

## **Fight Like A Girl**

### **The Foreword**

From my spirited exchange with Larry—which was captured in my “From a Boxing point-of-view, MMA is a farce” posting—I took my direction and outright stole from him; mining his muse for all its worth, and then some.

The Mondo character, in her largely-unpublished backstory *IUP*, is portrayed as a boxing bigot—a previous excerpt from that tome told you as much.

That excerpt being my “The Sweet Science, A Vampire’s Point of View—an excerpt from *IUP*, Book 03” posting.

So, what I got from Larry, God bless his beautiful Irish soul, was truly prophetic and golden.

This three-part short story is the result of a one-off post—just filler, a throwaway—that burgeoned into something much more. That “Friday Night Fights on ESPN” posting became “Fight Like A Girl.”

As my much-missed tough-titty gran liked to say to the men folk when they got too uppity for her tastes, “Never ever hit a woman. Unless you’re prepared to get hit back even harder and worse, by her.”

Styles make fights. Skills pay the bills. So. Get ready bloodsport fans. For this tale of mine. It’s going to be another Rhonda Rousey type embarrassment.

**Episode #101 – “The Boxing Match”**

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## The Boxing Match

**Friday Night Fights on ESPN—Connie Smith vs. Sara Hux, back in the day when Mondo was mortal**

**Two weeks ago:**

“So, Freddie, do we owe you a mea culpa?”

“That’s up to you guys,” he says. “But I wasn’t going to put this kid in against Sergio before she was ready. If we had made the fight before, it would have been like leading the kid to slaughter. It’s better we do this tune-up, first.”

**Fight night:**

“The fix is off. You won’t be taking a dive. Fats wants you to do her for real.”

“What do you want me to do, coach? I can walk her down, bang with her, or box her.”

“Do it all, if you like. But. A crowd-pleasing slugfest would be nice, especially for the ratings, this being TV and all. On second thought, just win. At all costs, win.”

“Even if that means I have to finish her?”

“Yes. Fats wants to send a strong message to someone, and you know who that is.”

“The someone who had the gumption to welch on the bet?”

“Exactly.”

The deal had been quite simple. Connie was presented as just another can to pad Sara’s record, with only a puncher’s chance of winning. Nothing more, nothing less. She would take Sara into deep waters, and thus beat the points spread—Sara had never gone past the eighth round. With Sara winning every round on points, and beating Connie to the punch time and time again, seemingly out of nowhere Connie would KO Sara in the closing seconds of this ten rounder. Shades of Iron Mike Tyson and Buster Douglas. Controversy sells tickets and breaks bookies. There would be an inevitable rematch. Connie would lose convincingly in one of the early rounds, proving that her previous win had been a fluke. Sara’s contender status would be restored, and all the concerned parties go away from the table with their pockets bulging with money with no one else the wiser. All of that has gone up in smoke. Because some weasel decided to double-cross the Mob.

Manny{

There they are again. I find myself laughing at the bleach blonde girls standing in the ring holding “Corona” signs and smiling at the camera! That’s funny. There’s always a gal ready to show her T & A for \$10.

}

Kuntz notices the source of Manny’s distraction, and smiles approvingly. She can guess what he’s thinking—it’s probably the same thing that she’s thinking. Genies are a horny, predictable lot

when it comes to appraising a fine piece of ass or getting some good tail. And with this being a bout promoted by Golden Boy Promotions, the ring girls are literally two-handers! Got milk?!

The bell rings. Kuntz slips in Connie's mouth piece, having rinsed it off. The cornerman, a Genie named Pacman, the aforementioned Manny, gives Connie her injection of stimms. A human club-fighter Connie Smith versus an inhuman contender Sara Hux, the stimms are legal, of course. Else this fight would have been a one-sided shellacking. BORING!!!

The action begins just like it has in previous rounds. But, this time when Sara Hux moves into the kill zone without throwing punches first, the hard-hitting Connie punishes her with a heretofore undisplayed, dazzling hand speed, stunning the Giant. Too bad the up-and-comer is not a Goon. Muscle memory is the only thing that saves Sara from a quick, devastating knockout.

Instinctively, the heavy-handed Sara responds with a barrage of her own—an overhand left being her so-called H-bomb. But, unlike before, Connie has an answer to Sara's looping punches, close guard, awkward style, and elusive south-paw stance, as well as her height and reach advantage.

This time, Connie has positioned her front foot properly for fighting a south-paw from the orthodox stance—her lead left foot is kept just outside of Sara's lead right foot. Then, after their brief exchange where blows are traded at a furious pace, Connie walks Sara down, nullifying Sara's height and reach advantage.

No longer able to fight from the outside. Unable to secure a clinch. Connie fights out of Sara's holds. Now suddenly faced with a fighter who has equal hand speed, superior footwork, and equal power—who's completely outclassing her—Sara mentally breaks.

Fighters such as Sara Hux, Zab Judah, and Amir Khan have always been similar in the sense of enjoying the fight when it is going in their favor, but, if not, they do not have the boxing brain to change and adapt to a style to beat the opponent.

The undefeated Sara has amazing hand speed and each fight you hear about this freakish power and how she is hitting harder like a Goon as well as feeling stronger but fight night comes and this "Hulk smash" power disappears after two rounds—excluding the fight against faded, mortal Judah. Fighters, fellow Giants, such as Miguel Cotto, Fredda Garcia, and Grace Maidana would naturally give Sara nightmares as they would disregard the power and look to walk through and hurt her. If you have no other tactic but to throw 1-2 punches and run away, you become easy to figure out.

This is exactly the scenario that Sara is now facing tonight against a human on stimms!!!

Connie moves in close, preceded by stiff left jabs. Once inside, Connie works Sara's body with left hooks and tests her chin with vicious right uppercuts that split Sara's guard with ease. The obvious defensive counter to Connie's sneaky guard-splitting uppercuts is head movement. The obvious defensive counter to Connie's body shots is footwork or blocking punches. As aforementioned, Sara isn't that savvy.

In the boxing game there are three ways to defend: footwork, head movement, and blocking punches. Sara is a journeyman at best when it comes to all three against an opponent with equal hand speed and power, and superior footwork. No longer protected, Sara's obvious shortcomings are showcased in spades.

Fighting opposition which is tailor made for your style is a way to impress the fans but when fighting a fighter who comes to win you receive the shock. Sara received this shock previously

whilst fighting Jennifer Prescott, who came to win and wasn't Sara's typical "take punishment" opponent. The result was a controversial split decision in Sara's favor.

Sara has impressed many times against Andriy Kotelnik, Helena Maidana (Grace's younger smaller sister), Marco Antonio Barrera, Zab Judah, Pauline Malignaggi, but out of these opponents how many could punch and produce speed at the same time? Each opponent Sara faced had speed or just power. This is what has kept Hux safe until she meets the likes of Prescott, Maidana, Peterson, or Garcia. Sara's team has kept her sheltered for too long and hasn't thrown Hux in the deep end to keep her and her extensive fanbase's championship hopes alive.

The way that Connie wins the fight is a thing of beauty to behold. Counter punching. Slipping punches. Hanging and banging. The mortal schools the immortal. Connie makes it look like she's been suckering Sara the whole time, then bam when she wanted to. By the time that Connie delivers the coup de gras, a broken Sara is looking for a reason to lose. Connie not only beats Sara, she finishes Hux's career. Looks like HOF trainer Freddie Roach will have to find another cash cow.

Of course, the way that Fats placed her bets, she makes a killing on the fight.

## The Shoot

### **The Reckoning—Constance Ann Smith vs. Kia Michelle Stevens, back in the day when Mondo was mortal**

Kia Michelle Stevens, better known by her ring names Amazing Kong, Awesome Kong, and Kharma, is an American professional wrestler. As well as an undefeated Golden Gloves champion in the women's super-heavy weight and unlimited weight divisions. She is also known for her time in Total Nonstop Action Wrestling and WWE. She is a eight time Women's Champion, having won the WWWA World Championship, NWA World Women's Championship, AWA Superstars of Wrestling World Women's Championship, a two-time TNA Knockout Champion, ChickFight Championship, Shimmer Championship, and Bombshell Ladies Of Wrestling (B.L.O.W.) Championship. ChickFight, Shimmer, and B.L.O.W. are the premier women's promotions in pro-wrestling.

While Stevens is a genetic mesomorph, and she is very easy to work with, her cocky backstage personality is what really turns some people off about her—not to mention a well-deserved reputation of being a “loose cannon” and suffering mental breakdowns also in backstage settings. But that's a work, of course. Like so much in pro-wrestling. In point of fact, a convincing argument could be made that everything about pro-wrestling is a work—even when it's a shoot.

Cocky, loose cannon, head case, when she's in-character, and she's always in-character when she's on the clock. The “real” Kia is one of the nicest, softest spoken people you could ever want to meet—truly a gentle giant when not riled or in a fight or both.

Her success is not limited to singles wrestling, as she frequently teamed with Aja Kong to form the tag team Double Kong who held tag team championships in four different promotions, along with winning the TNA Knockouts Tag Team Championship with Hamada. She was also ranked first in the inaugural list of Pro Wrestling Illustrated's Top 50 Females. She's the only amateur prizefighter on Ring Magazine's list of the Top Female Boxers of All Times.

