with it, and previously failed to control it multiple times throughout most of his life, which caused a big factor of why his grandparents strictly isolated him from the public during his childhood and teenage years. When his mom was a toddler, she also inherited the panda transformation ability. However, unlike Mudre's flames, his mother's panda flames were red just like his grandma's panda flames. During Fong-Fong's pregnancy with Mudre, she often craved and ate black cake with white icing, Chinese sesame balls, and Japanese rice balls

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with soi sauce, which caused Mudre's flames to be black and white when he was born.

Because of this, Mudre spent most of his life wondering what happened to his father and blaming himself for his mother's untimely demise.

“If only I never inherited this Flame-Panda curse so early during mom's pregnancy, she would still be alive right now, and I hope father is still alive somewhere because I would really like to meet and talk with him to learn his version of events for the first time. However, I'll need to learn English first if I want to comprehend him...and that's only if he's still living.” Thought Mudre in Chinese before lowering his wooden kendo stick into only his right hand while reaching his left hand down into his front left pocket.

Next, he pulled out the one and only piece of his long-lost father he currently still has left, his own father's hair-pick, which has thirteen long, silver, sharp, metal teeth with a black handle. While holding it within his left hand, Mudre stared down at it for ten seconds.

After ten seconds of staring, he closed his eyes as he unintentionally visualized and dwelled on his past once again.

This time, he remembered even more flashbacks of his merciless kendo training from his overly strict grandma along with how brutal she was in her own Flame-Panda transformation. His mind continuously revisited the same moments of his grandma hitting him with kendo and bamboo sticks after every misstep during his kendo and Burning-Panda training. He also remembered some specific moments of her occasionally taunting him by confiscating his father's hair-pick and threatening to

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dispose it in a trashcan while slowly waving it back and forth with an evil grin on her face.

At this moment, Mudre's mind was so flooded with bad memories he firmly flexed his left hand around his father's former hair-pick and a big, magical, black and white flame suddenly appeared all around it.

During his sorrowful frustration, Mudre angrily and swiftly swung his father's former hair-pick to his left! Suddenly, he felt the size and length of his hair-pick instantly maximize! However, since his eyes were still closed, he didn't actually see the hair-pick's blazing enlargement just yet!

That is until he opened his eyes and turned his head to his left to look at his hair-pick. He then realized he accidentally discovered a new perk with his family's generational curse! What he discovered was that his

flames can extend and enlarge any object he wields like a weapon! This means instead of holding a regular sized hair-pick, Mudre was now wielding a much bigger and longer weaponized version of his father's former hair-pick. While looking at his now newly discovered supersized weapon, Mudre realized it appeared to be a big, flamed, hair-pick blade ripped straight out of a manga or anime. The black handle was now much bigger and longer and the thirteen silver comb-teeth are now a lot longer with burning, hot, Yin-Yang, flames rapidly switching between the colors of black and white like blue and red sirens on a police car. The special black and white flames channeled around the entire supersized hair-pick itself! As of now, Mudre realized he is truly wielding an extensively long and greatly expanded burning hair-pick sword in his dominant left hand!

Mudre gasped for air then said "Ai-ya! Feichang Hao! (Oh my! Amazing!)" to himself in full astonishment. He was

so impressed with his inflamed maximized hair-pick, he kept looking at it without even blinking once.

“I will now call you my...Pick-Kendo blade.” Said Mudre in Chinese as his eyes were wide open and obsessively staring at his father’s hair-pick, which he now calls HIS “Pick-Kendo” blade.

At this moment, Mudre was so infatuated with his Pick-Kendo blade, he dropped his ordinary wooden kendo stick from his right hand and started practicing his sword techniques with his Pick-Kendo blade.

For the remainder of his solo kendo training, Mudre swiftly swung his Pick-Kendo blade up and down, then left and right continuously. This time he was less focused on his past and more focused on maintaining his Burning-Panda transformation.

Now, at only Twenty-three-years-young, Mudre is determined to finally learn English and somehow find his father to meet and speak with him for the first time. Although he is currently unaware of his father's current status, he still has hope he is still alive somehow somewhere.

However tomorrow morning, he is scheduled to arrive at a local Chinese American restaurant in Chicago Chinatown for his first day of employment. The name of the restaurant is called, 'Huang-Li's Noodle Queendom' and is only a fifteen-minute walk away from Dragon-Tail Apartments, which is where he's currently standing and training on top of. He also lives in Dragon-Tail Apartments.

While still on the rooftop of Dragon-Tail apartments, he continuously swung his Pick-Kendo blade for at least an

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hour and a half while taking small breaks in between, completely forgetting about the wooden kendo stick.

An hour and a half later, Mudre lowered his precious unique weapon onto the rooftop, where he stands. At this moment, he was now holding it within only his left hand. Next, he turned to his right to face the front edge of the Dragon-Tail Apartment building.

He walked eight feet towards the front edge of the building and looked downwards, where he saw many circular Chinese lanterns hanging on strings to provide light on the crowded streets of Chinatown. Thanks to the Chinese lantern lights, Mudre can see the civilians of Chinatown walking around while some of them were riding on their bikes.

He also saw many small businesses such as ramen shops, supermarkets, minimarkets, and minibars, where hungry

and thirsty customers were standing and ordering things to eat or drink. All of these small businesses had their titles written in Chinese then translated into English.

As Mudre slightly tilted his head upward, he saw some more Chinese styled buildings, along with additional Chinese lantern lights and business titles.

At this time, Mudre was now ready to leave the rooftop of Dragon-Tail Apartments, so he turned around to face the back edge of the building, where he saw a blue door from at least twelve feet away. Before walking to it, he flexed his left hand to vanish the magic fire around it, causing his Pick-Kendo blade to change back to its original size. After that, he then began walking twelve feet towards the blue door ahead of him. While walking to it, he returned his now shrunken Pick-Kendo blade inside his front left pocket. When he got close enough to his wooden kendo stick, he bent over and picked it up by its handle with his

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right hand and looked down at it. After only five seconds of looking down at it, Mudre closed his eyes and smirked.

“Suddenly, you have now served your final purpose.” Thought Mudre in Chinese knowing he had just discovered a new ability with his magical black and white Yin-Yang Flames.

He then flexed his left hand to summon a Yin-Yang Flame bomb within it, then tossed his wooden kendo stick in the air with right hand. Next, he threw his Yin-Yang Flame bomb from his left hand up towards the airborne wooden kendo stick, completely bombing it to dark, crispy, ashes that rained onto the rooftop of the Dragon-Tail apartment building. Some of them even landed on Mudre’s left shoulder but, he simply dusted them off with his now empty right hand. After explosively discarding his former kendo stick, Mudre continued walking forward to the blue door ahead of him. When

he got close enough to open it, he reached his right hand downwards towards the silver doorknob and twisted it to his left, before pressing forward to open it.

