

ISMAILA IKANI SULE'S

DAUDA BANGI *AND*
THE

WIMP

DRAGON



Ikani's Homestead Short Stories

www.ikanishomestead.com

Dauda Bangi And The Wimp Dragon

By Ismaila Ikani Sule

COPYRIGHT I. I. Sule 2003. This story first published online in 2000. While all rights remain reserved, the copyright holder grants his permission to individuals or organizations wishing to reproduce this work in hard copy form and sell for profit, provided there are no alterations or modifications (including the addition or reduction of material) to the written material content, images and illustrations, and/or any advertisements included. **Such intending publishers must include their names and contact details for purposes of identification on the published work.** This book is to be reproduced exactly as it is with EXCEPTION to alterations or modifications made only to text type-face or page dimensions to fit the individual or organization's taste. Advertisements and images or illustrations must be maintained in the same positions relative to the text. Printing may be in colour or black and white. Neither the authors nor Ikanishomestead.com shall be held liable for any individual or organization's action with respect to any laws governing publication in their respective countries. All characters, distinctive names and likenesses thereof, persons and/or institutions in this book are fictional and any similarity between them and those of any existing living or dead person, or organization/institution are, thus, purely coincidental and not intended. This book is offered free for downloading from Ikani's Homestead Free Book at www.ikanishomestead.com/publishfree.htm along with others. For information regarding the placement of advertisements in Ikani's Homestead Free Books, please contact Ismaila Ikani Sule, 20A Maikano Road, P. O. Box 10469, Kaduna or email serviceng@ikanishomestead.com (if you reside in Nigeria) and serviceus@ikanishomestead.com (if you reside in the US or elsewhere).

CHAPTER ONE

Suppose there was a successful business tycoon – filthy rich and had the world's second largest computer software company, lots of government contacts and far reaching influence over economic and even, national activities and policies in Hong Kong. However, Mr. Dee Wang had only one child to whom he would one day have to pass on to his powerful empire and all his fortunes. *Ah, Soo – the girl was just like her mother. Yes, yes, yes, she had beauty that rivaled the sight of the full moon gracefully peering out onto the evening fields through the tall bamboo stems. Those gentle eyes, dark and invaluable pearls, whose concerned looks often earned many a destitute a warm meal and clothing to... Gah! Yes, she was just like her late mother. Too delicate. Too gentle. Too kind-hearted!*

Wang knew that in business, you had to be hard, y'know. You had to be ruthless. That was how Wang had made it this far, made it to the top. As an orphan he'd scratched and struggled just to survive so it would be most unthinkable to, one day, step aside and let a such a weak and inexperienced child take over the helms of affairs in his vast business empire. *She was just too nice to everybody.* One western magazine kept referring to the situation as a matter of 'safeguarding family honour'. Wang knew he was cunning, he kept things under constant control using brutal, sometimes devious marketing tactics whenever necessary. And Soo? *Bah, she was presently interested in a public campaign to help alleviate hunger and disease in society. What was the name of that stupid action group or whatever she belonged to again?*

To make matters worse, the child was engaged to a biologist, another young person her father looked down upon as 'worthless bundle of flesh and weak bones'. Indeed, an American colleague of his had best described this unfortunate chap – he was a wimp.

Well, things change.

"But father I love him!"

"Not anymore you don't, my child. When my company, my business, my fortunes all fall into your hands - to your right, left, front and behind, you shall be surrounded by some of my worst foes or their progeny not to mention jealous subordinates all after your ruin and downfall..."

"I bear no hatred or grudges against people I do not even know. Peace and goodwill to all humanity is all the world needs. We all need to put aside our useless hatreds and bitterness and move on together towards the goal of a healthy, beautiful world. We've only one planet, father."

"You see what I mean? Do you see what I am saying? That biologist-wimp, Deng, doesn't even try to show you the reality of things. All you two ever chat about when he comes on his regular visits are bogus fantasies of a beautiful, just world. Bah!"

"Father!"

