

# Dewey fights back

*When we last saw our hero, Dewey, he had agreed to go with two mysterious agents dressed in black suits and wearing sunglasses. His girlfriend, Freda, went with them.*

The two agents hustled Dewey and Freda into a large black sedan. After they stuffed Dewey into the back seat, they blindfolded him and tied up his wrists with rope. They took his gun.

“What kind of crap is this?” Dewey yelled. “Why did yew put this blindfold on me?”

The taller of the two agents, who was driving the sedan, replied, “It’s for your own protection, Mr. Webster.”

“Yewd better be concerned about yer own protection if you don’t take this stupid thing off of me and untie me,” Dewey responded.

“Oh, Dewey,” Freda said. “I believe him. You really should wear the blindfold. You might see something that could be dangerous to you.”

“Oh, Freda, you sound just like them...Hey – they didn’t put no blindfold and rope on yew!”

“Dewey, they put it on me after they put the blindfold on you,” Freda said.

“Then how come I didn’t hear them?” Dewey retorted.

“Because you were too busy yelling, dear,” Freda said.

Dewey pondered the situation. How could he trust these people? They yanked him out of a bar and roughed him up. Now, they’ve got him blindfolded and tied up in the back seat of a car and he has no clue where he’s going. Heck, why didn’t Huey stop them? Is he in with them too?

He was tied up and blindfolded – essentially helpless. Or was he? Dewey began to remember a psychological trick that had helped him at times. If he would “space out” while doing something with his hands, his hands would quickly finish the task, unimpeded by Dewey’s mental interference.

Could he use that same technique to get out of this rope?

Dewey began to concentrate and bring the resources of his brain to bear. He figured that if he slowly pulled his hands apart and kept repeating it, he could loosen the rope enough to untie the knots. Dewey knew knots – as a farm boy and as a Boy Scout.

“Oh, Dewey,” Freda said. “Don’t make a fool out of yourself. There’s no way you can escape that rope. These people don’t mean to hurt us.”

“What makes yew think that,” Dewey grunted. “They ain’t done a nice thing to me yet. Whose side are yew on?”

Then Dewey had what was, for him, a brilliant notion. He raised up his right hand, faced where he thought Freda was sitting, and extended his middle finger toward her.

“Dewey! What are you doing? You shouldn’t flip me the bird!” Freda said.

“Got’cha,” Dewey yelled. “Ain’t much gets by old Dewey! If yew was blindfolded, you wouldn’t’a seen mah middle finger salute. I bet yew ain’t even tied up! Something ain’t right here!”

Emboldened, Dewey applied more pressure to the rope. The rope tore into his skin, but he continued to pull. “I think I can, I think I can, I think I can,” Dewey thought, remembering an old nursery song.

Then, Dewey tried to clear his head and let his hands and arms take over. The pain of the rope tearing into his skin was almost too much – almost as bad as a hangover.

He felt the rope stretch. He relaxed. That would make them think he had stopped fighting. He turned away from where he thought Freda was sitting. By feel, he identified the type of knot and then deftly untied it. His hands freed, Dewey ripped off his blindfold and looked around. They were on a two-lane road in the middle of nowhere. Where Freda had sat was a different-looking woman – same clothes, but different face. What the heck? The shorter black-suited agent in the passenger-side front seat turned around and tried to grab Dewey. Dewey slugged him.

As the agent grabbed his jaw in pain, Dewey reached over the shoulders of the agent who was driving the car, grabbed the wheel, and turned the car toward a ditch. The woman whom Dewey knew as Freda screamed. The driver shouted, “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

The car hit the ditch, bounced twice, then rolled over. Dewey, who suffered only blows to his head, was conscious when it came to rest. Running on adrenaline, he climbed out of the car, lifted it, and pushed it over so it was right-side up.

While the agents and “Freda” were unconscious, Dewey stripped the agents of their weapons and found his gun. Dewey then sat and waited. In a few minutes, he heard the sound of helicopters. Then, he saw a military convoy headed their way. *Crap! What have I done now?* Dewey thought.

The two men and “Freda” regained consciousness and crawled out of the car. They reached for where they thought their guns were. Dewey smiled as they looked up at him. He was holding their handguns at them, with his gun stuffed between his belt and pants on his right side.

Two helicopters approached. Both landed, one on each side of the group. Doors opened on each helicopter. Several armed soldiers jumped out, each carrying a rifle.

“Hell, does it take half of the Army to capture old Dewey?” he said. “Ah know yew ain’t gonna shoot me. You wouldn’a taken me captive if you didn’t have some kinda use for me!”

