

# The Art of Mental Training

*by DCGonz with Alice McVeigh*

*(Inspired by true events)*

## Introduction

I never saw Leo-tai angry, but it was he who had taught me how to use the anger energy should it ever arise—and how to effectively redirect it.

“Rather than lose control,” he would tell me, “you must learn how to use the energy. You must become like a smiling assassin, Danielsan, and channel the energy; let it help your resolve. If you lose control to the energy, your opponent will win.”

It was the use of this concept that led to the “defeat” of several of my opponents without my even having to fight. Sometimes no words are required, only eye contact. With that alone one is marked out as predator, the other as prey: one the assassin, the other the mark. “It is at this subconscious level of communication,” Leo-tai once told me, “that one wins a fight without having to fight . . .”

Just as easily as he slipped into my life, Leo-tai slipped out of it, once he had taught me all that he’d meant to teach me. Despite all my best efforts—and all my resources as a Federal Agent—I could locate no financial trail, no property trail, no address, no family, and no contact point . . . he had gone, leaving nothing behind beyond his teachings; and my memory of that half-smile he used to give me when I managed to surprise him.

The last that I heard of Leo-tai was many, many, years ago, second-hand, from sources that I didn’t feel I could trust. Until recently, at an invitation function in New York City, I met an elegant elderly lady, an Irish psychic. Internationally recognized and respected in her field, she had also written several books and was currently on a speaking tour when our paths happened to cross.

“You are a teacher,” she said the moment we met, “I sense many students around you.”

I smiled, but gave her nothing neither as confirmation nor denial; yet she continued: “I’m getting a very clear message from someone who has crossed over and who wants to tell you something. He says that you were friends not only in this life but also as great warriors in another lifetime. He wants me to let you know that he is with you when you teach.”

“Oh, really?” I said, using the tone of a seasoned Federal Agent who doesn’t believe a single word an informant is telling him.

“Yes, really.” She replied, rather ruffled by my scepticism. “He says his name is Leo-tai.”

“Did you say Leo-tai?” I asked a little shaken, taken aback.

“Yes, Leo-tai,” she repeated, looking away slightly as if listening or searching for a distant memory. Then she turned back to me with sudden certainty.

“He is a very old soul, you know, a great master of the Far East. But please tell me, how is it that you came to know this teacher and what is it that you teach?”

But I could hardly answer . . . for knowing that my old friend was dead.

<http://www.DefenseOnDemand.com>

Copyright © 2006 by Daniel Gonzalez. All rights reserved.

dcgonz@earthlink.net