"Enough, child! That wimp couldn't protect you from poison tea given to you by the likes of Tommy Lan Wi whose bookstore I put out of business a year ago. The fool still believes I did so to get even with him over the fact the suit he wore to the launching ceremony of the *Hong Kong Chicken Express* fast foods franchise looked better than mine. No, since you can't, or won't, you have to have someone to shield you and my suits from the scheming minds of such adversaries. I won't be here forever to keep doing the job, you know."

No more said. Soo's father had ways of getting things done. The engagement was off. Deng, her betrothed was sent packing.

"But, I don't understand, Mr. Wang..."

"Leave, young man."

"She loves me and I love her...er... I love you too, sir... In a respectful way of course."

"Deng, I'm an expert in the fantastic art of *kung fu*. You see these bloodstained fingers of mine? You know what I could easily do to you if you don't get out of my sight?"

"Oh, that's strawberry marmalade, sir. Imported from England too, just the kind I like. Can I lick your fingers?"

"Guards! Get this mad man out of my home!"

"But I love her... and you... I mean..."

Crestfallen, the soft-spoken biologist had to give up his bride to be. He would spend his evenings after work at the *Fee Shi* harbour hurling pebbles into the clear water as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

Meanwhile, word spread all over Hong Kong and on to mainland China: the world's top ten fighters – strong, cunning and deadly martial artists – would be gathered at Wang's magnificent mansion on the city's outskirts for a fortnight. All eligible bachelors were invited to come and prove themselves as men worthy of Dee Wang's daughter. Anyone who could defeat all ten fighters without the use of lethal weapons and place them in captivity before Wang's feet became none other than Soo's new husband for life.

"Due to your squeamish nature – just like your mother – I decided to relax the rules to ensure that there is no killing in this tournament. My love for you, dear child, also means that you are quite free to call upon any man of your choice (forget Deng, we all know that the wimp couldn't do it) to fight for your honour. If the fighters I've gathered remain unconquered then you're also free to pick anyone of them you desire to be the father of my many grandchildren, *heh heh*. You understand, Soo? Soo? Soo fi-ine?"

Wealth and power! Hong Kong's 'big man' loved the way he could get things done so easily. He was sure his daughter would thank him for all this later on. So, right now her silence to his playful, teasing calls didn't bother him much. On her part, Soo was sad each morning, sad each afternoon and sad each evening she remembered how her father had chased off the wi... her true love ('Give us a break, man'). She sent e-mails to her friends informing them of her plight

"Ach", went Maria Von Sterner in Germany.

"Ah, ah, ah, something has to be done about this", was all Binta Amei could utter beside her mother in the kitchen in Nigeria.

Wang's mansion was a massive building on a quiet piece of property he owned located far away from the demands and the hustles and bustles of urban Hong Kong life. It had shiny white marble walls and tall trees running down the entire length of the fence around it. The construction work had been done in such a way as to give the building the look of palaces of the mandarin emperors of old. A beautiful fountain graced the splendid courtyard already bearing the fragrances and adornments of a combination of exotic flowers and well-trimmed trees orderly spread out in rows of four and five. And, oh yes, Wang made sure he had three nightingales in his garden.

"Come on – fight, fight, fight!" the business tycoon bellowed at the top of his voice and waved his arms excitedly. It was the evening marking the commencement of the tournament. They sat, Wang and Soo, on a balcony overlooking the courtyard together with two of Wang's close friends. A sort of caged arena had been erected down below. There was an entrance on one side to serve as both the

entrance and the exit. Ten cubical structures inside the arena housed the warriors ready to display their skills against anyone who felt he had what it took to prove them unworthy of the prize on offer.

CHAPTER TWO

So it was fight, fight, fight! Boys and men from near and afar. It was a battle to the... em... to the *dirt*. They all did their best, but Wang's fighters remained unbeaten. Then five young lads came up with a brilliant plan – they'd team up against each of the fighters and when they'd taken care of all of them, it would be time to battle each other until the best was left for lovely Mlle. Soo. Things went according to plan and soon they faced the world's *Number Three*. He stood clad all in blue, muscles bulging all over his arms. The blue-eyed blond of average height watched his opponents carefully and took a fighting stance. He could see he was probably ten years older than the eldest of them who couldn't be older than nineteen. Before you saw him do it, he was up in the air heading for them. His right foot caught one, painfully, on the neck. Skillfully, he used his first opponent as leverage from which he propelled himself sideways, pivoted in the air and delivered a stunning, arching kick to be shared amongst the three baffled and unprepared faces watching him. It felt like iron striking wood. Four figures crumpled to the ground in the arena.

