

Troy joins a karate school, and finds a mysterious box that propels him into another universe! Troy must learn new martial arts skills to escape the amazing game he has become a part of, before he is locked inside forever! See also: TROY'S AMAZING UNIVERSE: T for Toy; TROY'S AMAZING UNIVERSE: A for Aliens; and TROY'S AMAZING UNIVERSE: M for Mall.

Troy's Amazing Universe K for Karate

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PRAISE FOR TROY'S AMAZING UNIVERSE:

"The wisest people have written for children, this is certainly true of Sharon Kennedy Tosten's love letter to her son....This book will touch your heart... Very seldom has such a poignant subject been told with such love and compassion."

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" . . . (Troy's Amazing Universe) is wonderful . . . This is a delightful and humorous book. Full of adventure that is excellent for adult and child alike. A definite must have for the library and a thoroughly enjoyable tale . . . Troy's Amazing Universe: M for Mall is an excellent book all the family will treasure and enjoy. An easy read, it won't take long to finish, but it will stay with you forever."

Margaret Chapman, Blether Book Reviews

Troy's Amazing Universe
K For Karate

Sharon K. Tosten

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ISBN 978-0-974-3185-2-3

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Printed in the United States of America.

Edited by Yvonne Bonomo

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Brite Press
2006

Troy's Amazing Universe
K For Karate

Sharon K. Tosten

Dedication

To all of the amazing Black Belts at Amerikick-and especially to the Senior instructors, Dennis Tosten, Mark Russo, Michael Sautner, Michael Semeriglia, Justin Smith, Nick Dougherty, Nick Perdunn, Chris Millares, Tim McCandless, Kevin Schlueter, Jason Helmer, Mike Recinto, Alex Davydov and Mark Gallagher. Thanks for your spirit and dedication. Special thanks to Jon and Lauren Ellis for "The Dragon."



CHAPTER 1

Why did all the kids run away from my table?

“Hey everybody, watch this!” Allen said.

I smell something funny. I think that is Allen talking. I don’t hear perfect, but I can tell who everyone is by the way they smell. Allen smells like trees, big trees. Allen has the most muscles in our school. He looks like a grown up, but he is only ten years old. That is different from me—I am the smallest kid in the whole school. My name is Troy. I am eating my apple for lunch. Everybody likes to talk at lunch. I just eat at lunch. Other kids at my table talk and eat, and read at the same time. I want to know how to do that. Allen’s nose is kind of flat on his face and is the same color as one of my freckles. All of him is the same color as one of my freckles. Should I run away, too? Uh oh oh... My apple is rolling off the table.

“I am the strongest man in the world!” Allen said.

Allen is picking my school lunch table and bench up. I am going to fall off! Hold!

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“SPLASH!”

My grape juice spilled on me. That is not good. My shirt is...was white. Everything inside me is hurting. My head feels like somebody is inside hitting me with a hammer. My stomach has rocks jumping around in it and my eyes are shaking. Why didn't my feet run away?

“HA! Ha...ha...ha... That is so funny. However, Mr. G will be coming back through that door in 2.4 seconds,” laughed Wyatt.

Wyatt laughs loud. It sounds like a machine gun. He is real smart. Wyatt won the spelling bee and the math bee. There are no colors on Wyatt. His skin is white, his hair is white, and his teeth are big and white. From up here I can see everybody laughing and this is not funny. I can see all the way across the room. Chad, the tallest kid in school, is at the water fountain. He is so tall he has to bend way over to get a drink. He is pushing the button but no water is coming out. My hands are shaking. I was supposed to run like the other kids.

“Allen! Put Troy down!” yelled Mr. G.

OH NO! I'm falling!

CHAPTER 2

We are at the office. My Dad is here. His hair is red like mine. He smells like leather. Dad is sitting in front of Mr. G's desk, next to all of us. He does not look happy. Mr. G does not look happy either. His black eyebrows are scrunched. Mr. G has lots of hairs on his eyebrows, but zero hairs on his head.

"Ha! I was never in the office before!" said Wyatt.

Wyatt smells like water, the kind that comes out of the drink fountain.

"Me either," said Allen.

