

Secret Death Touches



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The information in this eBook is meant to supplement, not replace, proper Dim-Mak training. Dim-Mak training poses some inherent risk. The author and publisher advise readers to take full responsibility for their safety and know their limits.

Testimonials

Jimmy Bonestein, 52, Torrington, Wyoming

This is a new subject for me but one that I am finding more and more compelling. Taking steps to protect oneself and keep fit in the interim makes a lot of sense. Hearing the author's story makes me see the reality of the dangers of this world and what you need to know to be safe without resorting to weapons. Knowing that stereotypical martial arts in themselves are not the answer is an eye-opener. It is important to make the distinction between them and defensive disciplines. This eBook does it. You get a lot of information and advice.

Rose Rizzo, 60, New York, New York

This eBook covers some of the many misconceptions people may have about martial arts. The information is thorough for the most part, although there are some areas that seem glossed over. It's a worthwhile read. The chapter on Bruce Lee was welcome as well and a nice final closure. I definitely recommend this especially if you are trying to make sense of the different types of martial arts available. The eBook is a fast read and held my interest throughout.

Chazz Newman, 32, Rockville, Illinois

Many of the martial art topics covered were some that I had always been curious about. One such topic that is covered in detail is which martial art is the most effective for self-defense. I found this chapter of the eBook to be particularly fascinating. Throughout the entire eBook the author does an excellent job of not only informing you, but entertaining you as well. The author does an excellent job of exposing the truth about many of the martial arts myths, legends and mysteries.

Richard Thompson, 59, Temecula, California

This eBook is so awesome it will give you self-esteem, also give you some pointers and advice how to handle situations including an enemy with a knife in his hand, learning and knowing the basic stances, and also history. It will give you a lot of advantages. I'm not saying that you buy this eBook just to get in a fight, but for the reason of self-defense. You will learn a lot in this eBook and also help you start and boost your confidence in self-defense.



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Chapter 1: Introduction



Congratulations. If you are reading this, it means you are searching for a way to protect yourself and your family and I am here to tell you, my friends, you have found it. In this eBook, I will tell you my story. It's an amazing story of loss and

courage, but ultimately it's a story of the redemption of the human will.

My name is Robert Lawrence and I live in a suburb outside the city of Detroit, Michigan. I come from a nice place where you know your neighbors and you say hello when somebody passes you on the street. It's not the kind of place where you would expect to have to defend yourself from physical violence. But that's exactly what happened to me.

When it happened, I thought that everything that was going to happen to me in my life had already happened to me. I was at that time of life that I figured would be the last page if anyone were to ever write a book about my life. But that is not how things turned out.

I am writing this eBook to share with the world my knowledge of self-defense. This eBook is for teenagers, grownups and older people. It is for anyone who wants to be prepared in any kind of situation, no matter how dangerous. The reader will learn all about a simple form of martial arts, including moves that anyone can use to employ effective self-defense.

However, at this point it is my responsibility to implore the reader to use the knowledge they will learn in this eBook responsibly.

The techniques I will teach you should ONLY be used for self-defense purposes. They are not for backyard horsing around or joking. THEY ARE LETHAL.

More than a method, the techniques I will teach you in this eBook are a lifestyle. One that emphasizes a balance between the mind and body. Both should work as one. Therefore, every student of this form of martial arts needs to find that. These techniques are part of a concept known as Dim-Mak. Every student of Dim-Mak should not focus on only the physical aspect of training. They must also take the time to study the true meaning behind Dim-Mak and martial arts. Limiting you to the physical aspect of any martial art will only result in learning just one element of that martial art. The body and the conscious mind must be combined in order to achieve the whole: the full essence of Dim-Mak and the martial arts. When you achieve the balance of the mind, body and spirit, what is known by students of Dim-Mak as True Balance, it offers the calm that comes with the confidence that you have the discipline to accomplish whatever you need. And on top of everything else, the physical training offers fantastic benefits, but remember that martial arts is also about mental training, developing a better character, and a stronger spirit.

However, when it comes to doing the physical training, you should be careful when sparring. You should never practice these moves at full force without using protective gear. More than once, I have seen a wife accidentally break her husband's nose because she underestimated the brute force that these techniques bring out in people. Also, you should never combine these techniques with other forms of martial arts that use knives and swords. Implementing deadly weapons into these techniques has been known to lead to devastating results.

This is why it is important to develop your mind at the same time you are developing the lethal Dim-Mak techniques. In fact, many argue that the true meaning behind martial arts is to be able to physically overpower another human being. To fight or to be able to kick someone's butt. A low to medium percentage of

the people you ask, would say, "To defend yourself." Those are the most common answers people would give you. Being a practitioner of the martial arts, I have to admit that my answer has changed over the years. I have come to understand that martial arts are not just about physical training, it's about mental training as well.

Those Dim-Mak practitioners with more experience or higher ranks would probably have more to add to my conclusion. So, by all means, this is just the beginning to my answer. But I also know it's just the beginning of my journey. And the martial arts is the path I will take. And I hope you decide to join me on this path toward personal confidence and the ability to defend yourself.

Martial arts, and Dim-Mak in particular, may have no destination as to where the path ends. The only answer to that question – how much you can achieve – is entirely up to you. Some are happy with just a few month or years of training. That means your path ends where you want it to. You are in control as to when you reach the point where you say, "*I have achieved what I wanted to achieve.*" For dedicated martial artists, there is no end to the path. That's because there is always more to learn and things to improve. The way I see it, you're never going to be perfect at anything, but you can sure have a lot of fun trying. So, for me, Dim-Mak is a journey that never ends.

That's how I come to my answer to the question the true meaning of martial arts.



Eighteenth century Dim-Mak master, Qui Chi Li

Martial arts are not just about fighting. Yes, it is the most effective hand-to-hand method used to protect and/or defend, but some have abused martial arts. This is what has tainted its true meaning, because

people have used it for personal gain. It is for those reasons that more and more people believe that it is all about fighting. A true martial artist avoids fights. They

are taught from day one to avoid fights. Fighting can ruin a person's image, it can put you in the hospital, and it can seriously ruin your day. **True martial artists are not out to hurt anybody.**

In fact, the great eighteenth century Dim-Mak master Qui Chi Li once said, "*The correct understanding of Dim-Mak and its proper use is balance between mind, heart, and soul. One who truly trains in this way and actually understands Dim-Mak is never easily drawn into a fight.*"

Kicking, punching, and breaking bones is such a small part of the true practice in martial arts. **True martial arts are about developing one's character through the rigorous and repetitive exercises used, and being able to persevere over any challenge or obstacle life throws at you, weather mental or physical.** It is clear that the true meaning behind martial arts is not about fighting, bullying or violence. The true meaning behind martial arts is to better oneself. Strive to become better and overcome your fears. **Martial arts are about self-discipline, knowing what is right and wrong, knowing when to go, or stop.** Dim-Mak teaches you how to set goals, long and short. All of those qualities are also used in daily life. Therefore, Dim-Mak can improve your daily life.

However, it is important to keep in mind that this eBook is not meant to be used as a training manual for Dim-Mak. I will go over the moves in later chapters, and this will be valuable information for people who are not familiar with Dim-Mak techniques. However, this eBook is the story of my journey to Dim-Mak. If you are interested in learning more about Dim-Mak, I certainly encourage you to do that by any method or source that is out there that you find valuable. But this eBook is really my story. The story of how I realized that with the practice of martial arts, my possibilities became endless. It taught me to keep moving and to do what it takes to achieve what I wanted to achieve. I noticed that I had to become more humble and content myself with daily life. Large tasks or projects for work or school became easier to deal with. I learned to **overcome obstacles, both physical and mental.**

Having said all that, it is important that you know how to defend yourself. If you do not know exactly what to do to easily harm people, to immobilize them or, if necessary, send them to the hospital (or even worse – kill them) you could find yourself in a situation where you need to defend yourself but can't. That is what happened to me and I have to tell you that there is no worse feeling in the world than feeling helpless.

That doesn't have to happen to you. If you prepare yourself, you will be ready when the time comes. So, my advice is that you should learn my techniques and practice them to transform you into a real walking weapon. Bring out the power you have inside yourself and live your life confident that you are ready for anything that comes your way!

Chapter 2: My story of fear and disappointment



Throughout my life, I have liked to think of myself as a real man's man. When I was sixteen years old, the Vietnam War was going on and I was just a dumb kid. I figured I wasn't learning anything important

in school and my girl had just broken up with me so I figured, *"What the heck?"* I quit school and ran off to join the Marine Corps. I was in Saigon in 1975 when Schlesinger announced the evacuation. I was there when people tried desperately to get on the choppers out of town. I saw people being violent against each other. When that was over, I thought, *"Boy, I'm sure glad that I can go back to the United States where people respect each other and act like civilized human beings."*

That's how I felt about the community that I lived in. I came home and met my wife and we settled down and had a couple of kids and we had a pretty good life. And, like I said, I figured that was going to be it. I would grow old content and when I was gone people would say, *"Well, he led a boring life,"* and I was happy with that.

One day, my daughter, Sandra, had to go to a doctor to get a checkup. She dropped off her two boys for me to watch. Eric and Daniel are just about the best grandkids an old man like me can hope for so I decided to take them out for an ice cream. Well, heck, I guy like me can't help but want to spoil his grandkids so I decided I would buy them a toy as well. I paid for the toys and my grandsons were so excited because I was treating them and we wandered into the parking lot without a care in the world.

It was just starting to get dark and the parking lot was deserted except for two men off to the side. They were just kids, really, and couldn't have been older than twenty-two or so. They had been loitering in the darkest section of the parking lot, and suddenly they started towards us. One walked faster than the other and cut me off as the other one came towards me from the side. At this point, my instincts sounded an alarm because this is not how people normally treat each other where I come from. And here I am with my grandkids feeling helpless.

"Don't stop walking," I told myself. *"After all, they're just kids. They're not going to hurt you."* To be honest, they didn't look like criminals. They were dressed cleanly, although very urban. *"But all the kids are dressing like that these days,"* I said to myself.

Before I knew it, they were on either side of me.

"Yo. Give me your wallet," said the one that came at me from the side.

Eric and Daniel crowded at my side, terrified that these men were about to do us harm.

"Hey now, come on. Stop it," I said as I tried to push by.

"No, man, your wallet, give it up," he said.

It felt more like they were just going to try to bully me. At first, I didn't see any weapons. I figured I would just walk through them. The one that was in front of me put up his hand and gave me a push on the shoulder.

"Knock it off, you!" I said.

"Give it up, man. I'm serious."

All of a sudden he pulled out a pistol. He didn't point it at me. He didn't have to. I was standing there with my grandsons. There was no way I was going to risk their lives. I froze where I stood.



"Give me your wallet."

"Alright, alright," I said, hugging Eric and Daniel to me. "There's no need for any of this. I will just give you the cash and I'll keep my license and stuff?"

I know it seems silly now, but I said this because I did not want to have to go to the trouble of replacing all the things in my wallet. Sometimes I stop and laugh at that. Here was a man threatening my life and I was worried about standing in line at the DMV.

"Not a chance, old man," he said to me. "Your money ain't going to be enough. "What else you got there?" he said.

"Nothing, I don't have anything else." I figured if I wasn't going to be able to whoop his butt, I might as well act as scared and pathetic as possible so they would leave us alone. My mind we went to the cell phone my wife had recently bought me. For weeks she had been urging me to carry it with me so she could get ahold of me when I was out and about. I had actually grabbed it on my way out the door and I realized I could use it to call the police. The one that was standing at my side came up so close I could feel him breathing on my face. He reached inside my pocket and pulled out my phone.

"Oh, come on," I said. "Give that back, what do you want that for?"

"He's going to call the cops if we give it back," said the other one.

"Why bother?" I tried to reason with them. "They'll never catch you anyway. I'm not going to call them. No point."

Now he reached into my other pocket and came out with the keys to my car. He pressed the button to the alarm and the car's lights flashed and it beeped.

"Well, lookie there," he said with a sneer on his face. "We just got ourselves a new car!"

All the sudden his buddy comes up to me and gets in my face. "We're going to drive away now, old man. If you move a muscle, I'm going to bash you over the head with this pistol right here in front of these kids."

This is what he said to me but, in truth, these aren't the words he used. You can just imaging the filthy language he was using right there in front of my grandkids. It was humiliating. I gave them everything they wanted and they drove away leaving me standing there with my two grandsons, watching my car and my phone and my wallet disappear. I'll tell you right now, I have never wanted to wring someone by the neck like I did at that moment.

I stood there a long time, just looking off in the direction the car had gone. Finally, one of the boys said, *"What do we do now, grandpa?"* And the truth was, I had no idea. I remember thinking, *"Is this the feeling of violation?"*

"They got lucky," said Daniel, trying to cheer me up. They were probably a couple of rookies.

Right away, I knew he was right. They were young. They had their whole life of crime ahead of them and therefore, they were probably a little scared, too. But the street had taught them to hide it well. They knew never to show weakness. This was a lesson I had not yet learned. But right away, I was aware that if I had prepared myself for such a situation, and knowing that they were probably just as scared as I was, I could have gotten them to back down. Right then and there, I decided that I was never going to let something like that happen to me again. I had no idea how, but I was determined to find some way to protect myself next time.

I took my grandsons by the hand and we went back to the store so they could alert mall security. I was not too much concerned with contacting the police and getting my things back. All I cared about at that moment was preventing this from

happening to someone else. I told the cashier at the toy store what had happened and she was very nice about calling the police. Her manager came and led us to the back and let us sit on their couch until the police showed up. When the cops came, they took my report and told me they would contact me if they heard any news. However, I knew that the criminals who had mugged me were long gone and that they would never have to pay for their crimes that day.

Armed robbery with a deadly weapon is a personal disaster when it happens to you. I would later learn that the town I lived in was going through a mini crime spree. Kids from the city were coming out to the suburbs to commit crimes and then running back to the city as quickly as possible. As it turned out, I was just one of many victims of this kind of crime. But to me, it felt very personal. It felt like the whole world had turned against me. My easy-going world had been shattered and I was left to pick up the pieces.

The worst was yet to come. Over the next few weeks, Eric and Daniel began to suffer from nightmares. Their mother told my wife that they would often wake up in the middle of the night crying because they had dreams about men with guns. This went on for several weeks. It got to the point that I began to worry that what had happened in that parking lot would haunt them for the rest of their lives.

They were experiencing deep psychological trauma that arose from witnessing me robbed at gunpoint. Children react differently to life-threatening experiences and so you never know how things are going to pan out. After all, reactions to traumatic events can be immediate or delayed. Reactions to trauma differ in severity and cover a wide range of behaviors and responses. Children may be more reactive to trauma and may experience a loss of trust and a fear of such an event happening again.

I soon began experiencing my own **psychological trauma**. I too found it hard to sleep and would wake up from nightmares. I decided that, in order to deal with it effectively, I would write down the things I experienced. I figured that knowing

what I was feeling would help me make an effective plan for getting my head right and moving on with my life. I came up with a list of things I had to work through:



Excessive fear. Before I ran into the gunmen, I had been relatively fearless about walking the streets and, because I also tended to be very aware of my surroundings and confident, this worked out pretty well for me. Running into the two

men in the parking lot had definitely forced me to be more picky about where and when I walked. However, even in broad daylight in very nice neighborhoods, I began to counterproductively feel disproportionate fear as well. I have a small dog and, where I had once loved to walk him at night, I stopped doing that because I didn't want to be anywhere outside in the dark. Furthermore, I began to get jumpy even during daytime if people made sudden movements or unexpectedly entered my field of vision. I felt a child-like fear of dark rooms in my house and I did not like being home by myself anymore. Obviously I didn't want to live in fear, but I told myself that it was normal to feel that way after such an event and it was something that would dissipate with time. I began to think about my mindset on the day of the mugging and I realized that I was tuned-out when it happened. Therefore, I became ultra-aware of everything that was going on around me and I was soon on edge all the time. The whole thing was completely preventable, I kept telling myself. The big problem had been that I was not prepared. I was under constant fear that it would happen again merely by being outside among other people. In reality, I live in a quite safe area and I was mugged because I made myself extremely unguarded.

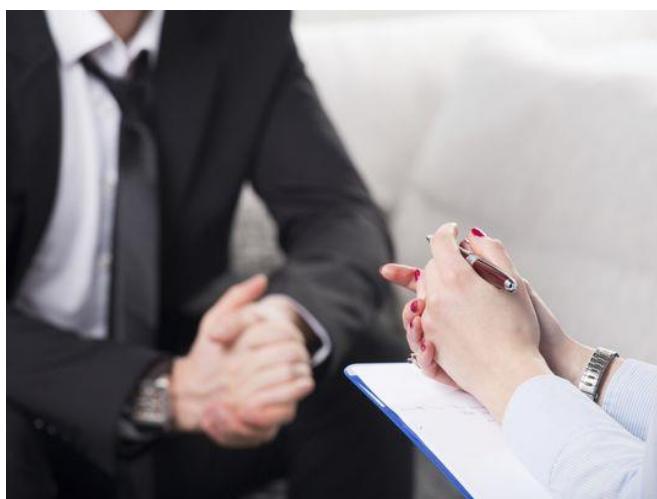
I also began to feel an irrational violation and discomfort over the fact that these two thugs had my wallet and the myriad forms of identification that it contained. Even though I changed all the locks on my house and I canceled all of my credit

cards, and taken all other necessary precautions, I could not shake the feeling of fear that these people – who were nonetheless not at all hardened criminals, and probably a couple of kids out for a joy ride – had a lot of information about me.

Self-loathing. I began to hate myself on two levels. First, I hated that I put myself in that dangerous situation without being prepared. If I had only taken certain precautions, I truly believed that I could have made the two young men back down without a fight. Second, I was ashamed that my muggers were in reality basically scared kids and if I hadn't been so disoriented and flustered, I probably could have gotten away, overpowered them, or spooked them with a ruckus to cause them to run away. I kept dwelling on what I should have done. I had to learn to live with myself. I had to learn to forgive myself. It happened the way it happened. There was nothing I could do to change it. What's worse was that I felt like no one around me could understand what I had been through. It felt like they thought I was stupid for getting so wrought up over an ultimately minor crime. Even so, I did feel that my life was in danger and that is why it had such a profound effect on me. The fact that they threatened me with actual violence really shook me up and made the event much more sinister.

Obsession. After the mugging, I had a lot of trouble thinking of anything else other than the incident itself. At first, I replayed it over and over in my head. The spine-chilling moment when I saw the mugger's gun come out and my realization that not only was my life in danger, but the lives of my grandchildren as well. After a while, my obsession with the incident morphed into an even more disturbing series of re-visualizations in my head. Over and over again, I would think of different ways the scene could have played itself out. These were revenge fantasies in which I imagined I had been armed with various defense weapons. Sometimes I had a knife in my pocket, sometimes they were brass knuckles, and sometimes I even carried a gun hidden away in my jacket. It didn't matter what the weapon was, I always ended up really messing up my assailants. I would let myself get caught up

in a certain rageful glee imagining knifing or punching or shooting these guys to that point that really disturbs me when I think about it today. I'm not interested in harming people. I just want to protect myself and my family. But to get caught up in these wild-eyed fantasies scared me. I realized right away that it was an unconscious way of retroactively taking ownership over the situation, but I didn't like it at all. Bloodlust is never healthy. To be honest with you, I don't even harbor much antipathy towards the guys who did it anymore. The truth is that they were stupid kids who wanted some money. Other than being brought to some sort of mild justice, I don't really wish them any ill will anymore. And, in fact, those guys ended up changing my life in a very positive way. Sure, I can't say I agree with them doing it in front of my grandkids. But on the other hand, what they did led me to learn about some amazing techniques. To be sure, it was a bad situation. Heck, it was a horrible situation. But I got out with my life and it made me stronger. Now I have the knowledge and confidence that comes with knowing I can handle a situation like that if it ever happens again.