After opening it, he walked into a small room with one big Chinese lantern of light brightly shining and hanging from the ceiling.

Thanks to that traditional Chinese lantern of light, Mudre could easily see a big white wall to his left and a set of gray stairs in front of him, along with a red rail going downwards alongside the right of them.

With his right hand, he then shut the blue door behind himself by pulling it closed. After that, he started stepping his way down the long set of gray stairs in front of him. As he was going down the stairs, he looked to his left each time he saw a decrease in numbers, which indicated he was going down to the next floor. In total, there were

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only four floors to Dragon-Tail apartments, and Mudre spent only thirteen seconds going down two sets of stairs until he reached the second floor, which is the specific floor he lives on.

Seconds later, he was standing in front of another blue door with a silver doorknob, then opened it with his right hand, just like he did the last one. When he opened the door, he walked outside, where he was greeted with the beautiful yellow moonlight of the dark skies. At this moment, he was now much closer to some residential apartment doors.

Once outside, Mudre turned to his right while pulling the blue door shut with his right hand. After turning to his right while shutting the blue door, he started walking straight ahead alongside apartment doors on his right-side.

While now walking straight ahead, he looked to his left, where he saw a vertical set of gray stairsteps with a set of red rails attached to each floor of the apartment building, granting access to higher and lower floors of the apartment building for anyone who wishes to go up or down its stairs. After briefly looking to his left, he then looked to his right as he was passing by some apartment doors. He simultaneously resumed walking while looking to his right at the doors until he finally saw the correct number of his specific residential apartment door, a golden number #8 on a blue door with a silver doorknob. After acknowledging the correct door, Mudre stopped directly in front of it and turned to his right to face it. With his right hand, he then pulled out his housekey from his front right pocket. Next, he inserted his housekey inside the doorknob to unlock it. After unlocking the door, he placed his right hand onto the silver doorknob and twisted it to his right while pressing forward to open it.

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Now that the door was open, Mudre simply walked inside his apartment.

After entering his apartment, he pulled out his housekey from his door, shut it, then locked it from the inside. Afterwards, he was immediately standing in a small hallway that was between the family room area on his left-side, and the kitchen with dining area on his right-side.

On the family room side (left), is where he can see the back of his super long white couch, facing a black flatscreen tv. Also, directly on Mudre's left-side, is the big, glass window of his patio. Meanwhile, on the kitchen and dining side (right), he saw a wooden, rectangular shaped dining table surrounded by four wooden chairs. Next to the left-side of the rectangular dining table is the kitchen.

Lastly, ten feet straight ahead, between the family room area on the left-side, and the kitchen with dining area on the right-side, Mudre saw a hallway with a few white doors on each side, all of which lead to different rooms within the apartment unit.

After a quick view of his apartment unit, Mudre first returned his housekey inside his front right pocket, then walked ten feet straight ahead down the hallway until he saw his bedroom door with a golden doorknob on his left-side.

Next, he turned to his left and opened his bedroom door by twisting the doorknob and lightly pushing it forward with his right hand. After opening his bedroom door, he looked forward and saw his king-sized bed in his small bedroom. To his left, which is actually the right-side of his king-sized bed, is where his closet is set and, to his right, which is actually the left-side of his king-sized

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bed, is where his small screen tv is set onto a tall wooden dresser.

Before going to bed, Mudre stepped a couple of footsteps forward into his bedroom, turned around, and pushed his bedroom door forward to close it. Lastly, he turned around again to face his bed again.

Knowing his first day of work starts tomorrow morning from 11:30am to 7:30pm, he walked to the right-side of his bed, next to his closet, which was on HIS left-side.

Next, he sat onto his bed, kicked off his boots, and buried himself under his yellow blanket as he finished climbing himself onto his bed. Seconds later, he was fast asleep and snoring for several consecutive hours.

The next morning, at 11:00am, Mudre was awakened while opening his eyes from the sound of his cellphone's

alarm app. Then, he slowly raised the upper half of his body from his bed, while stretching his arms upward and his legs forward, followed by some yawning. After simultaneously yawning and stretching, he deactivated the alarm app on his cellphone, then turned to his right to sit himself up on the left edge of his bed.

Next, Mudre stood up from his bed and walked to his left until exiting his bedroom. Once outside his bedroom, he walked three feet straight ahead towards the opened doorway of his bathroom to enter it.

After entering his bathroom, he reached his right hand towards his right, where he could feel a light switch and turned on the lights. After turning on his bathroom lights, Mudre could see a short, white, square shaped countertop three feet in front of him with a silver sink installed within it. Surrounding the outside of the silver sink, is a bar of white soap, a bottle of blue mouthwash,

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and a small, clear, rectangular case containing Mudre's black toothbrush inside. Behind and above the silver sink, is a square shaped mirror attached to a white wall. On the left-side of the sink countertop, is a white toilet facing the same wall on Mudre's right-side, which has a long, metal bar with a single Yin and Yang colored towel, along with a small, Yin and Yang colored washcloth hanging on it. The light switch is also on that exact same wall as the metal bar of Mudre's hung Yin-Yang colored towel and washcloth. Lastly, a long, white bathtub with a silver showerhead is also directly to the right-side of Mudre.

While inside his bathroom, Mudre spent ten minutes showering, three minutes brushing his teeth, and thirty seconds gargling his blue mouthwash, spending a total of thirteen minutes and a half of cleaning himself altogether.

Thirteen minutes and a half later, he stepped outside of his bathroom all fresh and cleaned, wearing only his black and white Yin-Yang colored towel.

Next, he briefly returned to his bedroom, and changed into his favorite signature outfit, which is his black pants with a white flame dragon design, and a plain black T-shirt worn under his long-sleeved, white jacket with a black flame dragon design on his sleeves and back. Lastly, he put on his black boots with even more white flame designs.

After getting fully dressed, Mudre exited his bedroom, by walking three steps forward, then turning to his right to enter the hallway between his family room area and his kitchen with dining area. This time, his kitchen and dining area is on his left-side, and his family room area is on his right-side.

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After turning right within his hallway, Mudre moved straight ahead as he walked past his tv and long white couch as well as his kitchen and dining table. Ten forward footsteps later, Mudre was already exiting through the door of his apartment.

Now outside of his apartment, he first turned to his right and saw the same vertical set of gray stairs with a set of connected red rails, then walked seven feet toward them to descend them. When he got close enough to the vertical set of red rails and gray stairs, he turned left towards them and started descending the gray stairs in front of him.

