

The Finale - Dewey fights a Ninja assassin

Dewey has been roaring down the highway trying to make the appointment to transfer his top-secret package. Now with with a police escort, he's putting the pedal to the metal as he heads toward his fate.

After a few hours of uneventful driving, Dewey approached the city where he supposedly would hand off the cards. When he got to a certain point, he pulled over. The police cars followed suit.

Dewey walked up to the first car. "Sir, ah mightily appreciate the escort. But it's time for me to go it alone. Your flashing lights might attract the wrong kind of attention and mess up my mission. Thank yew," Dewey said.

Dewey got back in the pickup and headed down the short stretch of highway before he entered the city.

A black car appeared in Dewey's rear view window. *Crap! Not again!* Dewey thought.

The car approached and tailgated Dewey's pickup. It was only a few feet from Dewey's bumper as the cars went down the highway at a high rate of speed.

It was daylight, but Dewey tried the bright light flash anyway. It appeared to have no effect. *Ah have no choice*, Dewey thought.

He pulled the knob. As before, everyone in the cab was thrown back against the seat. Dewey roared on. But he was shocked to see the black car not far behind him!

Now what? Does he have a booster too? Dewey wondered.

They approached the city. Dewey earlier had gone against his male instincts and looked at a map for directions. He knew where he needed to go. But could he shake this car?

At least they're not shooting at me, he thought.

A bullet zinged past Dewey's window. *Crap! What am ah going to do now?* he wondered.

The mysterious car pulled into the lane beside Dewey. He pondered his options. He acted.

He pushed in the knob and his pickup instantly slowed down. The black car flew by him. Dewey pulled the knob again and got behind the black car.

He approached the car, then rammed it with his pickup! *This hurts*, he thought. *Ah hate tearing up mah pickup, but ah got no choice*, he thought.

The black car swerved back and forth across the two lanes. Dewey kept up with it and kept ramming it. "Irisha! Take the wheel," Dewey commanded as he pulled his shotgun from the gun rack.

"I'm not helping you," Irisha said. "Not after last night," she said.

"Do yew want to die? Are yew really who yew said you were?" Dewey asked.

Irisha sat silently as Dewey continued to ram the car. Then he took the shotgun and held it in his right arm – pointed directly at Irisha.

"You wouldn't kill me!" she said. "I'm a government agent!"

"Which government?" Dewey asked.

"Oh, Dewey," she cooed. "I never would betray you," she said.

There she goes again, Dewey thought. *How stupid does she think ah am?*

"Then grab the damn wheel!" Dewey yelled. Irisha complied. Dewey leaned out the window and took a shot.

The powerful pellets took out the left rear tire of the black car. It began to swerve off of the road.

Dewey quickly re-loaded and took another shot. This time, he blew out the back window. The car ran off of the road and stopped, as Dewey roared by. He pushed in the power knob, hoping the engine would keep running. It did

As Dewey, Irisha and Musial approached the appointed site, the engine began to lurch. *Oh crap. This may be it*, Dewey thought.

But the engine continued to provide power to the drivetrain as Dewey navigated his way through traffic. Concerned that the engine would quit running if he stopped and idled the engine, Dewey ran several red lights, narrowly avoiding several collisions.

Finally, the destination was in sight. The engine quit. Dewey pushed in the clutch and coasted, hoping they would make it.

Fortunately, the road was downhill. The pickup rolled into the parking lot of an old, abandoned warehouse. Dewey stopped the pickup. "Whew, that wuz a close one!" Dewey said.

"Let's go, Irisha," he said. "Musial, stay in the pickup. The dog whimpered at Dewey, but obeyed him.

They entered the warehouse and found a large room. "Ah wonder if this is the place?" Dewey said.

Two men burst through a door. They were dressed in colorful clothes and each carried a large knife. "What the hell? Irisha, who are these people?" Dewey asked.

"They're Ninja assassins," Irisha said. "This was a trap. Your brother must have been forced into calling you," she said.

"What the hell is a Ninja?" Dewey asked.

"A Ninja is a trained warrior from the Far East," she said. "They're invincible."

"Ah never met anyone ah couldn't whip," Dewey said. "Ah'll take the one on the right. Yew take the other one. You're supposed to be good in hand-to-hand combat."

"Oh, Dewey, it's hopeless," she said. "We don't have a chance! Give up and save your life!" she said.

"No way in hell," Dewey said.

The men began to dance toward Dewey and Irisha. The one on the right went through an elaborate routine of movement that even included backflips. Dewey watched him carefully and detected a pattern to his movements.

As the warrior approached Dewey, he ran toward the Ninja and blasted him with a punch in the chest as he was in the middle of a back flip. The man hit the floor and struggled to get up. Dewey finished him off with another punch.

He turned to see how Irisha was doing. His heart sank when the Ninja grabbed her and held her against him. He put his knife to her throat.

"Give me the cards or she dies!" he yelled in broken English.

"Oh, Dewey, give up the cards! They're not worth dying for! They'll just change the program and codes and everything will be all right," Irisha said.