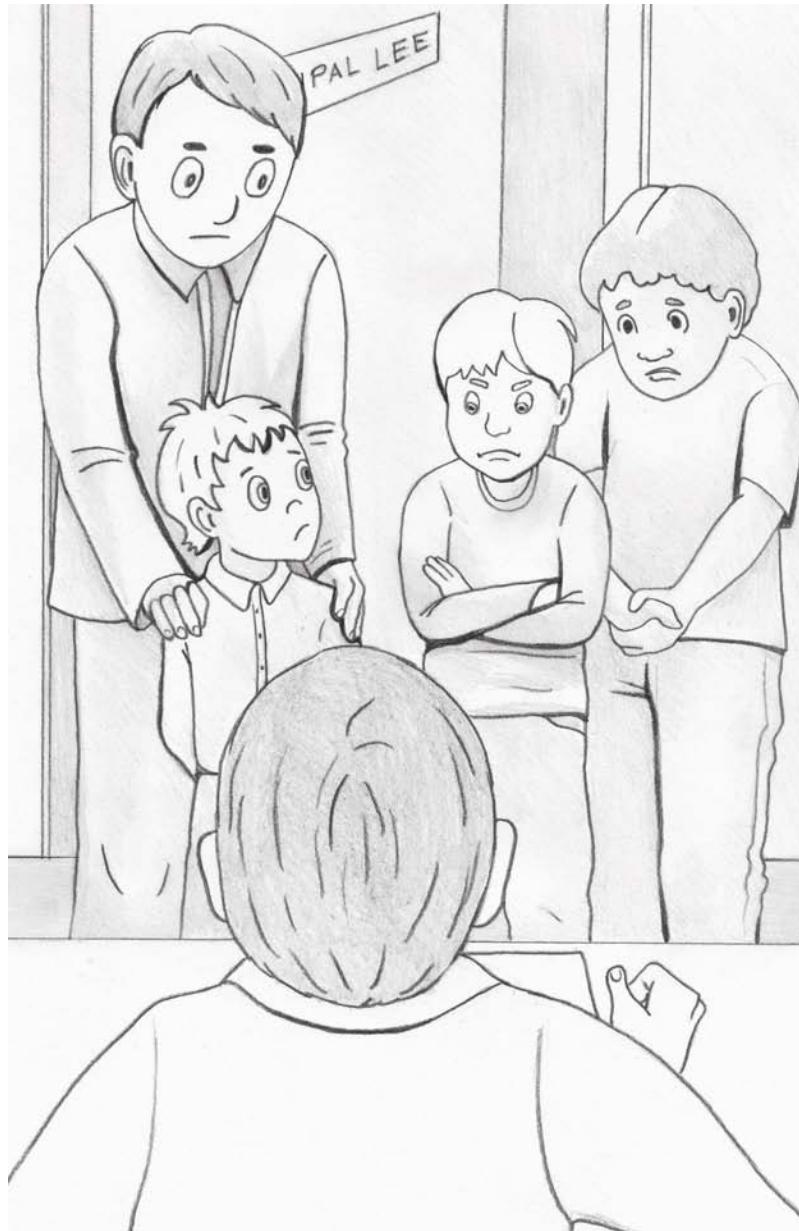
"Why did you pick up the lunch table Troy was sitting at, Allen?" Mr. G asked.

Allen is looking at the floor. "I don't know."

I know, because I didn't run. Everybody knew when it was time to run, but not me. Why am I last all of the time?

"Allen, you do know. Troy's father is here and wants to know why you would choose to chance injuring his son."

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Allen crosses his feet. "I don't know."

Mr. G leaned over the desk and asked, "Allen, why would you pick on Troy? Did he do something to bother you? Maybe Troy should stay after school?"

This is not going good. I watch T.V. after school.

"Wyatt said I couldn't pick up a lunch table full of kids," Allen said.

"Is that true, Wyatt?" asked Mr. G, crinkling his eyebrows a little more.

"Ha! Yes, and we still don't know if he could because the other three kids ran," laughed Wyatt.

"I could have!" Allen snapped at Wyatt.

"You're very lucky Troy didn't get hurt. You both should thank Chad," said Mr. G.