Fifteen seconds later, Mudre was officially down all the stairs and was now walking within the big, crowded area of Chicago's Chinatown. Just as he saw from the rooftop of his residential Dragon-Tail Apartment building last night, he saw several small Chinese businesses such

as ramen shops, supermarkets, minimarkets, bars, minibars, and restaurants. As usual many people were either walking or riding their bikes, and some were even on a bus. There were some citizens driving their vehicles but not very many.

However, the very few citizens that were driving their vehicles, constantly honked their horns, which is quite normal in Chinatown as well as China, the actual country.

After fifteen minutes of walking to his job in the crowded streets of Chinatown, Mudre looked to his right where he saw his boss' restaurant called, "Huang-Li's Noodle-Queendom". The title design of 'Huang-Li's Noodle-Queendom' is written in both Chinese and English in a red, traditional Chinese font.

Additionally, there were two square shaped, glass windows built within the front part of the restaurant. One was on

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the left, and one was on the right. Between the two glass windows, are double squared glass doors with a handle to pull either of them open from the outside. After a quick view outside the restaurant, Mudre pulled open one of the glass doors and walked inside the restaurant.

Inside Huang-Li's Noodle-Queendom restaurant, are several big wooden tables where hungry customers, young and old are sitting. All of them were either eating or ordering Chinese food from the employees wearing long, black, pants with red, long-sleeved, Chinese styled shirts. The employees also have small, rectangular, white colored nametag cards pinned on their shirts, where customers can see them.

Ten feet directly in front of Mudre, is a front desk where a single employee is seen standing and smiling at the family of customers in line, who are all waiting to be counted and seated. Next to that employee, is Queen Huang-Li

herself, a fifty-five-year-old Chinese woman with long, black, straightened hair, wearing glasses, along with a pink, short-sleeved, polo shirt with long, black tight pants that go down a little bit past her knees. She happily greeted Mudre with a big smile from ear to ear as soon as he entered her restaurant.

While walking in her direction, Mudre smiled at his boss as the two began speaking to each other in Chinese.

“Hello! I Welcome you! You are so tall!” Said Queen Huang-Li in Chinese.

“Zao Shang Hao! Wo zhidao! (GOOD MORNING! I KNOW!)” Happily replied Mudre in Chinese while walking ten feet towards Queen Huang-Li and the front desk of the restaurant.

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His greeting in Chinese sounded so cheerful around the restaurant, that it snatched the attention of the American customers who briefly turned their heads to watch and listen to their conversation. While their heads were turned, they mainly stared at Mudre because of his height. While standing in front of Queen Huang-Li, Mudre noticed everyone else staring at him. At this moment, he already knew he had their attention. Everyone who was staring at him quietly spoke amongst themselves because of his height, unique appearance, and his ability to fluently speak Chinese (Mandarin). So, after a few more seconds of staring, and not understanding Chinese, all the American customers turned their heads back towards their food to continue eating with their family and friends.

Once Mudre got to the front desk to meet Queen Huang-Li, he balled his left hand into a fist then, palmed it into his right hand, before slightly tilting himself

forward, performing a formal Chinese bow to his boss. In returned, she also performed a respectful Chinese bow.

“Your respects are most appreciated, Mudre! Please, come with me!” Said Queen Huang-Li in Chinese as she lifted her left index finger and did a ‘come here’ hand gesture to further instruct Mudre to follow her.

“Alright, Queen Huang-Li.” Mudre respectfully replied in Chinese as he watched his boss turn her back towards him and started walking. He then proceeded to follow her.

Seven feet behind the front desk, are a set of double black doors with a circular glass window on both of them, acting as big glass peepholes. Because Mudre is so tall, he could already see a little bit of the kitchen before Queen Huang-Li even opened it. Seconds later, Queen Huang-Li

pushed it open for herself and Mudre to enter the kitchen area of her restaurant.

After entering the kitchen area of her restaurant, Mudre can see employees cooking and manually handwashing dishes as well as putting most of the silverware inside dishwashers. Next, Queen Huang-Li gave Mudre his nametag then kindly instructed him to clock in.

“Alright, Mudre! Usually, I always enforce my employees to wear our required dress code, but since you’ll only be working as a dishwasher, no one will really see you out of uniform. Plus, your uniform is set to arrive at your doorstep tomorrow, so today is the one and only day I’ll allow you to work out of uniform but, once you get your uniform, you will be required to wear it when you’re at work, understood?”

“Yes, understood.”

“Good! For now, here is your nametag with your employee number on the back! Simply clock into this black, square shaped machine on your right by typing in your employee number and start washing dishes.”

“Hao ba, Wo mingbaile. (Alright, understood)” Said Mudre in Chinese before clocking in while Queen Huang-Li went to her office.

After clocking in, Mudre started washing dishes for eight hours from 11:30am to 7:30pm. During that timeframe, he took a half an hour lunchbreak at 3:30pm then continued working from 4pm until 7:30pm. After work, Mudre clocked out and walked outside the kitchen area into the dinning area of the restaurant.

Now facing the same direction as the front glass windows and doors, Mudre instantly realized the sky was nearly dark at this point. After seeing the almost dark sky, he

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then walked ten feet towards the front glass doors to exit the restaurant. However just when he placed his right hand on the handle of one of the glass doors to open and exit, a curious customer sitting at an adjacent table called for his attention while waving her hand at him.

“Hey, excuse me young man! How tall are you?!”

While his right hand was already pushing on the door to exit the restaurant, Mudre turned his head to his right, where he heard the customer call for him, then glanced his eyes downward and saw a gorgeous, dark brown skinned American woman sitting at a long, wooden, horizontally positioned table with a long black, soft, cushion underneath her as a comfortable seat.

This dark brown skinned American woman who called for him, appeared to be in her mid to late 20's with long, black, natural hair and red lipstick. As for her clothing,

she was currently wearing a short sleeved, red shirt, with long, red, tight, feminine pants that go down to her calf-muscles. Additionally, she was also wearing black high heel shoes. Lastly, she has a big, black, purse resting on her lap underneath the table she is currently eating on.

While looking down at the woman in red, who called for him, Mudre smiled before nervously questioning her in poor English with his heavy Chinese accent.

“You talking to...me?” He asked barely while pointing to himself with his own left thumb.

“Yes you! How tall are you?! I know you hear a lot of people ask you that same question, right?! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

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Mudre only comprehended a little bit of what she was saying. He nervously laughed and only replied to what he knew she was saying.