Seeing how easily his comrades had fallen, the last of the young boys still standing lost himself to anger and hurled himself at his opponent. He threw a punch aimed for the side of his adversary's face. The right arm deftly deflected this while, with the left arm guarding the face, the blond 'top fighter' stepped aside to allow the boy's body fly past him. He swung his right arm downwards and delivered a painful elbow punch to the nape of the youngster's neck. The boy squirmed and felt himself plunging to the ground. Flipping and landing on his back, however, he executed an excellent backspin. This permitted him to turn on his side and support himself on his hands while his left leg was flung out to sweep across the blond's legs bringing him down. The spin ended with the youngster throwing himself back up onto his feet in time to witness the rewards of his efforts. Number Three had been caught off guard by this lightning fast move literally sweeping him off his feet, but only temporarily. He flipped himself back upright, throwing a right-hand punch. His teenaged equal, as it then seemed, blocked it with his left arm and saw an opportunity to quickly turn his blocking arm into a sharp curving strike at the blond's neck. Then he brought his right knee up to inflict some more damage.

Number Three wasted no more time.

His right thigh bore the brunt of the knee strike. In one of the most strained-looking body twists, he straightened his right leg out to send a devastating back-kick smashing into the teenager's midriff. The boy doubled over allowing the blond Number Three to twist again so his left leg swooshed down in an arching backward roundhouse kick which shattered the boy's lower jaw.

That was it. The team of five had been effectively 'neutralized', so to speak. Hmm! That was the world's Number Three in martial arts for you. Come on! Mr. Wang and his associates were very impressed. Soo just covered her face with her fan.

Several kilometres away, Deng was beginning to feel the tortures (and laziness) of deep depression. Unable to tolerate his sudden disillusioned change in behaviour and indifferent attitude towards his work any longer, his employers at the *Tiu Lifeworks Science Foundation* decided to give him the sack (and a carton to clear his desk). After a few days of aimless wandering along the streets of Hong Kong, he soon found himself standing before the massive steel gates of the Wangs residence. Hidden cameras and guards with automatics holstered to their sides observed his movements cautiously. He squatted on the neat paved road some distance away from the gates and proceeded to douse himself with liquid from a plastic keg he carried in a bag. Two guards approached the gates,

yelling at him. He struck a match.

"O pure flame free from the woes and dirt of life, relieve me of this none too salubrious climate around me," the distraught fellow whispered and shut his eyes.

Bounding feet and yells.

He smiled as he felt the lit match stick drop from his fingers and land on his lap.

"Yes, take me! Take me! Singe my flesh, consume me!"

Strong arms grabbed him and yanked him off the ground.

"Didn't you hear us? Get your pathetic self away from these premises," one of the guards carrying him barked. They dragged him down the road away from Wang's home and threw him down roughly on his face. The guards left and Deng looked at himself. He was still soaked and his clammy clothes stuck to his skin. His keg was sent tumbling down the road to his side.

"Oh-ho-ho-ho," he began to sob, "I'm da Wimp of Hong Kong!"

"Well, I tried to tell you back at the bus station that that was my keg of drinking water you took absent-mindedly, leaving behind your own keg of kerosene for my thirsty moments instead," came a soft, gentle voice. Deng, due to the breeze on his wet face making it feel cold, had to squint his eyes as he turned round slowly to see a brown-skinned man smiling down at him and offering a helping hand. The stranger had on a green kaftan, jeans and sneakers. He also wore a cheap woolen cap on his head and had a duffel bag strung from one shoulder by a long strap. Deng was twenty-six years old, he could see that the stranger appeared to be about the same age. He kindly helped Deng back onto his feet and offered him a paid ride in a taxi back downtown. They sat down in a local restaurant for a hot meal of noodles (the stranger insisted he had to eat 'like those Hong Kong action heroes in movies') and roast nuts. As they ate, Deng's companion introduced himself.