When Mr. G yelled in the lunch room, Allen turned around and I slid off the bench. Chad jumped over everyone and caught me. Chad's legs are real long like a giraffe has. He is the fastest runner I ever saw.

"You both have detention for a week," announced Mr. G.

NO! Now they will not be my friends. They will be mad at me because they got in trouble.

"Ha! Excuse me Mr. G, but technically I didn't do anything. Therefore I deserve no penalty," said Wyatt.

"You're very smart, Wyatt. Next time use your intelligence for good things. Go to detention."

Allen and Wyatt look mad at me. I got them in trouble.

"Let's go, Troy," said Dad.

I made my Dad sad. His eyes are red. I was supposed to run like everybody else.

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“Mr. Tomler,” said Mr. G.

That is my Dad’s other name.

“Take this card. You might want to take your son to this place. The other boys go there. It will help him,” said Mr. G.

“Those boys go there? It doesn’t seem to be helping them,” said Dad.

“It will. Go there now. They’re expecting you,” said Mr. G.

WHOA! What happened to Mr. G’s face? It turned orange, now purple, and blue and his eyes, they pointed way up to the sides. His eyebrows- they are kind of moving. Dad! Don’t you see it? Dad is just nodding. Dad! Look at his face! Uh oh oh, his face went back to regular.

“I’ll take him there,” said Dad.

Dad! Didn’t you see his face? Dad is still nodding. Mr. G is giving Dad the little card. It has a dragon on it. The dragon is looking at me.

CHAPTER 3

“You alright, Troy? asked Dad.

Dad isn’t saying anything about Mr. G’s face. How come he didn’t see it?

“Troy, are you alright? I’m talking to you,” said Dad.

Oh. Nod yes. Sometimes I forget to answer, especially when I see peoples’ faces turn orange and purple. We are walking to the mini van. At least I get to go home early from school today. I am not hurt, but my shirt is all purple from grape juice. I tried to clean it up in the bathroom, but the water wasn’t coming out good, just drips. Tell Dad I am okay. “Okay.” Uh oh oh! OOPS! I fell on a bump in the ground.

Lucky Mom didn’t see that. If she saw me fall, we would have to get an ice pack or maybe an x-ray.

“Come on, Troy. Get up and get in the car,” said Dad.

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Oh. I was just taking a rest. Dad is looking at me very sad, like he doesn't know why I fall down. I don't know either.

"Try to pay attention, Troy. Don't look at the ground, look up."

I see clouds. That one looks like a gummie bear.

"Not up...I mean look at the road ahead. Look at what's right in front of you."

Dad is right in front of me. I will look at him.

Hmmm. Here is a string on his shirt...pull it.

"Never mind, Troy..."

Dad is holding my hand now. Now in front of me is our mini van. It is green.

"Troy, I'm going to put you in a new sport," Dad said when we got into the car.

I don't want to do any more sports. Mom is looking for an activity for me. It is not going good. I went to some sports, but so far, none of them are working. I hit the ball in baseball, but I didn't run faster than the ball, so I never made it to a base. Soccer was very hard. You have to run and kick the ball at the same time and my feet got all tangled up. I fell down and it wasn't any fun. Dad said he would take me to football, but Mom won't let me try football. She said it's too dangerous and I could get crushed and end up in the hospital again. Water is scary, so that leaves out swimming and diving and everything else you get wet at. I am good at the little golf, but I can't hit the ball far to play the real kind.

"Oom-my?" What about Mom? She has rules about sports.

I have trouble saying some letters, but Dad sometimes knows what I am saying. I wish everyone could understand my words. I know he won't understand me trying to say 'Mr. G has a purple and blue face'.

"Mom had to take a nap...her headaches are bothering her," said Dad.

My mom has headaches sometimes, so Dad and I know it is not a good time to talk to her.

"So I'm not taking you home right now," said Dad.

I hope we're going to get chicken nuggets. Mom doesn't let me have drive thru dinner, but Dad always does.

"I am going to take you to try out this new sport."
Are there any left?

"Don't worry, Troy. This will be fun. It's inside."

I hope it's not basketball again. Somehow the ball kept knocking me over. Last time my dad brought me there, the coach man gave him a funny look and let out a big breath, like Mom does when she walks in my room and stuff is all over the floor.