That's how I feel today, but it is not how I felt after the mugging. I was in a rut. I didn't know how to work through the problems. I would often say to myself, *"Okay, Robert. So you went and got mugged. Now you just got to move on with your life."* On an analytical level, I knew exactly

why it happened. And I figured was that all you can do is do your best not get mugged in the future. What happened was in the past and there was no way to change how it happened. I didn't want to give another single ounce of mental energy to these thoughts other than letting the event inform me in a rational way. I

wondered if there was therapy for traumatic experiences that could help me. That is where I thought I would find relief, in psychological therapy.

That's how bad it got. I ended up at the shrink. Can you believe it? A guy like me sitting on a couch talking about my childhood. The problem was, my childhood had nothing to do with what was bothering me. In fact, I had a great childhood. Ultimately, I stopped going to the psychiatrist. I knew exactly what was bothering me, I just didn't know how to address it. The fact was, I had realized that my whole family could be in danger even in the most common, everyday circumstances. I mean, can you imagine? What would have happened if it had been my wife and daughters with the boys that day? Assaulted coming out of a toy store? What the heck is the world coming to?!

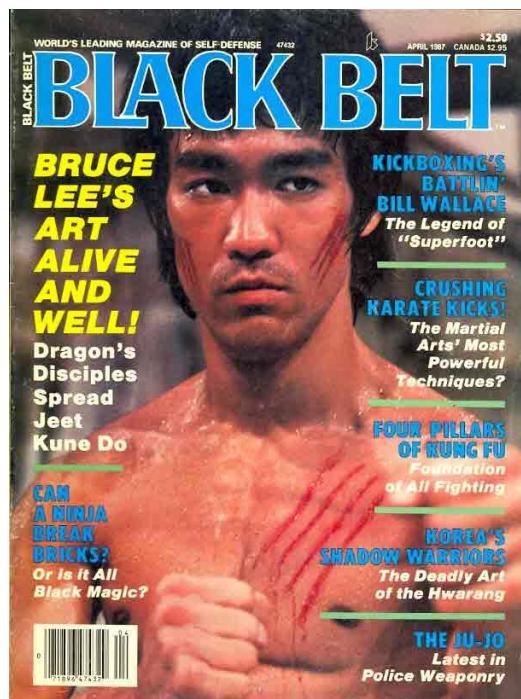
These were the thoughts in my head as I lay in bed one evening. I had been lying there all night unable to sleep. This was certainly not the first time this had happened. In fact, I had developed a full-blown case of insomnia by that point. Finally, at around three in the morning, I decided to give up on trying to sleep. I got out of bed and went downstairs to the freezer and made myself a giant bowl of rocky road ice cream. If I was going to live in fear, I was going to do it eating ice cream.

I went into the living room and plopped down on the couch. I started changing the channels, flipping past infomercials and reality show reruns. Finally, I came across an old Kung Fu movie starring Hong Kong martial arts superstar Bruce Lee. I remembered loving Bruce Lee movies back in the 1970s. I remember thinking what a shame it was that he had died so young. After all, I had seen some of the more recent martial arts movies and none of the newer stars were nearly as good as Bruce Lee. *"What a career he could have had!"* I thought.

Then I began to wonder why it was that he had died so young. After all, he was in amazing physical condition.

Why would a super-athlete like Bruce Lee die young? Well, having a question in my head, I did what you do these days. I grabbed my computer and started doing a little research. I learned that he collapsed in 1973 while training for the movie *Enter the Dragon*. This movie was due to premier at Hollywood's Chinese theater in August 1973. Unfortunately, Bruce would not live to see the opening of this film, nor would he experience the success accumulated during his Hollywood career. He began having seizures and headaches and he was immediately rushed to Hong Kong Baptist Hospital where doctors diagnosed him as having suffered cerebral edema, a type of brain hemorrhage. Later that day, he had another episode of seizures and headaches and he died. He was only 32.

An autopsy was performed but the examiner was never able to find any visible sign of external injury. Despite this, when his death was officially announced, doctors ruled that his death had been brought about by "misadventure."



This piqued my interest. Why would doctors attribute Bruce Lee's death to something so vague? Surely, they knew that people would make wild speculations once they heard this. I continued my research and, sure enough, because of Bruce Lee's iconic status as the biggest martial arts star in the world, his untimely death began to feed all sorts of wild rumors.

In 1985, an article in Black Belt Magazine speculated that the death of Bruce Lee, in 1973, might have been caused by a delayed reaction to a Dim-Mak strike he had received several weeks before his collapse.

Dim-Mak, or Quivering Palm, is a technique that is part of a "shadow" discipline of martial arts known as "death touches."

I continued my research and was shocked to learn that other respected sources within the martial arts world claimed that Bruce Lee might have died due to a "Quivering Palm" strike.

This line of research was extremely fascinating to me. I continued and learned that, not only does the deadly Quivering Palm technique actually exist, but that it is still taught by a few select Kung Fu practitioners in China.

By the time I finished, the sun was coming up. I sat there on the couch with the computer sitting on my lap and a new fantasy suddenly popped into my head. When those two thugs had come at me in the parking lot that night, what if I had known the secrets of the Quivering Palm technique? What if I had the power within me to disarm them with a single touch? I could have left the parking lot that day with my wallet, my phone, my car, and my dignity. My grandsons would be going to school bragging about their grandfather instead of waking up at night crying.

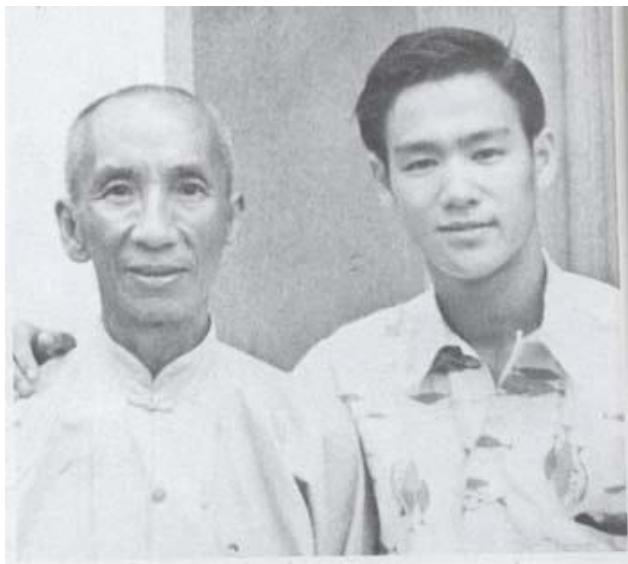
My wife came into the living room that morning and looked at me with pity, as she had done every day since the mugging.

"You couldn't sleep again, hon'?" she said.

All I could do was smile. *"It's okay,"* I said. *"I think I've got an idea."*



Chapter 3: Futile efforts?



Yip Man with a very young Bruce Lee

I soon developed an obsession with Bruce Lee. After all, he was a lethal weapon in real life. If those guys had approached Bruce Lee in that parking lot, they would have been lucky to walk away with their lives. And yet, it seemed that someone had gotten to him. Someone had knowledge of a martial art that was so powerful that it could take down Bruce Lee! That is

exactly the kind of technique that I need to protect my family, I thought.

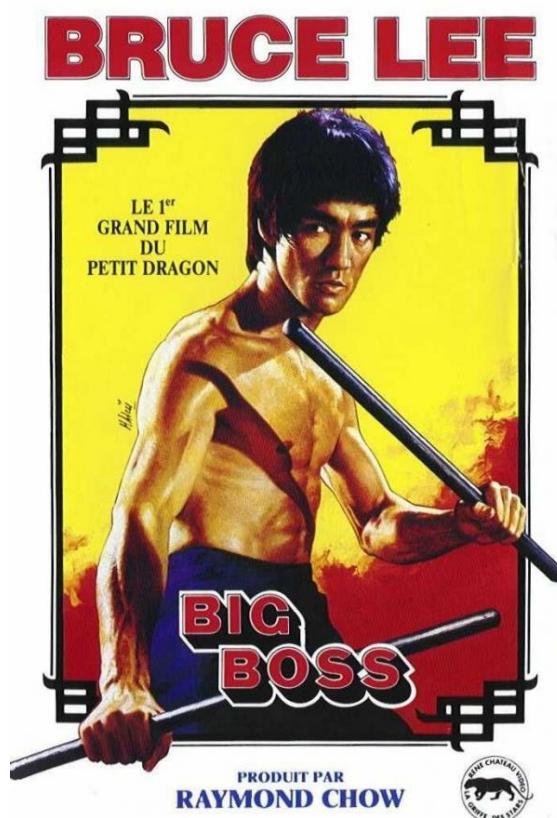
Bruce Lee learned his Kung Fu techniques from the famous master Yip Man. In 1964, he was challenged by an underground group of Kung Fu masters who objected to his teaching martial arts to people who were not Chinese. It was a short fight. The Kung Fu man gave up when Bruce had him pinned to the floor after about three minutes. Even though he had won, he was disappointed because the fight had made him winded and discouraged about his inability to put the man away in under three minutes. This marked a turning point for Bruce in his exploration of Dim-Mak and the enhancement of his physical fitness.

During this time Bruce continued to develop what he had learned from Yip Man and combine that with the precision of Dim-Mak. This is how Bruce Lee developed his advanced form of Dim-Mak, known as Jeet Kune Do, "The Way of The Intercepting Fist." He read and wrote extensively about his thoughts on physical combat, the psychology of fighting, the philosophical roots of martial arts, and about motivation, self-actualization and liberation of the individual. Thanks to this period

in his life, which were frustrating times for him, we know quite a bit about how Dim-Mak helped him throughout his life.

Bruce was devoted to physical fitness and trained devotedly. In addition to actual sparring with his students, he believed in serious callisthenic workouts and mental training. Also, his abdominal and forearm workouts were particularly intense. There was rarely a time when Bruce Lee was doing nothing – it's just the kind of guy he was. In fact, he was often seen reading a book, doing forearm curls and watching a boxing film at the same time. He also paid strict attention to his diet and took vitamins and Chinese herbs at times.

In the summer of 1971, Bruce Lee left Los Angeles to fly to Hong Kong, then on to Thailand for the making of *The Big Boss*, later called *Fists of Fury*. Between Hong Kong and Thailand, movie producer Run Run Shaw famously tried to get Bruce to switch to working with his company and asked him if he thought the movie would



be a success. Bruce Lee's answer to that question is telling. "I think it will be a hit," he said. "In fact I think it will go down as one of the great Kung Fu movies of all time. It's because we're employing my form of Dim-Mak, Jeet Kune Do." Bruce had signed a deal so he stayed with Raymond Chow. Bruce's family did not accompany him on this trip because the village where the film was made was not suitable for small children because of the extreme use of Dim-Mak used in the filming.

The Big Boss was a huge success. The premier took place at midnight, as was Hong Kong custom. Chinese audiences are famous for expressing their emotions during films – both positive and negative. The

entire cast and production team were very nervous, no one more so than Bruce. At the end of the showing, the entire audience was silent for a moment, then erupted in cheers and hailed their new hero who was viewing from the back of the theater. They had never before seen such an extreme presentation of Dim-Mak.

The technique known as Dim-Mak, also known as “the touch of death” traces its history to traditional Chinese acupuncture. Tales of its use are often found in the Wuxia genre of Chinese martial arts fiction. Dim-Mak is depicted as a secret body of knowledge with techniques that require users to attack pressure points and meridians found throughout the human body. This technique is said to incapacitate or sometimes cause immediate or even delayed death to an opponent.

While it is true that there is little scientific or historical evidence that the touch of death can actually cause these effects, you must keep in mind that you can hardly have scientific experiments that may cause the death of someone taking part in the experiment. There is, however, plenty of evidence that that Dim-Mak causes near-catastrophic consequences when applied to known pressure points under specific circumstances. Furthermore, it is undeniable that a number of reputable martial artists have claimed that Dim-Mak is the centerpiece of their martial arts training.

On the twentieth of July 1973, a Tuesday, Bruce lapsed into a coma. He was unable to be revived. Extensive forensic pathology was done to determine the cause of his death, which was not immediately apparent. A nine-day coroner’s inquest was held with testimony given by renowned pathologists flown in from around the world. The pathologists determined that Bruce Lee’s brain had swollen, causing him to die. However, they could not determine what it was that caused this swelling. For years, rumors swirled about why this healthy man in his thirties had died. Then, in 1985, an article in Black Belt Magazine speculated that Bruce Lee’s death might have been caused by “a delayed reaction to a Dim-Mak strike he received several weeks prior to his collapse.” In other words, Bruce Lee had been killed by the very technique that he practiced and perfected.

I remember the moment that I really wrapped my mind around that. I thought to myself, *"If there is a technique out there that is so precise and effective that it killed Bruce Lee, that is the very thing I need to make sure I never get pushed around by a couple of thugs ever again!"*

I began spending all my free time investigating the Dim-Mak fighting style. My wife worried that my obsession would turn into a mania and asked me to ease up. However, I was determined never to let anyone threaten me ever again. I was determined to be a Dim-Mak master.

I started looking around for anyone who might know something about this deadly form of martial arts. I must have gone to every Kung Fu school in the Detroit metro area to ask about these special martial arts moves. Also, I would spend hours looking for resources on the internet. I found super-secret internet forums. At first, I didn't know the right lingo and I would often get locked out. However, I was dedicated and I could soon pass myself off as a student of Dim-Mak. I started posting on these forums, trying to gain as much knowledge as I could. However, as in Bruce Lee's time, most of the Dim-Mak masters were wary of strangers and did not hand out information easily. After a while, I became discouraged. My nightmares returned and deep inside I feared that I would never gain the secrets of Dim-Mak. In my desperation, I went on one of the forums – the one that seemed to be populated with the most knowledgeable martial arts masters – and **offered \$45,000 to anyone who could prove the death touches of Dim-Mak were real and teach me how to perform them.** Well, I'll tell you right now, I learned two things by this. First of all, those masters may like to be tight lipped with outsiders, but they all have their price. I began to receive many requests for a chance at the money. The second thing I learned is that you have to be careful when you're dealing with people who call themselves masters. The truth was that most of the people who answered my offer were just like me. They were people who had heard rumors about the power of Dim-Mak and had picked up some tricks out of books or the internet. Don't get me

wrong. There were some interesting demonstrations of techniques. For example, I met a man who could peel an orange with a single strike. That might be useful if you're running late, but I don't know how much good that would do me if I was being attacked by a criminal. I met another guy who knocked out a housefly right in front of me. Again, it was kind of a neat trick, but I was much more interested in confronting bad guys than household pests. Eventually, I began to lose faith that I would ever find the secrets of this ancient art.



During this time, Dim-Mak wasn't the only style of martial arts that I was considering. I began to investigate other forms of self-defense as well. The biggest problems I found with most of these training programs was that the techniques were too difficult to learn and I didn't believe that they would work as

a viable form of self-defense in a real life situation because they weren't designed for the average person to do them in the stress and panic of a dangerous situation. Therefore, I decided to sit down and make a list of things needed for any self-defense program to work for an average guy like me. I came up with a list of ten items:

- 1.** It must be easily learned
- 2.** It must be totally effective for what is intended to do
- 3.** It must stop the attack and allow you get away
- 4.** It must not require too much strength, power or athletic ability
- 5.** It must be something that can be done in a panic situation
- 6.** It must not hurt the person doing it
- 7.** It must be applicable for different situations

8. It must not be counter to your morals
9. It must not cause the attacker to want to continue the attack
10. It must be legal

Knowing these requirements, I quickly discovered that almost all of the self-defense programs that I came across came up short. They required too much time to learn, too much athletic ability, too much strength of coordination, and simply would not work on the street.

Therefore, I decided to make another list of things that I thought I needed to learn in order to protect myself effectively. In a sense, I hoped that I could mix and match aspects of the different styles in order to invent one for myself, just like Bruce Lee did. I called these my “List of Secret Techniques” and they formed the basis of my own common sense form of self-defense. This is what I came up with:

1. **I need a self-defense that is not about getting into a fight. It should stop the first attack long enough to get away, nothing else. Anything more is only warranted if you are fighting with a deranged lunatic intent on killing you.**
2. **Hitting the eyes, the throat, and the groin represent the most effective areas on the human body for attack because they are soft areas that are dense nerve centers.**
3. **being aware of your surroundings is only half of any self-defense program.**
4. **“Being prepared” is your best defense technique.**
5. **Don’t put yourself in a situation where there is no escape.**
6. **Your life and health are worth more than your desire to not hurt the attacker. Don’t hesitate if you are pushed.**
7. **You don’t have to use a combination of muscle, speed and power to stop an attack.**

8. The first seven seconds of an attack determine whether you will live or die or be captured.
9. No one is going to help you so don't expect it.
10. Make your initial response overwhelming.
11. Relax and breathe during the attack. If you can stay calm, your chances of success are greater.
12. Use a weapon if you have one.
13. Never leave the scene of the original attack. Don't go with them.
14. Do everything with bad intentions. Don't be afraid to hurt your attacker.
15. Don't get into a conversation with an attacker.
16. Don't give up, don't stop defending until you are safe.
17. Don't get caught by surprise or "sucker punched."
18. Confidence is created by proper training.
19. You don't have to be bigger or stronger to get away.
20. The best way to escape a dangerous situation is not to get in it in the first place.
21. Self-defense is very mental.
22. When the technique is done right it works every time.
23. Have an alternate plan if your first response does not work.
24. Remember the 4 "P's" of self-defense. Plead, Pray, Punch, Puke.
25. To be good at anything, you have to practice.

What I began to notice was that as I developed my "List of Secret Techniques," I always came back to what I knew of Dim-Mak. The philosophies that this form of self-defense was based on made a lot of sense to me. And I began to feel like I was trying to reinvent the wheel. Here I was trying to develop a new self-defense philosophy when I knew there was one already out there that would work perfectly for me. My problem was that I could not find a true master to teach me.



And then, one day, I discovered an email sitting on my computer. I could tell it was from China because the address ended with the suffix ".cn." It was from a man named Li. I didn't get my hopes up. This was not the first email I had received from China. I had received many replies to my post from all over the Far East. All sorts of so-called masters had contacted me hoping to claim the prize. Sadly, all had failed to impress.

I opened the email. It was short and to the point. It read, "You want to know way of the death touch. I have been waiting for this question my whole life. But you will need to come to China. I do not want your money. - Li"

"You don't want my money, huh?" I thought. "Well, that's all well and good for you but I'm going to need a little more than a few sentences on my computer screen to pack up and fly off to China."

I didn't respond to the email. What was there to say? He hadn't proven anything. In fact, I forgot about the email altogether for the next week. Finally, one night I was lying in bed unable to sleep and I got to thinking about the message from China. I looked at the clock. Three o'clock again. Just like the night I ended up watching that

Bruce Lee movie. I got out of bed and I sat down at the computer and typed out a response.

“Prove it.” That’s all I wrote. I clicked send. Then I sat there thinking about the fact that there is some joker on the other side of the world trying to pull a prank on me and I just called him on it. Score one for the good guys. I reached up to turn off my computer when suddenly an email popped up in my in box. I opened it.