She began her professional wrestling career after appearing on a reality television show. She primarily wrestled in Japan for the first five years of her career, holding numerous championships there. After which, she began wrestling in her native United States again, appearing on the independent circuit before appearing on national television with TNA Wrestling where she was a driving force in the foundation of their Knockout division.

Albeit a pro-wrestler who by definition makes her living doing that “fake” media shit, Kia looks like what she is—a badass fighter who knows how to throw down for real.

At 6-foot-2-inches tall and well over three hundred pounds, she is an imposing figure of a woman, for a human female. And she's solid, no flab, whatsoever. She's a Giant's mortal eye candy—some Giant's Food and girl toy.

Case in point, Kia is the Mundane love interest of the Giant, Sara Hux. Kia was at ringside as she watched her lover's hopes, dreams, and aspirations go up in a puff of smoke on national TV. Sara's pugilistic career is finished. The loss, Kia could have lived with. But, it's how Sara lost that she cannot forgive.

At five-foot-nine-inches tall and one-hundred-thirty-eight pounds, Connie is a big girl, by human standards, but she's no match for Kia in size let alone in girth. A flesh-n-blood Barbie doll, she could easily pass for a Las Vegas showgirl—shades of the bailiff Miss Sonia Montejano on the Judge Joe Brown TV court show.

On looks alone. In a street fight, Kia should easily flatten Connie. Then again, looks can be deceiving. In real life, things are not always what they seem.

Of course, Connie is hardly in deep waters. This isn't the first time that she has fought a much bigger person and made them quit—beaten and broken—all the while making an example out of them.

While doing it, she shows superior speed, strength, guile, courage, and conditioning. She can fight inside and outside, and she's got a vicious streak, which is an advantage in boxing. It's not just a sweet science. It's also a mean science.

Manny Pacman, Hanna Kuntz, and Connie Smith exit the arena via an alley door. Away from the crowds and the confusion of the fight's aftermath. Connie's hands are still taped and she's still wearing her boxing shoes. Tellingly, the rest of her boxing gear is in her Ellington Portland convertible leather backpack rucksack knapsack handbag purse.

They got wind of a buzz, and came prepared. Sara's girlfriend won't let it go. And, Sara is doing her best to fuel the flames. Not to mention the sore losers—a lot of people lost huge tonight who want their pound of flesh.

There are rules for this sort of thing which negate Connie's Mob ties. Rules of engagement between mortal and immortal species which make revenge not only possible and practical, but survivable as well on the part of the mortals involved. Rules which Kia intends to exploit in the interest of her lover.

Connie is the fly in the ointment, of course. The spanner in the gears, so to speak. Why? Because Connie is a club-fighter. And, she's not the kind that you want to meet in the proverbial, or literal in this case, dark alley.

In the ring. A club-fighter is, at best, a journey prize fighter—who presents nondescript opposition. Someone who will never be a contender. Someone who is not good enough to be a gate-keeper. In other words, someone who's diametrically opposed to a pound-for-pound talent in their prime. Losing badly to a club-fighter is usually the kiss of death for any boxer who's viewed as a contender.

Gate-keeper? A gate-keeper is a fighter who tests whether a fighter is good enough to step up to the elite level and fight. Beating a gate-keeper usually gets you ranked in the top ten. Losing to one is a career limiter for a boxer who has aspirations to be an elite fighter. But, as aforementioned, Connie is not classed as a gate-keeper. She's just a club-fighter.

Club-fighters allow promoters to feel out new, promising prospects. How well you do against a club-fighter in your first pro fight tells a promoter just how promising you really are. In other words: are you worth the investment of my time and money? Club-fighters also allow promoters to "pad" the records of that seemingly endless stream of talented up-n-comers—that never-ending parade of contenders and prospects who vie for being "the champ" of weight division whatever.

Whether that fighter is a current champion who by definition is the destination, or a former champion who's on the comeback trail, or a ranked contender—oftentimes a contender's handlers

“protect” him by matching him pretty much against journeyman and 2<sup>nd</sup> tier fodder. Padding a fighter’s record is a perfectly legit, accepted, and expected practice in boxing. Fight fixing, of course, is not.

But, this discussion involves so-called “in ring” skills. The muscle memory the reflexes of a prizefighter is attuned to the goings on in the boxing ring where there are rules. Violating them those rules is called *street* or more commonly *dirty boxing*. Yes, prizefighters do dirty box. But, it’s not reflexive. It’s an intentional act—regardless of their later disclaimers after/during the boxing match. In other words, they have to think about it. A shoot fighter does not.

The boxer outside the ring? Freestyle. Street fighter. NHB (no holds barred) fighter. Shoot fighter. Shoot. That fighter has many names. All of them point to the same practitioner: The boxer. No longer the pugilist: the boxer divorced from those rules which make them a prizefighter.

Boxing outside the ring? Freestyle. Street fighting. NHB fighting. Shoot fighting. Shoot. That fighting has many names. All of them point to the same practice: Boxing. No longer pugilism: boxing divorced from those rules which make it prizefighting.

Boxing outside the ring involves a boxing mentality. But, it’s a very different mentality from the one inside of the ring. Inside of the ring your goal is to impose your will on the other fighter. Outside the ring your goal is to hurt, maim, and preferably kill the other fighter.

Boxing is the most effective form of fist fighting, for humans. The closest thing that mortals have to The Grey of Goons. It allows you to take on multiple opponents with maximum lethality. This is bad in that a lot of stuff in shoot is illegal in in-ring boxing, and insanely street effective.

For example, “dirty punches.” The Louisville slugger is indispensable, as are hammer fists. The straight back fist is a hugely effective technique. It’s extremely quick and whip like; faster than a straight jab, and if you do it with a good foot shuffle, you can lay your opponents out flat with it.

Another example is the uppercut elbow, which is a total show stopper—knocking out teeth and breaking jaws—bam!!! As well as other “up elbows,” all of which are very boxing-like.

There’s those elbow defenses. Because. Man, you’d be “embarrassed” if you tried one of those clinches, throwing elbows, and you got your elbow broke by an arm bar.

Then there are those knees—vicious, rib snapping, jaw breaking, eye socket busting, knee strikes—which allow quick transitions from striking moves to locks or a ground game. Knees that are a prelude to transitional positions which are obvious lead ins to arm bars, guillotine chokes, or just plain take downs. Knees that maximize the effectiveness of your takedowns and subsequent ground-and-pound.

Knees that are eye socket busting, jaw breaking? Try a Floyd Mayweather style bob-n-weave where you slide low and laterally as an opponent tries to box you in, in a street fight. You’re likely to get a knee planted in your eye socket or connecting with your jaw while you’re getting kidney punched and/or rabbit punched. Ouch!

The aforementioned clinch. Positioning in the clinch, fighters can set up their own clinch takedowns and beat those used against them. The unique striking tools, protection strategies, and takedowns the clinch requires are for both offense and defense, moving smoothly between each fighting element to maximize advantage. A clinch situation is an inevitability, and thus it can’t be stressed enough that fighters must always maintain the presence of mind and always be able to muster the complete skills essential in turning the clinch to their advantage.

This leads us into the nebulous subject of takedowns. Which encompasses: throws, trips, drops, and slams. There are a wide range of takedown techniques readily accessible for someone—e.g., the prizefighter, kick boxer, and karate grounded guy—who is used to stand up fights and wants to take his opponent to the mat.

Wrestlers and soft martial arts guys—e.g., judo and jujitsu—may pick up a technique here and there, but for the most part any instruction on boxing takedowns really misses this group. In other words, it would be a waste of time for them.

You see. Unlike prizefighters—boxers who spar exclusively—soft martial arts guys often welcome an opponent's push, pull, or grab as an opportunity. They hold onto an attacking hand/limb while they yield to the momentum of the attacker and then redirect his attack to their advantage. It feels like your hand has hit glue on a swinging door.

The philosophy for a lot of the set ups for boxing takedown techniques is based on a sparring or jabbing model. The opponent's balance is disturbed by a sudden jab like push, pull, or grab of some kind which is then abandoned so you can follow up with usually a double leg takedown—though many other takedowns are considered and employed in this discipline.

These set ups calling for a jabbing attack can end up being used to off balance the attacker. Of course, if you limit yourself to inexperienced opponents or prizefighter type opponents, this shouldn't be a problem. The problem with this model is that it won't work with "sticky" opponents. This is why boxing employs another takedown model for "sticky" opponents.

Strategy is key in takedowns. You must adapt. Choosing a stance, vertical versus bent over, wide base versus normal base, to deal with varied opponents. Most soft martial arts guys are going to be more vertical than lean-in boxers and wrestlers. In the same vein, different takedowns will work for wide based stances than normal shoulder width apart stances—square versus staggered foot stances. Tailoring the takedowns to different opponents is just as important as selecting your own stance.

Part-n-parcel with learning to do takedowns is learning how to fall safely. Because, it's also inevitable that you're going to be taken down sometime during the fight. Tit for tat.

There are those excellent things besides the clinch that are taken directly from in-ring boxing. A perennial shoot favorite second only to the clinch is head butting. The kind of head butt taught by a real fighter; not clowns like those bullying jocks from high school. Clown head butts are done with the forehead. Fighters use the top of the skull. This is extremely effective. It's the type of thing that comes natural in a boxing situation. Doing it on purpose is against the rules in prizefighting, of course.