“Yes, I am...mm...very tall.” Mudre nervously replied while smiling. The friendly woman continued but immediately recognized his strong Chinese accent as she confusingly glanced her eyes left and right.

“Okaaaaaaaaay sooooooo...how tall are you? Six foot? Seven foot? Eight foot?! What?!”

At this moment, Mudre completely turned to his right to face the woman, then struggled to answer her question.

“I am mmm six foot...mmm...mm...how to say...mmm...sorry my English is...no...very good...ha ha.”

The woman's eyes widened as she listened to Mudre's Chinese accent. Although she just heard him say his English isn't good, she accepted his answer.

"That's okay! Your "six foot" answer is good enough for me! Anyways, I've been to this restaurant many times before and I've never seen you here! You just started working here?"

".....What?" Asked Mudre as he glanced his eyes left and right with a confused facial expression.

"One moment please!" Said the woman as she raised her right index finger.

"Okay okay." Mudre replied while nodding his head up and down.

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“Waiter! Waiter! Excuse me, waiter!” Yelled the woman as she began waving her hand back and forth to signify a “come here” hand gesture.

Seconds later, a baldheaded Chinese waiter wearing red traditional Chinese clothes and a white nametag on the chest area of his shirt came to where Mudre was standing and the table where the woman was sitting.

“Hello, Mr..... Chaohan! Can you please help me talk to him? He doesn’t know very much English!” Politely requested the woman after reading his name on his nametag.

“Yes of course. Today was his first day as our newest employed dishwasher from China, and I will help you talk to him.” Replied the waiter with a polite smile.

“Alright thank you! I’ll first try talking to him in English but, if he doesn’t understand, tell him what I said.”

“Yes of course.”

“What is your name?” Asked the woman as she then looked up at Mudre.

Because her question was short and basic, Mudre understood her and answered.

“My name...is Mudre.” Replied Mudre himself in poor English.

“I like your name! That’s a VERY unique name because a lot of American “Black” men have “dre” at the end of their names, and “Mu” sounds Asian, so saying Mudre feels super accurate.”

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Puzzled, Mudre once again displayed a confusing facial expression.

“I not understand.”

“You mean you DON’T understand?”

“Oh, oh...yes, I mean I...don’t understand.”

The woman looked at the waiter then motioned her head toward Mudre to indicate for him to interpret.

“Oh oh! Okay.” Said the waiter before interpreting her spoken English into Chinese for Mudre, informing him that she said he has a unique name.

“Aaaaaaah! Hao ba hao ba! Thank you.” Said Mudre as he tilted his head upward after learning what Quatrisha said.

“You’re welcome! You must be half Chinese and never learned English, huh?”

Once again, Mudre failed to comprehend but the waiter interpreted. Seconds later, Mudre replied in Chinese, then the waiter interpreted again in English for Quatrisha.

“He said “Yes, he is half Chinese and half Brown-American but never completely learned English.”

“Ooooooooooh.....comprehended.” Said the woman. Next, the waiter smiled and interpreted to Mudre.

“Aaaaaaah okay...haoba!” Said Mudre after hearing the waiter’s interpretation.

At this moment the woman stood from her seat and slowly introduced herself while pointing to herself with her right thumb.

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“My...name...is Quatrisha! Quatrisha Halker! Pleased...to...meet...you!” Happily said Quatrisha in a very friendly voice tone.

Because her sentence was slow and basic, Mudre understood what she said and replied while smiling.

“Pleased...to...meet...you...too, Quatrisha Halker.”

After seeing him smile, Quatrisha smiled more and slowly told him her occupation.

I...am...an English teacher!”

Mudre’s eyes widened, for he was instantly encouraged.

“Really?! You...you...you...are...are...mm...English...teacher?!” He asked as he pointed at Quatrisha.

“Yes really! I...am a...Highschool...English teacher!”

“Ooooooooooh! Wow! Will you...how to say...mmm...
please...mm.....”

“Teach you how to speak English?” Quatrisha asked to
help Mudre finish his request.

“Yes, yes please!”

“Yes, I would LOVE to teach you English!”

“Thank you very much!” Happily replied Mudre as he
performed a respectful Chinese bow.

“You are very welcome!”

In poor English, Mudre asked Quatrisha another
question.

“So, do you like Chinese food here?”

“Yes! I love eating here at Queen Huang-Li’s restaurant! I come here when I don’t feel like cooking.”

Although Mudre didn’t understand her whole response, he understood enough to know she loves Chinese food. So, he simply replied with “Good!”

“What’s your favorite food?” Quatrisha asked.

“What? I not understand.”

“You mean you DON’T understand?”

“Oh, yes. I mean...I...don’t understand.”

Before asking the waiter to interpret, Quatrisha wanted to give Mudre one more chance to understand for himself by asking slower and in a simpler way.

“What...food...do you...like...most?”

“Oh...mmm...mmmm...hot...hot...how to say...
mmm...I...like a hot wing.”

“Hot wings?! Oh, I LOVED hot wings! I ate them all the time when I was younger! I don’t eat them so much now, but when I was younger, I cooked and ate them all the time, especially for family cookouts! I’m the chef of my family!”

Of course, Mudre did not comprehend all of what Quatrisha was saying so he looked to his right at the waiter and motioned his head at Quatrisha to signify for

an interpretation. Next, the waiter started interpreting Quatrisha's English words into Chinese.

Meanwhile, Quatrisha smiled while rapidly looking left and right between Mudre and the waiter as she awaited an English response.

The waiter then looked at Quatrisha and interpreted Mudre's Chinese into English.

"He said you look so young, he thought you were age twenty-five or younger."

"Awwwww! Thank you! I wish I was twenty-five or younger again but I'm forty-two now. Ha ha ha ha! What's your age?" Shyly replied and asked Quatrisha.

The waiter laughingly interpreted what Quatrisha said to Mudre.

Mudre pointed to himself and stated his age aloud in Chinese.

“Wo shi ershi san sui!”

“He said he is age twenty-three.” Said the waiter in English, interpreting for Mudre.

“Oh my! Only Twenty-three?! Your youth has only just begun! You’re still a young boy compared to me...ha ha ha ha ha! I’m like nineteen or twenty years older than you!”

The waiter smiled and laughingly told Mudre what she said, then Mudre simply smiled some more while nodding his head up and down.

“Anyways, I’m full now! That was some good Chinese food and I thank you for interpreting for us, Mr. Chaohan!

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Please show him my teacher business card and tell him If he needs someone to help him learn English and retwist his hair, I can do both for forty dollars a week! Oh, and please tell him I really like his Chinese styled ponytail of dreadlocks and fire dragon outfit...so handsome!” Said Quatrisha while searching in her purse. She then, pulled out her teacher business card and handed it to the waiter for him to give to Mudre. The waiter then looked down at her teacher card, then gave it to Mudre as he interpreted everything she just said.