We are here. I know because the car is not moving anymore. There is a sign in the window of the place in front of us. K-A-R-A-T-E. I can't read except for some words, but I know my letters. Wyatt would know what that spells. I think that says 'carrot.' I hope not. I am not hungry for vegetables right now.

"Come on in, Troy. This is it. You are going to try a karate lesson."

I know Mom doesn't know about this.

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“Troy, get out of the car. Mr. G said this will be good for you. It’ll be fun.”

I don’t think my Dad knows what is fun. Being hit with a ball is not fun, and I don’t think being hit with a foot will be fun at all. And I don’t want to do anything Mr. Green face thinks is fun. Why can’t he just get me a karate CD game? That is fun.

“Come on, I’m pretty sure that this is the same place Krista goes.”

Krista is my cousin. She is three years older than me. She lives next door and she plays with me when her friends are not home. Krista is good at everything. Her feet run fast and jump high and she can turn upside down in the air without hitting her head. Krista doesn’t fall down and she has never even been to the hospital except to get born.

“Are you getting out of the car?” asked Dad.

No. Nod my head no, no, no.

“Or do I have to drag you out?”

Oh. I thought the *no* was going to work that time.

“Come on.”

I better go. He is going to drag me out. This works much better with my mom. She usually promises me a new Octane Octopus under water super hero game or something if I get out of the car nice. He grabbed me. WHOOSH! I am out of the car. I was going to come by myself soon. Dad has my hand—not too tight—but I don’t think I will be able to escape.

“Now we’ll go inside and the karate teacher is going to give you a private lesson...just you and him.”

Uh oh oh, I will be the only one there for him to kick.

"He's a black belt," Dad smiled.

Why is Dad smiling? Krista has that game "BLACK BELT FIGHTER." The guys have arms so big that their shirts are all torn up, and long teeth and fingernails they scratch each other with, and they swing big chains and sticks. They fight in a castle with Dracula bats and fire and the walls fall down and...No!

"Troy, walk. We're going inside."

No. Nod no, no, no.

"Let's go."

Dad is looking strong at me with his eyes. I am going. I don't know why. My feet are just going. When is the fun?

This place is big—kind of a big white empty room with a red floor, and it smells a little bit like feet after they come out of an old sneaker. There are some chairs in the front and a little counter. A man is behind the counter. I don't see any Dracula bats.

"Hi, is this Troy?" asked the man.

"Yes. Say hi, Troy," Dad said pushing me forward.

Wave.

"Hi, Troy. Nice to meet you."

The man is coming out from behind the counter.

Uh oh oh. He is wearing a black belt.

"I'm Dennis. I'll be working with you today."

Dennis? That is not a black belt name. It is supposed to be like, 'Yakura, Chain Master.' He doesn't look like a black belt either. On his head is blond hair, and just regular teeth are in his mouth, and his shirt is

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not torn up at all. The beach—that is what he smells like, like the white stuff Mom rubs all over me when we are at the beach. My Mom smells like warm muffins. I wonder what the guys in “BLACK BELT FIGHTER” smell like? Ew. Dennis might smell better than them. I guess he probably doesn’t kick as hard as the guys with the big giant arms. Good.

“Here’s your uniform. Put it on and we’ll get started,” said Dennis.

My Dad is giving Dennis some money. You have to pay to get kicked?

“Okay, let’s get started, Troy. Just step up on the mat. Uh oh oh! OOPS! I fell...forgot to step up. Hmm... This red mat thing is soft. Falling here will be better than at the other places.

“That’s okay, just let me help you up and stand up straight,” said Dennis.

This Dennis guy smiles nice. He doesn’t growl at all like the guys in the game. His uniform has a dragon on it. Just like the card Principal G gave him! I am looking hard. The dragon’s eyes are not moving.

“You can call me Sensei Dennis. Sensei is a Japanese word that means teacher.”

“En ay En es.” Sensei Dennis. Wow. I can say Japanese words as good as I say regular words.

“Now first we bow in. Put your hands together like this.”

Uh oh oh. What did he do? That was too fast.

“Here, let me show you. Take this hand and squeeze it into a fist.”