Throwing solid blows, bareknuckle. Excellent stuff.

Of course, the Mob, those in The Business, has a special name for pugilists who practice their art outside the ring in their service. Their term of endearment is *shylock* (leg breaker)! It's the shylock who ventures into the ring, that persuasion of club-fighter, which you have to watch out for. Their skill level as prizefighters is never really that good—never higher than club-fighter, and they're hamstrung by the rules in the ring. At least half of what they're capable of doing they aren't supposed to do. So whenever they execute a technique, they first have to assess its illegality. That pause of decision is their undoing. A hesitation that prizefighters exploit.



Connie is that freakish exception to all of this. She can fight as well in the ring as she can outside of it. For her, there is no indecision, whatsoever. Her limitations are self-imposed per Fats. Fats, the Mobster who owns her, needs her to be a can a club-fighter in the ring. Ergo, she is a can a club-fighter in the ring.

As a reward for her loyal service, tonight, Kuntz, a Goon in Fats' crew, has worked over the girl. That explains why Connie is black and blue; she didn't get that way from her prizefight with Sara Hux. She looks like she's been brutally raped by a horny, 1000-pound gorilla—black eyes, busted lip, cuts, bruises, and abrasion all over her body, in particular her face which is swollen and puffy. A busted up face that makes her look like a cavewoman, a Neanderthal, a chronically battered wife/girlfriend/significant other—in a word, Goonish. Coarse, brutish features in place of her beauty-queen caliber continents, thanks to the repeated “educated” application of bare knuckles to her hard, pretty face. Hers is disfiguring acromegaly by fist. A text book sadomasochist (a sader), Connie derives sexual pleasure from her expert beating and its cosmetically destructive aftermath at the hands literally the fists of her beloved mentor Hanna. Hanna is Fats' ace shylock and Connie is Hanna's most-talented protégé. Yes, the sader Connie is more than just a Mob tool, more than just a Sonny Liston style Mob fighter, Connie is also a shylock.

The thing is, Connie only looks debilitated by Hanna's assault and battery. Looks can be deceiving. You see, the a-n-b (assault and battery) had another purpose. It's additionally meant to make Connie look even more like easy pickings—“I'm done, stick a fork in me.” Connie is the bait and the trap. This is why she familiarized herself with her surroundings.

They round a corner and there is the reception committee waiting. No TV cameras. No commentators. No seated spectators in a 15,000-seat venue with all of the seats filled. No HBO or Showtime spectacle. Just a grim alley and standing room only.

“Stand aside, Goon. This is between Food.” Kia growls at the massive Rock Troll, Frau Kuntz. Stevens is flanked by Sara and Sara's trainer Freddie Roach. There is a small crowd behind them—boxing fans looking for the “real” thing and people who smell blood in the air.

Connie extends her arms straight out from her body. Shades of Vampira in *Plan Nine from Outer Space*. Manny cuts off the girl's hand wraps and removes her rucksack. Connie removes her own shoes. She undoes her cornrows. Her hair hangs down freely over her face. She looks like Cousin Itt from the Addams Family TV show and movies. Connie has yet to say anything. She turns her head toward Hanna, as if to say: “What do you want me to do?”

Hanna wrings her hands. Then, Hanna and Manny step back—way back—up against a wall. Connie kicks her discarded shoes into the side of a dumpster and just stands there. Dressed in a T-shirt, some faded blue jeans, a Nike LIVESTRONG sports bra and matching thong. The Nike LIVESTRONG Pro Women's Sports Bra and thong offer maximum support/protection with a compression fit and racerback bikini design. Dri-FIT fabric wicks sweat away to keep you cool and comfortable when your workout or your fight heats up. On her T-shirt it reads: “Fight Like A Girl.”

Kia is dressed in her pro-wrestling gear. She walks slowly over to Connie. The small crowd of onlookers spreads out. Conventional wisdom says, “Hulk smash!!!” Conventional wisdom is wrong.

Connie incants something under her breath. Her hair concealing her face, so that no one can read her lips. The girl's long, golden tresses give way to a short, butch hairstyle known commonly as a

moe—a hairdo favored by the likes of Hanna Kuntz. Hanna being quite the dyke—quite the bulldyke, in fact.

As a side effect of the follicular spell, Connie’s face heals. The puffiness and swelling subsides—the black and blue goes bye-bye as well—no more cavewoman. She’s pretty by mainstream, non-Goon standards, again. A simple parlor trick that’s more makeup than medicinal. Connie’s face only looks like it’s been healed. This fragile, cosmetic lie will get undone when Kia’s fists start slamming into her face—in fact, the very first time a fist touches her face, her face will revert—her battered face—the truth—will return.

With Connie’s face no longer concealed, she and Kia can make eye contact. Neither fighter shows fear of the other in their eyes.

A butch’s unflattering, masculine hairdo, the “moe” of Moe Arc Find, Moe of the Three Stooges, the famous lesbian flapper and comedian who put this hairdo “on the map” by sporting her hair bobbed in this fashion. The first movie she wore a moe in was “Animal Crackers”; before then, she’d worn her hair in the “page boy” ‘do favored by the flappers of her day.

There is no sexual connotation whatsoever in Connie sporting a moe. Unlike Hanna, she’s straight and she’s a virgin. Connie has never had vaginal, oral, or anal intercourse. But, none of those things are the preferred of a sader anyways. Murder, mayhem, and torture are sex to their degenerate lot. So, although technically Connie is a virgin, she has had sex countless times—sex the way that a sadomasochist would define it.

Connie unzips her tightfitting jeans, yanking and tugging them off. All the while she never breaks eye contact with Kia. Finally extricating herself from her jeans, she steps out of her pants and kicks them to the side, out of the way.

Fighting bareknuckle, Connie assumes an orthodox stance, sort of. Something about it is off. That’s because it’s Grey. Humans invented boxing. Goons invented The Grey. It’s Connie’s version of The Grey—adapted by her for a human female—but it’s Grey, nonetheless.

Since Connie is fighting bareknuckle and shoot. Fist rolling? Yeah, you know, making a fist. To that you say. Basic stuff. Been there. Done that. Well, let’s make sure that we’re all on the same page.

Modern boxing gloves and hand wraps changed the science of making a fist. Bag gloves and NHB gloves are close in size and weight to the “mufflers” from the early days of the gloved era in boxing when fist-rolling was practiced as it was in the bare-knuckled days.

In Eastern martial arts, you hear “strike with the first two knuckles of the fist”—index and middle finger knuckles. This supposedly has a two-fold benefit: aligns your bones of your fist with those of your forearm resulting in a more structurally-sound striking weapon, and, you can sight between these two knuckles like a gun sight to better aim punches. Total bullshit that’s a sure-fire prescription for sprained wrists from repeated ungloved, unwrapped punching against hard, live opponents.

Connie fist-rolls like the old-timers did when they were punching their bare fists hard though more than 70 pounds. Incidentally, it’s also how Goons do it when they fight Grey. She rolls her fist by first closing from the outside fingers in—little finger followed by the ring finger, middle finger, and then the index finger. Lastly, she folds her thumb over her middle joints of her index and middle fingers, resulting in a fist-rolled into a solid block.

The striking surface? Connie will strike with the outside three knuckles—the middle, ring, and little fingers—not the first two. Moreover, she'll strike with the entire three-knuckle area, not with just the top knuckles—this puts her in proper skeletal alignment. All of her strikes will line up naturally with her forearm's radius and ulnar bones and will prevent rolling and spraining of the wrists.

Skeptical? Ask any shoot, Goon, or Mob leg breaker, and they will confirm without hesitation, that this is the way to go when you're sans modern gloves and hand wraps.

From Missouri, the show-me state? Don't want to take their word for it? Then, try a simple experiment, for yourself. Compare the two alignments by rolling a fist and placing each version against a wall—push through with all your weight—you'll instantly see which version provides more stability. Feel that wobble in the Eastern version? You don't want that.

What about gun-sighting? Gun-sighting has nothing to do with how the body works. You don't need to sight down your hands to reach forward and pick up a pencil. Kinesthetic perception takes care of that. Precision punching is gained through drilling, not sighting down an imaginary barrel. Such notions hamstringing a novice learning shoot, Grey, strong-arming, etc.

Kia is a southpaw. Mindful of Kia's flicking right jab and power left hand, Connie, who's fighting from an orthodox stance, comes in with a lead right hand of her own followed up by a left hook to the body. Connie works the bigger girl's body, and moves to her left (Kai's right) away from Kai's power hand which as aforementioned is a southpaw's left hand. Kia pursues her—ruthless aggression.

Connie worries Kia with a flicking left jab of her own, as Kia closes in for the kill. A jab that turns stiff as Kia pushes her up against the wall behind her. Always aware of her surrounding in a fight Connie is prepared for her impact with the wall. She knew that it was behind her. No surprises, there.

Kia creates space by taking a step back, and proceeds to throw a barrage of punches with her gloved soupbones. Straight punches. Upper cuts. Right hooks. Upper-cut/hook hybrids. Stiff right jabs. And looping left hands—if she were in orthodox stance, you would call them left hooks. By the way, she wears 6XL gloves, a size bigger than the UFC's Shane Carwin!