Seconds later, the waiter started interpreting Mudre’s Chinese response into English. Meanwhile, Mudre himself was putting Quatrisha’s teacher business card into his front right pocket.

“He said thank you and he will contact you later.” Said the waiter, interpreting for Mudre.

For a second, Mudre and Quatrisha were staring at each other while smiling until Mudre's body suddenly started heating up inside, especially his dominant left hand! Seconds later, he heard an explosion that sounded as if a nearby building was blown up! Actually, the explosion sound was so loud, Mudre wasn't even the only one who heard it. Quatrisha loudly gasped for air as her eyes widened while also quickly placing her right hand over her heart.

“Oh my...GOODNESS! Did ya'll hear that?! Sounded like an explosion!” Asked Quatrisha as she looked left and right between the waiter and Mudre.

“I definitely heard it!” Said the waiter.

Not long afterwards, the whole restaurant started discussing the noise. Even Queen Huang-Li rushed out

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her office, out the kitchen, and into the dining area of her restaurant.

Meanwhile, Mudre quickly held his left hand into his right hand to try hiding his internally burning Yin Yang flames. He also quickly turned around toward the glass doors of the restaurant and tried rushing himself out the building while telling Quatrisha and the waiter bye in poor English.

“Okay, I now go! We email later. I now go.”

“Wait! Didn’t you just hear that explosion?! You can’t go out there right now!”

“I now go! Bye bye!” Desperately said Mudre in his heavy Chinese accent as he turned his body toward the glass doors and rushed out the restaurant. As soon as he was out of the restaurant, the black and white, Yin-Yang

flames magically appeared from inside his left hand to outside his left hand. Next, he turned and ran to his left where he heard the noise while thinking to himself in Chinese.

“Shenme!?! (What)?! Zenme le?! (What’s happened?!)” He mentally asked himself with a worried facial expression while continuously running to where he heard the loud explosion. After twelve seconds of running to the direction of the explosive noise, Mudre suddenly saw a big hole in one of the Chinese shops of Chinatown as he was running right by it. He immediately stopped as he completely turned his body to his left to look inside this widely vandalized shop.

What he then saw was the back of a big, tall, black and purple, chubby, monster with horns on his head, wings on his back, and a tail barely above his buttocks. This

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monster basically appeared to be a digitalized bull with big wings.

As Mudre resumed looking inside the destroyed shop he realized what types of items were for sale, which were expensive Chinese action figures imported from China. There were action figures of dragons, pandas, famous martial artists, and even Journey to the West action figures. Lastly, there were some famous Chinese computer games for sale within the store.

Naturally, everyone who was already outside near the shop, had already ran away from it! There were some victims inside the shop who luckily managed to evacuate while the monster was still in there.

Since Mudre has a flammable panda beast hidden within himself, his internal Yin-Yang flames obligate him to

investigate and possibly even slay this literal cyberized bull in a China Shop!

Therefore, during his heroic obligation, Mudre started fearlessly running inside the Chinese toy store to combat the monster in front of him.

When he entered the toy store, Mudre flexed his dominant left hand to magically summon a circular shaped, black and white, Yin-Yang flame-bomb within his grip. After summoning his Yin-Yang flame-bomb, he yelled to the beast to get his attention.

“Oy!” He yelled.

While still holding a large plastic bag filled with Chinese action figures, the monster quickly turned around to face Mudre, who now sees its chubby belly, along with its ugly bull type of face. However, as soon as Mudre

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saw the monster turn around, he threw his black and white Yin-Yang flame-bomb directly at the monster's face, bombing him back against a shelf of action figures. Afterwards, the monster swiftly covered his face with his hands while screaming like a person. Meanwhile, the beast then slid down against the shelf of toys until landing on its buttocks. While sitting on its buttocks, many action figures fell from the shelf and a few of them even fell on top of the monstrous bull's head.

Mudre smiled while looking down at the fallen monster sitting on its buttocks.

“Laiba! Laiba! (Come on! Come on!)” Said Mudre in Chinese to the monster.

“I don't know what you said but I'm gonna POUND you like a bull in a CHINATOWN instead of a China shop!”

Said the sitting monster in a masculine monstrous voice as he pointed up at Mudre.

“Shenme? (What?)” Asked Mudre as he raised his left eyebrow in confusion. He didn’t know what he said, and he doesn’t know why a digital bull can speak so well.

At this moment, the monster’s right hand lit up purple while it began to stand up. Mudre saw the purple glow flowing around the monster’s right hand while watching his recovery. After completely standing up, the cyber bull monster slammed his bright purple fist into the ground. At first Mudre thought the startled monster was only expressing his anger after getting flame-bombed. However, he suddenly started feeling a vibration underneath his feet. He then looked down and up came a purple blast popping up from the floor, hitting Mudre in his face, more specifically his nose and forehead.

“Gyaaaaaaaa!” Screamed Mudre as he was launched into the ceiling of the Chinese toy store, breaking through it, and landing his back on the remainder of the rooftop.

“OOHA!” Shouted Mudre as his back painfully landed on the rooftop of the toy store. Shortly after falling on his back, the monster jumped up through the same hole of the ceiling Mudre was just launched through. After jumping through the hole of the ceiling, the monster landed on his feet, right in front of Mudre, then reached down his right hand to grab him by his plain black T-shirt and pulled him up close to his own face.

Mudre was now literally face to face with this intimidating monster. “Ni xianzai fengkai wo! (Release me now!) He yelled at the monster in Chinese.

However, the bull monster completely ignored his Chinese demand taunted him with an English question.

“You dare throw a bomb at Cy-Bull?!”

“I...I...I not understand...” Painfully said Mudre in English with his Chinese accent.

“You mean you DON’T understand?! Bruh, you ain’t foolin me! Clearly you a “black” man in Chicago, so I’mma need you to speak English now!”

“My English...mm...not so good.”

“Hm, well, I got nothing left to say to you! Language barriers won’t prevent ME from dropping you! Let’s go!” Said the monster before jumping off the rooftop of the Chinese toy store while holding Mudre by his black T-shirt as he then flew him upward to the fully night skies. Naturally, Mudre was scared out of his mind because not only was he already losing the fight but, he was easily 350 feet in the air, flying over many high buildings in

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Chicago. He tried punching at Cy-Bull's ugly face but, his punches weren't hurting him very much.