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He is putting my hands the way they are supposed to go. I am glad no other kids are here. They sometimes do what the coach wants right away, and they all don't like to wait for me. Okay, he put my hands where they are supposed to go. I will stay like this. My hands always forget where they are supposed to go.

"Good job!"

I did it right? Wow.

"Okay, now let's try our first kick."

Kick? No! Go to Dad! Go. Go. Go. Dad! Hold Daddy's leg.

"Troy, what's wrong? Go back out and work with Sensei Dennis. Don't be a baby."

People don't kick babies.

Dad is trying to pull my hands off his leg. "Come on, Troy. Go back on the mat and try."

No. Hide my face. I want to go home. I don't want to get kicked. Now they are saying things. I am not hearing them. I want to go home.

"Come on, Troy," Dad said.

We're going home? Yes.

"You have to try."

No. I am not moving. No. I smell the beach smell. Sensei Dennis is patting me on the back. Not hard, though.

"Look, why don't you come back tomorrow and we'll try again? You can come and watch the other kids."

Watch? I can watch. That is something I am good at. Good. Now we are going home. Dad is pulling me out the door. I always walk too slow for him.

Two grown-up guys are coming in the karate door. Both of them have black hair on their heads and are holding black belts in their hands. One man has a nose that looks like the back of a camel. The other one is sort of bony and hunched, and his skin looks like the people who lay out in the sun all day with slippery stuff on them. Wait! What is that? On the back of the camel nose guy, a fin like on a shark is sticking out, and the bony guy has a tiger tail. Whoosh! They are gone.

CHAPTER 4

“Ron! Why is Troy wearing karate clothes?” Mom screeched.

Uh oh oh. Mom will not like this at all. A dish is in her hand and she is scrubbing it very hard. Not much water is coming out of the faucet, just a skinny line. Mom keeps wiggling it, but it doesn’t help. Mom cleans all day long. I don’t know where all the dirt is, because she even sweeps with the broom outside so we don’t walk any dirt in.

“Troy tried out his first karate class. He did really well. Didn’t you, Troy?”

I did? Thanks, Dad. Smile. I didn’t tell Dad about the shark fin and the tiger guy. He wouldn’t understand me anyway.

“What are you, crazy? Somebody could kick him. You want him to end up in the hospital again?” said Mom.

Good. Now I won’t have to go back.

“It’s perfectly safe.”

“Dance is safe. Take him to dance.”

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“No,” said Dad.

“What is wrong with dance?”

I never saw my dad dance. I don’t even think you can dance to the music he listens to. When it’s on the radio he plays a make-pretend guitar and shakes his head funny.

“Give this a chance. I think it will be good for him,” Dad answered.

They just talk like I am not even here. I am taking off this uniform thing. Uh oh oh, it has a dragon on the back.

“What if he decides to hit the kids in school with it, then what?”

“They teach them not to do that. It’s very safe. I’m taking him tomorrow. He has to do something besides sit around here.”

“Fine, but if he gets hurt you can run him to the emergency ward this time!”

I think my mom and dad are going to have a discussion. I hope it is not a real loud one.

“He won’t get hurt. Krista has been doing it for two years and she never got hurt.”

“Krista is an athlete,” Mom said.

What is an athlete? If Krista is one, I think I would like to be one.

“He won’t get hurt...stop being ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous? Fine, take him then and he’d better not get hurt.”

Mom is going back upstairs. Wait! Where is Mommy going? She is letting Daddy take me back there?

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Something is not the same with Mommy. When she says I can't go somewhere, I never get to go. Hmm...?

CHAPTER 5

“KIAAA!”

There are a bunch of kids here kicking and making a lot of sounds.

“Attention!”

Sensei Dennis is teaching all the kids. Most of them are bigger than me. Some are my size. Sensei Dennis is not kicking any of them. They are just kicking in the air. In “BLACK BELT FIGHTER” you get zero points if you kick the air. Dad is pushing me to the mat.

“You ready to get in, Troy? Your class is next.”

Get in? Today is just watching. Watching. I thought this would happen. That is why he made me wear the karate clothes. Sit. I am not going. I am watching.

“Come on, Troy. Give it a try,” said Dad.