As if Connie were Floyd Mayweather Jr. working the ropes, she uses head movement, footwork, catching punches, and blocking punches, as well as a trapping punches (a Grey/shoot technique, that would sort of look like holding to a prizefighter), to prevent all but a couple of Kia's punches from finding their mark. Thanks to Connie's sterling defense, the two hits are reduced to glancing blows, which do little damage if any.

Connie slides out—again displaying her penchant for lateral movement to counter an opponent with pull counters—again, shades of one of her boxing idols Floyd Mayweather Jr.—Mr. Money—“Pretty Boy.” But, in doing so, she defies conventional wisdom and does the unexpected. She moves past Kia's power—her right, Kia's left. Showing complete contempt for Kia's bone crushing left hand. On the way out, Kia attempts a clinch. No dice. Additionally, during the clinch attempt, Kia attempts a trip. Also, no dice.

For a woman as big as she is, Kia is quick. Connie, though, is quicker. Plus there are those intangibles. Those being mental toughness, a very twisted response to pain, and, of course, PEDs.

Mentally, as a fighter, Connie cannot be broken. How can a mortal who spars with Goons, like Connie does, be broken mentally in a fight by another human being, any human being, no matter how massive and strong and aggressive they are? Of course, the answer is, that person can't be.

In hand-to-hand combat, no creature on record has ever beaten a Goon: "I'm Goon! Beat me if you can, and you won't be able to! Survive if I let you!"

Then there is the fact that Connie is a sader. Her reaction to pain and its consequence suffering is quite different than that of a sexually-normal person. Pain and suffering turn her on sexually. Additionally. In a fight, they fuel her. Like "The Incredible She-Hulk," a fictional superhero who appears in comic books published by Marvel Comics—the madder she gets, the stronger she gets. Agony is her adrenaline rush.

Lastly, there is the specter of PEDs, performance enchaining drugs—with stimms being the premier example of this insidious category of pharmacology. Chemistry that makes the most jaded boxing pundit blush. Too long on stimms, and you're toast—total metabolic shutdown—you crash! This is why prizefighters are required to use metered-doses of stimms in a boxing match.

In prizefighting, PEDs are controlled substances that are legal only when mortals fight immortals, and are of known pharmaceuticals approved by the Boxing Commission.

In NHB, they are often custom blends—potent concoctions that are "take at your own risk." If you don't want have a stroke, fry your brain, or worse, you have someone you trust who knows what they're doing cook your stuff. If you have the stones and the brains, you cook your own stuff.

Their choice in PEDs punctuates the fundamental difference that really matters between the two girls. Beauty is only skin deep. But ugly is to the bone. Kia's choice is a total badass—the beauty. Connie's choice is just plain nasty, unapologetically so—the ugly.

Connie cooks her own stuff—one of those "custom" blends—her own take on voodoo. And, it's not even remotely legal in prizefighting or any sanctioned combat sport for that matter. Kia is also on something, but it's one of the alphabet soup recipes that are on the Boxing Commission's approved list—it's PETA the gold standard for PEDs in prizefighting. Of course, both are stimms—voodoo is a generic and PETA is a name brand. Two girls, two big girls, juicing—wow!!!

Connie moves back to the center. False movements and feints. Throwaway punches aka setup punches—punches that are thrown so that in defending against them, you set yourself up for the punch that your attacker wants to tag you with. Counterpunching—counter lefts and rights—hooks, overhands, and looping punches. Slipping punches, pulling, ducking punches, bobbing and weaving, etc.: upper body mobility acquired by intelligent footwork. An encyclopedia of footwork: step and drag, pivot, shift step, etc.

The parries, feints, slips, footwork, counters, balance, hooks, jabs, footwork and positioning, coordinating the arms and legs, ad infinitum. Connie proving herself illusive for the relentless Kia. A moment that proves to be fleeting.

Speed kills. Timing beats speed.

Kia finally closes the distance again and, having timed Connie's jab as well as Connie's right, she throws a beautiful overhand left that from Connie's perspective comes out of nowhere. An overhand or overcut or drop, is a semi-circular and vertical punch that's usually thrown with the rear hand. It is usually thrown when the opponent is bobbing or slipping.

Kia's huge fist slams into Connie's jaw, two of her teeth get knocked out, and she experiences a flash knockout. Even iron bends. And, for a couple of seconds—an eternity in a fight—Connie is ripe for the picking. Kia pounces on her, literally. The two go down in a heap. Kia on top raining down a torrent of fists. GNP (ground and pound) with very mean intentions—lethal intent. Tito Ortiz, not to mention Mark Coleman, would be green with envy.

A brutal ground game, early ground and pound from Coleman involved a lot of head butts and almost no attempts to pass guard.

Passing wasn't a part of the second or even third iteration of GNP. In fact, early practitioners of GNP like Tito Ortiz adopted a similar style of ground and pound from Coleman that involved a more frenetic attack but also incorporated very little passing.

But as other wrestlers and jiu-jitsu players began to incorporate passing, strikes to set up passes, and other openings, GNP slowly became something new even as rules in MMA changed to enforce stand-ups and more action.

With additional fine tuning on how to launch varied strikes, ground and pound evolved over time into what is now a formidable, controlling, ultimately punishing, and unique feature to MMA fighting that exists nowhere else in combat sports.

This fight's GNP, of course, is not being employed in the match of a combat sport. This is combat—a fight to the death where there are no rules. More to the point, this is GNP in the context of no-holds-barred boxing. Boxing, not as a sport. Boxing as hand-to-hand combat.

For four more seconds—another eternity—Kia continues to hit a semi-conscious Connie with everything she's got. She has her way with the girl. And, that in lays the problem.

Kia is unable to finish off a Connie Smith who is prone, on her back, arms and legs askew, and completely helpless. You can hear a dull, sickening thud each and every time one of Kia's gloved fists slam into Connie. That telltale sound is a giveaway that Kia's 4-oz. MMA gloves are loaded, probably with lead, making each the equivalent of a sap or a blackjack. In other words. When she hits you, subjectively it feels like you're being slammed with a cinder block. Connie's head, torso, limbs, and face are battered, viciously. But, to no avail.

Five seconds into Kia's vicious beating of Connie, the window of opportunity closes for her. Victory slips away completely. Kia made the mistake of making the fight personal. For Connie it was never personal. It was just business.

Kia's fists have turned Connie's face into raw hamburger. She's been beaten beyond recognition. The majority of Kai's punches are to Connie's face. Why so many blows to the face? Simple. Kia, as aforementioned, made the fight personal.

If their fortunes had been reversed, and it's Connie who had dealt Kia the KO. Connie would have finished off Kia with a blow to her throat, crushing Kia's trachea, as soon as she hit the ground.

Another second passes. Now, it's six seconds into the beatdown. Call it muscle memory. Call it training. Call it what you may. Instinctually. Having only partially regained her senses, Connie begins flailing about defensively with her arms and legs. Her torso thrashes about, convulsively—another defense mechanism. That's when it occurs to Kia to crush Connie's windpipe. Seven seconds into the GNP. Nine seconds, in total, since the brutal knockout. Too late.

Kia mounts Connie for the coup de gras. But Connie will have none of it. The girl, having fully regained her senses, delivers some vicious knees and up-elbows that would make a BJJ practitioner green with envy, and she slips out the backdoor. A girl who briefly turns the table on Kia by mounting Kia's back and, using her T-shirt as if it were a Gi, tries to simultaneously choke and smother Kia—shades of Royce Gracie, the dirtiest player in the game. Her knees are used as leverage against the spine and left kidney of her much bigger, stronger opponent. They also create that much needed space between her and her opponent, preventing Kia from merely reaching around, grabbing her fingers, and breaking them to break her choke hold—a “common sense” street tactic for breaking choke holds.

The big black woman rips away at Connie's shirt in desperation and rage. As the cotton fabric shreds, Connie lets go of her fleeting advantage and moves away from Kia. Her blood-stained T-shirt is in ruins, of course. As Connie makes her strategic retreat, Kia, who is still on the ground, pivots around and tries to trip her with a deftly-executed, two-legged leg sweep known as a mermaid also called a dolphin when a man executes it.

As aforementioned, this plus-size girl (Kia) can really move—huge, quick, and powerful. And, as previously stated, as quick as Kia is, Connie is even quicker.

Without having to look down where she's back-stepping, Connie reflexively avoids Kia's massive tree-trunk legs.

Connie spits out more of her teeth, and a glob of coagulating blood. Kia stands up slowly. There is distance between the two fighters.

“You're not such a pretty white bitch, now, are you?” Kia taunts.

“I've been beaten up worse by better than you, shine,” Connie tit-for-tats. Kia can see in her eyes that Connie is telling the truth. “Besides, a week in the tank, maybe two at the most, and I'll be as pretty as ever and as good as new—not a mark on me—except for the ones that I deem worthy additions to my very extensive collection. You, on the other hand, will be one very dead nigga who's swimming with the fishes, because I will have killed you in this fight.”

Author's note: Goons often keep battle scars as trophies. They're considered sexy on males and females. A Goon aesthetic that Connie has obviously picked up and taken as her very own.

“You talk too much. I'm gonna shut your kisser for good.”