“Are you worthy?” It was a straightforward question. I believed the answer to it was a resounding “Yes!” I noticed that the email had come with an attachment. Well, my son was always telling me that, if I ever received an email attachment from someone I don’t know, never open it. I figured this was a sound policy. I was just about to delete the email, when I heard a voice in my head. It was my own. “Open it,” I said to myself.

Against my better judgment, I opened the attachment. It was a short movie clip of an old man standing at the center of a Kung Fu school. He wore only a pair of jeans. No shirt. No shoes. There was nothing remarkable about this man. He looked more like a retired clerk than a Kung Fu master. He was bent and frail. His chin hung down like an old chicken. There was absolutely nothing about him that seemed impressive. Around him was a circle of younger men sitting on their knees, all in Kung Fu uniforms. It was like they were waiting for something. All the sudden, the old man let out a cry, like he was going crazy or something. At that, all the younger men popped to their feet and attacked him all at once. At full speed, it was difficult to see what was going on but the next thing you knew, all of the young men were lying on the floor around the old man writhing in pain. He just stood there not out of breath or anything. I watched the clip several times. I counted the men. There were seven of them. I watched the video in slow motion. What is showed was, as the young men got close, the old man poked them. He moved with precision and grace and it was just a blur most of the time.

Needless to say, I was blown away. I didn’t wait. I replied right away.

"I want you to teach me how to do that," I said. "I was recently attacked by thugs. I don't want that to ever happen again."

Amazingly, he emailed me back immediately.

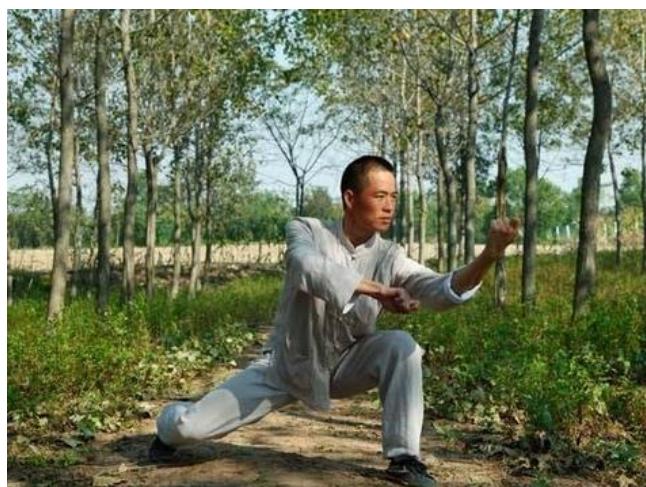
"I cannot tell you more over e-mail. You must come to China to learn. I can show you first hand. But you must come soon. As I write this, I have recently learned that I am dying."

Address:

Shuozhou, Shanxi Province, China"

I sat there with my head reeling. If this Li character could do what he demonstrated on the video, he was truly a Dim-Mak master. Not only that, he was offering to teach me. This was the opportunity of a lifetime. However, he had made it clear that my time was running out. I had arrangements to make. I woke up my wife to show her the video but she just grumbled and called me crazy and asked me to go back to sleep. But I couldn't sleep. I felt like I'd been sleeping my whole life. Now was the time to wake up!

The next day, I told my wife I had decided to go to China for a couple of months. She thought I had lost my mind. I had never asked to do anything like this in our entire marriage.



"You can't just run off to China to have tea with some old man because he invited you." That's what my wife said to me. The surprising thing is that it hadn't occurred to me until that moment that she might not think it was a good idea. She looked at me sideways. "It's that thing that

happened in the parking lot, isn't it?" she said. "Why don't you just let that go, Robert? We all love you just the same."

"I can't do that," I told her. "And it's because nothing is the same. I have to be able to protect you and the kids. Without that, I think I will go insane."

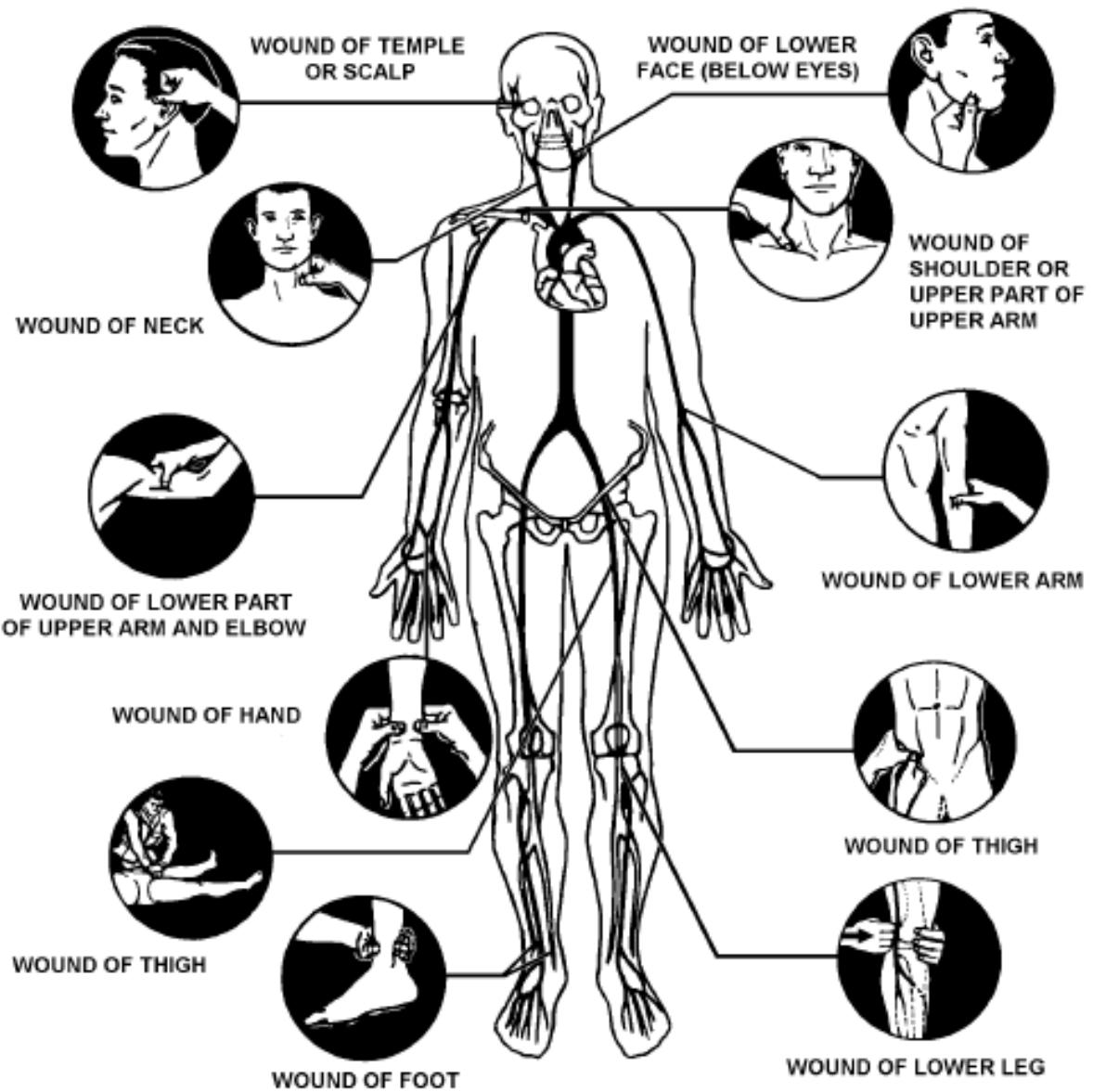
I have to admit, I began to tear up at that moment. I'm not the kind of man who shows his emotions like that easily. She put her arms around me.

"You've been a good husband to me," she said. "If this means so much to you, I guess I can't say no."

Now, dear reader, I have a confession to make. The truth was that I never told my wife about the message I had posted and the money that I put up to get information on the Dim-Mak technique. That is a fact that I am not proud of. I had never lied to my wife but the trauma of having been robbed at gunpoint and being unable to protect my grandchildren had driven me to the extreme. And even though Li had said that he did not want the money, I was prepared to pay him if he changed his mind. That is how determined I was to gain the secrets of Dim-Mak.

Two weeks later, I found myself at the Detroit airport waiting for a flight to Los Angeles that would connect me to Beijing. The journey to the city of Shuozhou in the Shanxi Province would be a long and arduous one. But I didn't doubt what I was doing for a single moment. At that moment, I was overcome with the feeling that I was about to start an entirely new chapter in my life. "My book hasn't come to an end," I remember thinking. "I've got more stories to tell. And they're going to be set in China, of all places."

And oh, boy, what amazing stories they are.



Chapter 4: "I killed Bruce Lee"



Kung Fu master Bruce Lee

I arrived in Beijing groggy and cramped from the twelve-hour flight. I wondered through the airport feeling eyes following me. The Beijing Olympics had not yet taken place and Westerners were still a rare sight in the formerly closed lands of China. Before leaving, I had read that

Beijing was more open to outsiders than pretty much anywhere else in China, with the obvious exception of Hong Kong. However, many people did not seem to be accustomed to seeing a Western face. Nearly everyone stopped and stared at me as I passed and, more than once, people stopped to take pictures of me. I have always been a humble, non-assuming person and this was the first time in my life that I ever felt like a movie star. It was rather disorienting and not something that I was comfortable with. However, I considered it a small price to pay to learn the ancient secrets that China had to offer. Don't get me wrong. I never felt threatened by the way I was treated. However, it did get a bit annoying.

I had to make my way to the city of Shuozhou, which is further into the interior of China. I had booked a spot on a train but it wouldn't leave Beijing for another two days, so I decided to find a cheap hotel and pass the time the best I could.

The first real problem I had was obviously the language barrier. In Beijing at that time, it was so rare to find anyone who spoke English and I quickly took to pointing at things and making gestures. I have got to say, I was expecting to learn some Chinese while I was in Beijing. Unfortunately, the Chinese language is extremely difficult to pick up. I thought I might spend some time during my two days in Beijing taking classes but the only ones I could find were for advanced speakers only, which left me a bit abandoned. You have to understand if you have not had

contact with Chinese before, that it is more than a different language. It is a whole new way of thinking and expressing yourself. If you are used to making some sense of European languages you do not know, I can tell you that in Chinese it is practically impossible to do that without familiarizing yourself with basic Chinese. That said, I learnt the basic words I needed to survive: 'hello', 'thank you', 'take-away' and 'not-spicy'. That last one was particularly useful, I have to admit. Apart from that, all of my communication was based on weird gestures.

I was able to find accommodations in what amounted as a sort of youth hostel near the city center. From what I could gather, it was primarily used to house middle-class students. Needless to say, I stuck out like a sore thumb, an old white guy among dozens of Chinese youths. When I first arrived, it made the ruckus I caused in the airport look like nothing. Again, I was having my picture taken.

One young man came up to me and said, "*You Dirty Harry?*"

"*Not quite,*" I said.

"*Yeah, I know you guy,*" he persisted. "*'Feeling lucky, punk?'*"

I laughed and shrugged. "*How appropriate,*" I thought. "*I came here to learn how to protect my family and this kid thinks I'm Dirty Harry.*" That young man's name was Ping and his company was nearly invaluable to me during those two days in Beijing. Without him and his broken English, I think I might have gone mad with loneliness.

The man who ran the hotel seemed rather excited at the prospect of having a Westerner staying at his establishment. He put me up in a room that was quite a bit nicer than the accommodations endured by most of the other boarders staying there. The students were split up by sex and had a curfew, while I could pretty much do whatever I wanted. They slept in small rooms crammed with half a dozen other people, while I slept in a fairly large room all by myself. It was obvious that my apartment was built for someone from a more privileged background. I must have been paying quite a bit more than the students pay. I could not help but to be a little

bothered knowing how better I had it. And, lest you think that they were living like this simply because they were students, it only took five minutes walking around the city to realize that many of the average people were living in conditions very similar to those students. Many people actually did their hygiene routine out in the open just to get out of the crammed, tiny rooms they lived. This was several years ago and I have heard that conditions have changed drastically since then.



On my second day in Beijing, I got up early. I wanted to do some exploring before my train left in the afternoon. I wandered through the streets taking in the sights and smells of the city. I came upon a narrow alley lined with paper lanterns and the most delightful wooden balconies. I

walked along this alley looking at all the tchotchkies for sale in the small shops, hoping to find some trinkets to delight my grandchildren when I came upon a gorgeous little teahouse not much bigger than a closet. I stepped inside and ordered a tea.

I sat there on the floor of that tea house enjoying the tea and thinking about the journey that lie ahead when I heard a voice speaking in a familiar language.

“I haven’t seen you before.”

I turned to see a woman about my age standing behind me. She was dressed smartly and spoke with a distinctly Southern accent.

“I’m just passing through,” I told her. “However, I must say, it’s great to see a fellow Westerner.”

“You must not be looking very hard,” she said taking a seat next to me. “This is Dong Cheng District.” When I didn’t respond to this, she added, “It’s an enclave of expatriate Westerners.”

“What a shame,” I said. “I sure wish I had known.”

I quickly learned that her name was Helen Marcus and that she was a reporter for the Associated Press. She was in China reporting on human rights issues and the preparations for the Olympic Games. He told me that the number of Westerners in the city was growing fast and invited me to join her at a dinner party that very evening.

“That’s very kind of you,” I said. “But I’ll be leaving Beijing this afternoon.”

“Really? Where are you headed?”

“Shuozhou,” I told her.

“Shuozhou?” she said, clearly puzzled. “Isn’t that in Shanxi Province? That is deep in the interior. You’re not likely to see any Westerners there. Why in the world are you going there?”

I certainly did not want to tell her my whole story of being assaulted and robbed so I answered her with a half-truth.

“I’m on a journey to learn about an obscure form of martial arts.”

“I’ve read up a bit on the different martial arts schools here in China,” she told me. “Which one are you interested in?”

“Dim-Mak,” I said.

Her eyes grew wide and a smirk crossed her face.

“You’re not talking about the Quivering Palm technique? Are you?”



“Why, yes,” I said. “That’s the one.”

She cleared her throat as if she were embarrassed for me.

“I hate to tell you this, but the Quivering Palm technique is nothing but a silly legend.”

"Not true," I insisted. "I've seen it demonstrated in a video. An old man disabling seven guys at once."

She giggled, even more embarrassed than before.

"Robert, it's all trickery. Everyone knows it. Ask anyone. I'm afraid you'll be wasting your time going all the way out to Shuozhou. What you saw was actors putting on a show."

My heart sank. I thanked her and paid for my tea. I made my way back to my hotel room feeling more discouraged than ever. Could it have been that I had traveled halfway around the world to be pranked by an old man in a strange country? When I got back to the hotel, Ping was hanging out by the door to my room.

"Why you sad, Dirty Harry?" he said.

"Not now, Ping."

In walked past him and went into my room and collapsed on the bed. I lay there thinking about what Helen had told me, churning with anguish. *"It's all trickery,"* she had said. *"Ask anyone."* I decided right then and there to put that to the test. I jumped off my bed and opened my door. Luckily, Ping was still standing there. I grabbed him and pulled him into my room and slammed the door.

"Dim-Mak," I said. "What is it?"

He burst out laughing.

"Dim-Mak? Good trick, eh?"

Anguish surged through me. I had wasted my time and money in a monumental way. I slammed my hand against the wall as Ping continued to laugh.

"Why you mad, Dirty Harry? Some guy Dim-Mak you?"

"Yeah," I said. "I got Dim-Maked all right." I went to my satchel and pulled out my computer and pulled up the video that was attached to the email. When the image came up, Ping's face suddenly went very serious. *"What is it?"* I said. He only shook

his head. He didn't take his eyes away from the screen. "Tell me," I insisted. "Is that real?"

"Li Xeing," he mumbled, pointing at the screen. "Dangerous guy. Li Xeing dangerous guy."

"I'm going to Shuozhou," I said. "I'm going to see Li Xeing."

He looked at me and his eyes got big as saucers.

"No, Dirty Harry. You no go Shuozhou. Li Xeing dangerous guy."

Ping continued to try to convince me not to make the journey to Shuozhou but his reaction had convinced me that Helen had indeed been wrong about Dim-Mak. Knowing that, I was more determined than ever to go through with the journey, no matter how dangerous it got.

It was a ten-hour train ride to Shuozhou. You would think that it would be a long and arduous trip but I have to admit that I rather enjoyed it. I had rented a comfortable bed in a four-berth compartment. The beds converted to comfortable sofas for daytime use and a smartly-dressed attendant came around on a regular basis to make sure I was comfortable.



It was past midnight when I arrived in Shuozhou. I took a taxi to a hotel, content to find Li the next morning. Shuozhou is located in the northern part of Shanxi Province near the plateau of the Inner Mongolia. At that time, the city was just

beginning to industrialize and it very much resembled the town featured in the Bruce Lee movie *The Big Boss*.

When I woke up the next morning, I got dressed and went out ready to find my Kung Fu master. As I expected, my presence drew stares from the people. This was something that I had begun to grow used to, even if I was still annoyed by it. I asked

the first person I came to where I could find Li Xeing. However, whereas in Beijing the people seemed eager to provide directions, in Shuozhou, people recoiled from me. And this only increased when I mentioned the name of Li Xeing.

Undeterred, I continued down the road, asking anyone I saw where I might find the old Kung Fu master. However, the results were always the same. Whoever I asked would run from the sound of his name. I soon found myself in an open square. I have to tell you, I don't think I've ever felt more alone in my life than I did when I realized that people had gathered as if to view some spectacle, and I seemed to be part of it. It was at that moment that I realized that there was indeed a crowd of people surrounding me. I stood there waiting to see what might happen next. Then a man stepped forward. He was tall and thin but you could see the muscles bulging from under his shirt. Worst of all, he stared at me with an angry expression. He yelled something at me in Chinese. Obviously, I didn't understand and I told him so but that didn't seem to matter. He started walking toward me and I have to tell you, my heart started pounding at that moment. Here I was in a situation once again where I was being attacked and I didn't have the means to protect myself. He broke into a sprint and jumped into the air toward me. I only stood there, waiting to die. Suddenly, I saw a flash of movement out of the corner of my eye. The next thing I knew, my attacker was lying on the ground unconscious and there was another man standing at my side.

"You come now," the new man said to me.

Well, I know you're not supposed to go with any old stranger who tells you to, but I have to admit, I didn't hesitate that day. I followed this young man through the crowd. He led me down an alley that took us to a small estate on the outskirts of town. It was a walled yard behind which was a large house that looked to have fallen into dilapidation. He led me inside and up a staircase to a large bedroom.

It was dark inside but in the shadows I could see a figure under the sheets. The young man went into the bedroom and spoke in low tones to the figure. He helped him sit up.

"You have traveled a great distance," said the figure in a meek voice. *"Come here and let me look at you."*

With some hesitation, I entered the room. Despite the relief I felt at hearing someone speak to me in English, the events of that morning had been so unnerving that I was now quite rattled. As I drew near, I saw a thin frail Chinese man who looked rather ill. However, in the dim light, I realized that I was looking at the very same man who had been in the video that was attached to the email. As before, he looked like an old sales clerk in failing health, not a Kung Fu master. But in that moment, I remembered Ping's reaction to seeing him and I could not help but respect him.

"You're Li Xeing," I said.

He smiled and coughed a bit.

"Indeed I am," he said. *"What shall I call you?"*

"My name is Robert," I said.

"Robert, you are quite a bit older than I expected you to be."

"I hope I have not disappointed you," I said.

He waived his bony hand in the air.

"It matters little. I believe that age matters little with the techniques I will teach you."