No. Nod no. I am watching. I can’t get hurt watching. Mommy will be mad if I get hurt.

“Troy! How come you are just sitting there? You are supposed to line up for class.”

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Krista! It is my cousin Krista! She smells like flowers. A belt is around her waist. It is red.

“Come on. Let me help you get in.”

I will go in with Krista...she never kicks me.

Everybody is moving their hands very fast doing something Sensei Dennis is calling a “Wrap Around.” They are grabbing each other, then the kid getting grabbed wraps his arm around and twists the other kid all up. Where are the animal guys? I don’t see them anywhere. I want to know how they made the fin and tail disappear. This karate is too hard to do. Krista is making my hand move.

See, Troy? This is a chop block. Just bring your arm up and out. Good. Just like that. You use it if someone tries to punch or kick you. You just go ‘chop block.’ See? Then the punch won’t hit you.”

Maybe I should I learn this.

“Try again, Troy, and yell loud. “KIAA!”

“Ahh! Krista sounds like my aunt’s cat when I stepped on his tail by mistake. Some of the other kids are laughing.

“A KIAA is supposed to come from your gut, not your nose, Krista,” said Allen.

Uh oh oh... Why is he here? He looks bigger and scarier in karate clothes.

“Just ignore him, Troy,” said Krista. “Try the block again.”

Bring my arm up. I’m tired. Uh oh oh, now they are doing something else. Too fast. Sit down.

“Come on, Troy. You have to try.”

I don’t think I do.

"Troy, just try and I will get you gummies after class."

Gummies? I will stand up.

"Good. Now watch Sensei Dennis," said Krista.

Sensei Dennis is standing on one foot and holding his other foot up to his head. He is not falling over at all.

"Troy, now just lift your knee up."

Uh oh oh. BAM! I fell down. I don't like this.

"Get up, Troy, and try again. You can do it."

I can do it? Krista thinks I can do it? She is wrong. Oh, they are doing the bow thing. I can do that...it means it is over. Good. Bow.

"Good job, Troy. Give me high five."

Where are the gummies? Krista is holding up her hand. High five. I smell the beach smell, Sensei Dennis. Where are the animal guys?

"Great job today, Troy. I can't wait to see you in the next class."

Next class? I have to come back again? Dad is grabbing my hand. Aunt Nancy is here. She is Krista's mom. Dad is leaning to me.

"Troy, you can come to karate with Krista. I am going to drive you both here and Aunt Nancy is going to drive you both home. That way you can come to karate three times a week."

Three? I wanted zero times. Karate is not fun. Shake my head no.

"You can do this, Troy. You'll be good at it. It will be fun...you'll see...and Krista will help you. Won't you, Krista?"

"Sure, Troy. I'll help you."

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“You want to do this with Krista, don’t you, Troy?”

Aunt Nancy is patting my shoulder with her hand. She has red hair like me. I don’t think they will let me go home until I say yes. Smile. Nod yes.

“Good. Let’s go home, Troy,” said Dad.

Yes, that worked. Maybe next time I will see the animal guys. I didn’t get my gummies.

Mommy is upstairs. I think she is sick again—too sick to stop Daddy from taking me to karate.

CHAPTER 6

“Troy, turn around.”

Huh? Oh, Sensei Dennis is telling me to turn a different way again. I am always facing the other way as everybody else. Maybe he wants us all to face the same way? Why? What is that smell? It smells like the dead worms from when Dad took me fishing, and I fell off the boat and Mom said no more water sports for me. I don’t like water. The worms smell is coming from the shark fin guy! He’s here! But there is no fin on his back. He is just walking around the mat looking at everyone. His mouth is like in a smile, but not his eyes. They are brown like mud and are real close to his camel nose. Where did he put the fin?

Krista is whispering in my ear. “That is Sensei Sal. I never saw him do any karate. He just walks around and looks mean at everybody.”

Hmm...I would like to do that kind of karate.

“Bow.”

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Class is over. I have to watch now. Krista's mom is coming after Krista does a special karate team class. There are only four kids on the team. They have red, white and blue karate clothes, and the back says "A-M-E-R-I-K-I-C-K T-E-A-M." Chad with the giraffe legs from school is here. He is jump-kicking at a target real fast. OOPS! He missed it again. He is not happy.