That's when Connie shows Kia just how much she can really talk. Connie begins to foam at the mouth. Blood, mixed with saliva, paints her front. Her busted lips mouth some words. The words are in Goonish, and no human should be able to speak them!

Coincidentally, it begins to rain. First a little. Then a lot. Doesn't matter. This is a fight to the death. Who cares about getting drenched? One of them is going to die, tonight. Shades of Frank Donald Goodish vs. James Harris vs. Lawrence Robert “Larry” Shreve—or better yet—shades of Bruiser Brody vs. the likes of Kamala the Ugandan Giant, Abdullah the Butcher, and Jerry

Blackwell in the set of death matches from Guild Wars 2 the MMORPG (massively multiplayer online role-playing game) developed by ArenaNet.

Her rabid moment passes. A switch hitter—Connie circles, switching to southpaw before she comes in. Changing levels with a combination that would make HOF boxing trainer and renowned fight commentator Theodore A. “Teddy” Atlas, Jr. proud—she delivers a right hook to the head and a looping left to the body.

Kia catches the right hand on her glove. Her elbow just misses blocking the dig to her body. She does roll with the punch to lessen the effect of the body shot. Kia notices that Connie’s timing has changed. Worse—she’s not used to fighting another southpaw. Worst—Connie fights equally well as a southpaw and as an orthodox—shades of the GWOAT Claressa “T-Rex” Shields and Terence “Bub” Crawford, two of Connie’s all-time favorite boxers.

As Connie slides out of the pocket, she attempts a knee trap. While Kia is busy avoiding the knee, Connie tries to split Kia’s guard with a lead uppercut. Kia’s head movement counters the uppercut.

The knee is a hinge joint, and when you try to force the knee of your opponent to bend in an unnatural direction, using one of your own knees as the counter lever, it’s called trapping. Pushing the other person’s knee sideways or backward can result in torn ligaments—knee ligament injuries: PCL, LCL, MCL, and ACL injury—or even dislocation of the kneecap.

Kia waits till Connie is on the outside then she doubles up on a stiff jab in an attempt to close the distance followed up by a left cross to shut the door. None of the punches make contact, meeting air and rain instead of Connie’s head.

Boxing 101: the shorter fighter with the shorter reach should stay busy working the inside, while the taller fighter with the longer reach should stay busy on the outside.

Kia is the taller fighter. But, it’s Connie who’s better on the outside. Kia has a measured reach advantage, but not an actual one. In boxing, a fighter’s reach is like a wingspan with arms outstretched to each side measuring fingertip to fingertip—giving an obvious advantage to fighters like Kia who have the broader shoulders. But, in a fight, a boxer’s actual reach is that of his arm extended measuring from armpit to the end of his hand clinched in a fist.

Reach is probably the greatest asset of a boxer. Jab all day and all night. Then again, less reach is not necessarily a disadvantage, because some fighters use more power with less reach—such is the case with Kia.

On the inside, with both fighters adhering more or less to the tenants of straight boxing, advantage none: Kia can’t match Connie’s speed—Connie can’t match Kia’s power—Kia’s girth makes her a 300-lb. human heavy bag for absorbing a lot of punishment in close quarters—Connie is the busier fighter with the more accurate punches. CompuBox agrees.

CompuBox is the name of a computerized punches scoring system run by two operators. It is used in boxing matches across the world.

Once Connie is out of range, Connie drops both hands to waist level. Low hands—bait for an obvious trap that Kia is much too smart to fall for. Connie’s bait-n-switch style/stance is a replica of Roy Jones Jr.’s style: hands down, fast lateral leg movements, elusive, etc. She imitates Roy Jones Jr. perfectly—that includes his fantastic hand speed and reflexes.

There's also that persistent caveat, when Connie is in range of being hit, whether she's working an opponent on the inside or from the outside: Connie's solid defense and precise counter punching make her a nightmare for most fighters—especially, straight boxers.

So, it should come as no surprise that, when given the choice to “really” fight, the other bait-n-switch that she loves to employ, especially when she's working on the inside, is the roll/Philly Shell (Shell Defense, Shoulder Roll, Pull Counter).

The Philly Shell defense, also known as the Hitman or Crab style defense, is a style of defense used by boxers to capitalize on counter opportunities. This style of defense was first popularized by Thomas “The Hitman” Hearns, who specialized in this defensive style and had a unique “flicker” jab. Current notable practitioners of this style include Floyd “Pretty Boy” Mayweather and James “Lights Out” Toney.

The Philly Shell defense is an unorthodox defense requiring deft movements and quick reflexes, as the main distinguishing aspect of the defense lies in its use of the shoulder roll. The defense is also recognized by its unique placement of the boxer's hands, rather than keeping both hands up near the head, his or her lead hand is placed horizontal across the torso, and the back elbow resting on top of the lead fist, forming an “L” shape.

To an untrained eye, this defense may seem to leave a large number of holes, most notably the front of the head. This however is merely a false appearance, as a practitioner of the Philly Shell can merely roll off punches toward the head and slip in body hook counter or an uppercut to the solar plexus. For example, if there are two right-handed fighters, if fighter A throws a right cross toward fighter B, fighter B in the Philly Shell simply keeps his chin tucked to his shoulder and rolls it toward his left. This leaves his back hand ready to counter fighter A's exposed right side.

In the case of a jab, fighter B wants his back hand to parry the jab while leaning forward or twisting square to his opponent to allow for a quicker counter opportunity. A hook is easily blocked in this style because the back hand is always up protecting the head. Body shots are likewise protected by the lead hand.

Perhaps the easiest punch to slip through the Philly Shell defense is the uppercut, it forces the practitioner to move his back hand away from his head and down toward the punch to parry or block it, thus exposing the head for a chance hook or haymaker.

As described by the twisting and movement of the defense, the Philly Shell requires a boxer to have move quickness and upper body agility to get to the angles to counter and to roll and block combinations that the opponent throws.

Connie circles. Battered, bruised, broken bones, and Connie doesn't move like she's just been pummeled by someone who outweighs her by well over 160-pounds.

Talk about battered wife's syndrome. It's as if Connie's married to a redneck bruiser who gets nasty drunk seven days a week and routinely beats her with his belt wrapped around his fist, belt buckle showing—ouch!!!

Beat someone, anyone, enough times on a regular basis like that. And they just become numb to the beatings. Ask any POW, and they'll readily confirm that.

There are also the intangibles to consider. Not being sexually normal, a sader like Connie feeds off of them the beatings. Plus, she's on stimms. A sader on stimms, so a lot is possible.



The girl Connie mumbles some more words in Goon. This time her hair lengthens, returning to its original length. Her Cousin Itt look has returned with a vengeance. The message she's sending Kia with the change in hair style is simple: Don't worry about gaining some advantage by grabbing my long hair, this fight is not going to the ground again—it will remain standing-up for the duration. A bold statement, indeed.

But, the savvy Kia also sees Connie's hair as more bait for a trap, albeit a subtle one, but a trap, nonetheless. In spite of how it looks, Kia knows in her gut that Connie can see her just fine. *Her vision is not being obscured by the longer hair*, Kia thinks.

Kia{

And, even if I were to grab hold of it for some advantage. While that one or two hands were occupied, for even that split second, she'd turn it to her advantage, even if that meant letting me yank a hunk of her hair out.

}

It stops raining. Connie's hair goes back to being short and butch. Her hands come back up. She comes back into Kia's range. The two girls trade punches. Mondo switches between southpaw and orthodox. Additionally, the girl now constantly adjusts her rhythm, so that Kia will not be able to get her timing down again.

More boxing 101. Negate the superior speed of the quicker fighter by pressuring them. In a prizefight you do this by walking them down and cutting off the ring. But, this isn't a ring, literally or figuratively, and Connie refuses to be cornered. Additionally, Kia can no longer time the girl's punches—timing punches being another way for a slower fighter to negate the hand speed of the quicker fighter. There's also working the jab. Then there's...

Kia was hoping there would be the expected aftermath for Connie's adrenaline dump, but there is none. Metabolically, Connie doesn't crash and burn, she just keeps on going. Plus. The girl is a gym rat. She never seems to tire in a fight. Her cardio is off the charts for a human.

Connie initiates a clinch after a couple of straight right hands. The infighting is dirty, very dirty. Low blows, head butts, knees, shoulders, and elbows, intermixed with the usual punches when your intent is to rough someone up real bad on the inside. Connie fights out of the clinch and returns to the outside having gotten the better of Kia in the exchange via a judicious use of dirty boxing.

Boxing dirty, Connie is as good an infighter as you will ever see, even if that isn't her primary style.

Kia is better at straight boxing than her girlfriend and more or less on par with Connie when the fight is more or less being fought as a prizefight. But, Connie is clearly better at the dirty stuff than Sara or Kia. She also has a better ground game than Kia, as previously demonstrated. Connie is a complete boxer, not just a prizefighter, and she shows real technical boxing skill whether she's boxing straight or shoot. As such, when Kia tries to return the favor by bobbing and weaving on her, Connie punishes the bigger girl with an array of "simple" countermeasures —"easy" offensive assaults—none of which are remotely legal in the ring.

Kia moves out of range to recoup and regroup. A smaller, weaker woman has just handed Kia her ass. Most of what Connie just used against her, Kia has never heard of let alone seen. They are legbreaker tricks of the trade. The things a shylock would use when they come to collect from a prizefighter who is "reluctant" to pay up.