“Try hitting me all you want, but you won't hurt me. I know you possibly don't understand, but if I drop you, you'll be the one falling, not me!” Said Cy-Bull

Mudre had no knowledge of what his monstrous enemy was saying to him but, he knew it wasn't good.

“I should drop you off right here, punk!” Added Cy-Bull.

Mudre didn't comprehend what was said to him but, he glanced all the way down from 350ft in the air and saw a hard concrete ground lit up only by streetlights, and headlights of several moving vehicles. Luckily, he also saw a nearby big, tall, building he could try and safely land on. After looking down, Mudre looked back up at the monster's hideously scary bull face, flexed his

dominant left hand to summon a Yin-Yang flame-bomb, then basically smacked him across his right jaw to bomb him yet again! His fierce flame-bomb slap was more than enough to hurt him.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaah! Not again!” Painfully screamed Cy-Bull as he flinched to his right after getting smacked in his right jaw by a Yin Yang Flame-Bomb. Naturally, he dropped Mudre and desperately began swatting the fire around his face to extinguish it.

While falling, Mudre screamed as he used his magical Yin-Yang flames as jets to safely glide himself onto an averagely short, brown bricked building, which was still higher than the busy streets of Chicago but a lot shorter and safer than super tall, towered office buildings.

As soon as Mudre landed on the building, he looked up at Cy-Bull and witnessed him vanish the last of his flames

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off his face by simply swatting around it with his hands while flying around so the wind could hit his burning face. After extinguishing the last of the Yin Yang Flames off his face, Cy-Bull looked down at Mudre as he reached his right hand over his shoulders and digitally summoned a big, long, black, purple, solid object that visually resembled a cyberized baseball bat with purple 1's and 0's channeling within the solid black armor of it. Like a real baseball player, he held it in both his hands, and flew down onto the exact same brown bricked building where Mudre was standing on.

In response, Mudre silently and bravely stared directly into Cy-Bull's eyes without saying a word.

“Oh, I already forgot...you don't know English.” Said Cy-Bull as he raised his digital bat and softly rested it onto his right shoulder while looking at Mudre.

Meanwhile, Mudre heard Cy-Bull but didn't understand a word he said and naturally didn't care at this point.

Therefore, without saying anything, Mudre slowly reached his left hand down inside his front left pocket and started pulling out his Pick-Kendo blade. While drawing his weapon, he violently stared at his Cyberized bull opponent. After pulling out his special weapon, he then flexed his dominant left hand to summon his Yin-Yang flames and swung his precious Pick-Kendo blade to his left like a fearless swordsman, which caused it to instantly and magically extend and expand its entire size while also summoning additional Yin-Yang flames around it! Just like before, the Yin-Yang flames on his Pick-Kendo blade constantly switched between the colors of black and white like blue and red sirens on a police car. Remembering that he discovered this new technique earlier on the rooftop Dragon-Tail Apartments, Mudre

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smiled with literal burning confidence as he displayed his determined eyes of the panda!

“Bravo, Yin Yang Lame! Now, let’s settle this!” Said Cy-Bull aloud.

With his left hand, Mudre silently raised and pointed his Yin-Yang flaming Pick-Kendo at Cy-Bull, challenging him to resume their fight.

“Come at me bro!” Said Cy-Bull as he raised his left hand and pointed at Mudre before bending his fingers back and forth, daring his blazing opponent to step forth.

Now fully prepared to fight against Cy-Bull, Mudre confidently smirked wider and started running as fast as he could towards him as he started holding back his big, long, burning Pick-Kendo blade with both his hands.

Meanwhile, Cy-Bull started flying as fast as he could at Mudre with his big, long, black and purple cyber bat!

When the two combatants got close enough, Mudre swung his Pick-Kendo upwards to clash against Cy-Bull's black and purple cyber bat. Meanwhile, Cy-bull swung his weapon downwards against Mudre's burning Pick-Kendo blade.

At this moment, they exchanged their first set of blows against each other's weapons, before clashing again. During their second clash, Mudre was naturally in kendo position as he remembered the kendo techniques his strict grandma Jing-Mei taught him. Therefore, he started rapidly swinging his burning Pick-kendo down onto Cy-Bull's purple cyber-bat as Cy-Bull himself was rapidly swinging his weapon up against Mudre's enlarged burning Pick-kendo blade.

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They both exchanged even more blows against their weapons for several seconds until finally, Cy-Bull managed to fake an upper swing and sidestep to his left, which deceived Mudre enough for him to fully swing his weapon downwards and miss his attack. The failed downward slash of Mudre, caused him to be left wide open for Cy-Bull to unexpectedly kick him directly in his stomach, launching him straight towards the front edge of the building.

“Ah-hoo!” Groaned Mudre as he received Cy-Bull’s kick to his stomach. He landed on his back and slid five feet forward while still holding his Pick-kendo blade in his left hand. Immediately, Cy-Bull jumped forward, trying to pounce on Mudre, but he quickly flexed his right hand to summon a Yin-Yang flame-bomb and threw it up at Cy-Bull’s chubby belly, causing him to fly back and land flat on his wings from the explosion of Mudre’s Yin-Yang flame-bomb. After throwing his flame-bomb,

Mudre stood up on his feet by using his Pick-kendo to supplement his recovery. Meanwhile Cy-Bull used his wings to fly back onto his feet.

“Errrrrrr! I’ve had ENOUGH of you spamming your Yin-Yang LAME bombs! Throw another one, I dare you!” Said Cy-Bull after recovering onto his feet! Meanwhile, Mudre swung his burning Pick-Kendo from side to side like an ancient legendary samurai warrior, ready to continue their fight.

“I’m gonna homerun you back to Chinatown with my Cyber-Bat!” Confidently said Cy-Bull.

The two fighters stared at each other for a few seconds then charged at each other simultaneously.

Cy-Bull was flying at Mudre while holding back his Cyber-Bat and Mudre was sprinting at Cy-Bull while

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once again holding back his burning Pick-Kendo blade. However, this time, Mudre had a new idea for his attack. When he ran close enough to Cy-Bull, he jumped over him while doing a front flip slash attack to burn him on his back and wings. After jump slashing Cy-Bull in his back to burn his wings, Mudre successfully landed on his feet while Cy-Bull lost control of his flight and landed on his knees, painfully scraping them across the rooftop, while also losing blood and monster skin during the process.