"It's alright. Try to not be so nervous. Relax, and you'll hit it," said Sensei Dennis.

"I always miss," said Chad.

Wyatt is here and his skin is so white it looks like he never went outside ever. Wyatt's legs go way over his head. He can bend all different ways like Krista's Barbie dolls that I am not allowed to touch ever.

"Wyatt, that kick is high, but it needs more power," said Sensei Dennis. "Put some focus in it."

"Ha," said Wyatt.

Wyatt kicks real high, but he doesn't make the karate face like the other kids. His face just looks like he is watching T.V.

There is another girl, Monica, who has no freckles at all. I have them all over me. She is always jumping around like she is never tired, and her hair is so long I think she could sit on it. I don't know because she never sits down. She is swinging a stick and she keeps dropping it.

"Take your time, Monica...you're too wild! Look where you're spinning," said Sensei Dennis.

OOPS! She dropped it again. Sensei Dennis is helping everyone. No moms and dads are watching today—just me. Everybody here is good at karate. They

jump and spin and sit on the floor with their legs all the way apart. I know that hurts, because I tried it. My legs don't go all the way apart...they get stuck. Allen and his big muscles are here. Allen looks like his legs are stuck, too. He can't sit all the way down. "Allen, try turning your toes this way. It will help you get your split lower," said Sensei Dennis.

"I can't do it that way. I'm just not flexible," said Allen.

"Try it."

"It won't work," Allen replied.

Sensei Dennis shook his head. "You'll never have a flexible body without a flexible mind."

Allen has just regular white karate clothes like me.

"Speaking of flexible minds, Sensei...can I be on the team now?" asked Allen.

"No," said Sensei.

Allen looked at the floor. "I come to team practice every week!"

"I told you not to," answered Sensei Dennis.

"Sensei, I've come to every practice for two years! Doesn't that mean anything?"

"It means you're stubborn." Sensei Dennis is bending toward Allen. "Allen, I like you...but for international competitions...you're not cut out for it. You need to have more natural abilities. It would hurt the team."

Wow. That is not nice. Allen looks sad. That is funny. Allen is not going home. He is going back on the mat and practicing his kick. He does the same kick over and over and over.

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Worms. I smell them. Sensei Sal is next to me.
“Why are you here? He won’t let you on the team.”

I feel cold. The air coming out of his mouth is like when I forget to close the freezer at my house and lots of white air comes out.

Sal is talking lower. “He never let me on and I’m great. Don’t waste your time. You’ll never be one of them.”

Good. I do not want to be on a team. I am shaking. Just inside my hands...and my arms...and my legs...and my feet...and my head. My head is shaking a lot.

“KIII!” Krista yelled.

Sensei Dennis is making a funny face every time Krista yells.

“Krista, try to breathe from the bottom of your stomach. It will give you more power,” said Sensei Dennis.

The worm smell went away. Sensei Sal is standing at the counter. There is the Tiger Tail guy! He is giving something to Sensei Sal—a little box. I can see the fin and the tail again. Get Krista. Point. Krista is not looking at me. Nobody is. The music is on and they are all practicing and looking in the mirror. Point to Sal. Look, Krista!

A discussion. Sensei Sal and Tiger Tail are having what my mom says is a discussion. They are making mean faces and pointing their hands at each other. It is not nice.

Whoosh! The Tiger Tail guy is gone. Uh oh oh, Sensei Sal is coming over here. His fin is shrinking into his back. His mud eyes, they see me. He is only a few

steps away. It feels like cold water is washing on me. I never want to be on this team. Wow. Chad can jump up high. They all look like they are having a fun time. How come when somebody tells you to not do something, you want to do it? My mom tells me not to touch stuff in the store all of the time. Then I have to touch it. Sometimes it breaks. I don't want to be on the team. Yes I do.

The music stopped. Sensei Sal stopped walking over to here. Sensei Dennis is clapping his hands.
“Everyone, over here. Wait here and Sensei Sal will give you our competition schedule. We’re going to have a terrific, awesome season!”