Connie's earlier bob and weave, frustrated Kia. Because Kia was straight boxing, and against a straight boxer, the bob and weave is quite effective. It's ill-advised to say the least against a shoot—posing too many offensive opportunities for such an opponent.

“Always protect yourself in the ring” applies even more so in the street. While keeping an eye on the out of range Kia, Connie dares a glance at Kuntz. Kuntz extends both hands outward from her body; both have been pronated for the duration of the fight. The left is palm up. The right is palm down. The meaning is Mob, and it's simple—“finish her slowly.”

This is business of The Business. A debt is owed, and it must be paid, else Fats will appear weak, as if she's Food. Connie is her collector, and is obligated to make Fats look good (strong) in this matter.

Debt? When Kia challenged Connie, she incurred a debt. Payment being in blood. Hers or Connie's.

Assured without a doubt that Kia is not her street equal—guessing wrong was not an option, Connie's circling gives way to out-n-out stalking. No more straight boxing of any kind mixed in with street, for Connie—pure street from now on.

Connie will break Kia, and then she will finish off Kia. And, Sara will be made to watch, unable to do anything to help Kia. Unspoken, it's understood that Kuntz will stuff any attempts at outside interference by Sara on Kia's behalf.

In boxing, footwork can be used for defense or offense. Connie uses her footwork for both as she stalks Kia.

In response to being stalked, Kia exercises her best option. Not being as well-schooled in shoot as Connie, she continues boxing straight with shoot mixed in. Additionally, Kia relies even more on being the bigger girl who's the stronger puncher.

Indeed, Kia's plan is to get by more based on her girth and better power versus Connie's superior shoot skills works out badly for her. In comparison to Connie boxing shoot, Kia is reduced to plodding around flat-footed and looking mediocre as heck.

Boxing shoot, chute boxing, means working those “weird” angles rarely seen employed by a fighter outside the context of The Grey or shoot. Connie becomes a lightning quick, long-armed fighter that is almost impossible to hit, who proceeds to school Kia something fierce. The fight, which has been so unpredictable, entertaining, and competitive up to this point, ceases to even be a fight. It becomes a dull, predictable mismatch winding down slowly to an obvious outcome—“The world belongs to Klitschko, and we all just live in it.” Per Kuntz's signed “instructions,” Connie is drawing this out as much as humanly possible—using her amazing speed and chute boxing skill to slowly break her opponent down.

Case in point. The heavyweight division could really use some of the younger heavyweights like David Price, Tyson Fury, and Deontay Wilder to step up and challenge IBF/WBA/WBO heavyweight champion Wladimir Klitachko (58-3, 51 KOs) to finally provide a quality opponent for him that has a chance to beat him. Sadly, the mismatches will continue for the 36-year-old Wladimir, as he's reportedly going to be fighting #4 WBC Mariusz Wach (27-0, 15 KOs) in November. The 6'7" 247 pound Wach has the size and the right hand power to stop Wladimir in theory, but in reality this is just another terrible mismatch for Wladimir. Wach doesn't have hand speed, doesn't have a jab, doesn't have a left hand, and doesn't have any defense. Wach is like a

slightly better version of Tye Fields, and it's going to be sickeningly for Wladimir to crush the 32-year-old Wach.

Wladimir can pick how he wants to beat Wach because he's got the jab and the power to either outbox Wach with ease or blast Wach out with a big right hand. Such is the case, tonight—Connie versus Kia. In essence, Connie is the better “big man,” and that can't be argued with.

But. You could argue with the stated opinion on Klitschko. Because, what finally makes a great fighter start losing, is old age (about 15 years in the ring), and becoming old, jaded, and tired of it all – the pain, the effort, your body just finally doesn't want to take it or do it anymore. Of course, it's an assessment that will never apply to Connie.

Connie will never lose her love of fighting. And her first love will always be boxing. She throws kicks when she cross-trains, but she never does so in a real fight—the same goes for her wrestling. Her ground game is phenomenal and her submissions are sick, but she prefers stand-up. Try to change her with some elaborate “Joe Rogan” style oratory on the merits of MMA, and it's supremacy over boxing, and add in the mantra that “boxing is dead,” and she will laugh in your face.

MMA is a farce, to her. In sharp contrast, she finds her beloved boxing, whether it's fought as a combat sport or being fought as combat, to be scientific and complex. She recognizes that the guys in MMA are in incredible physical condition. But, as she will point out, they get into incredible condition and then they try to learn how to fight. Boxing, of course, is just the opposite. You must learn the science of boxing first—the parries, feints, slips, footwork, counters, balance, hooks, jabs, footwork, and positioning, and coordinating the arms and legs, ad infinitum—and along with the hours and hours of practice on technique, that gives you mastery, you as a result develop the physical conditioning to capitalize and deliver the wisdom. MMA guys do stuff that's utterly stupid and amateurish. For example, leading with their faces—no idea of even the very basics of coordinating footwork, leverage, and punching. It's all just throwing wild kicks and punches, and hoping that the other idiot will run into something with his face. The MMA guys close their eyes and throw haymakers. MMA is to boxing what pornography is to the visual arts. It's all just essentially a Pier 9 brawl – not an intelligent and trained science. MMA is like lifting weights for a year or two and then running out and bashing your head into a wall. Boxing is a type of ballet-in-violence. Such is her opinion.

Furthermore, she doesn't think that you can mix all of the different fighting styles like you would the ingredients of a soup, and expect to come up with something remotely coherent. Ju-Jitsu has one fundamental focus, Karate another. Muay Thai has its own focus, as does Judo. You can't just throw them all together and think that they're going to work out in the end. That's eclectic and full of diversity - but it just doesn't work. How do you throw a powerful left hook, when you're thinking about a sweep kick? A left hook requires that you shift your weight to your leading foot and shift and swivel your weight on that foot while twisting your waist, and paralleling your elbow and wrist. But to kick, you have to put your weight on your trailing foot, and plant your weight. You can't do them both at the same time. They totally work against one another. To the advocates of MMA, she likes to say, “Thanks, but no thanks. I'll stick with my boxing. See you tomorrow, buddy.”

And. Don't ever tell her that she's in denial, and that how she fights outside the ring is MMA, not boxing. Because, if you do, she will respond that when she shoots, she's not doing MMA, she's boxing—first, last, and always—Grey undertones and overtones aside. She will add, in her rebuttal,

that for you to feel otherwise is to acknowledge that you don't know shit about boxing. And, she'd be right. What she does in hand-to-hand combat is boxing, not MMA.

## Repercussions

### **“That’s Life” by Hinda Hicks—Requiem for a Heavyweight, back in the day when Mondo was mortal**

One of the most underutilized techniques in boxing is the check hook aka counter-hook. In boxing, a counter-hook is designed to catch an aggressive fighter coming forward.

This maneuver consists of a normal left/right hook, combined with some nifty footwork. As your opponent comes forward in an overly aggressive manner, you almost simultaneously take a step back, pivot on your lead leg, and swing your rear leg while throwing a hook.

The result is sort of like when a matador sidesteps a bull and sticks him, but instead you sidestep your opponent, and catch him with a hook for his efforts.

This punch is extremely hard to pull off in a boxing match, simply because it requires great footwork and a good amount of speed to land. A fighter must have the foot-speed to take a half-step back and pivot on his lead leg almost simultaneously.

A fighter must also have the reflexes to make his opponent miss, and the hand-speed to throw the hook while pivoting and swinging the rear leg. While any fighter can learn this technique, applying it in the ring requires much effort.

However, when used effectively, this can be a great tool to stop an aggressive opponent obsessed with bringing the fight to you. At the very least, if landed, this punch will throw your opponent off balance. If landed with authority, this can be a knockout blow, or at least a knockdown blow.

This punch should be in the arsenal of any fighter with the speed to pull it off. Any young boxer with better than average hand-speed, foot-speed, and a counter-punching style should know this technique.

If Manny Pacquiao is smart, he will add this punch to his repertoire for the Hatton fight.

Historical example: Floyd Mayweather Jr. vs. Ricky Hatton. Ricky Hatton was becoming overly aggressive due to his irritation with Floyd’s counter defensive style. He lunged forward with his chin up to get to Floyd. In one swift action, Floyd both sidestepped Ricky, and hit him with a picture-perfect check hook, sending him head-first into a ring post.

Honorable mention(s): Floyd Patterson was really good at that the counter-hook, also—as was Henry Cooper, for that matter. But he Patterson was just too small of a man to hurt Sonny Liston. A good small man just can’t beat a good big man – the laws of physics are against him.

Side note: Roy Jones Jr., another of Connie’s boxing idols, also used this punch significantly throughout his career.

So it seems only fitting that this is the punch that Connie utilizes to finally put Kia down for good. Although Connie is seemingly the aggressor, since it is she who is stalking Kia.

Needless to say, if you can break a person in a fight, you’re halfway there to defeating them. But. Unlike Kia’s girlfriend Sara, Kia refuses to break.

As such, being stylistically a counter-puncher, instead of becoming frustrated by Kia's resiliency, Connie turns it to her advantage. In boxing terms, Connie pulls off a magic trick. She literally boxes Kia into a corner.