His words sung in my ears. For the first time since I could remember, I was filled with hope at the prospect of learning from a martial arts master.

The young man said something to the old man in Chinese, causing him to laugh and lapse into a fit of coughing.

"My nephew tells me that you ran into a bit of trouble in the square," he said to me.

"Yes," I said. "A man started yelling at me. He attacked me but this young man saved me from any harm."

"You're quite fortunate. Di-Sheng was at the market when he received word you were asking about me. If he had not found you when he did, I'm afraid your visit to our country might have ended quite abruptly."

"Why did that man attack me?"

"His name is Fung Lo. He is the leader of the Wu Tang." He gave a little laugh. "That clan has it out for me. In fact, my very name is offensive to Fung Lo. When he was yelling at you, he was telling you that I am his mortal enemy and that he has sworn to kill any man that utters my name in his presence."

"Why does he hate you so much?" I asked.

"It is a squabble that goes back many years, I'm afraid," said the frail old man. "You see, when I was young, I married a girl who was betrothed to his grandfather. It brought dishonor to their family and caused animosity that was passed from his grandfather to his father to his uncle to his brother and now to Fung Lo himself."

"I guess I should consider myself lucky that I wasn't attacked by half a dozen men," I said.

"Luck had very little to do with it," said Li. "I killed those other men."

He said something to his nephew and the younger man came over and helped him out of bed. I tried to help, but he quickly waved me off.

"We have much to accomplish and very little time to do it," he said to me. "We must get to work right away."

It was as if the old man had been



Master Li

waiting for me. We went out into the yard and went right to work. He was clearly very weak. We walked out in the yard and stood in the sun on that first morning. It was a beautiful day and I wished my wife were there to see me train with this Kung Fu master. **He began by telling me the philosophy behind Dim-Mak.**

“What I am about to teach you is a form of martial arts that has been stripped down to the very essentials,” he told me. “It is Dim-Mak, the Quivering Palm. Action without unnecessary movement. It is a form of combat. It is not a sport. For instance, kicking to the groin or jabbing fingers in eyes. These are not for sport. Nor is it a style. I do not believe in styles. I do not believe that there is such thing as Chinese way of fighting or Japanese way of fighting. Because unless a human being has three arms and four legs, you have the same tools as every other person. You have to learn to use those tools. Styles only serve to separate people. They have their own doctrines and those doctrines become the gospel. And then you cannot change. But, if you do not have style, and you just say, ‘Here I am as a human being. How can I express myself? Totally and completely.’ If you take that path, you do not create a style. Because style is a crystallization. But what I am describing is a process of continuing growth.”

“I will teach you to use your feet. I will teach you to use your elbows. If you’re lucky, I may even teach you to use your hands!” He laughed at this to let me know he was joking and I laughed nervously as well. My mind was racing as I tried to absorb his wisdom. I didn’t want to miss a word. “You have to use every tool at your disposal because that is the expression of the human body. And when you are talking about combat, when you are talking about fighting another human being, as it is – with no rules – well, baby, then you’d better use every part of your body. And when you punch, you have to put the whole hip into it!” He snapped his fist toward my chest with such speed that it was only a blur. His clenched fist stopped only millimeters from my body but the air between compressed with such force that I actually felt the momentum of his punch. “Gather all your energy and turn yourself into a weapon. Express yourself through movement and emotion, be it anger or determination. So what I am

showing you is how to express yourself through the form of combat. And it is the combination of natural instinct and control. You have to join the two in harmony. If you have instinct to the extreme you will be unwieldy. If you have control to the extreme, you will be mechanical. Ultimately, martial arts means expressing yourself!

“But you have to learn to control it. When you master these techniques, it will be easy for you to be flooded with a cocky feeling. You’ll feel pretty cool, you know what I mean, man? You can become blinded by it because you know all of these fancy moves. But to express one’s self honestly, not lying to oneself, that, my friend, is martial arts. You know what I mean?”

I stood there feeling a bit overwhelmed by it all. After all, I had expected to show up and talk to the guy for a while, get to know him. Maybe he would have me do a little stretching and take a couple of punches at a punching bag. Instead, he had rattled off his philosophy of martial arts and now he wanted me to tell him if I had really understood what he had said.

“Uh, yeah, I guess so,” I said.

He coughed and looked at me with a skeptical expression.

“Here is something very important to keep in mind, Robert,” he said. “Running water never grows stale.”

He looked at me with a blank expression.

“Okay, that one I kind of didn’t understand,” I said.

“A good martial artist is like water. Why? Because water is substantial. By that I mean you cannot grasp water. You cannot punch it or hurt it. So be soft and flexible like water. Be formless, shapeless, like water. Now, you put water in a cup, it becomes the cup. You put water into a bottle, it becomes the bottle. You put water in a teapot, it becomes the teapot. Now, water can flow or it can crash.” He gave me a sly smile. “Be water my friend.”

With that, he turned and walked into the house. I remembered the 1970s television show Kung Fu and how the master had made Grasshopper wait outside of

his house for days to see if he was a devoted student. Well, I was a devoted student and I stood there in the hot morning preparing myself for the long wait. However, after just a moment, Li came out of his house with a bottle of water and handed it to me.

“It’s hot out today,” he said.

He snapped to his nephew, who ran into the shed and brought out a life-sized dummy marked with the pressure points that serve as targets for Dim-Mak attacks. **Over the next several days, Li began to teach me the secrets of Dim-Mak. He never wore a uniform like most martial arts teachers do and he was utterly uninterested in the color of his belt. We trained in street clothes because we were preparing for real life situations, not a martial arts tournament. The techniques he showed me were amazing and exceptionally simple to learn and to perform. However, he could not exert himself for more than about twenty minutes before he had to stop and take a break. I would find out over the next few weeks that Li Xeing was in the late stages of pancreatic cancer and needed several of hours of bed rest every day. However, he was a devoted teacher right from the start and would spend as much time and energy as he could muster every day to ensuring I mastered his techniques.**

Though the information was not complicated, I was thankful that he spoke English so well and I told him so.

“Eh,” he said modestly. “I learned English in the 1960s and 1970s in Hong Kong. It was an exciting time. It was still a British territory at that time and Kung Fu movies were sweeping across the West. Many American movie producers were there trying to find martial artists to be in their films.”

This piqued my interest because it was through watching those very movies that had led me to him.

"That was when Bruce Lee was making movies in Hong Kong," I said. "Did you ever meet him?"

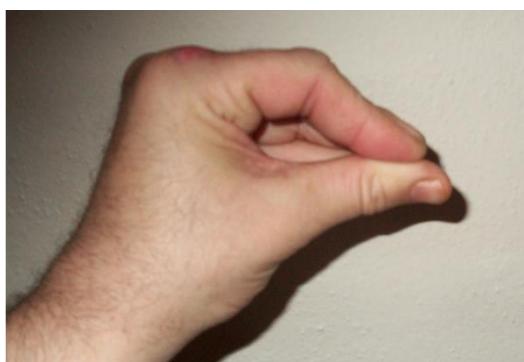
Li shot me one of his weary glances.

"I may have. That was many years ago," he said. "In any case, we should get back to work." He grabbed my hand and folded it into a fist. "You must concentrate on efficiency. The very thing that makes Dim-Mak so effective that it is unburdened by complications. But keep in mind, what makes Dim-Mak is so simple and easy to perform is the same thing that makes it so deadly. In Dim-Mak, there is no need to try and impress anyone. It is pure business, baby."

THWACK!

He shot his hand toward my temple in one of lighting quick moves, stopping only a hair's width away from my skin.

"I don't recognize that move," I said.



He took my fingers and arranged them in the way he had just held his hand. (I will not be more specific than this for reasons that will become apparent by the end of the chapter.)

"It is called the Snake Bite. By far the most deadly move in all of Dim-Mak and by far the most secret. It is so simple and deadly that it is only taught to Dim-Mak masters."

"But you just taught it to me," I said. He only gave me a smile and a wink. "Why are you doing this? Why are you teaching me these ancient secrets?"

He stopped and stared at me for a moment.

"My reasons are my own," he said. "Just as you must have your own reasons for traveling all the way from America. Whatever those reasons are, they are of no consequence

to me. And, in any case, I have learned that time is a resource that cannot be replenished. Alas, my time has grown very short. Let's get back to work."

Over the next two weeks, Li and I worked on the Dim-Mak techniques every day without fail. I would strike the dummy so many times in a day that my hands would ache. However, I began to notice that the lessons were gradually getting shorter and Li needed more time to rest. Finally, one day Li could not get out of bed. His nephew led me up to his room and I knelt at his bedside. He smiled up at me and a single tear rolled down his cheek.

"What is the matter, master?" I said with a heavy heart.

"Nothing is the matter," he said to me. *"In fact I am very happy and I have you to thank for it. You see, you have redeemed me, my friend."*

I was puzzled. As far as I could tell, Master Li had gotten no benefit from our relationship. I was a pest that showed up to his house every day and hounded after him for knowledge.

"I don't understand," I said.

"Do you remember the day you asked me why I was bestowing you with the knowledge of Dim-Mak?" I nodded. *"I will tell you exactly why I have given you this knowledge. As I told you, I was in Hong Kong in the sixties and seventies, involved in the movie business. And, indeed I did meet Bruce Lee at that time. In fact, we became great friends. Bruce was a wonderful person and always willing to show me new Dim-Mak techniques that he had picked up. However, at that time I also got involved with some very shady people. You see, I had many girls back then and I was always in need of money. There were men in Hong Kong at that time who would pay me to use the Dim-Mak moves on political officials, government agents or other martial arts masters. I didn't care. I was having a good time."*

"I had heard rumors that the council of the Shin Ho had gotten word that Bruce Lee had been teaching the secrets of Dim-Mak back in America and wanted revenge. I didn't think much of it until, one day my employer asked for a meeting. As it turned out, I found myself

standing in front of the entire council of the Shin Ho. 'This man, Bruce Lee, he is a friend of yours?' said Zhi-Wen Liu, the grandmaster of the council. 'You have been seen with him quite often.' I told them that Bruce was my friend and that he was a good man. But they insisted that Bruce had betrayed the Asian code of honor, which is very important for Asian people. He had shared very closely guarded martial arts moves in the West, moves that had been kept secret for thousands of years, and he was planning to share more. Therefore, Zhi-Wen Liu told me, Bruce Lee would have to die. But the worst was yet to come. He told me that the council had elected me as the executioner.

"I was to meet Bruce that very evening for dinner at the Miramar Hotel in Hong Kong. However, someone had tipped Bruce off and he was ready for me. The fight could not have lasted more than a few seconds but in my mind, it stretched on for several minutes as we went back and forth jabbing and parrying at each other with Dim-Mak strikes. Finally, in a split second, I struck him with a Snake Bite Strike on the left temple and backed away. He looked at me with deep sadness, for he realized what had just happened.

"'I had to do it, Bruce,' I said. 'You taught Dim-Mak to Westerners.'

"'It was the right thing to do, Li,' he said. 'Everyone has the right to knowledge.'

"That was the last thing he ever said to me. Within hours, Bruce Lee was dead. And ever since then, I have carried the burden of knowing that I was the one who killed this great man. And when I found out that I had cancer and that I would soon die, I realized what Bruce was trying to tell me. He wanted me to pass this knowledge along, just as he had done. That is when I started looking on the internet for someone from the West who was worthy of it. That is how I found you. And that is why I taught you these techniques. I did it for Bruce Lee. It is what he would have wanted. Now it is up to you, Robert, to spread this knowledge to anyone who needs it. This is what Bruce Lee would have wanted. The only thing I will ask is that you guard the knowledge of the Snake Bite move. It is far too dangerous to teach to just anyone."

Kneeling there next to Li, I believe I felt destiny for the first time. How could it have been mere chance that led me to watch that Bruce Lee movie that night? Li

Xeing died that very afternoon. Despite my sadness, I could not help but feel a sense of fulfillment at having mastered what he had taught me in so short a time.

Li's funeral was held two days later. There was a large crowd of mourners who came to honor the old Kung Fu master. Through the crowd, I managed to catch a glimpse of Fung Lo, the very man who had attacked me in the square on the day that I arrived in Shuozhou. He was surrounded by five members of his Wu Tang clan. Our eyes locked and, for a moment, I thought that I was going to have to deal with another attack from him. Only this time, I would be facing not only Fung Lo, but the Wu Tang clan as well. Instead, he only gave me a nod before turning and walking away. At that moment I knew in that moment that even he had come to pay his respects to Li. Not only that, his nod to me had been a nod of respect because he knew that I now possessed the wisdom and power of Dim-Mak and that, therefore, I was not to be trifled with.



Leaving China was certainly bittersweet. I missed my wife and family and was eager to be home again. I mourned the loss of Master Li but I could not help but be filled with gratitude for the time I got to spend with him. And perhaps most of all, I was grateful for the knowledge that I was carrying with me back home and I was determined to share it with anyone who sought it out.

Chapter 5: Where my cousin Greg plays his part



I arrived home to find my own clan waiting for me at the airport. As I walked through the security gates, I saw my wife standing there with a huge smile on her face. At her side were Eric and Daniel, my two grandsons. But also there were my daughter and son, as well as my cousin, Greg. I was so happy to see them, I thought I might burst. My eyes filled with tears and my heart filled

with hope. **I will never forget that day because it was the beginning of a new phase of my life. When those men had attacked me in the parking lot, I had lost my belongings, my identity and my life. Recalling that day and the following months hurts even now and I would never want to go through that again for anything in the world. However, I had left my old life behind and I had reinvented myself.** Holding my family in my arms at that moment, I knew that if I did have to go through an experience like that again, I would be prepared. There was so much to be happy about, and I now realized that the only way to find my home again was to accept what had happened and move on. I had done that. There was so much to be happy about, and I now realized that the only way to find my home again was to accept what had happened and move on. I had done that.

"I feel like I belong again," I told my wife. *"The price was high but it was worth it."*

As I pulled my grandsons close, Daniel said to me, *"Grandpa, mom told me you went all the way to China to learn to protect us. When she told me, my nightmares stopped."*

"Why did you have to go all the way to China?" said Eric. *"Isn't there someone around here who can teach that stuff?"*

"There is now," I told him with a pat on the head. *"There is now."*

We gathered back at my house outside of Detroit. I was exhausted from my trip but the excitement of being surrounded by friends and family kept me going. Everyone was eager to hear about my trip and I was glad to oblige. They laughed at the story of Ping, the young man who thought I was Dirty Harry. They empathized with my anguish at the story of Helen, the reporter who told me I had wasted a trip. And they cringed at the story of how Fung Lo had attacked me in the town square. But when I told them about Li and his amazing feats with the Dim-Mak moves, I could tell that they were skeptical. I didn't mind, however. They had not been through what I had been through and I could not expect them to understand.

The next day, my cousin Greg came by the house. I had just finished rigging up a dummy like the one at Master Li's house and I was getting ready to do my daily exercises before I sat down to lunch.

"How you doing there, Robert?" he said, coming up to the house. *"Are you getting ready to do some Dim-Yak?"*

"Dim-Mak," I corrected him.

Greg had been doing martial arts since he was a teenager and I knew that he knew the correct name and that he was just giving me a hard time. That's the kind of guy he is, always joking. But he was also a tough guy. He had been a Detroit police officer for more than thirty years. We had grown up together and, when we were kids, no one ever messed with me because they knew Greg was my cousin.

Greg told me that my stories of Li the night before had sparked his interest and he wanted to know more about it.

"How many guys did you spar with when you were in China?" he said.



"Well, none," I said. "I practiced the techniques on a stuffed dummy like this one."

Greg was astounded. "You never sparred with anyone? How the heck do you know if these moves even work?"

"I've seen them work," I told him. "I saw Master Li take down seven attackers at once with these moves."

"Robert," said Greg with a patronizing tone. "I've been studying martial arts since I was a kid. It's hard and complicated stuff. You can't just practice on a stuffed dummy and expect to be able to protect yourself."

I didn't let him shake my confidence. I had the wisdom that Li had bestowed upon me and I knew that Greg was wrong.

"Here's the deal, Greg. You may have been studying martial arts since you were a kid, but you have been studying styles, not combat."

"What does that mean?" he said.

"In China, a Kung Fu master might spend his entire life trying to refine his moves down to their most basic elements. In doing so, he would turn himself into a deadly weapon and people all around would hear about how effective his moves were. So young men would come from all around and offer to pay the Kung Fu master to teach them his moves. The Kung Fu master knew that what he had spent his lifetime learning on his own, he could teach his students in a matter of weeks. This is because, he had refined his knowledge to basic truths, he had not built up a complex knowledge base. However, if he did that, two things would happen. He would only get paid by these men for a couple of weeks, after which they would know all they needed to know and they would stop paying him. Second, they would be masters themselves and so the only thing the Kung Fu master would have accomplished would be to have created his own competition. Therefore, he would take their money and he would teach them his moves. But he would do it in the form of complex styles that took years to master instead of the way Mak-Dim is taught, which is extraordinarily simple and easy to master."

Greg looked at me, flummoxed. "Where did you hear that?" he said.

"Master Li told me that."

"I don't believe it," said Greg. "All you've been doing is poking at a stuffed dummy. You don't know martial arts."

"That's fine," I said dismissively. "You can believe what you want."

"No," said Greg, getting angry. "You need to prove that these techniques of yours actually work."

I hesitated. Maybe he was right. Maybe I needed to test them out.

"Okay, big guy," I said. "You come at me with your best move and we'll see who comes out on top."

"You got it, twerp," he said. "But I'm warning you now. I'm going to knock your block off."

Greg stood back and stretched his thick muscles as he prepared to attack me. I visualized the pressure points on his body, just as I had done with the stuffed dummy back in China. I assumed my stance and so did Greg.

"You ready, little man?" he said.

I nodded.

Greg came at me in long steps with his arms waving in the air. I breathed and relaxed, just as Master Li had taught me to do. Time seemed to slow down. I could see how inefficient Greg's movements were. All the energy he poured into them accomplished nothing. In my mind's eye, I could see the exact spot on his body where I would attack. He swung his body in a lumbering roundhouse kick, but before it connected, I reached out with a single Tiger Strike right to his abdomen. I barely touched him and, at first, I thought I had missed the target. I ducked and the roundhouse kick passed harmlessly over my head. Then Greg gave a jolt and

howled out with a gurgling cry of pain. Spontaneously, he vomited all over my garage floor and collapsed right into it and lay there unmoving.

My wife came running into the garage, having heard Greg's ghastly scream. She gasped at seeing him slumped on the floor in a pool of his own bile, unconscious and white as a sheet.

"What happened?"

"Call an ambulance," I replied. "I think I may have killed him."

The ambulance arrived and collected my cousin, groggy and disoriented. At the emergency room, the doctors said they had never seen anything like it. Despite the fact that they could see no outward sign of trauma, his spleen had nearly burst. When we were finally allowed to see him, he was hooked up to several machines that were monitoring his vital signs. Needless to say, I felt terrible. I did not mean to do any harm to my cousin but, as it turned out, the moves that Master Li had taught me were much more effective than I even imagined.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," I told him.

He looked up at me with a look of pure excitement, despite his dire condition.

"Are you kidding?" he said, wincing through the pain. "I'm sorry I ever doubted you. When I get out of here, the first thing I'm going to do is come over to your house again. I cannot wait for you to teach me those moves."

And so it was, two days later, when Greg was finally released from the hospital, he came straight to my house. By that time, I had set up a second stuffed dummy with the pressure points marked, identical to the one Master Li had trained me on. Needless to say, I had won Greg over with my demonstration of Dim-Mak and, now, he too was determined to master this ancient method of combat.