"My name is Dauda Bangi, son of Abu Bangi the famous hunter who captured two pythons and a sick lizard bare-handed to save the life Bugubudi's son..."

"Who's Bugubudi?" Deng asked.

"Please, calm down let me finish. My father is a well-known hunter back home in Nigeria and so am I. Two days ago, I captured a wild elephant that had been rampaging our village, all alone with nothing but two ropes and a bucket of leaves. Can you imagine how difficult that was? Anyway, things got a bit dull after that incident – local government elections were being held and wild elephants knocking things down are good for business so some shrewd politician had me arrested on charges of animal rights violations – not many people had any more need for my services so I decided to come and enjoy myself in Hong Kong for a while." Dauda Bangi smiled and had a satisfying mouthful of noodles. His companion merely stared at him.

"I love the Far East. I love Hong Kong. I love your people and I'm really excited to be here. Tell me, where can I get one of those funky traditional attires worn in kung fu movies? They look really, really cool. So, why did you take my keg of water to have a bath in front of someone's home? Were you trying to make a political statement?"

The hunter chewed on some nuts while the young man with him recounted the story of his woes. From time to time, he'd pause to play with his noodles using his chopsticks. He looked like a gloomy six-year old trying to come to terms with the fact that, like it or not, he'd be going to the doctor the next morning for an injection.

"The tournament ends in two days," *chup, chup, chup*... he played with his noodles, "Three fighters still remain. I don't know, maybe they'll have to fight each other. Let's face it, Soo really does

deserve a 'top-warrior' husband. I'm just a..."

"Please, not that wimp talk again."

"Sorry."

"Don't worry, my friend," Dauda slapped him on the shoulder, "Dauda Bangi is here to help you." His new friend seemed more disheartened, his lower lip trembled and a noodle slipped off his chopsticks into his bowl.

"Ah-ah, cheer up, man. I've hunted so many animals in my lifetime that even the tortoise, from all the tales of his wisdom, would probably be astonished at such some of the magnificent feats required. Come on, my father taught me this: *all the best fighters in a village cannot beat the lion in unarmed combat, but one good hunter can go as far to humble the king of the animals before a child's feet*. How hard can capturing three fighters be?" In response, Deng sighed.

"We're talking about human beings capable of the same knowledge and tricks here," he dropped his chopsticks and glared angrily at the son of Abu Bangi.

"Humans are animals too, man. Everyone's got a weakness," the hunter smiled back at him, gobbling some more nuts. Deng's head dropped and he let out a deeper sigh.

"I'm a wimp."

"Stop it, please!"

CHAPTER THREE

Reluctantly, Deng allowed himself to be talked into teaming up with Dauda and entering the tournament. Thirty minutes later, they were back at the venue for the tournament. A guard approached them.

"What happens if we win or otherwise?"

"So, you came back with this guy-your-lawyer, huh? Stop bothering us!" the guard snarled through the bars of the steel gates.

"Wait, wait, wait," Dauda gestured with his hands for the short, sharp-eyed guard to calm down. He turned to Deng. "We lose, no problem. Hong Kong hospitals are efficient, aren't they? We win, we fight each other for the bride. See? Everything's going to be alright." He turned to the guard.

"We'd like to enter the tournament, friend."

"You and this wimp?"

The wi... Deng was crestfallen. Dauda came to his defence. He spoke sternly.

"Let me warn you, my friend, that this guy you're looking at here is a wild bloodthirsty beast!"

"I'm a wimp..."

Wang's sharp-eyed employee shook his head and muttered something inaudible into his earpiece.

"Your names?"

"Dauda Bangi and the... er..."

"I'm a wimp..."

"... And the Wimp Dragon."

By the time the Nigerian realized what he'd just said, he felt like kicking Deng. They were granted entrance and closely escorted by two more guards to quarters where they could rest themselves, eat the best food and train with the best equipment all courtesy of Mr. Wang. The only thing was that they had no time to enjoy themselves – they had to prepare for their first challenge the next day. They got to work immediately. Dauda needed to have the weapons he intended to use approved by a panel of judges responsible for seeing all participants abided the tournament rules. There would be no killing – no guns and bullets, no daggers or swords. Deng tested his weak muscles on some of the training equipment.