With Kia's back literally up against a wall. And, with few, if any, options available to her. Kia abandons her defensive posture and goes on an all-out, go-for-broke, counteroffensive. She becomes the aggressor, and by doing so, falls into Connie's most subtle trap. The worst part of it is that even if an opponent sees the trap, they have no way of avoiding it.

Connie adjusts how she clinches her fists. Up till now, from bell to bell so to speak, her hands have remained fisted. Now, her hands are loose—she makes them into fists only before impact. It's a prelude to how she plans to deliver the coup de gras.

In an endgame scenario, reminiscent of Custer's Last Stand—a pure boxer-puncher—a devastating puncher by all accounts—the much bigger stronger Kia Stevens standing toe-to-toe, having taken the worst beating of her life from a similar at-their-prime Connie Smith. Kia has absolutely no other response to her opponent's speed, movement, and style.

PEDs or no PEDs, both girls are sweaty and exhausted. After all, they are still human. Both have incurred much damage. And. Trap or no trap, Kia really takes it to Connie. Bottomline: The anti-mollycoddling of Connie by Kia.

A casual fight fan might see it as such: exhausted AND Kia still slugs it out and tries to answer back in the final round. She doesn't do what Khan did against Maidana and run out the round. NO! She goes toe to toe with her much dirtier Barbie doll foe to show that the bone in the jungle belongs to the true lion and that she isn't gonna let Connie steal the show or have Connie running to away to escape. NOPE! Like a true champ should do Kia fights to the final bell and goes to hell to prove her point.

But this isn't a prizefight and Kia is not the female Rocky. And the casual fan would be wrong thinking thusly.

Pressed by Kia, Connie goes from dirty to downright nasty. They're a series of ugly moves that create the wonder in the end. It's "Gangnam style," for lack of a better word. A Goon would see it as Grey. Now, even more than before, Kia's plodding is tailor made for a slick Gray operator like Connie. Verdict? Kia has absolutely no response to her opponent's speed, movement, and style. Somewhere in Heaven above, Max Schmeling is laughing.

The end is anticlimactic. Connie delivers the coup de gras: a check hook. But, unlike in prizefighting, Connie doesn't deliver the finishing blow with a fist. The point of the spear, so to speak, is a thumb. Upon impact, with Kia's throat, Connie's thumb collapses Kia's trachea. As big and strong as Kia is, she still needs to breathe. The punctuation the follow-through is a deftly applied uppercut to the back of Kia's head delivered by Connie's other hand—the rabbit punch from Hell, that's delivered with a fist and malicious intent, bare knuckles smashing into the base of Kia's skull. The follow up is a brutal back fist to the temple. Ouch!!!

Manny begins gathering up Connie's gear. The end is in sight.

Kia topples face first into the pavement, clutching her throat, gasping for air. She's suffocating. The fight is over. The crowd disperses quickly—there's very loud grumbling—audible in spite of the crackle of lightening and the crash of thunder—and a few choice racial epitaphs—prominently the "N" word—uttered even louder. A crazed Connie is on Kia like white on rice—stink on shit,

etc.—manhandling the larger girl onto her back. There is no one to help the fallen Kia, except for a very disappointed looking Sara Hux and a totally disenfranchised Freddie Roach, neither of whom seems inclined to lift a finger to aid their distressed warrior.

Connie mounts Kia, straddling her chest, flat butt resting upon Kia's plumped breasts, boney knees pinning her beefy arms down. It's a modified crucifix called the jockey position, because it looks like you're a jockey riding atop a horse at the races. All the while, Kia is choking to death. Their eyes lock, bloodlust in Connie's and defiance to the bitter end in Kia's. Kia's eyes slowly roll back into her head as she shakes off this mortal coil.

Sick, degenerate bitch that she is, Connie cums—orgasm supreme. Then, the geysers cometh. She just cums, and cums, and cums. Multiple orgasms supreme. Think: Yellowstone, Yosemite, and Old Faithful. Connie makes no attempt whatsoever to hasten Kia's end. Choosing instead to milk Kia's demise for everything that it's worth. And, adding insult to injury, Connie grabs Kia's head and shoves the downed girl's face into her crotch. Yuck!!! Her thong is moist and gamey. The sexual aspect of this act for Connie is not lesbian—she's straight, after all, and a virgin. It's about humiliation and degradation. The fact that Kia is a woman is purely incidental.

Kia thrashes about as if in one vain, final attempt to shake Connie off of her. But Connie is latched onto her like a leech. Then, she just shudders and dies. That's when Connie gets off of her and administers CPR.

Once Kia is back in the here and now, coughing up phlegm laden with bile, blood, and whatnot, Connie nonchalantly walks over to Kuntz and Manny. Manny hands Connie her gear, he's grinning from ear to ear—a shuddering sight, indeed. It's while she's dressing that she notices the board nailed to the bottom of her foot. She stepped on it sometime during the fight. The rusty nails of the rotten piece of wood are sticking all the way through her foot. Connie yanks off the plank and tosses it into a dumpster. Her foot is black-n-blue, punctured, and broken.

Once she's dressed, she turns her attention to Kuntz.

“You were right, I couldn't break her.”

“Pay up,” Kuntz smirks as she shoves her wanting mitt in front of Connie's battered face.

Connie takes a wad of bills out of her back pocket and places it in her mentor's massive hand. It's all good, clean fun, by their way of thinking.

“Now. Do I really have to say it?” Connie is winking at Kuntz playfully—or rather her best version of winking that her puffy eyes allow. One eye is almost swelled shut.

“Yes,” Kuntz demands. And, she's only sort of playing now.

“Morgan Ailis Webb, born October 5, 1978, a Canadian-American co-host and senior segment producer of the G4 show X-Play, and host of the show G4 Underground, originally got her start on a show called Screen Savers. Unlike her G4 counterparts, Morgan Webb is not a fame seeking whore, but rather a beautiful woman who is very much into her video games. Ms. Webb, who maintains dual Canadian and American citizenships, is best known as a host, along with Adam Sessler, on X-Play. Her sarcastic, and different sense of humor, add to her unique and unusual but beautiful appearance. You will never hear about Morgan Webb leaving X-Play for a minor movie role that is hardly recognizable like fellow ex-AOTS host Olivia Munn because Morgan Webb is not riding the G4 train to ultimate stardom but rather the bedrooms of 18–35-year-old nerds everywhere. Morgan Webb is so hot, she's the only reason I watch X-Play religiously.”

“And.”

“Morgan Webb. Super-hot co-host of a popular TV show on G4 TV.”

“More. All of it. Just like we agreed.”

“Morgan Webb. A woman who’s a co-host of X Play and has a new feature in FHM magazine. She appeals to the horny male; age 18-34 demographic that G4 is trying to net because of her T&A, which she is definitely all that. She knows everything about video games—a gaming goddess—the gaming goddess—and is NOT just another annoying personality. Most gamers drool over her because she’s a girl who plays video games. Guess what kids? There’s no chance you’re going to get her, after all, besides being an unattainable gaming goddess, she’s married to Rob Reid a wealthy older man. But, nonetheless, if you’re tuning into X Play just to see her. Then at least you’re looking at it for all the right reasons.”

Rob Reid is an American author and entrepreneur. He is best known for his bestselling book *Architects of the Web* and as the founder of Listen.com Inc., which created the Rhapsody digital music service.

“Now, do the Webbhead bit.”

“Webbhead. A person at the G4techtv message boards who is a fan of Morgan Webb more than the usual viewer. Like a deadhead only with Morgan Webb, get it? Ha-ha. Webbheads hate Webbn00bs, biatch. Buy Webbhead mugs and shirts.” Connie giggles, on cue, and then resumes her rambling diatribe for those who are Webbheads against those who are not. “Webbhead. A person who holds television’s Morgan Webb in high regard and respects/likes her for more than her looks. In direct opposition to fanboys, who are stereotypically referred to as being ignorant, barely pubescent perverts who passionately use bad grammar. The audacity of the post directed at Morgan made the Webbheads who read it blush with indignity. Buy Webbhead mugs and shirts.”

“Last, but definitely not least. Recite my favorite Morgan Webb quote, which incidentally is her most famous one.”

“I’m not very attached to my hair. The nice thing about it is that it grows back, and serves no earthly purpose except vanity.” Then, after a strategic pause, Connie adds: “Could you remind me again, why she’s so famous?”

A hardcore Webbhead, Kuntz is obsessed with Morgan Webb. Fantasizes about doing her every which way and loose. So, she ignores Connie’s jab at her idol. Instead, the subject gets back to business, when Kuntz’s count comes up short. Such is *The Business*, and those in it.

“Where’s the rest of my money?” Kuntz asks as she finishes counting the bills. Connie is short twenty dollars.

“That’s all I got. I guess you’ll have to beat the rest of it out of me.”

“You can bet on that.”

The police arrive, fashionably late. Kia refuses to press charges. But, she’s smart enough to not turn down—at Connie’s insistence—Manny and Kuntz’s kind offer to take her to the hospital. There is a kindness that is dictated by ROE. Kia is obligated to accept it. If she were foolish enough to rebuke it, she would be eaten alive on the spot—a horrible, painful death.