"Show me what you did to me," he said.

On the dummy, I showed him the nine points on the abdomen that regulate the body's nervous system. Next, I showed him the spot located on the neck directly over the carotid artery which bifurcates into the internal and external carotid arteries. This part of the artery contains a special sensory organ that monitors the pressure of the blood that flows to the brain. If touched in just the precise way, a person can cause either knockout, death, or even delayed death. This is why I was so terrified when Greg had gone down.

"I don't understand," he said. "You barely touched me but it was like a shock went through my whole body."

"It has to do with jarring your blood pressure and interfering with the signals from your brain to your nervous system," I told him. "By doing this, it signals the vasomotor center in the brain to decrease the blood pressure by dilating the peripheral blood vessels and decreasing the heart rate. Physicians do this all the time by lowering heart rate to stop certain abnormal heart rhythms. However, even medical science has figured out that excessive stimulation of this organ causes a drastic decrease in blood pressure that can lead to loss of consciousness or even cardiac arrest."

Greg shook his head.

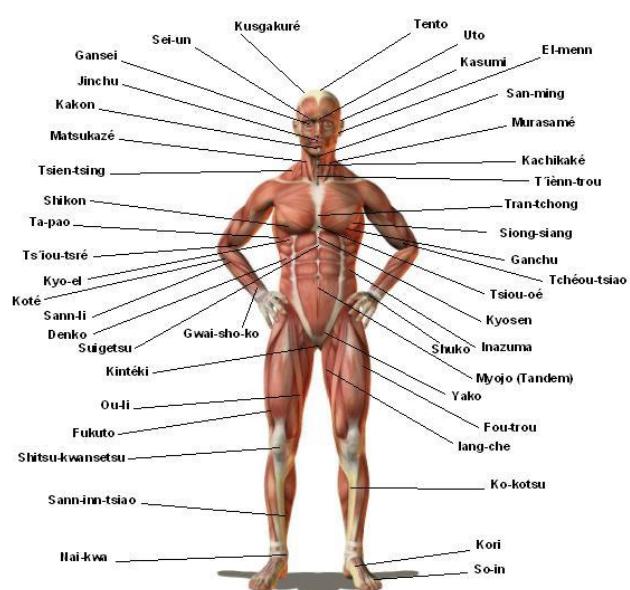
"Are you telling me that you almost gave me a heart attack with that little poke you gave me?"

I was horrified and embarrassed to have to admit to him that I had used my knowledge of these moves so carelessly on him. I nodded.

"Even small blows to the carotid sinus in your stomach can do serious damage or cause small tears on the inside of the carotid artery. Master Li taught me that this can cause blood clots leading to a complete collapse of the artery and later stroke or death. In fact, Master Li told me of cases in which direct blows to the carotid artery resulted in all kinds of devastating effects. In fact, once when he was attacked on the street, he struck the man's carotid artery with his index finger. He told me that man suffered a stroke and developed

weakness on one side of his body and one week later, he died. Causing delayed reactions like this takes a lot of skill but, according to Master Li, you can learn to do it with minimal training.”

Greg looked amazed at what I was telling him.



“I always thought that you had to dish out a great deal of force to cause that kind of damage. That’s why I was so shocked when you dropped me with not much more than a poke in the side.”

“Yeah, I’ve been doing some more research since I got back from China and there’s a lot of evidence to indicate that merely grabbing the carotid artery can lead to a stroke or death. There is one

documented case, a middle-aged karate expert developed sudden paralysis and was unable to speak after his carotid artery was grabbed during a practice session.”

Greg was flabbergasted. Despite having trained in martial arts for more than half of his lifetime, he had never heard such stories.

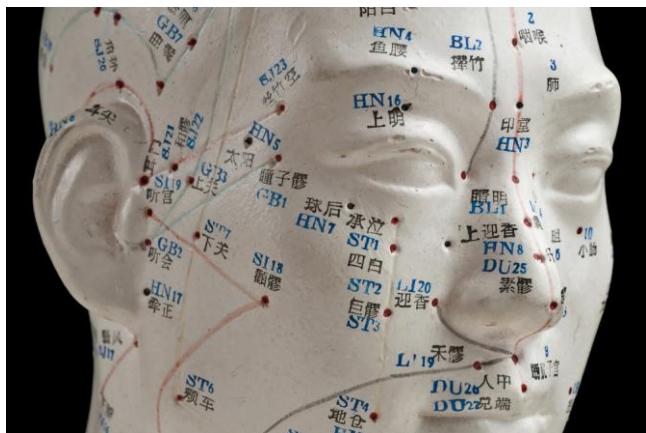
“Did your teacher show you any other pressure points on the body that are effective for this type of attack?”

I nodded.

“There is a spot at the back of the neck near the base of the skull,” I said, indicating the point on my own body. “Master Li told me that this point is considered one of the most lethal Dim-Mak points. It might sound outrageous, but sure enough, yesterday I found a documented case of a man who died suddenly after receiving a blow to this location. And although investigators first suspected that brain trauma was the cause of death, an autopsy was performed and they didn’t find any evidence of blunt trauma. The coroner eventually

determined that the mechanism of death had to be the stimulation of the occipital nerves leading to dysfunction of the autonomic nervous system."

“This is amazing,” said Greg. “What you are telling me is that science is actually just now discovering what Chinese martial arts masters have known for hundreds of years.”



"That right," I said. "In fact, there are all kinds of reports of sudden death resulting from low-energy impacts to the chest. The autopsy of a young man who died after receiving blows to his chest, abdomen and solar plexus showed no external or internal signs of injury.

Because of this, the coroner ended up attributing his death to a breakdown of his autonomic nervous system after he got hit in the solar plexus. I found the case of another guy who died suddenly after he was kicked in the gut during a bar fight. Doctors have known about incidents like this for more than a hundred years. It's just that most of them involve baseballs and hockey pucks, not Kung Fu masters. There have been a bunch of cases that occurred during street fights and karate practice sessions but people don't like to talk about them because they are so strange. Most of the time, there isn't so much as a bruise on a person when it happens, and when there is a bruise, it always correlates to these Dim-Mak pressure points."

"I can't believe this secret has been kept for so long," said Greg. "Why don't more people know about this?"

"I guess people just don't want to believe it," I said. "Even in China, there are people who try to say that Dim-Mak is a fantasy. They explain it away by saying that such deaths are caused by disturbances in chi and they dismiss the power of Dim-Mak as nonsense. For me, however, I've seen the power of Dim-Mak with my own eyes. And what I did to you the other day . . . well, that's proof enough for me."

Greg smiled and rubbed his side where I had struck him.

“Yeah, me too,” he said.

Greg proved to be a dedicated student and, because of his good conditioning and previous martial arts experience, he became nearly as skilled as me in Dim-Mak in a matter of weeks.

As a veteran Detroit police officer, Greg had been through many experiences throughout the course of his career where this knowledge of Dim-Mak would have been useful. Often, while training together, he would bring up such stories and lament that he had not learned these skills sooner. I would always tell him to cheer up and I would remind him that his career wasn’t over yet. Perhaps he would still find himself in a situation where Dim-Mak would prove useful. Little did I know just how right I would turn out to be.

Just a few decades ago, Detroit was an industrial American powerhouse, Greg had policed its streets through its historical decline. The loss of industrial and working-class jobs in the city during that time had resulted in high rates of poverty and crime. And Greg had been around to see it all. However, he loved his city and it had broken his heart to have to watch it decline into the most dangerous city in America. High unemployment was compounded by middle-class flight to the suburbs and many residents leaving the area altogether. This left the city with a high concentration of poor and desperate people. Now many of the city’s neighborhoods have been left virtually abandoned, with high crime rates and stray dogs roaming these derelict areas.

In recent years, the job had become more demanding as the department had been placed under the federal oversight of the U.S. Department of Justice. This was an effort to shift in the public’s perception of the embattled city’s police department. The city instituted a zero-tolerance policing style in the inner city and even many of the city’s veteran officers, such as Greg, were required to participate.

"I think I might be getting too old for my job," Greg confided in me one day while we were training. *"We go out and do drug raids and you never know what's going to happen. It just seems like things are getting more dangerous all the time."*

"You ever think about retiring?" I asked him.

"I can't do it until Smitty does," he said.

Smitty was Arthur J. Smith, Greg's partner. They had graduated from the police academy together and had been partners their entire careers. Several years back, they had made a pact that neither one would retire until the other did.

On a chilly November morning several months after I had returned from China, I was meeting Greg and Smitty for coffee at the local doughnut shop. It normally would have been their day off, but they had been called into work because there was a major raid being conducted that day. A hundred and fifty of Detroit's local police officers had been set to swarm the Colony Arms apartment complex on Detroit's eastside for something that was called "Operation Clean Sweep." The department had received an estimated six hundred phone calls from residents of the public housing unit who reported a range of illicit activity, from drug activity to assaults and shootings. Because so many officers were being taken up by the raid, backup was considered vital. Greg and Smitty were assigned to respond to any calls that came in from their precinct.

We sat there that morning giving Smitty a hard time because he had failed to join us in Dim-Mak training. Despite everything we had told him about how effective it was and how easy to learn, he was still resistant to the idea.

"It only takes a few minutes a day," said Greg. *"How lazy can you be?"*

"I don't need to know that stuff," joked Smitty. *"After all, I've got you to protect me."*

We had a good laugh at this and Greg's cell phone began to buzz. He pressed the button to answer it and held it to his ear.

"Yeah, this is Greg," he said. Smitty and I watched him as his face brightened up and a huge smile came across his face. *"You don't say!"* he said. *"Well, that is fantastic news. Tell Amy I love her and I'll be there to see the baby as soon as I can."*

Greg's daughter had been expecting. It was his first grandchild.

"Congratulations, you old dog," said Smitty.

"I have a granddaughter!" said Greg. *"Michelle Annabelle has arrived."*

We patted him on his back and offered more felicitations. It was a wonderful moment for him and you could see it on his face.

"Get over there and see your grandkid," said Smitty.

"I wish I could. I'm stuck here with you for the rest of the day."

"Not a chance," insisted Smitty. *"This is your first grandkid. I'll cover for you."*

"I can't do that. What if you get a call?"

"What am I, a rookie? I can take care of myself. You get over there to the hospital."

"I don't even have a way of getting over there."

"I'll drive, you old fool," I said.

Grudgingly, Greg scooted out of the booth and followed me to the car. He waved to Smitty as we pulled out of the parking lot. But I could see the worried look on his face. He didn't feel right about leaving his partner alone.

At the hospital, Greg nearly burst into tears when he saw his daughter lying there in the bed, looking tired and proud. The baby was in her arms, a perfect little bundle.

"I'm so glad you made it," said Amy, Greg's daughter. *"You want to hold her?"*

Greg blushed. *"Me? Heck, I think you were the last baby I ever held."*

"Then it's about time you did it again," said Amy's husband.

"Come here, Grandpa."

Greg went to his daughter's bedside and bend down to take the baby in his arms. His face lit up as he stood there bouncing with the child. I'd never seen him so happy in his life.

We stayed there for at least an hour, gushing over that little bundle of joy and reminiscing about when Amy had been that young. Finally, Greg decided that he had to get back to work. He reluctantly returned Michelle to her mother and we walked out of that room, both of us on Cloud Nine.

Halfway down the hallway, Greg's phone began to buzz again. He looked at his phone and said, *"Hold on a second. Smitty is calling me."* He pressed the answer button and held the phone to his ear. *"Talk to me, Smitty."* Instantly, Greg's smile went slack and the blood ran away from his face. *"Slow down. Slow down. Where are you? Give me an address, Smitty!"* At that moment, I knew something had gone horribly wrong. *"I'm on my way,"* he said and hung up the phone. *"We gotta go."*

"What's wrong?" I said.

"Smitty got a home invasion call over on Wyoming Street. When he got there, the invader managed to overpower him and lock him in the basement. Lucky for Smitty, the guy forgot to take his cell phone."

We were running down the hallway now.

"Shouldn't you call for backup?"

"Everyone else is on that raid! It's just me!"

I let Greg drive and he peeled down the street, running every stoplight we came to. When we arrived at the address Smitty had given, there didn't seem to be anything amiss. The only evidence that this was the right house was the fact that Smitty's car was parked out front. Greg pulled slowly down the block so as not to arouse any suspicion and parked at the end of the block.

"You stay here," he said.

"No way!" I shot back. "I can't let you go in there by yourself."

"Are you crazy? You're a civilian. And besides, you're unarmed."

"I think you know I'm not unarmed," I told him. "I'm a Dim-Mak master and I'm not going to let you do this alone."

It only took a second for Greg to realize that I was right and that, armed with the ancient knowledge given to me by my Master Li, I could turn the odds in his favor.

We walked up to the yard, trying not to attract any attention. Greg snuck along the side of the house, crouched down with me following closely after. Huddled against the wall, Greg carefully peeked into the window.

"I count five guys in there," he said. "What kind of home break in is this?"

Slowly, I lifted my head to take a look. Adrenalin shot through my body as I caught sight of the burglars. I recognized two of them as being the men who had robbed me in the parking lot that day. I told this to Greg and he looked at me with the sternest of intent.

"I guess you were meant to be here today," he said.

We continued to the back of the house where we discovered that the door to the basement was padlocked shut. The only way to get to Smitty was through the house – and through the bad guys as well.

As quietly as we could, we crept through the back door into the kitchen. All five of the burglars were in the living room, not more than twelve feet away. My heart was pounding like mad, so I breathed deeply just as Master Li had taught me to.

Greg took the pistol out of his shoulder holster but I shook my head.

"There's no way you can shoot them all," I said.

He thought about this for a second.

"You're right," he said. "We'll use our moves on them. You go right and I'll go left."

I was intent on facing my attackers. Picturing their position in the room, I shook my head again.

"I go right," I said. "Those guys are mine."

Greg knew exactly what I meant. We took a moment for one last deep breath, then we burst around the corner.

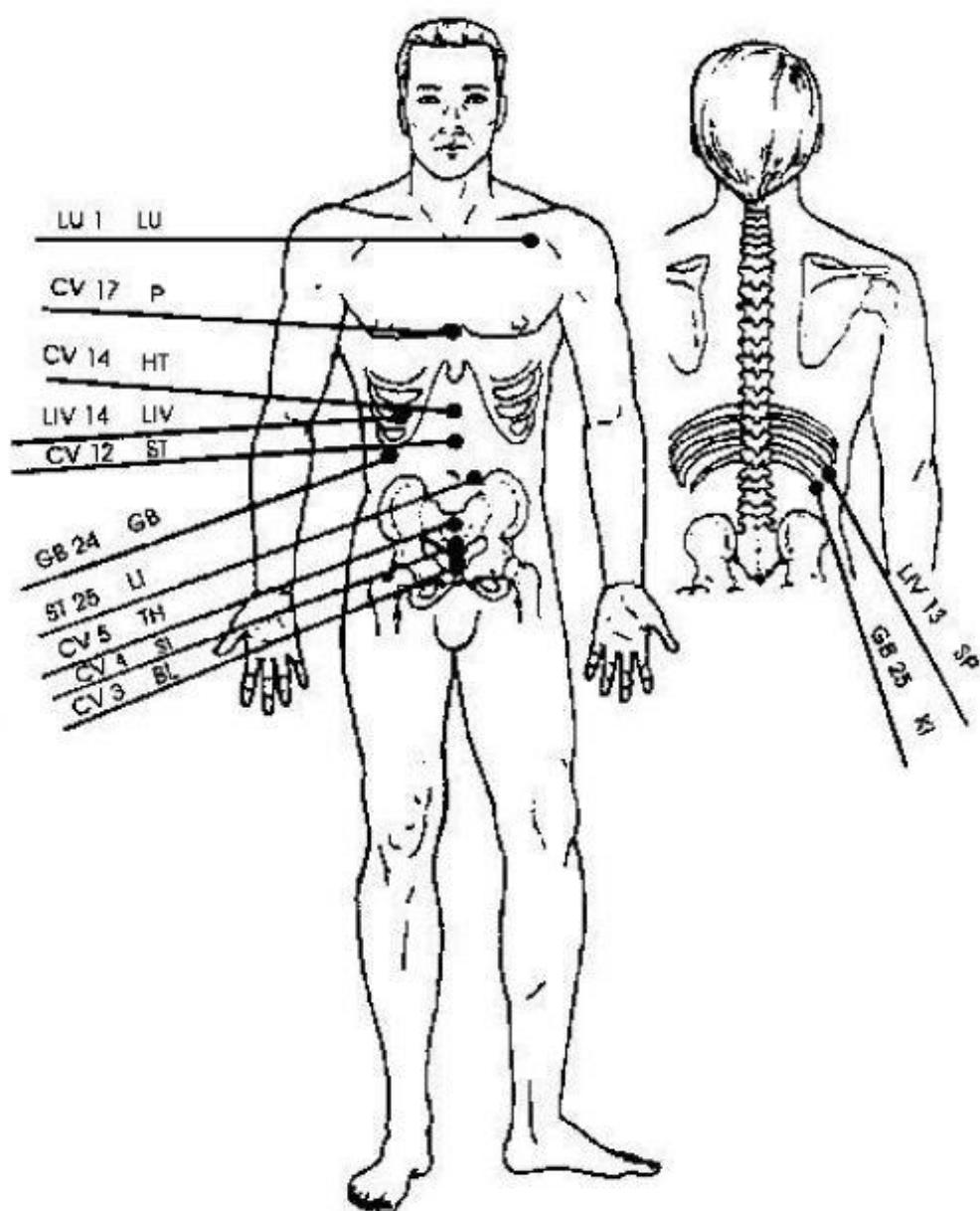
Again, time seemed to slow down for me. As I moved toward the men in the living room, it was like I could see the pressure points lighting up all over their bodies. As the one closest to me twirled around, he reached for his gun but I smashed his radial nerve and dropped him with a knee strike and a jaw attack in quick succession. In my peripheral vision, I could see that Greg had already disabled one man and had moved on to the next. As my first victim collapsed to the floor, his accomplice lowered a pistol in my direction. Before he could pull the trigger, I had delivered an Adam's apple crush and a knee to the groin. Greg had taken a millisecond too long to drop his second victim and I saw that the fifth and final man was just about to get the jump on him. I delivered a one-touch disabling snakebite to the back of his neck, which stunned him and Greg finished him off with a crushing eye blinder. When it was over, we stood there in the living room with five bad guys lying on the floor around us. And we hadn't even broken a sweat.