Meanwhile, Mudre turned around and looked at Cy-Bull, who has now turned on his wings to hold his knees and has also dropped his cyber bat. He was yelling and screaming in pain while frantically holding his knees with his hands and rolling from side to side on the rooftop to vanish the Yin-Yang flames on his back. At this moment, Mudre savagely stood and watched Cy-Bull scream and roll for a couple of seconds, then rushed at him and

jumped ten feet in the air! While in the air, he positioned himself to stab Cy-Bull in his stomach with his special burning Pick-Kendo blade. Cy-Bull saw Mudre coming down with the blazing blades of his Pick-Kendo pointing directly down at his big gut but, could do nothing due to his wings being flame slashed and knees being scraped from skidding on them. He closed his eyes to brace himself for the pain dropping towards him.

Mudre successfully stabbed his burning Pick-Kendo down into Cy-Bull's fat stomach as he landed on his feet. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! I'm burning! Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" Screamed Cy-Bull.

While still standing over his body, Mudre plunged his burning Pick-Kendo blade further down inside Cy-Bull's stomach, to secure what appears to be a victory! Blood squirted upwards from the screaming impaled monster's stomach to Mudre's chin, cheeks, and forehead! However,

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Mudre immediately eased his force when he started hearing Cy-bull's scream sound less like a beast, and more like an actual person, along with quickly noticing his blood is liquid red! These two clues indicated He IS fighting an actual person, NOT a beast!

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaw! That's enough, I'm gonna demolish you now!” Angrily said Cy-Bull as he then quickly summoned a purple beam of light around his right hand and uppercut Mudre in his chin, causing him to let go of his Pick-Kendo blade and launching him upwards into the air! “Eh-haaa!” Shouted Mudre as he landed on his back. However, he still got back up on his feet rather quickly.

By this time, Cy-Bull was already up on his feet while Mudre's Pick-Kendo was still impaled through his stomach. While Mudre was looking at him, Cy-Bull grabbed his burning Pick-Kendo by the handle and

began slowly pulling it out his stomach while screaming in pain.

“Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” Screamed Cy-Bull as he miraculously pulled the burning Pick-Kendo blade from out his stomach.

After pulling Mudre’s Pick-Kendo blade out of his stomach, Cy-Bull angrily looked at Mudre, who was beyond astonished at this point.

“You...you...youuuu...a MAN?! REALLY?!” Asked Mudre with an overly surprised voice tone in his severely strong Chinese accent while pointing straight at Cy-Bull with his left index finger.

“YES, REALLY! And I should report you for assault with a deadly weapon on a teenage minor!”

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After hearing Cy-Bull's answer, Mudre confusingly looked left and right as he failed to understand what he said.

“Eh...WHAT?!”

“AH! FORGET IT! I'm going to destroy you so bad you'll be eating UNFORTUNE cookies when I'm done with YOU! YOU HEAR ME?!” Painfully yelled Cy-Bull as he pointed at Mudre with his left hand. With his right hand, he then raised his Pick-Kendo blade to the sky like a knight and waved it from side to side.

Mudre instantly displayed an angry face, silently daring his opponent to discard his weapon.

“Here, boy! Let's play fetch! You want this? You want this? Huh?! Huh?! Huh?! Huh?! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I know you don't understand me but, I should throw your

pathetic weapon off this building right now! I know you won't be able to fight me without it! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

Although Mudre lacked comprehension of Cy-Bull's verbal insult, his physical taunt naturally angered him so much that he instantly transformed into his Flame-Panda transformation! During his transformation, Mudre angrily stared at the seemingly big, fat, disgustingly ugly, cyberized, bull beast in front of him. He stood and watched as his enemy continued to wave what was once his father's hair-pick from side to side to further taunt him. Reminded of his grandma Jing-Mei doing a similar taunt during his upbringing, Mudre growled like a wild animal as he got madder and madder.

"Ooooooooooooh! I see this PANDA can.....EXPRESS himself! You mad bro?! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Said

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Cy-Bull while continuously waving Mudre's Pick-Kendo from side to side.

Extremely enraged, Mudre angrily and rapidly breathed air in and out his mouth as if he were suffering from a shortness of breath.

“What's wrong, boy?! Gonna cry now?! A game of fetch is too much for you?!”

Mudre only continued to angrily breathe in and out very fast!

Meanwhile, Cy-Bull saw him ball his panda hands into flamed fists, visually signifying his madness!

“What you gonna do?! Throw another Yin Yang LAME bomb so I can literally throw your weapon away? Or you gonna keep standing there, huffing and puffing until I

discard it regardless?! Who am I kidding? Not like you understand me anyways! Consider THIS your first English lesson!”

“Ni Fengkai wo daopian! (Release my sword!)” Furiously yelled Mudre in Chinese as he ferociously kept breathing air in and out his flaming panda mouth.

“I don’t know what you just said but you can add the word “fetch” to your English vocabul...WHAT?!”

Before Cy-Bull could even finish his English sentence, Mudre jolted his head back while quickly breathing in hot air! Then, he swiftly thrusted his head forward while releasing a big, black and white, fireball from his mouth directly to Cy-Bull’s stomach, hitting him so fast and so hard, he instantly dropped Mudre’s Pick-Kendo blade on the rooftop as he flew thirty yards away, off the building they were fighting on.

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“Ah-hoo!” Groaned Cy-Bull right when he was hit in his stomach by Mudre’s Yin Yang fireball!

Cy-Bull flew back until falling on top of another building that was a little bit shorter than the one him and Mudre were fighting on.

With Cy-Bull blown off the building, this of course gave Mudre more than enough time and distance to walk towards his Pick-Kendo blade and pick it up by its handle with only his left dominant hand.

After picking up his Pick-Kendo blade, he stood while looking straight ahead where he just blew Cy-Bull away with his fireball attack while still in his Flame-Panda transformation. He continued staring straight ahead as he wondered if he won or not. While staring straight ahead, he glanced down to his left and saw Cy-Bull’s big, long Cyber-Bat strangely disappear. Ten seconds later,

he saw something big, fat, and purple flying up to the dark sky from thirty yards away! Clearly, it was him! As soon as he saw Cy-Bull flying upward, Mudre once again positioned his body into a kendo fighting stance, holding his burning Pick-Kendo blade with both his hands in front of him.

“Okay, fights over...for you, of course! You think you’re the only one who has ranged attacks?! I think it’s about time you face...VIRTUAL reality!” Yelled Cy-Bull from the skies as he then resummoned his Cyber-Bat into his dominant right hand and aimed it straight down at Mudre like a blaster rifle.

At this moment, the front tip of Cy-Bull’s Cyber-Bat opened wide like a sci-fi gun as he flew up higher while charging a purple blast within it. From Mudre’s much lower viewpoint, he watched Cy-Bull fly up higher and

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higher, then to the left, while rapidly shooting small, purple, dotted blasts at him.