As the police are hauling Connie away, for a nice, discreet beatdown somewhere between here and the station, the white girl hands Kia a business card for Fat's gym and calls her champ. The champ comment isn't a dig, and Kia knows to not take it as one. It's a boxer's way of showing respect to a fellow boxer's skill and gamesmanship. More ROE—ergo, not an indication of some noble character on Connie's part.

Connie is a lot of things, and noble is not one of them. She's one crazy, evil-ass chick.

The police are always leaning on Connie every chance that they can get, trying to turn the girl into their stoolie. Not a chance in Hell. She belongs to Fats, and that's that. Besides, snitch on The Mob and get caught, and you end up like Jimmy Hoffa—disappeared—in other words, eaten alive!!!

Furthermore, leaning on a sadomasochist is like giving candy to a baby who has a King Kong sweet tooth. The police's futile attempt to bribe Connie with pain—merciless application of the rubber hose and brass knucks—will never be agony enough for this here pain girl supreme.

### **Down at the police station:**

“You're wasting your time. She won't betray Fats.”

“Think so, huh?”

Murphy{

And to think that once upon a time I was every bit as deluded as he is. Deluded, conceited, it's all the same thing. In the end, he'll get his ass handed to him. Just like I did. He ought to know better. He should have learned something from my mistake.

}

Detective Patrick Murphy shakes his head in utter disbelief at his son Lieutenant Amos Kruger.

Kruger is going in his mother's maiden name. He's making his way in the world on his own terms, not on the coattails of his famous father. A father who, in spite of a recent fall from grace, is still a living legend on the force.

They're watching Connie through a one-way glass. The girl is being held in one of those drab, nondescript interrogation rooms. Connie's broken foot has swollen into the shoe. It the shoe will have to be cut off. Her left arm is broken, and is in a sling. She broke it getting out of the squad car—she slipped—so the story goes. A fable for the ACLU, as if they, let alone Internal Affairs, would ever believe it.

“She's a sader. You can't use pain to break her or bribe her.”

“We'll see.”

“Did you see her MRI—the one on file? She's got chronic, debilitating pain from injuries that she refuses to get healed. Only, in her case, the pain that should cripple her doesn't even faze her. She keeps it around to warm her cockles.”

“I saw her file. I'll be the one who turns her. You'll see.”

“Better men than you have tried and failed.”

“Don’t foster your failures on me. You couldn’t hack it. I’m not you.”

“I bet my reputation on turning her, and look at me now. Busted down from captain to just a detective first-class. I’m lucky to still be on the force.”

“Like I said, I ain’t you!” Kruger’s face goes beat red.

Murphy relents and wishes the younger man good luck. Once, he was that young man—just like Kruger—a young, hungry lion, out to conquer the world. The fruit never falls far from the tree.

### **Sixteen months later:**

“So, why did you let me live?”

Connie looks up. It’s Kia. Connie is sitting on a bench, cooling down, in Fats’ neighborhood gym, having just had a brisk workout with a heavy bag.

“Because,” Connie coos, nonchalantly. She’s trying to get under Kia’s skin, and it’s obviously working by the look of the deepening furrows in Kia’s forehead.

“Because, what?!” No longer is Kia’s voice without emotion. She promised herself that she wasn’t gonna lose her cool like this. And here she is, well on the road to failing miserably at that promise.

Connie{

A slow shimmer or a quick burn? I wonder which.

}

Connie decides to really push Kia’s buttons. And see, definitively, which is which.

“Because. Killing you would have been bad for business. Worse, it would have been bad business. Worst, it would have been inexcusable. Likely I would have ended up in the pot—guess who’s for dinner—if I had made that stupid choice. Fats taught me to scout talent better than that. It sure wasn’t out of respect for your fighting prowess or your unfretted display of heart that moved me to spare your life.”

“Chattel, is that all I am to you?!”

“That’s what fighters are. Raw meat. And they should be treated as such. Especially, your kind. People like you are made to order. No wonder you shines made such good slaves.”

“Racist bitch!!!”

“Why would you say that?”

“The things that you said to me in that fight, the way that you were talking to me just now, that’s why!”

Kia realizes that she’s being played, but she’s way too far caught up in the emotion of the moment to stop now.

“I don’t remember.”

“What?!”

In contrast to Kia's increasing cacophony, Connie is calm, cool, and collected. Likewise, Connie's voice is just so simpatico with her current muse and laid-back temperament. The white girl's speech is that sharp, precise articulation that goes so well with her thin lips and loathsome mouth. A girl's mouth can never be too big, nor her tongue too long or too facile.

"Of course, I remember what I just said to you. That's not the forgetfulness that I'm referring to. But. I'm supposed to remember what I said to someone in a fight? Let alone one I had with them well over a year ago? Now. That's total bullshit. I say a lot of things to an opponent during a fight, to get into their head. I fight to win, unless I'm told otherwise. I say a lot of things for fun-n-games, too, just like I did to you in the here and now. So, fucking what."

Kruger, to Kia{

There's your opening. Get the bitch to admit that she throws fights.

}

"So, you throw boxing matches?!"

Connie stands up and smiles. She opens up her locker and changes right in front of Kia—more mind games. Again, for the record, Connie is straight. She's not trying to seduce Kia. Connie has no sexual interest in the black woman whatsoever, or any female for that matter.

"I never said that."

Kia yanks the wire from underneath her blouse and stomps on it. The officers in the surveillance van parked out front of the gym go ape shit. Also. No more voices in her head, she blocks Lieutenant Kruger's telepathy. The would-be puppet master is gone for good.

"I got nothing to lose! Vince McMahan has me blacklisted! I can't even get work in Japan. I lost my baby in a miscarriage! And my husband has left me! I'm flat broke! But I still got my pride. I'm nobody's stooge! I'm my own woman!"

Kia's voice reaches a crescendo.

"And you're gonna take it all out on me?"

Kia shoves Connie into a locker. The loud crash of a body slamming into a metal locker reverberates in the gym. That cacophony gets a lot of eyes looking at them. The eyes of Goons working out in the gym. Kia and Connie are the only two humans here. Kia really lays into Connie. Connie offers no resistance. She just takes it. And has a ball. Eventually, Kia realizes it and stops.

"You're liking this! What kind of sickass bitch are you?!"

"You just said it. I'm a sickass bitch."

"Shit!!!"

"You were undefeated in the amateurs, just like Rocky Marciano."

Rocky Marciano—born Rocco Francis Marchegiano; September 1, 1923 – August 31, 1969—was an American professional boxer and the World Heavyweight Champion from September 23, 1952, to April 27, 1956. Marciano is the only champion to hold the heavyweight title and go untied and undefeated throughout his career. Marciano defended his title six times.

Kia{

What's the point? If I beat this skinny-ass white bitch to death, she'd only like it. All of that hate for nothing. I hated her so much for so long, months and months of hating her, and she's just indifferent to the whole thing. To her, it's just business. Any violence is just added fun along the way—whether she's dishing it out or getting dished.

}

That realization, the absolute futility of it all, is Kia's needed catharsis. The rage in her is suddenly drained. Sixteen months of pent-up frustration is gone, just like that. It's over, finally. Once more, she's at peace with herself and the world. Zen!

Kia{

I might as well listen to her sell. I got nothing better to do.

}

"Go on." Kia stops punching Connie and moves back off of the girl. Now, her voice is calm and collected, as well.

"If you went pro. You could be the first undefeated, untied heavyweight champion since The Rock. Fats is very interested in promoting you. Of course, she'll cut you loose as soon as you lose."

"What about draws?"

"A draw counts as a loss."

"I'm no stooge. I don't take dives. No fight fixing. I beat someone 'cause I can, not because they're paid to let me."

"Of course. Of course. After all, fixing fights is illegal," Connie winks playfully at Kia as she accentuates the word *illegal*, "Everything will be on the up and up. You just have to keep up your end of the bargain."

"And I walk away from Fats, anytime that I wish, no questions asked. No repercussions—legal or otherwise."

"Yes. Yes. Of course."

"So, besides money and promoting a champ, what does Fats really get out of this? Cause Fats is Mob, and the Mob wouldn't settle for just those peanuts."

"The Mob gets a legit foothold in boxing's crown jewel, its heavyweight division, which the law can do nothing about. And that's something that it's wanted for years."

Kia{

Yea, right, like the HWs aren't already Mobbed up. She's obviously not going to tell me the truth about why they The Mob really want to promote me. So. Well, I've made my bed, time to lie in it.

}

"Deal."

They shake hands. It's done. Fats makes her timely entrance.

"So, do I have me a fighter?"

Fats is huge, easily dwarfing Kia.

“Yes, you do.”

Kuntz makes her way in-between the row of lockers. A pure Goon, not a half-breed like Fats, she’s even bigger than Fats.

Outside, in the surveillance van, Murphy begins laughing at his son’s expense. The other officers know better than to get in the middle of what’s brewing here. Right after Kia yanked her wire and she started blocking Kruger, someone else intervened, likely it was Fats, and their remote viewing was ceased inside the gym. They got squat. The tapes are worthless. They’ve all been played like a ten-cent fiddle.

“What’s so damn funny?!”

“You are. That’s what so damn funny.”

Kruger just got his ass handed to him, just like his father predicted from the git-go. All’s well that ends well. Or so the story goes.

## **The End**

Kia returns in – “Thighs and Thumper”