We rushed to the basement where we found Smitty and the homeowner tied to chairs. As he untied his partner, Greg shook his head and said, *"I expect you to be at my house first thing in the morning to start your Dim-Mak training."*

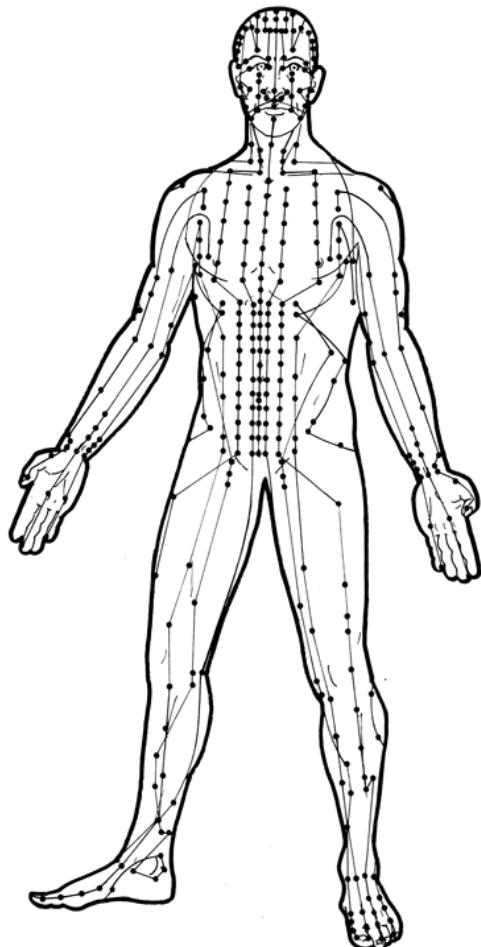
Smitty just shrugged and said, *"I guess I can't put it off anymore, can I?"*

We would later find out that the five home invaders were part of a crime ring that was terrorizing Detroit and stealing cars all over that corner of Michigan. They

had escaped the police raid earlier in the day and taken refuge in that house. However, I choose to believe that the events of that day were more than just coincidence. It was my chance at redemption for what those men had done to me. And because I had prepared myself by learning the secrets of Dim-Mak and training vigilantly, I was ready for that redemption.



Chapter 6: Li's legacy



After Greg and I battled the men who broke into that house, we got to talking about how the knowledge that I had gotten from Master Li had not only allowed us to prevail, it had actually saved our lives. We talked a lot about the meaning of the story he told me on the day that he died and about how Bruce Lee had told him that everyone has the right to knowledge. That is why we decided to write this eBook. Because this is knowledge that can change lives. And after all, Bruce Lee was right. Everyone does have the right to knowledge. And although Li lived the last years of his life with the regret of knowing that he was the one that ultimately caused the death of Bruce Lee, he did the world a favor by not letting the knowledge of Dim-Mak die with him. By passing it to me, he ensured that future generations have the opportunity to benefit from this knowledge. This is the legacy of Li Xeing. Therefore, if this is knowledge that you seek, I present it now.

Dim-Mak is an ancient martial art that consists of striking certain points on the body to disable or severely injure one's opponent up to and including death. These points may be referred to as pressure points, vital points, or, simply, Dim-Mak points. The majority of these points correspond to the same locations as acupuncture points. Dim-Mak is an extremely dangerous martial art, which can

cause a great deal of damage to the human body. The effects of attacking the Dim-Mak points include knockout, death, and a delayed death.

Many martial artists believe that Dim-Mak was created centuries ago by the same man who is believed to have developed the original tai chi form. Some have postulated that this form contained the founder's methods of attacking the most dangerous Dim-Mak points. According to legend, this knowledge spread rapidly and influenced the development of many Chinese martial arts. These martial arts then influenced the ancient Okinawan martial art called karate. It is believed by many that the traditional katas of the Okinawan martial arts also contain the secrets of striking the Dim-Mak points. This is interesting because Okinawan karate has had a major impact on the martial arts of Korea and Japan. Therefore, it is conceivable that the traditional katas of these other martial arts were born out of the secrets of Dim-Mak.

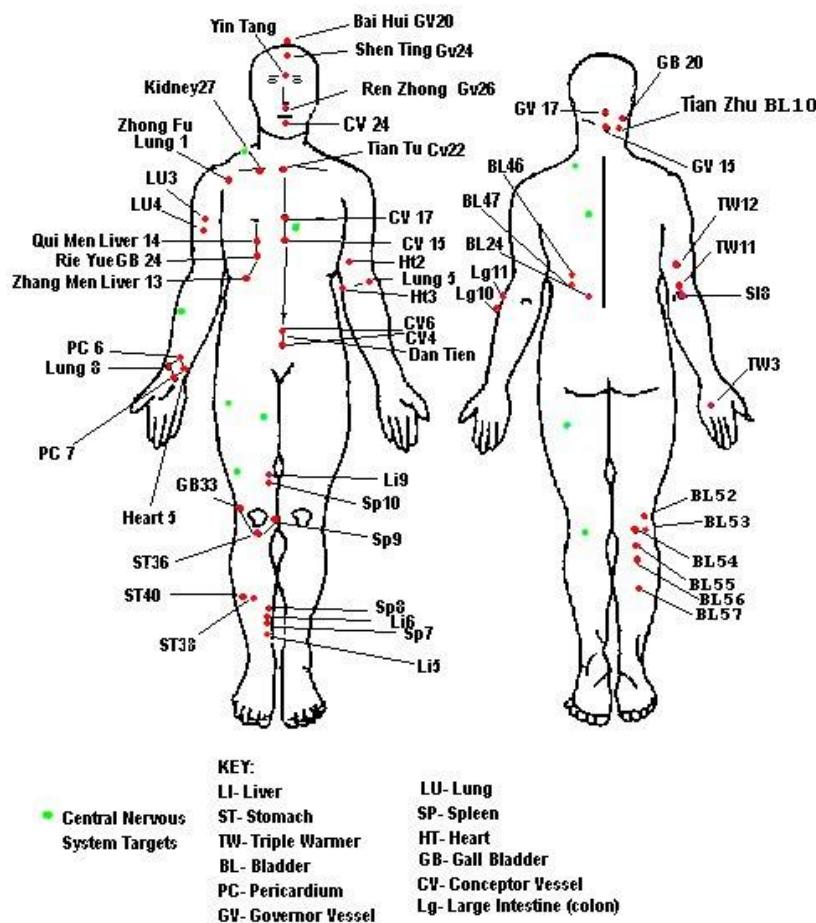
In the past, this knowledge was only taught to the most advanced and trusted students. As the martial arts spread around the world, the knowledge of Dim-Mak pressure point fighting that was actually the basis of these forms remained hidden. Therefore, the true nature of many martial arts remained shrouded in secrecy. In recent years, this tradition of secrecy has been broken as martial arts masters such as myself have begun to teach the methods of attacking the Dim-Mak points to the public.

As explained to me by Master Li, Dim-Mak actually works on the same principles as acupuncture. Although this has been the tradition for many years, it has led to a great deal of skepticism and confusion. Because of this, many have disregarded the warnings about Dim-Mak and have experimented with pressure points without realizing the true danger that this entails. Because of this, there is a definite need to consider Dim-Mak in modern medical scientific terms.

According to the ancient theories of acupuncture, the body has a circulating life force, or chi, that travels through the body along invisible channels called

meridians. According to this theory, all diseases are the result of disruptions in the flow of one's life force or chi. Acupuncture points are located on the meridians and represent areas where the flow of energy can be altered. Acupuncture has been an essential part of medicine for thousands of years in the East, yet even as it catches on in the West, physicians in this part of the world have yet to come to a consensus on exactly why this ancient technique works. Whatever the mechanisms, scientific studies offer real evidence that treating the body via the identical points used in Dim-Mak can ease pain and treat ailments ranging from osteoarthritis to migraine headaches. Approximately 2,000 different Dim-Mak points lie along the body's meridians. There are multiple methods of manipulating the pressure points including finger pressure, burning herbs, and inserting needles. However, usually the technique of acupuncture involves placing hair-thin needles in the various pressure points throughout the body. The acupuncturist inserts needles into different points on the body, depending on the illness or complaint. Two very different theories exist as to how acupuncture works. According to Chinese philosophy, the body contains two opposing forces: yin and yang. When these forces are in balance, the body is healthy. Energy, called chi, flows like rivers along pathways, or meridians, throughout the body. This constant flow of energy keeps the yin and yang balanced. However, the flow of energy can sometimes be blocked, like water getting stuck behind a dam. A disruption in the flow of energy can lead to illness.

ROYAL DRAGON MARTIAL ARTS PRESSURE POINT CHART



Dim-Mak evolved from this theory with a far different purpose. According to the ancient theory behind Dim-Mak, attacking the points disrupts the flow of energy, which in turn results in illness or death. According to Western science, acupuncture likely works by stimulating the central nervous system (the brain and spinal cord) to release chemicals called neurotransmitters and hormones. These chemicals dull pain, boost the immune system and regulate various body functions. Dim-Mak works in exactly the opposite way. By disrupting the central nervous system, one can damage the immune system and the body's ability to function correctly.

Master Li spent his entire adult life studying the effects of Dim-Mak and he was able to correlate his experiences in practicing Dim-Mak with research in accredited medical journals in order to provide evidence of Dim-Mak's lethal effects.

He compiled his research and passed it on to me upon his death. In this way, he was able to explain the effects of Dim-Mak on the nervous and cardiovascular systems. He determined that delayed death touch, knockouts, and attacking the internal organs is caused by the disruption of either blood flow, corruption of the nervous system, or dislocation of the chi.

There is no questioning the effectiveness of Dim-Mak. Anyone who has ever been struck hard on a Dim-Mak point or witnessed a pressure point knockout can attest to Dim-Mak's effectiveness. Although the theory of chi has been in existence for centuries, modern medical science is only now beginning to provide a new scientific explanation for Dim-Mak's effects. Almost all of the points are located in areas where the one can attack a vulnerable portion of a nerve. In fact, many of the points can be linked neurologically to the internal organs that they are believed to affect. Consequently, attacking the nervous system can disrupt many of the body's functions. This is what makes Dim-Mak so dangerously effective.

In this chapter, I will introduce you the eleven of the most basic Dim-Mak moves. They are fairly simple techniques that the average person can master in four days, if one is dedicated. However, in order to truly have the ability to use these techniques in combat, one must also prepare oneself mentally by understanding the true secret of self-defense.

In ancient times, knowing martial arts meant learning how to defend yourself on the street or on the battlefield. Unfortunately, these methods of defense that were originally developed to kill your enemy before they killed you have been watered down into cumbersome styles for the purpose of using them for sports. Don't get me wrong. I love marital arts. But most martial arts do not address the key elements of proper self-defense. In real life there are simply no rules, regulations, or referees to make sure that everyone is fighting fairly. Those elements are not going to be there when someone is trying to kill you in a dark alley or even your own home.

To understand this fully, you have to understand what actually happens to your body during that "kill or be killed" moment. To truly grasp this, we must consider what actually happens to your body in that moment.

During "normal" daily activities, the heart of a healthy person usually beats at sixty to eighty beats per minute as everything in your sympathetic nervous system is performing normally. This is known as your resting heart rate. However, when you become frightened, your heart rate will generally increase to around 115 beats per minute. In such situations, your fine motor skills deteriorate instantly. The ability to put a key into a car door, dial your cell phone or even tie your shoes rapidly goes out the window. In situations that are seriously dire, your heart rate increases even further to from 115 to 145 beats per minute. Curiously, this is the optimal survival mode that allows you to conduct higher performance levels for complex motor skills, visual reaction time, and cognitive thinking. That means that even though you might have little butterflies in your stomach, you can still use your small and large muscle groups together to do things as found in all forms of martial arts such as punching, kicking, wrist lock, arm bar, hitting, throwing, and so on. This is the reason why it is so important for you to practice. Because when you enter fight or flight mode, you need to already know how your body is going to react.



Therefore, you should train your body to respond appropriately to fear-induced stress under combative conditions. This will allow you to be better able to perform during real life situations. Moreover, to some degree you must be able to control your body's response to such situations because above 145 beats per minute your complex motor skills immediately begin to deteriorate. At 175 beats per minute adrenaline in your body is so high you can't think straight, you lose peripheral vision, your hearing

diminishes and vascular constriction sets in as a natural way to reduce bleeding from any wounds you're about to suffer. This means all those fancy, practiced, complex motor martial arts skills disappear.

Bear in mind that speed is key in a fight. If you're stuck fumbling with a pressure point, you're going to get knocked in the head. Practice often, practice safely. Practice as if you were in a real fight. Start slow, and get the placement down. Then, use all the intensity and speed that you can. You fight how you practice, so if you're practicing slow or sloppy, that's how you'll fight, and you probably won't last long.

Always work on breathing normally but keep in mind that there is a balance to be struck here. Your arms can move faster than your lungs. While controlled breathing may provide power, it sacrifices the speed of your arms.

Practice on yourself and with a friend. Everybody is different and has different levels of pain tolerance. The more you practice, the better you can be at approximating where the Dim-Mak point will be.

When practicing with a friend, have them tap their thigh loudly to show that you are doing it properly and need to stop. However, they should only tap if it hurts. Giving you false confidence will only hurt you if you find yourself in a real fight.

Practice your focus. Always look directly at your target. If your eyes aren't there, your focus isn't.

The Pressure Points Fighting Chart shown below shows demonstrates that the pressure points are located all over the body and shows you the areas to concentrate on.

When you're in a confrontation, you only have a few seconds and a few moves to try before the fight may be decided. Before an attacker has gained full control of you, you must do everything you can—conserving as much energy as

possible—to inflict an injury so you can get away. Keep in mind that this is no time to be civil. In a physical confrontation that calls for self-defense, it's hurt or be hurt. So remember to aim for the parts of the body where you can do the most damage with the least amount of effort: the eyes, nose, ears, neck, groin, knee, and legs. The following eleven moves are easy to learn and, if mastered properly, may save your life someday.

1. The one-touch disabling technique: In this technique, you strike the spot located at the back of the neck and at the base of the skull. If done with enough precision or force, this will lead to a disruption in the occipital nerves, in turn leading to dysfunction of the autonomic nervous system. There are those who have actually died after being attacked in this way.



This is an extremely practical technique because it allows you to gain the leverage to hit someone no matter if you are standing or sitting, and no matter if the one you are attacking is standing or sitting. The best way to execute this move is to make a fist with your index finger up, as you see in the image. Press the base of your opponent's skull with your index with a perpendicular motion.

2. Jaw attack: When done properly, this move will shut down your attacker's organs, and very likely he will need urgent medical treatment in order to survive. When performing this move, it's critical to get your targeting down. One of the best targets for a knockout is surprisingly the jaw. In fact, you may have heard of boxers having a "glass jaw." This is because the actual jaw, which moves sideways as well as forwards and backwards, is actually attached to nerves exactly where the jaw connects to the skull, just beneath the base of the ear. These nerves send out signals to the body's nervous system, making them perfect target in order to induce an instantaneous shock and awe when struck properly.



Here's how you can strike this particular target in order to accomplish a knockout. As the first move, I recommend not using the jaw attack because often people think of it as a way of demonstrating their power over opponent without having established whether the opponent actually represents peril. Instead, grab your opponent's neck on the front and reach under the jaw. Your thumb and index fingers should be placed right below the jaw. While you are squeezing, surge your strength violently in an upward motion.

3. Shin Snap: Your ultimate goal when fighting should always be to break the spirit of your opponent. When you knock someone out they have no choice in the matter. Their spirit is momentarily turned off. However, you cannot always count on your

opponent leaving themselves open to such an attack. Therefore, you need to find effective secondary targets on your opponent's body. The leg can serve as an effective secondary target. This is because, when you take someone out by disabling their leg, they will generally remain conscious and aware.

They can continue to fight if you have not properly broken their spirit. Strike your opponent on the calf right below the knee with your toes. You don't have to apply a lot of pressure, but you must make sure that your strike is concentrated in a single point only. As a result, your aggressor will suffer a broken shin. If you can achieve this, your opponent will surely be unable to stand or to continue the fight.



4. Extreme pain: In this technique, you attack your opponent's solar plexus or abdomen. When done effectively, this is more than a painful experience; it can cause organ shutdown and even induce death. Hold your fingers as you learned in exercise 1. Strike your aggressor on the diaphragm, right in the center of the chest, below the ribs. It is not necessary to push very hard as long as you concentrate your pressure on a single point. I have found that the most effective way to deliver such an attack is by surprise.



Therefore, this attack is an effective first strike. If you keep your eyes on your opponent, they will usually expect you to swing at their face because this is the most common first move. You can drop a solar plexus strike in without much range and under their eye line so they won't see it coming. If you get it right, this move is extremely painful and stops the opponent right in their tracks. Even if you do it badly, in the very least, your opponent won't be able to breathe. And if you can get them doubled over, you can either hit them a few more times to finish them off, run like the wind, or do both. The move has an added benefit because you are not likely to cause any lasting damage to yourself, which is very important. If you are an inexperienced fighter and you start with a punch, you may let the adrenaline get the best of you and injure your hands, fingers, or knuckles. The solar plexus strike won't damage your hand. Another nice thing about hitting the solar plexus is that there are a lot of nerves there as well as the diaphragm. When you hit it, the diaphragm spasms. Even muscular guys can get taken down easily with this strike. To hit effectively, you must transfer your weight through the target. If you just hit your opponent without a weight transfer, you may surprise them a bit, but nothing more. The best way to practice weight transfer is to practice the strike against a bag or against someone, ideally a willing training partner. The solar plexus is located at the top of the abs just below the center point of your nipples. If you poke your finger onto your sternum (the breastbone) then go down a bit, then you'll find there is an area there that's extremely unpleasant to poke. That's where you want to hit. The idea is that

your bodyweight is transferred through the opponent, so keep your arm relaxed and push through as if you're pushing through to their spine. Be careful when you practice. Once you get the technique right, then work at building up your speed. You don't want to be staring at the target, just do that while you're getting your aim right, and then see if you can start hitting the target while you keep your eyes locked onto your opponent. If you don't concentrate and your eyes drop to the target, they'll see where you're going to hit them. In an ideal world, your opponent will be coming forward at you as you move forward at them, so when you hit them the two forces make one mighty blow. The thing is, you don't need to hit particularly hard; it is better to practice transferring your weight and hitting with a relaxed arm than trying to muscle through. If you try and hit with a flexed arm, then you won't transfer your weight as effectively. Being relaxed also makes you faster. This is an innocent looking technique, but it can be very devastating if your opponent isn't expecting it.

5. Heel to Pelvis: If someone who is stronger and faster attacks, you have to know how to get out of the situation safely. You must choose a smart and effective counter attack that is likely to disable your opponent, regardless of size or strength. The heel to the pelvis (or crotch kick) is an effective go-to move in those situations. This move



is especially painful for men. Simply aim your foot and force your heel into the central front side of your opponent's pelvis. While the knee to the crotch also works, you generally want to keep an attacker as far away from you as possible.

Before they get that close, raise your knee and straighten your leg in the air. If you find your target effectively, the aggressor will be unable to stand and may suffer permanent crippling injuries. He could have crushed testicles, a broken pelvis and internal damage to his groin area. However, your movements need to be quick so that they are difficult for the eye to perceive, thus making them difficult to defend against. Going after the groin is a practical way to fight your way out of a dangerous situation. This move is effective, fast, hard to see, and it can do some seriously painful damage! Often, you can use this move to buy yourself enough time to run away if that is best way to get out of the situation safely. Every situation is different and often the best plan of action is to make your strongest/fastest move so that you can assess your surroundings and any imminent threats and make your next decision from there.

6. Side strike: This may be your most effective move if you don't have a lot of time to react and you need to attack a person standing next to you. This move should surprise him. There are a couple of options here. One effective method is to strike him with your elbow right on the last rib. This move doesn't require a lot of power, but it's a rather sudden and aggressive one. Your opponent could suffer broken ribs and maybe lung damage. As a result, he will not be able to breathe for a several minutes. A strike to the rib cage with your fingers folded at the second knuckle can also be rather painful and if done hard enough causes severe pain and breakage. Only use your fingers folded at the second knuckle since that hurts the most. Yet another option is to attack the floating ribs are the lower ribs located at the front and sides of the enemy's body. Use the knife edge of your hand or the heel or toe of your shoe. The blow will cause pain and will stun the enemy.



The kidneys make another effective target since they have two large nerves that are close to the skin's surface. If you strike the kidneys hard it will cause death. You can use a fist or the knife edge of your hand to hit the kidneys. Or a kick with the heel of your shoe will work too.