The shorter agent, who had been in the passenger side of the front seat, got up slowly, still rubbing his jaw. “Mr. Webster, you have just committed a number of crimes. We could put you away for several years for what you have just done. You’re surrounded by two platoons of armed soldiers. I urge you to give up!”

“Why? I don’t hafta shoot all of these soldiers to bail out my ass! I only have to shoot you three clowns –you’re the only witnesses. And the law ain’t gonna look too kindly at abduction,” Dewey said.

“Mr. Webster, I suggest you leave the lawyering to the lawyers,” the shorter agent said.

“Ah hate lawyers! All they do is go around and take peoples’ dogs and charge a lot of money to do stuff. But mah brother Louie is a good lawyer – and I’ll sick him on yew if you don’t let me go!”

“Your brother is a corporate lawyer, Mr. Webster. I don’t think he’s have any chance against our government prosecutors,” the shorter agent said.

“Then ah’ll get my New York Lawyer on yer case! He’s supposed to be a mob lawyer and I bet he can scare the crap out of all of you!” Dewey said.

The shorter agent quietly conferred with the taller agent, who had driven the car. “Freda” leaned into the conversation. “Mr. Webster, we are not afraid of your New York lawyer. We are not afraid of your threats. We had hoped to give you a chance to serve your country, but you have not cooperated,” the shorter agent said.

A radio in the car crackled. The shorter agent went to the car to retrieve it. He held it up to his ear and then offered it to Dewey. Dewey carefully walked toward the agent and took the radio “Who the crap is this?” he said. “I’m kinda busy right now”

“Dewey, this is Huey! What kind of trouble have you gotten yourself into now? I heard half the Army was after you!”

“Well, they tied me up and blindfolded me. Ah got free and crashed the car. I’ve got two platoons

of soldiers with their guns aimed at me!” Dewey said.

“Well, Dewey,” said Huey, “I think you’ve got them right where you want them!”

“Huey! Why did you let them do this to me? And where’s Freda? Some imposter took her place! I’m pretty pissed about this whole thing!”

“You’re at your best when you’re mad, Dewey! You get focused and actually think straight for a change! C’mon! You can get out of this!” Huey said.

“Yew didn’t answer mah questions,” Dewey said. “Are yew in cahoots with these guys in the black suits who wear their sunglasses all of the time?”

“Dewey, they need you! I got you into this because your country needs you! Only you can pull off the mission that they need done,” Huey said.

“Huey, you must be nearby. These kind of radios don’t have much range,” Dewey said.

“Ah, Dewey! Not much gets past you, does it!” Huey said. “This is not your ordinary two-way radio. If you go along with this adventure, you’ll find out about all sorts of wonderful things.”

“Well, it ain’t so wonderful right now,” Dewey said. “Over and out.”

Dewey dropped the radio. He looked at the soldiers. “Aw right, y’all. I kinda’ like these guns, being as that I collect guns. Ah’ll take out the magazines and yew can have them. The guns won’t fire then. Is that OK?”

“Mr. Webster,” the tall agent said, “You are not in a position to dictate terms. You will surrender the weapons immediately!”

Dewey promptly fired one of the pistols into the air.

“I’m not impressed,” the tall agent said.

Dewey saw a gap between two of the solders. He fired the pistol and hit one of the helicopter tires, deflating it.

“Mr. Webster, I am warning you!” the tall agent said.

“What the heck are yew warning me about? Do ah look scared? Hell, I’ve faced rattlesnakes and angry bulls. And ah know you ain’t gonna shoot me!” Dewey said.

“So, where are you going to go if you escape, Mr. Webster?” the tall agent said snidely.

“Anywhere but here,” Dewey said. He then took the magazines out of each of three guns and threw them on the ground, then kicked them toward the tall agent.

“Awright, I’m unarmed now,” Dewey said. “Now, I don’t want no more blindfolds or ropes or somebody is going to get seriously hurt,” Dewey said.

The soldiers appeared to relax and let down their guard. Even the two agents and “Freda” seemed to exhale. Dewey promptly shot out another two helicopter tires, using one gun for each tire.

“How did you do that?” the tall agent asked? “You took out the clips!”

“Excuse me, sir,” Dewey said. “They are magazines, not clips. I got a round to chamber in each of the guns, so ah didn’t have to have the magazines in the gun to shoot.”

Dewey pointed his gun at the taller agent.

“That’s not very safe, Mr. Webster,” the shorter agent said.

Dewey’s response:

“Neither is messing with Dewey.”