"Ooh, my arms... I surely am a..."

"Don't you dare!"

Night came and they went to sleep early. Dauda said they needed all the rest they could get in order to be as refreshed as possible for the "battle tomorrow".

"We're going to be the last contestants for this tournament. So, have a delightful night's sleep, tough warrior... Yes, I know, you're a wimp."

Security was tight the next day. The spectacular finale to Wang's search for the desired man for his daughter was something everyone wanted to see. "Let them in, let the public in!" were the man's orders. The two warriors walked into the arena. Their names came blaring out of the powerful systems craftily hidden around Wang's lush garden.

ADVERTISEMENT

Oh!

**So, that's what
they mean by
"Nigerian Internet Art"!**



IKANI'S HOMESTEAD

www.ikanishomestead.com

"Ladies and gentlemen... Dauda Bangi... and the Wimp Dragon!"

A rousing cheer filled the air. Two little birds fluttered off in fright at the sudden sound. Green, yellow, orange, white and red decorations danced from branches swaying to a cool breeze. Brown and yellow leaves made their way slowly to the clusters of flowering shrubs and soft grass down below. Mr. Wang nearly jumped out of his seat at what he saw from the balcony. There was Deng in his courtyard making his way to the arena accompanied by some other fellow. He was dressed in a bright orange shirt and jeans, his friend wore a black sleeveless gown and trousers. Both came barefooted.

"What is that dejected monkey's baby doing here?" Wang grumbled, crossing his legs and smacking his lips. He was in his expensive grey suit with designer spectacles further strengthening the displeased expression on his face. Soo, dressed all in white, also looked surprised to see the young man she had once been betrothed to. She felt her spirits slowly perk up. Deng tripped and fell. She felt everything shatter.

"... That weakling won't last a minute in the arena," her father sniggered with his friends.

Fighting the world's *Number Three*

At the arena's entrance, Dauda handed Deng a small wooden weapon resembling an automatic pistol. He instructed him on what to do with it.

"It's a cross-bow that fires a small dart dipped in *curare* to paralyze the victim," he explained, "When you hear me yell, I want you to rush into the arena and point this weapon at our target. Be sure to twist your arm inward towards your torso. Okay, I go."

Deng could feel perspiration increase his discomfort as he watched his teammate stroll leisurely into the arena to confront one of Wang's deadly fighters. He faced the third cubical structure in the cage-like enclosure. The door swung open...

Once again the lethal blond fighter walked into the arena and took his stance.

The struggle for supremacy began. The audience roared with delight at some of the brown-skinned hunter's clever moves like somersaulting backwards and sweeping his opponent off balance with a powerful leg movement. However, it was clear from the start who the better of the two was. In no time at all, Dauda found himself on his knees with his arms twisted painfully upwards and a knee pinned down on his back.

"Now, Deng!" he managed to scream out. Shaking and sweating profusely, Deng stumbled in towards the straining figures. He did as he had been instructed, pointing the crossbow at Number Three and twisting his arm inwards.

"Let him g..." He didn't finish his sentence when the bow was snatched away from him and Number Three's free leg flashed out twice to inflict some serious pain to the Wimp Dragon's abdomen and face with snap-kicks. He fell and tasted sand and some of his own sweat. He coughed and spat as he turned his head slowly to see his own weapon pointed down at him.

"That dart's meant for you, you simpleton," Dauda voice rasped out at the man who had him hopelessly subdued. This prompted a leer from the blond as he pulled the crossbow's trigger.

"No-o-o-o!" Deng yelled as he awaited the dart making contact with his forehead where the bow was pointed at. He noticed Dauda struggling violently against Number Three's arm lock. "No-o-o-o-o!"

Silence.

"It's alright, Deng," – Dauda's voice, "We got him."

He opened his eyes (he couldn't remember closing them) very, very slowly. Blue eyes stared at him from behind an entanglement of untidy yellow hair. "Hih!" he started before rolling away across the ground and springing back up onto his feet.