Sensei Sal is going back to the counter and grabbing papers. He is making a not nice face at Sensei Dennis. Sal is coming back here. I am going far away. I will wait next to the door for Aunt Nancy.

Dennis is real smiley telling all the kids on the team good stuff like, “Monica, your kicks are really fast...and Krista, I’ve never seen you jump so high.” Sal is giving out papers. He is not saying anything nice, just, “Pay attention. Here’s your schedule.”

Maybe Sal needs Dennis to say nice things to him, too. Allen is still doing his kick. Nobody is saying anything to Allen or to me.

I see the little box on the counter that Tiger Tail left here. It has lots of pictures on it. I like to look at pictures. Pick it up. On the front is a purple and red dragon with...

“Put that down!” Sensei Sal is running to me. OOPS! The box fell down. Cards with animal pictures are spilling all over the floor. Sal is screaming. “NOOO!”

Sharon K. Tosten

The pictures are moving. WHOOSH! The karate doors are closing all by themselves. “THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!” Something black is melting over the windows. “SWISH!” WHOOSH! The roof just flew off! CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! All the walls fell down! It is dark.

CHAPTER 7

“Nobody move,” Sal said.

Someone is grabbing my hand. “I got you, Troy. Don’t be scared.” Krista. I am glad she is my cousin.

“Here are some gummies,” said Krista.

I am very glad she is my cousin. Put the gummies in my pocket.

“Stop this, Sal!” Sensei Dennis screamed and fire flew out of his mouth.

Fire is coming out of Dennis’s mouth! Wow! I can see. We are not in the karate school anymore. We are outside at night. It isn’t like outside at my house. The trees are short and more wiggly. I don’t see any houses...just trees and grass. I think I hear water. A big bluish moon is coming up in the sky. It is so big if I put up both hands in front of my face I can still see it, and the stars are bluish, too. That is funny. The rest of the sky is turning kind of grayish like the regular moon. It’s all backwards.

“Roar!”

Sharon K. Tosten

“What was that?” Monica asked.

It sounded like a big lion, not too close.

“ROAR.”

Closer. Allen is standing up! “Shut up out there or I’m gonna come and get you! You’re scaring the little girl.”

“Ha! Go ahead and get him, Allen!” said Wyatt.

“ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!”

“Maybe not,” Allen said and sat down.

“We have to deal the cards now, Dennis!” Sal yelled.

The other kids’ mouths are being quiet, but they are screaming with their eyes. I think Krista’s hand is shaking, but maybe it is mine.

“Put the cards back in the box!” Dennis screamed.

More fire is coming out of Dennis’s mouth.

Something is funny with his eyes. They are turning up at the ends.

“Splash!” Something is jumping in the water.

“What did you do? Take us home!” Krista is yelling at Sensei Sal.

“SPLASH!”

“I have to go! Dennis, deal the cards!” Sal is running away. “SPLASH!”

He jumped into the water.

“ROAR!”

Dennis is grabbing the box. The cards are moving around on the ground. “Don’t touch the cards! I have to put them back,” Dennis yelled.

“ROAR!”

Troy's Amazing Universe ~ K For Karate



Sharon K. Tosten

“I have to go!” Chad is getting up and running away. Dennis is trying to grab up the cards, but they are moving fast around.

“Sensei, you have to get Chad!” Krista said grabbing Dennis.

“Someone get him! I have to get these cards!” Dennis yelled.

“HAAA! None of us can catch him. He’s the fastest kid in the state!” Wyatt laughed.

“ROAR! THUMP. THUMP. THUMP!”

“It’s chasing him! It’s chasing him!” Monica said.

Monica is right...I can hear it. The roaring thing is chasing after Chad.

“Hold these!” Dennis shoved the cards into Allen’s hands.

Dennis is chasing after Chad. I think Dennis is growing a tail. The cards are moving toward us.

Troy joins a karate school, and finds a mysterious box that propels him into another universe! Troy must learn new martial arts skills to escape the amazing game he has become a part of, before he is locked inside forever! See also: TROY'S AMAZING UNIVERSE: T for Toy; TROY'S AMAZING UNIVERSE: A for Aliens; and TROY'S AMAZING UNIVERSE: M for Mall.

Troy's Amazing Universe K for Karate

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