

Name

Instructor

Course

Date

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Flash Fiction: Hung Fu Jostle

Every day he walked to school knowing it was best to follow all the rules. Mother always shouted them after him as he picked his packed lunch and rushed out the door.

"Look right, look left, and then look right again before crossing the road". "Don't talk to strangers". "Keep out of dark alleys".

He never found himself in tricky situations; he knew better.

As he walked up the street that cold chilly morning, he remained alert.

"Help me!" he heard a pleading voice.

He noticed three big boys huddled over a small curled bundle. He drew closer and saw a tear streaked, heavily freckled face peeking out of a hooded Parker jacket. He immediately remembered the kung fu moves he had watched the night before on the multitude of vintage movie collections that his dad possessed. He always said watching them was a way of remembering their culture.

"Above all, we are Asian".

"What are you looking at, *Bruce Lee*?" one of the bullies taunted him.

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"Yeah, what you gonna to do?" added another as they all stood up to look at him.

He smiled at them and dropped his bag. He was Asian after all. He would teach them a lesson they truly deserved. He crouched and formed the stance he had seen on Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon. He motioned to them, daring them to make a move. They charged at once. He jumped and kicked in the air hoping to make contact with one of their chests. Instead, he felt a blow on his left cheek, a kick to his inner thigh, and a smack across his back. He fell to the ground with a loud thud, eyes watering, ears ringing, and cheek stinging. They stood around him laughing.

"So lame! Look at him trying to be a ninja. You're American boy." He looked up at them, curled up into the fetal position and wept for letting his father down.