Number Three lay sprawled on his back. A close, careful look revealed the small white dart sticking out from the side of his neck. The Wimp Dragon turned his gaze to the hunter.

"My own design – the bow fires backwards," said the hunter. Deng looked perplexed as he pondered... He twisted an outstretched arm towards his torso...

"You knew this would happen?..."

"Risks, prayers, lucky guess," came his companion's response, "Come on, let's get our catch outside."

The audience went wild when Deng and Dauda dragged the conquered opponent out of the arena by the legs. They deposited him in front of Wang's balcony. Hong Kong's business tycoon sat in stunned silence. Soo hid her delighted giggle behind her fan.

CHAPTER FOUR

Fighting the world's Number Two

So, one down and two more to go. The now more confident duo were given thirty minutes to rest and refresh themselves before their next challenge. Their next opponent was Ammah Starh – the second deadliest martial artist in the world. The tall thirty-two-year old fighter hailed from Ghana. His father was a university lecturer married to a Egyptian obstetrician he had met on one of his journeys to other institutions around Africa. Six years of dedicated training and study of the arts of judo, taekwondo and Aikido had made Ammah what he was today – the world's second finest. He'd excelled in over twenty international championship events, winning gold medals all through. Here was agility. Here was speed. Here was effectiveness. One whole package of inescapable doom to incautious foes. *Well, here was one bare-chested fighter*, Dauda mused when it was time to step into the arena with Deng to face the Ghanaian. Ammah Starh had on a pair of white trousers and sneakers.

The fight began and Ammah lost no time in dealing with his fellow African. Employing a vicious flurry of punches and aerial kicks, he soon had Dauda bleeding from his lips and temples. A precision kick and landing later sent the hunter tumbling into the arena's iron bars. One more kick left his teammate unconscious.

"What did I tell you, gentlemen?" Dee Wang asked his colleagues.

"Now," Dauda picked himself up, spat then saw Deng lying still in the dust, "Now I am very angry." He unbuttoned his sleeveless gown and hurled it onto the ground. Crouching and circling his quarry slowly. Suddenly, he let out a cry and charged. Many people winced as they watched the brave young man hurl himself into more punishment. He was struck and thrown all around the arena. Deng had revived and watched with horror as his friend suffered at the hands of the world's Number Two. Finally, the bloodied hunter had his hands crossed behind him. A snap followed and Dauda screamed. Ammah delivered a roundhouse kick sending Dauda rolling away in agony over the arena's sand. As he rolled over his discarded gown, he grabbed hold of the garment and pulled it along with him. Ammah Starh, who had been standing on the garment, felt his feet pulled away from beneath him. That was no problem for he was back on his feet in a flash. The gown stuck to his back like some sort of cape. Dauda's breaths were long and deep. Something was wrong... Ammah could feel it, but he couldn't explain what...

To the utter astonishment of onlookers, Ammah Starh collapsed to the ground beside Dauda. The bruised and battered Nigerian hunter coughed thrice. His lips parted to reveal bloodstained teeth. Helping hands turned him over onto a stretcher and he was rushed off for immediate medical attention. Deng followed them closely. Dauda was given a painkilling shot by nurses at a standby medical centre put up just outside the arena. It was confirmed that in addition to a few other minor injuries, his left arm was broken. He smiled at Deng.

"Take him... away, partner. I stuck two... two curare darts to... the collar of my gown... two more to the base just incase...before I threw it off. The plan worked," he coughed as he tried to laugh, "That... was... a... painful... trick..."

The hunter passed out.

Fighting the world's Number One

The next day.

The last day.

"This is it, my friend. You're going to have to earn Soo's hand in marriage for a second time. You're going to have to do this on your own. I'm so sorry, in my present state I am unable to come with you into the arena for one more catch."

Dauda had his arm in a cast and had plasters all over parts of his face and body. He sat in a wheelchair in the front row amongst Wang's audience. He was in very high spirits though his Chinese companion looked like a nervous wretch.