While still in his Flame-Panda transformation, Mudre quickly placed his burning Pick-Kendo blade sideways behind his lower back area to sheath it in his magic fire while turning and sprinting eleven feet to his left towards the left edge of the building he was on. While sprinting towards the left edge of the building, Mudre simultaneously flexed both his hands twice to magically summon two flamed dragon heads around his hands, acting as dual pistols. Like the Yin-Yang flames around his Pick-Kendo Blade, his draguns also change between black and white flames like blue and red police sirens.

Therefore, once at the left edge of the rooftop, Mudre began to jump from one building to another like a swift ninja. While in the air, he raised and aimed his dual flaming draguns up at Cy-Bull and started shooting rapid

Yin-Yang flamed bullets from their mouths while also dodging the rapid fire of Cy-Bull's Cyber-Bat. Although Cy-Bull's blasts were fast, Mudre was quite literally one or two steps ahead, dodging every last one of them. However, with his wings, Cy-Bull also dodged Mudre's Yin-Yang flamed bullets just as fast while in the dark skies.

“This guy has burning dragon guns too, huh? Guess, I'll have to end this shootout!” Frustratedly said Cy-Bull after dodging and missing all rapid-fire shots. Cy-Bull then started flying directly to Mudre's direction to intercept his path. While flying to him, he started charging his Cyber-Bat for a much more powerful blast! Because Cy-Bull has wings, his flight to Mudre's direction was far faster than his leaps from building to building. His flight was fast enough for him to fly fifty yards ahead of him and land on another distant building. Once he flew within fifty yards ahead of him, Cy-Bull raised his

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fully charged Cyber-Bat and pointed it straight ahead at Mudre who was still in his Flame-Panda transformation.

Now that he sees Cy-Bull from fifty yards away and pointing his fully charged weapon, Mudre jumped and landed on one more rooftop while inhaling a great big breath of fire to counter against Cy-Bull's fully charged Cyber-Bat blast.

“Let's see you dodge THIS, Yin-Yang lame bear! HEEEEEEEEEEY batta batta BOOM!” Shouted Cy-Bull as loud as he could like a Baseball Player, shouting “BOOM” instead of “SWING”, right before releasing a long, purple beam from the front tip of his Cyber-Bat.

Meanwhile, Mudre released a long breath of Yin-Yang flames from his panda mouth, resulting in a highly destructive power collision against Cy-Bull's purple blast!

At first, Mudre's long fire breath attack was surpassing Cy-Bull's fully charged blast attack.

However, because he was just previously running, dodging, and jumping from rooftop to rooftop, his fire breath wasn't strong enough to outlast Cy-Bull's blast attack. Plus, he only had so much breath left, before he would need to regain more air.

Meanwhile, Cy-Bull's cyberized baseball bat has far more energy than Mudre has air.

"How long can you hold your breath, Yin Yang lame?! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!" Laughingly said Cy-Bull to himself.

As the collision of two opposed powers continued, Mudre's air decreased, and his fire breath grew weaker

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and weaker. He knew he could only blow his fire breath for so long until finally.....he couldn't.

Therefore, Cy-Bull's blast inevitably overpowered Mudre's powerful yet limited breath of Yin-Yang flames and eventually hit him as he quickly jolted back to brace himself for a blast of pain to his chest and stomach area.

Mudre screamed as he was blasted fifty yards away, crashing through the mass of two brick buildings until finally crashing his back, along with his Pick-Kendo blade against a third. His back and weapon crashed against the third building so hard, a big crack was formed onto it and his Flame-Panda transformation ended, as well as his Yin-Yang flamed dragons vanishing off both his hands. Next, he fell forward off the side of the cracked building and landed the front of his body onto the ground of a dark alley between the last building he crashed through, and the last building he just crashed against before falling

onto the ground of a dark alley. Seconds after hitting the ground, Mudre was miraculously able to reach his left hand behind his back to grab his Pick-Kendo blade by the handle. However, he was so overwhelmingly damaged, the magic Yin-Yang flames around his Pick-Kendo vanished, causing his weapon to transition back to its ordinary size.

Meanwhile, Cy-Bull smiled confidently after defeating Mudre in an epic battle! His victory was right on time too, because at this moment, blue and red police sirens can be heard all throughout the area. Seconds later, Cy-Bull heard what sounded like an alarm on his right index finger. He looked down and saw a rapid purple light blink on some type of ring he was wearing.

“Oh shoot. Better fly some place where no one can see me transform.” Thought Cy-Bull.

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He then jumped and flew off the building with the wings on his back. Since he was flying away so fast, the police never recognized him, and he was able to fly to a park where no one was at. When he was at the park, he looked around to assure himself no one could see him. Seconds later, his transformation automatically timed out, switching him back to his ordinary body. When not transformed, Cy-Bull is actually a fifteen-years young, dark Brown skinned American teenager with a smooth haircut and a small spot of facial hair on his chin. He wears a black T-shirt with black shorts and black sneakers.

Meanwhile, back at the dark alleyway, where Mudre literally fell unconscious, almost no one seen him. The very few who DID see him, thought he was an unlucky homeless man sleeping in a dark alley. When he finally awakened an hour later, he angrily gripped his left hand onto his Pick-Kendo while slowly standing up on his feet.

After standing up on his feet, he turned to his left as he looked up at the dark sky and angrily screamed like an actual mad man!

“GERRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Screamed Mudre as he swung and pointed his Pick-Kendo blade upwards to the dark sky with both his flexed hands, magically maximizing it back to its burning combative size. Mudre vowed to seek revenge on Cy-Bull as he continued pointing his weapon up to the sky. Mudre’s loud shouting quite literally screamed a devastating loss. Although he was defeated, he temporarily prevented additional harm in Chinatown and now has an English teacher.

After screaming, he vanished his flames to return his Pick-Kendo back to its normal size, and inside his front left pocket. Afterwards, he walked a long way back to

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Chinatown where he slept alone in his Dragon-Tail apartment home.

THANK YOU FOR
READING AND LISTENING
TO MY BOOK!

While creating the story of my dear “Pick-Kendo Legend” (Mudre), I was greatly influenced by Yashichiro Takahashi’s “Shakugan No Shana” Light Novel series and one of my favorite childhood videogames, “True Crime Streets of La”. Also, as Quatrisha stated, “Mu” sounds Asian and many “black” American men have “Dre” at the end of their names”, which is exactly how I named Mudre. His name was influenced from “Mulan”, so I simply replaced “lan” with “dre” to create Mudre.

Lastly, I created Quatrisha’s character design based on the famous American actress, Regina Hall.

Anyways, hope you enjoyed. If you want, please visit my website, www.ChiefRatmanstudios.com or subscribe to

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