7. Throat strike & neck attacks: The neck is vulnerable, plain and simple. Compared to the rest of the human body, it is remarkably weak despite the fact that it houses some of the body's most vital pathways for circulation, respiration, and chi energy, not to mention outright support of the skull. Therefore, neck attacks emerge as a no-brainer for incorporation into anyone's self-defense moves. One solid smash to the throat will cut off a person's air supply, essentially cutting off the power supply their body with oxygen. You can survive for only a few minutes without oxygen — once you don't have air coming in, nothing else matters. If you have the chance to get a hold of your attacker's neck, pressing your thumbs into his esophagus (located below the Adam's apple) can be quite an effective move.

Pushing hard will be very painful and it will block the oxygen flow to his lungs and he will die fairly quickly. However, the enemy will usually try to defend this part of his body well. Hold your fist tight and attack your aggressor directly into the Adam's apple. Press firmly with as much power as you can muster. By crushing

your enemy's throat, he will die rather quickly unless given medical attention. However, if further force is required, give his throat a sharp hit with the knife edge of your hand.

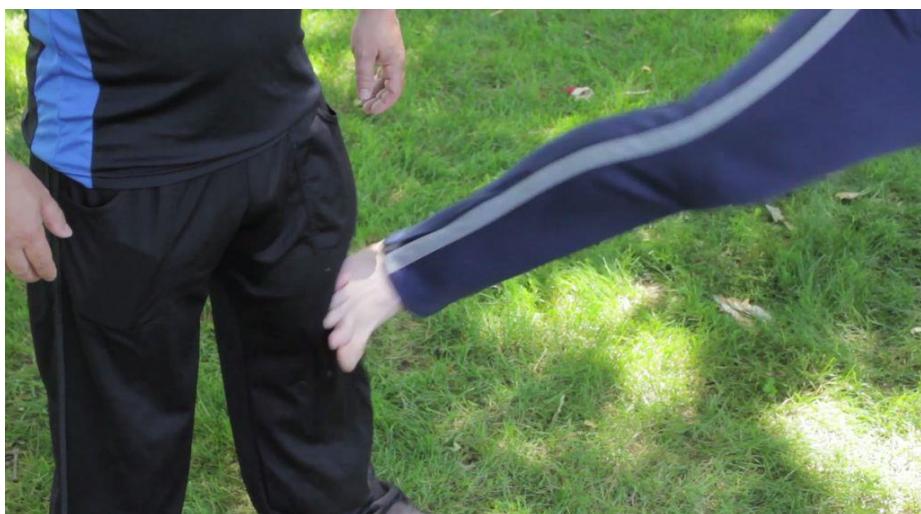


If you hit it hard enough, you will bust his windpipe and he will die. Squeezing the Adam's apple between your fingers is also quite effective. Also, if you give a very strong blow to the base of the neck with the knife edge of your hand, you can usually break the neck. However, if it is not hard enough, the enemy might just be knocked unconscious. Therefore, be sure to hit him in the temple or twist his neck around to be sure he is dead. The neck is the best place to hit someone if you want to dispatch them in a fast and quiet manner.

Another effective neck attack involves wrapping one arm around the opponent's neck and forcing him back to break his balance. It's then up to you whether you want to break it with a neck crank or use your free hand to implement a devastating neck strike to the throat. Using neck attacks as a self-defense move in this fashion can be extremely effective due to the immediate shock to the system, thus interfering with your opponent's ability to breathe. The best weapon for throat strikes is the edge of the hand, the elbow, the forearm and, if his head is angled back, the fist. In the event an attacker comes at you with a punch or a knife, it may be time to use one of my favorite neck attacks, a maneuver I call the "egg breaker." First you block the punch or knife attack and trap the arm, and then strike the opponent's neck with your

elbow before wrapping your arm around his neck. Then you fall backward. His head hits the pavement and breaks your fall. When practicing this move, it's important to land on the opposite side of your body and butt to protect your partner. In the real world, however, let all your weight drive his head into the ground. Depending on the force of your fall, this move can result in a knockout, or it could also be lethal.

8. Knee strike: If you are a less experienced fighter and you aren't confident in your ability to deliver true Dim-Mak strikes, my best advice to you is to do your best to keep as much distance between you and our opponent as possible. This makes it important for you to have an effective kick move. As your opponent comes closer, their knee represents the nearest weak spot and therefore a great target. Leg kicks represent an effective technique for slowing down an opponent's movement and causing a gruesome injury.



The reason that the knee is such an ideal self-defense target is because it is vulnerable from every angle and easily kicked without risk of your foot being grabbed. When you practice your knee strike, concentrate on quick movements and keep your foot low. When you kick, use your entire body including arms to increase your leverage. Kick the side of the knee with your foot to cause injury or partial incapacitate your attacker. Kicking the front of the knee may cause more injury. Use

your exterior side of your foot to hit. The knee supports the entire body and you need both of them if you want to stay upright. Therefore, this is a quick way to end a fight. Most people lose their fighting spirit when their opponent possesses the unfair advantage of being able to stand.

9. Palm-Heel: This is a variation of a straight punch but instead of a fist, you use the heel of your hand. This move is very devastating and bone crushing. This is because you are eliminating the weakest parts of a regular punch – your knuckles and your wrist. This means more energy is transmitted to the victim. This means that all of the energy that you drive forward from your hips and your legs goes directly through your arm and right into the target you are making contact with. As you drive forward, rotate your hand inward so that your thumb moves toward the floor. This will give you a good angle to drive forward.



Bend the wrist and fingers to expose the palm of the hand. The striking surface is located on the lower area of the palm.

This helps you to protect your fingers, knuckles or wrist from unnecessary damage. The attack is linear, directly into your opponent's nose. When the powerful strike hits the alar cartilage, this creates a chain reaction in which the upper cartilage hits

the nasal bone and pushes it into the skull. If you do this effectively, you might kill your opponent on the spot.

10. Hand to kidneys: This may come as a surprise to non-fighters, but among those who know about these things, the strike to the kidney is known as the punch of terror. Even if done badly, a punch to the kidney is going to cause your opponent to



urinate blood for a long time after he sees you.

The kidneys are generally well protected by muscles of the back and rib cage, but blunt or penetrating trauma can do serious damage to the body. This can be done with the bottom fist, which gives more power than the regular ridge hand. What you have to do is to hit, with some force, the area on the back corresponding to the kidneys, on one side of the spine area. You can crack the spine and bruise the kidneys quite easy using this technique. Done effectively, you can disable your opponent and cause kidney damage, extreme pain, and slow death.

11. Eye blinding techniques: The eye is really the simplest target on your opponent and the one you should go for if your opponent gets in close on you. This move is extremely painful and could result in losing an eye or losing sight for a long time.

The first technique is called the dragon claw. A torn eyelid, in most cases the upper eyelid, is the minimum damage you should expect from this attack. Use your

fingernail and the tip of your finger to pierce the eyelid that has closed as you jabbed at your opponent's face.



Aside from temporary blindness and eye trauma, this strike is also psychologically traumatic. Another eye strike is called the twin dragon strike. This is when you grasp the opponent behind the head with your weaker hand. With your strike hand, execute an upward motion with your fingertips and drive your fingers into both of your opponent's eyes, repeating this motion until they succumb. Be prepared. The result of this attack is often that the eyeball ruptures and the gelatinous contents pour out. The thumb gouge is a variation of this technique. To accomplish this, grasp the opponent's head with both hands, palms covering the ears, and simultaneously gouge the thumbs into the eye sockets. This will either rupture the eye or force it from the socket.

I have now given you eleven fighting moves that are simple and easy to master quickly. If you find yourself in a situation that actually calls for you to execute any one of these devastating moves, DO NOT HESITATE. Always remember to attack your enemy without mercy because it is not a game. If you do not hurt them, they will hurt you. Also, keep in mind that these methods take a little bit of practice in order to implement them properly. When you first start out, go

slowly and remember that these methods are deadly and do not require much force to be effective so take it easy on your partner.



Any training in Dim-Mak would be incomplete without some initiation into the way of the warrior. The warrior lives by a code of ethics that is non-negotiable. The warrior's code of ethics, or code of honor, should be taken very seriously. For the warrior, being able to distinguish between right and wrong is of the utmost importance. This is because when a person has been trained to harm another human being, their actions can have permanent repercussions. It is important that you



understand that you are responsible for your actions, even when you find yourself in a life or death situation.

This means you should only employ these techniques in self-defense. These moves should never be used for initial aggression. Furthermore, if and when you knock someone unconscious, keep in mind that you need to call for medical assistance immediately in order to make sure that your attacker receives medical attention. Don't feel bad about having to do this. As long as you have acted according to these guidelines, you will have the peace of mind knowing that your attacker placed you in a situation where he had to fight for your life. Self-defense implies a code of honor, honesty, and accountability. If you are being attacked and you suddenly find yourself in a position where your opponent is disabled and is no longer a threat, you must never continue to apply these techniques further than is necessary. Extreme techniques must only be used in cases of serious emergency and you should never inflict pain or injury unless it is absolutely necessary.

Having said that, it is also important to keep in mind that you not only have a responsibility to your opponent, you also have a responsibility to yourself. It is incumbent upon you to prepare yourself in the moment. There are a few things you can do to accomplish this besides the quick and easy practice that goes into the eleven moves described in the previous chapter.

Get in shape. Fights don't usually last very long, but if they do, you'll want to be the one who can go for several minutes without getting winded. If you're doughy and soft, your chances of winning the fight diminish as the fight drags on.

- **Do some aerobic exercise.** 20 minutes of



aerobic exercise 3 or 4 times a week should keep you in good shape to do pretty much anything.

- **Do sit-ups and push-ups regularly.** George Foreman won the heavyweight championship of the world at the age of 48 without ever setting foot in a gym. He did sit-ups, push-ups, and learned to take a punch. You don't have to be a body-builder to be in ready fighting shape.

Be careful when practicing. One of my training partners ended up in the hospital with a bruised heart and broken sternum from me when I was practicing a move and I struck a bit high. Another cracked his sternum, although his heart was all right. Both of these accidents happened while I was practicing, but the thing is I wasn't even going at them very hard, just flowing through and hitting while relaxed. I wasn't even using serious moves, just palm strikes.

Also, learn to take a hit. If you're going to throw punches, you've got to learn to get punched, too. Rolling punches and learning to absorb blows will make you stand in there and hold your ground much better, opening up Dim-Mak spots on your opponent where you can move in.

If you get punched in the face, tense your neck muscles, clench your jaw, and move into the punch. This takes away the power by cutting it off early. If you start moving backward, you might fall backward. This is difficult to get used to because your natural tendency will be to back away from the punch. Imagine that the fist is a soccer ball and you want to give it a header. If your opponent punches your forehead, it's going to hurt him a lot more than it will you.

Tighten your stomach muscles and try to take the blows straight on, into your abdominals, rather than in your soft spots. You want to project your liver as much as possible, which is under your floating ribs on your side.

Finally, avoid stupid fights. The best Dim-Mak master lets the sword rust in its scabbard. If you're wondering whether or not you should fight, the answer is

almost always no. Avoid physical fights at all costs and only fight to defend yourself as a last resort. Instead, try and de-escalate the situation before it comes to blows. Speak calmly and quietly to the person you're fighting and avoid threatening or cocky language.

Chapter 8: Self-defense secrets

The last time I trained with Master Li, he told me that I had mastered the more basic Dim-Mak moves and that I was ready to begin advanced training. That afternoon, he showed me twenty-two advanced Dim-Mak moves. I will never forget



him lying on his death bed. He grabbed the collar of my shirt and implored me never to forget these two dozen very special moves. *"Don't forget them, Robert!"* he said, his voice hoarse and weak. *"Those moves may save your life someday!"*

In order to perform these moves correctly, there are a few preliminary fighting techniques that you must understand first.

Face your opponent by turning sideways slightly, pointing your non-dominant side toward the person you're fighting. If you're right-handed, turn your left hip toward your opponent. Don't turn completely perpendicular with your torso, just lead with your non-dominant leg and hip. This makes you into a more slithery target and gives you more power in your punches.

Keep a steady center of gravity. Keep your weight on your back leg (your right leg, if you're right handed). If you stand facing your opponent square, you can be knocked over easily. Keep your weight back by spreading your legs perpendicular to your opponent and stay in the fight.

Bring your hands toward your head, your non-dominant hand up near your eye and your dominant striking hand near your chin. Keep your hands in loose fists so that you can strike quickly.



Make a fist correctly. Wrap your thumb around the bottom of your fingers, not inside your fist and not on the side of your fingers, as if you were holding a bug. Don't clench your hand so tightly that you start to lose circulation, but keep it firm when you're throwing a punch and loose but formed when you're defending.

When people injure their fist while throwing a punch, it's typically because they're hitting with the wrong part of the hand. The knuckles that should strike your target are the middle knuckles on your hand, between your index and middle finger.

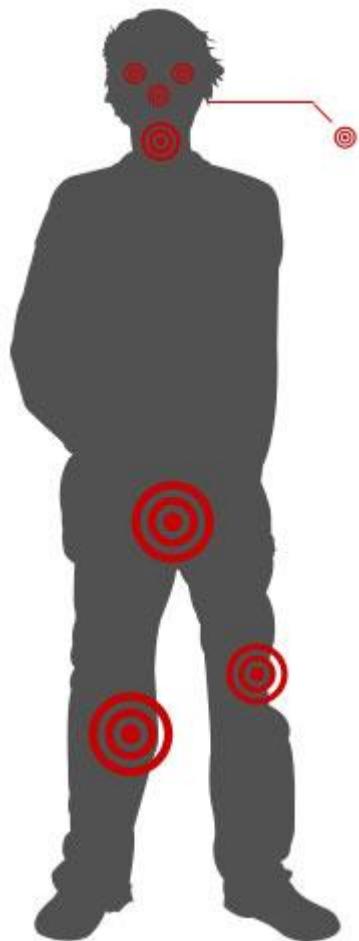
Keep your elbows tucked in to throw straight punches. Beginners throw wild, loose, uncontrolled haymakers that have no power behind them. You want to throw a linear punch, straight between you to your opponent, not a "round" punch. Remember, this is not a game. You're not going to knock somebody out with a lame duck shot to the other guy's ear. A powerful jab is your friend.

Good punches come from your lower body as much as from your arm strength. Stepping into your punches will make them much more powerful. On a heavy bag, practice throwing punches that strike straight out from your body, rather than around, and push forward into the bag with your back foot as you rotate and punch with your striking hand.

Aim for the soft spots. If you try to smash your knuckles into your opponent's jaw or cheek, you're going to do more damage to yourself. The center of the attacker's face – the nose, specifically – is the softest and most painful place to hit,

but punching his nose might just make him angry.

Body shots to the floating ribs to the side of your opponent is a better strategy. If you can knock the wind out of them, it makes it very difficult for them to continue. When they double over to defend, they open their face up for attack. This is the moment to attack the nose.



Punches to the throat, groin, and kicks to the knees are also effective if you're in a fight for your life. If you're boxing with friends, don't fight dirty, but don't neglect these devastating blows if the fight is serious.

Make quick, compact strikes. Don't over-swing wildly, but pick your spots and make quick, sharp jabs that land on their target. The winner of a fight isn't necessarily the fighter who throws the most punches, but the fighter who lands the most punches with the most power.

Make sure to follow through. Imagine you're striking at something that's actually about two inches behind your target, and that you want to punch through it.

Yell like a maniac. Martial artists make a lot of noises when they compete, and the reason they do this is because it gets adrenaline pumping, intimidates your opponent, and awakens an animalistic part



of yourself that you normally keep buried. It's time for the Hulk to emerge, so get yelling.

Use more than just your fists. The head-butt is a much underrated fighting technique, especially if the situation gets desperate. Putting the most rigid part of your body – the hard plate of your upper forehead – into the softest part of your opponent's face – the nose – will end the fight quickly.

Always go forward, never retreat. Mentally, this is a very difficult thing to accomplish. However, backing away invites your opponent to move forward, giving him momentum. Also, by backing away, you risk falling down and that is disastrous. Step forward, where your opponent's punches will have less power and where you're unlikely to fall down. This will open up your side to body punches, so you have to be aggressive.

You always want to keep your hands up around your face when you're not actively throwing a punch. This allows you to deflect the blows that are coming your way. But you also want to keep in constant motion, bobbing and weaving all around. This makes your head a difficult target.

Anticipate your opponent. Your typical assailant has two things in common. He is angry and right-handed. Both of these can work to your advantage if you stay focused and anticipate right-handed punches. Try to end the fight early with a high-probability, hard-impact blow to the throat or to the nose.

And stay calm! If you do happen to get into a fight, fear is the number one factor between winning and getting pummeled. Don't be afraid to get hit. Your adrenaline will be pumping so hard you'll hardly even feel anything until later, even if you get smashed. If you're thinking about how much a hard punch to the nose is going to hurt then it's going to hurt even worse, so don't dwell on those things in a fist fight. Just fight.

Also keep the fight off the ground. If your Dim-Mak moves have failed to completely disable your opponent, he will become frustrated and might try to tackle you out of desperation. You never want to end up on the bottom of a grapple in which your opponent uses the ground as a weapon.



Always keep your center of balance and shift sideways, away from the grapple if your opponent does try and tackle you. If he's got you on the ground, shield your face and consider going for the Dim-Mak points around the eyes and nose. Do anything to break a grapple.

Once you have the right mindset combined with the right standing position, you are ready to employ Dim-Mak techniques that are a bit more advanced. Use any available object that you can use as a weapon and combine it with the following moves. This could mean anything from throwing sand in a guy's face to pressing his head into a hot skillet. Objects can also be used for defensive techniques as well. For example, if you are fighting in a forest, use a tree branch to block your opponent's punches. A true martial artist uses anything available to him to gain the advantage.

1. Go straight for the most sensitive parts of a man's body

This means going for the neck (mostly the Adam's apple), the eyes, the nose, the ears, the genital area, the knee, and the shin. Damaging these areas will cause such severe pain that your opponent will be unable to move, breathe or to harm you anymore.



2. Your most reliable body parts when in combat: elbows, knees, head

Your elbows and the knees can be blunt instruments of death if used correctly. Also, your head is a hard bone and can be also used as a weapon. Protect your soft tissues, like your face or your abdomen, but don't be afraid to use your body as a weapon.



3. Wrist Hold

Let's say someone attacks you in a parking lot like what happened to me.

The guy grabs you by the wrist and tries to drag you into a car.

At that point, you might be asking yourself, *“What am I going to do now?”*

Your aggressor will likely expect you to try and smack him upside the head and will be prepared for this. Instead, why not surprise him?

Grab his wrist and bend the wrist so that it snaps. This is a quick and effective way to get away from an attacker.



4. Front choke

If the aggressor is putting both hands on your neck, trying to choke you, what is your first reaction going to be? Do you try to grab his hands? That won't help you too much, since you will still be chocking. What you have to do is to put your hand on his esophagus and to push, while rotating your wrists inward. This will make him move back and let go of your neck.



5. Shin Hit

When someone attacks, grabbing you from the front, holding your wrists or they try to drag you, this is a flexible and simple move that will help you escape and fight back.

Lift one knee.

Lift your foot to the other's knee height.

Strike your opponent with your foot, hitting him with the lateral side of your shoe, above and behind the knee.