"No, it is no fault of yours, Dauda. You've done more than any stranger whose keg of water had been taken from him would be expected to do. Truth be told, however, I'm not looking forward to this fight with Master Zhou Sing. The man's the best there is – he breaks coconuts with just two of his fingers. I don't think there's any point in going on with this mad game. There'll be other ladies for me to chose to live my life with. I'll forfeit..." The biologist dropped his head as if in shame.

"Listen to me, man. You can't give up now after coming this far," Dauda put a reassuring hand on his friend's shoulder, "Go for what you know is rightfully yours. Besides, you can't forfeit now after I've had my bones broken like this."

"But I can't..."

"Yes, you can if you try. Okay, look, have this earpiece and microphone. Once in the arena and you feel all is lost, speak out your true feelings for the whole world to know how you have been wronged by Wang's unfair actions. I'll have the speakers around turned once you start talking. Conquer the people's hearts with your speech and you'd have still won the day."

"Well... Okay, I guess I'll have to bare the pain in my heart sooner or later to avoid having to live my entire life with such pain," Deng finally agreed. They hugged themselves and Deng slowly made his way to the 'battle field' for his 'last stand'. The door to the last building in the arena swung open and out came the famous Master Zhou Sing – an experienced old fighter and one time musician. He was a humble little man dressed all in green. He bowed and gestured to Deng for the combat to begin.

Up on the balcony Dee Wang smirked and rubbed his hands in utter pleasure. In less than a minute, Deng had been overpowered and the wimp cried out in pain as he had his arm twisted behind his back. Soo's heart beat fast. The pathetic figure below winced and squirmed. He knew it was time. His voice boomed out of the speakers around the courtyard.

"Oh, love has dragged me into this. One I had believed destined to be my bride, our hearts filled with lifelong content, has been taken away from me in such a painful manner. The butterfly has being pulled off the flower unfairly. My injuries hurt me not as much as the despair which soars through my heart and..."

"Wimp! Wimp! Wimp!" Dauda began to shout. Suddenly the entire courtyard burst into laughter. Dee Wang joined in with all his heart. Everyone was laughing.

"Have... hahaha... Have you ever heard anything so stupid?"

Deng's face hardened at that remark. Even the Master restraining him began to chuckle.

"What's so funny?!" Deng demanded angrily. Suddenly some hidden strength within him burst out. He broke out of Master Zhou Sing's, grabbed him by the shirt and yanked him off his feet. With incredible strength and unbelievable speed, the Wimp Dragon flung the Master's into the arena's bars.

"What's so funny?! What's so funny?!!" he kept slamming the Master into the bars until the poor man fainted. Deng was hysterical. Paying no attention to the cheers and yells around him, he

stormed out of the arena towards Dauda, dragging Zhou's limp body with him as he went.

"Who're you calling a wimp?" he stopped by his friend's wheelchair and raised an angry fist.

"Calm down, Deng. You did it. Look, you've won Soo back. You did it," Dauda pleaded with the man in rage before him. His words registered. Deng let Zhou's body drop.

"I... I did it."

"No-o-o-o-o!!!" Wang yelled all day and all night. One of the maids at the mansion swore she seen his daughter after Deng's victory do thirty back flips all the way down the corridor from the living room to her bedroom. That was it Deng and Soo were wedded two days later. It was a joyful occasion and the guest of honour was none other than Dauda Bangi, the Nigerian hunter who had proved his cunning and worth as the best kind of friend one could ever wish to have. He had a revelation to make, however.

"Binta Amei, one of your e-mail pals, Soo? You sent her an e-mail message of distress and she was all over my head to do something to help you guys. Yes, Deng, I switched your keg of kerosene with my water. Anyway, Binta's my fiancée and coming over to Hong Kong to be trashed about so was her idea of my wedding gift to her. Mm-hm, if after all this she still demands something else, I'll take this cast on my arm and..." he stopped and smiled broadly, "Right now, it's time for my tour of Hong Kong and the Mainland, China. Come on, people. I love the far East. I love Hong Kong. I love your nice people. I need souvenirs. Master Zhou's invited me to his home for tea and some lessons on meditation. I need to do some shopping..."

... And that was Dauda Bangi and the Wimp Dragon.

The End

Yes, now you go fight for your bride, I'm off to find some oranges...