6. Face guard

If the attacker is trying to punch you or grab you from the front, put your hands near your forehead in a "Not in the face!" sort of gesture and your arms tight on your body. This may look like a weak defensive position, but that is to your advantage since it brings your opponent's guard down. In addition, this position protects your face and your ribs, which are two places you'll likely want to protect.



7. Go for the eyes and nose

End the fight as quickly as possible by striking first, striking hard, and striking as many times as you can, then run for help. Getting ambushed in an alley by a mugger isn't the time to worry about fighting honorably. Keep yourself safe by making the confrontation as quick as possible. The eyes and nose are the most sensitive soft spots on your attacker's face and are vulnerable to elbows, knees, and your forehead.



8. Kick or grab the groin of an attacker

Bringing a knee sharply into the groin of an attacker or grabbing the groin with your hand and twisting is an instantly effective move that will take your attacker down.

Again, this isn't the time to worry about fighting dirty. If your life is in danger, go for the groin.

If this doubles up your opponent, consider smashing your knee into his nose to ensure that he'll be down for the count.



9. Hands on the legs

If your opponent gets you on the ground, or your assailant is bigger than you, attacking his legs will give you the opportunity to open him up to more attacks, or allow you to escape.

This is especially effective on larger attackers. It is easy to do from a guarded position.

Kick at shins and knees soccer-style, with the instep of your foot.

This is a quick and painful kick. Also, if his legs are close enough, lift your knees into their inner leg (femoral nerve), outer leg, knee, or groin. These will break down your

attacker and may disable them, as only 12-16 pounds of pressure are needed to break a knee.



10. Fall on top of your attacker

You'll want to avoid taking the fight to the ground at all costs, but if it's unavoidable, use your weight to your advantage. While falling, keep the pointy parts of your body pointy (your knees and your elbows) and aim for your attacker's groin, ribs, and neck.



11. If an attacker attacks with a weapon, know where the weapon is effective

If your attacker has a knife, try to stay out of arm's length. If there is a gun, consider running and dodging from left to right. If you get a chance to leave safely, go for it. Be sure that you're safe from your opponent when you decide to stop defending yourself.

In many cases, you can end the situation immediately by giving the attacker your wallet. This is a logical choice, especially if at knife or gunpoint.

Your life is worth much more than the cash and cards you have on you. Toss the wallet away from you and run.



12. Front snap kick

Aim to hit with the ball of your foot (or the toes if you have fairly heavy shoes on – you won't hurt yourself). Lift the knee and 'snap' the foot out; don't swing it as if you were kicking a football. The height you raise the knee dictates where the kick will go. Good targets are the knee or maybe the groin. Don't go any higher.



13. Deflect the hold

If an attacker tries to grab you from behind to choke you, press his forearm against your collarbone instead of trying to pull it directly off, which may be difficult if you're fighting with someone stronger than you. Put one hand above his elbow (on the forearm) and one hand below it (so your hands are on both sides of the elbow). Then, in one strong and determined movement, step and swing your entire body around like the arm is the hinge to your body's screen door. This will get you out of his/her choke and leave his/her head, ribs, and legs wide open to your counterattack. When your attacker is behind you, the shins are right behind your legs and primed for your stomping and raking. This will make you harder to pick up and give you an extra moment to attack them and fend them off by stomping on their shins or repositioning for a frontal defense.



14. Sit down.

If the attacker is trying to pick you up from behind, drop your hips quickly and violently as if you were plopping down on a love seat. This will make you harder to pick up and give you an extra moment to attack them and fend them off by stomping on their shins or repositioning for a frontal defense.



15. Get dirty

If the attacker is trying to choke you by wrapping his arms around your neck, bring the ball of your foot forward, as if you just kicked a soccer ball, and forcefully slam it into the area of their leg between their ankle and mid-leg, or the groin. This may break their leg or otherwise incapacitate your attacker.

16. Sleeper hold

Wrap your left arm around the opponent's neck, striking him on the throat with the inside edge of your wrist or hand.

This action will cause him to inhale sharply.

Continue the action until the crook of the left elbow/forearm lies around his trachea.

Your left bicep will press on the left side of his neck, your right forearm will press on the right. His windpipe will be cradled in the hollow of your elbow.

Place the right palm behind the base of his skull with the fingertips behind his left ear. This will be used to push his neck forward into the hold.

The target area lies at the underside of the chin to the "jugular notch" between the clavicles. Striking the neck from the front, back, or side, can set an attacker off balance and breathless. The weapon to use in this attack this target is the "hand-sword," which is created by extending the fingers, knuckles together and tensing them upward to "harden" the edge of the hand.

For self-defense, we want to inflict as much damage as possible. So, keep hammering the attacker until he is down. Never stop until he is stopped . . . permanently.



17. Body punch

Either as an initial attack (usually without a grab) or after grabbing and dragging you in close, the attacker swings a large uppercut (a "shovel hook") into your stomach region.

If he has a good grip on you, he will usually keep hold and hit again and again.

Breaking his hold will allow you to move out of reach. The only viable alternative is to smother the blow, get in close, then hurt him and drive him back so that he's too busy to hit you.



18. Breaking a Headlock

Pull down with your left hand to relieve pressure on your throat and strike the attacker under the nose with your hand-blade. Your hand-blade to the side of his neck or fingertips to his throat or eyes will produce the same result. "Body-consciousness" will guide you to use, without thinking, your greatest strength or skill against your attacker's most available weakness.



19. Palm-Heel Strikes, Back fists and Hammer fists

Punching with the knuckles risks breaking them on bony parts of your opponent, especially in the case of young women whose bones are light and



not yet hardened. Striking with the heel of the palm and the bottom of the first reduce this risk.

These strikes have some other advantages too. Palm-heel strikes are executed in the same manner as punches, but the striking surface is the fleshy heel of the hand with the wrist angled sharply back. This has the advantage of protecting your hand. Palm-heel strikes are concussive and do not risk damage to the knuckles or wrist. Good targets include the shoulder, the head or ribs.



20. Thrust kick from the ground

A close cousin to the stamp kick, this one is for protecting yourself when downed. Turn on your side, draw the top leg back and thrust it out at the knee. A kick like this, driving your heel into the attacker's knee, will stop him in his tracks. You could also hook his ankle with your other (bottom) foot to ensure he falls; this would also increase the amount of damage caused to his knee by preventing him from moving away. You can also thrust backwards or with a stamping motion while on your back.

There is really nothing to it, just a matter of timing it right and aiming straight. But this technique might be the only thing between you and being kicked around the floor like a soccer ball. If absolutely everything else fails, drop onto your side or back and launch a stamping kick at the knees of anyone coming close to you.

This is about the most powerful strike you will be able to muster, and it'll attack the knees, which are vulnerable.



You should only go to the ground like this if you have absolutely no chance otherwise, because it makes you very vulnerable to being kicked, and you can't flee. If you're immensely overmatched, this might offer you a chance.

21. Head-butts

Your head can be used as a weapon. This may seem brutal – it is! But when your safety is at stake you must act decisively. Never butt brow to brow.

Instead, drive the front corner of your head or your forehead into an opponent's cheek or nose. If you can, set up a whipping action by moving your body forward, then the head.

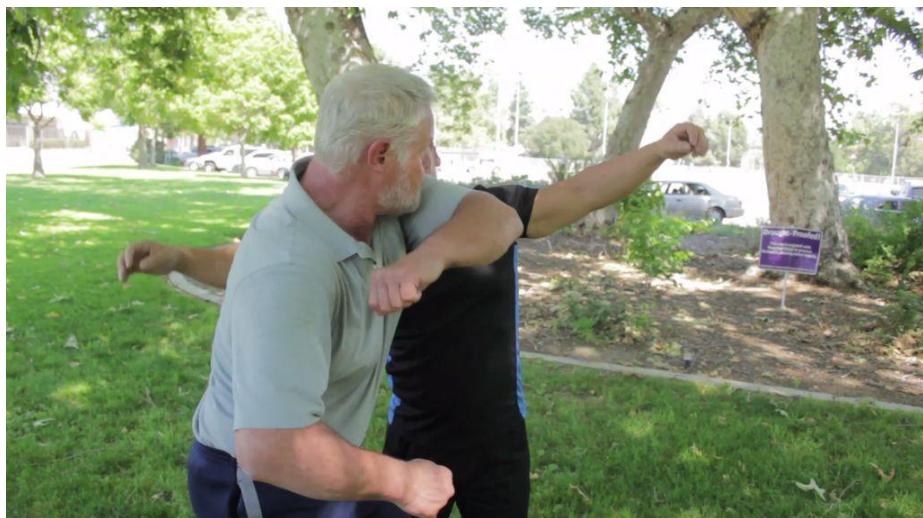


A head-butt can be made more powerful by grabbing an opponent and dragging them in towards you – and an attacker may try to do this to you. You can also drive your head backward into someone who has hold of you from behind. This can be highly effective in gaining release.

22. Rear choke

If you find yourself being choked from the rear, immediately tighten and lower your neck.

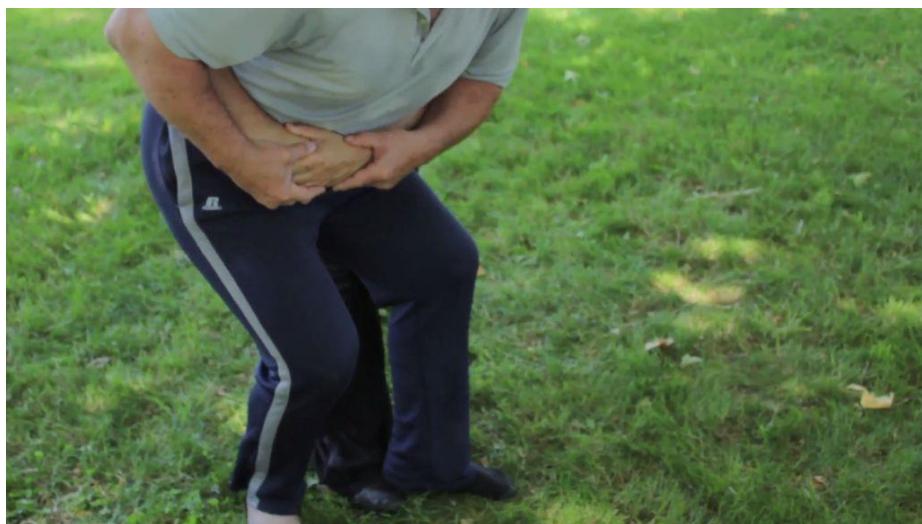
Now take your knee up, and does a foot stomp onto his instep. Then follow with an elbow to the ribs or a kick to the groin area.



23. The bear hug escape

The moment you feel the assailant's arms engulfing your body you should begin your escape actions. Immediately cross your arms in front to prevent your breath from being squeezed out.

Now take the elbow, and bringing it as close to the side of the body as possible, smash him in the ribs. He should let you go by now. So continue to turn your body into his, and then do another elbow smash directly into his face.



24. Multiple attacks

If more than one person assaults you, you must immediately size up the situation: (1) What is their intent? (2) What are the routes of escape? (3) Are there available people around for help? If there is one in front, another behind and one man grabs you from behind and another comes in from the front, snap a kick into the groin of the man coming from the front, and then do a foot stomp on the man holding you. Follow up with an elbow into the ribs. Both attackers should be on the ground now, and you can follow up with a knee drop into the throat or a strong snap kick into the groin. They are not to be used for messing around because they can cause permanent damage or even death.



Chapter 9: Real stories



You have heard my harrowing story of being attacked and how I responded by training myself in the ancient arts of Dim-Mak. These methods can work for you too. But don't take my word for it. Here are three stories of other people who have tried my Dim-Mak techniques and were able to defend themselves because of it.

Jennifer, 48, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Jennifer is a homemaker who contributes on a regular basis in various charity and community events, such as Meals-on-Wheels and the annual Thanksgiving parade. One evening returning from a charity event at a local school for disabled children, she was blocked by an assailant. He robbed her and beat her up pretty bad. She was hospitalized for a week due to the severe stomach punches she'd received. She also had a broken rib. Her husband called the police and desperately tried to find the mugger, but the investigation was short and inconclusive. There were no witnesses, the robber was masked, and the place where the attack took place was on a dark alley. After getting out of the hospital, Jennifer developed anxiety and was afraid to go places and take care of errands by herself. Her husband then decided to

help her fight her fears...by learning to fight. He "dug up" this eBook after extensive research on the Internet. After completing this protocol, Jennifer not only learned how to fight and defend herself, she has also conquered over her anxiety issues and lives a normal life again.

"Reading this eBook was the most important thing I have done in years," says Jennifer, who now trains every day. *"If anyone tried to do that to me again, I guarantee you it would turn out differently now that I have these skills."*

Adam, 54, Trenton, New Jersey.

Adam is a janitor at a community college in his hometown. One evening, as he was wrapping up work, he was attacked by a bunch of misfits who were looking for someone to make fun of. He wasn't beat up badly; he merely got out of the fight with a couple of scratches and bruises. The real damage was to his dignity and sense of ownership over his life. He decided to learn how to fight because it is never too late to take back control of your life. He talked to a friend who worked at a local gym. His friend told him that the best way to defend himself is not lifting weights at the gym, but instead he should learn the art of self-defense. He gave him this eBook and assured him that the information in it is extremely handy. Only two weeks after finishing the program, Adam happened to come across the guys who'd attacked him. This time, it was their turn to get a good dent in their pride.



"Those guys thought they were so tough," says Adam. *"Using the information I got in this eBook, I was able to put them in their place . . . and in the hospital."*

Jonah, 50, St. Louis, Missouri.

Jonah is a bartender at a quiet and elegant pub on Washington Avenue in St. Louis. He had been working there for 15 years. All that time, the job had been uneventful. Then one night, a group of drunk men stopped by for a nightcap. It quickly evolved into an angry fight. Jonah was caught in the middle and was unable to defend himself because there were too many of them and he simply didn't know what to do.



After that wretched night, he spent two weeks in the hospital recovering from a severe injury (one of the men smashed a bottle into his head). Hurt and miserable, he swore he would never let something like this happen to him ever again. Not in the bar, not on the streets, not anywhere. Moreover, what if something like this happened when his family was around and he wasn't able to defend them? So he looked high and low for a skillful self-defense eBook, because he is a firm believer in self-taught practices. He discovered the Secret Death Touches eBook and started practicing immediately. The techniques inside the eBook helped him understand his body and his strength better, and now he is in full charge of his life.

“This eBook gave me the power I was looking for,” says Jonah. “Now I am a deadly weapon and no one is going to mess with me.”

Chapter 10: Ask me



Ever since I wrote this eBook, I have been bombarded by people who need to learn to defend themselves wanting to know more about the lethal and effective Dim-Mak techniques that Master Li taught me. Unfortunately, I do not have time to answer everyone who contacts me because

there are just too many of you. Therefore, I have compiled a list of the most common questions and answered them here.

1. Can Dim-Mak make a person violent?

No way! Martial arts are about peace, harmony and diplomacy. It teaches you how to AVOID fights – not pick them.

2. Can you get injured doing martial arts and Dim-Mak?

Martial arts are no different than any other physical activity. However we take safety very seriously. Yes, injuries do sometimes happen. But if you do everything in your power to avoid them, practicing these techniques can be very rewarding.

3. I am not athletic. Can I still participate in martial arts like Dim-Mak?

Absolutely. Martial arts teach you to be coordinated, flexible and strong. People who don't naturally have these qualities can develop them.

4. Is martial arts and Dim-Mak fun to learn?

Absolutely! In fact, I was shocked by how much fun people like Greg and Smitty had the first time we practiced these techniques.

5. Does confidence & self-esteem grow with martial arts like Dim-Mak?

Absolutely. People with low self-esteem often come out of their shells when they learn my techniques. As their skill level increases, they feel more and

more confident. Other people start to look up to them and it builds a sense of confidence and pride.

6. What's a good age for a person to start martial arts like Dim-Mak?

Honestly, practically every age is a good age to start! I have taught children as young as 3 years old, as well as teenagers. I have also taught adults of all ages. So no matter where you or your child are on the age spectrum, it's time to get started.

7. Do men AND women benefit from learning martial arts like Dim-Mak?

Yes! Some people think that Dim-Mak is only for men but this is not true. In fact, women are much more likely to find themselves in a situation in which Dim-Mak might come in handy.

8. What level of fitness is required for Dim-Mak?

Any! Even people who aren't in shape can use Dim-Mak. Not only that, but practicing the moves will help you get in better shape, fast.

9. Will my past injury or medical condition interfere with my ability to perform Dim-Mak?

Ask your doctor if you are healthy enough to practice these moves.

10. Can I eat before I practice Dim-Mak?

It is usually best to wait an hour after eating before practicing your Dim-Mak moves.

11. What do I do if I knock someone unconscious while defending myself?

If you injure someone with the Dim-Mak moves you learned from this eBook, call for medical assistance immediately!



Chapter 11: Conclusion

One day when I was training with Master Li, the sun was going down and he stared off into the distance and I knew he had something on his mind.

"I have witnessed and experienced a lot when it comes to martial arts," he said. "But with all my experience, I have found one subject that seems to always get little or no attention in the world of martial arts – how to live a life of character. Most martial arts teachers are completely focused on fighting, sport applications, and tournaments. But there is something even more important – character."

I knew that Master Li was telling me that character is what Dim-Mak is all about – how to live the life of the superior person. It is living the Dim-Mak warrior lifestyle the way it should be lived, according to universal standards and principles which make someone a superior human being. When I say the words "superior human beings," I am not referring to someone being better or more important than someone else. The phrase "superior man" was used frequently by Confucius to indicate someone who had lived according to high moral standards as opposed to someone who gave little regard to such things. The superior man is not superior because he is richer, more educated, comes from a better family, or anything along those lines. He is superior because he lives his life in a superior way. He lives by higher standards than the average person.

The Dim-Mak warrior lifestyle is multifaceted and entails much more than martial arts techniques. It is a complete way of life, not simply a term which encompasses anyone who practices some type of martial art. There is much more to being a true Dim-Mak warrior than knowing how to fight. You can teach a dog to fight, but that doesn't make it a warrior.

Learning self-defense techniques requires a strict protocol, so I must strongly advise you to follow the protocol in this eBook to the very last detail. Rules and discipline are essential for victory.

And always remember that the techniques presented in this eBook are for self-defense purposes only! The sacred art of self-defense was developed through ages and ages of practice, built up piece by piece by wise, spiritual men who have always been promoters of non-violence unless necessary to guard one's own life. You are now part of this brotherhood of self-defense learner. My accepting this information, you must also accept the responsibility for what happens if you decide to use it. Never hurt anyone intentionally.

Dim-Mak is about learning how to defend yourself. This should be an essential part of everyone's development throughout their life. Nothing is more important in this world than one's ability to survive and this implies more than healthy eating and an active life. It also implies the power, the agility and the strength each of us should possess and master, skills that help us defend ourselves from any harm that may come our way. This is what Bruce Lee was referring to when he told Master Li that everyone has a right to knowledge. What Bruce Lee was really saying was that YOU have the right to this knowledge. Please use it wisely.

Instead of accepting a painful event in my life, I turned my frustration into determination. This eBook chronicles my journey from the Detroit suburbs to a small town in China where I studied an obscure form of martial arts with a master. It also tells the amazing story of what happened when I brought my newfound skills back to the United States and found redemption and even a bit of revenge.

Now you may be reading this thinking, *"This does not apply to me."* Well, I'm here to tell you that you don't want to be caught in a bad situation unprepared. That's what happened to me and I almost lived to regret it. Don't let it happen to you. This eBook contains information anyone can use to prepare themselves for effective self-defense.