"Yew don't sound much like a government agent," Dewey said.

He pondered his options. How could he possibly disarm the warrior without harming Irisha? He didn't like her, but he didn't want to kill her either.

His mind thought of his brothers. *What would Huey and Louie do?* he thought. His mind went back to several pleasant evenings on the farm with his brothers. They would gather at the pond and do silly boy things.

Dewey got an idea. He collected the saliva in his mouth. Then he launched an enormous spitwad

at the face of the warrior. His aim was true. The wad hit the warrior in the face.

"Aargh! That's gross!" the man said as he reached to wipe off his face. He loosened his grip on Irisha and dropped his knife.

"Irisha!" Dewey yelled. "Break free!" But Irisha didn't try to break free. She just stood there.

"It's true," Dewey said. "Yew're not a U.S. agent. Yew're a spy for another country. Otherwise, yew would've broken free. Not much gets past old Dewey!" he said.

"For once, you're right," Irisha said. "This was a set-up. Huey was forced to call you and change the location. Now we have you where we want you. Do you really think you can take both of us?"

"Not by myself," Dewey said. He rushed to the door that they used to enter. He yelled as loud as he could. "Musial! Come here, boy!"

Musial awakened from his sleep, leaped out of the pickup and ran to Dewey. "Now there are two of us," Dewey said.

"You think some old dog can hurt us?" Irisha said.

"He ain't no ordinary dog," Dewey said. He pointed at the man. "Musial! Get him!"

The large, black Rottweiler leaped at the warrior. The man cowered in fear. Musial knocked him down and then stood over him, growling. The man was going nowhere.

"Well, ah guess it's you and me," Dewey said to Irisha. "Yew know, mah daddy told me never to hit a woman," he said.

"Well, I would say I have the advantage," Irisha said. She grabbed the knife that the man had dropped. "I have even more advantage now!"

She began to dance toward Dewey, feinting with the knife. Dewey evaded the knife in the best way his 260-pound frame would allow him

Ah cain't keep this up very long, Dewey thought. She's going to wear me down. What dew ah dew now?

Then Dewey recognized a pattern to her movements, just as he saw a pattern in the movement of the Ninja warrior he fought. He waited patiently as the pair danced back and forth.

Dewey saw his opportunity. Using uncommon quickness, he reached to grab the wrist of the arm irisha was using to hold the knife.

But the knife got in the way and slit Dewey's arm. Undeterred, he reached again and grabbed Irisha's wrist. Then he squeezed it. Hard.

"You're hurting me, Dewey!" she cried. "Don't break my wrist!"

Dewey squeezed even harder. Irisha fell to her knees and dropped the knife. "No, Dewey, don't!" she cried. "Remember going down the road with your arm around me? Wasn't that nice? Remember when I was Freda and we had all of those good times? Don't do this to me!"

Whut dew I dew now? Dewey thought. Ah cain't keep squeezin' forever.

"Give it up, Irisha," Dewey roared. "Ah will break yer wrist and anything else ah need to in order to stop yew," he said.

"But Dewey, weren't you brought up to treat women respectfully?" Irisha cried.

"Yew didn't respect me. Yew lied to me. I don't care what ah dew to you. Mah country comes first," Dewey said.

Dewey decided to drag her outside. Musial continued to hold the man at bay. But when they got outside, Dewey was shocked at what he saw.

There were Phelps and Huey. Huey was bound and gagged. "I didn't think you'd make it this far," Phelps said. "You certainly are full of surprises. "Now, give me the cards or your brother dies," Phelps said.

Ah'm screwed, Dewey thought. *I will not let him kill mah brother. But wait. He may kill him anyway.*

"Time is running out," Phelps said. He put a gun to Huey's head. Huey tried to say something, but the gag muffled him. But Dewey and Huey had a special psychic connection that some siblings have. *He is willing to die*, Dewey thought. *Ah must respectfully disagree with mah brother.*

Dewey threw Irisha to the ground, where she writhed in pain, clutching her wrist. Dewey stared directly at Phelps. Then he dropped his pants!

"What are you doing?" Phelps yelled. Dewey reached around behind him and unzipped a pocket in his underwear. He pulled out the package of cards.

"Take the gag and rope off of Huey first," Dewey said. Phelps complied.

"Dewey, don't do this! You don't know how important those cards are to our country. They're worth dying for!" Huey said.

Dewey walked toward Phelps. "Let him go," he said.

"How do I know I'll get the cards?" Phelps said.

"Yew've got the gun," Dewey said.

Phelps released Huey. He ran toward Dewey and stood at his side. Dewey gave Phelps the cards.

Phelps raised the cards in the air and yelled jubilantly. "I've got them! The greatest spy operation of all time!" he said.

He turned toward the brothers. "You see, I was a plant. I've lived here many years, working my way up through the ranks of the USCOA. Now, it has paid off – big time!"

Phelps turned to his right, facing the row of buildings. He held up both arms triumphantly and shouted gleefully, "Yes!"

It would be the last word he said.

A shot rang out. A bullet hit Phelps square in his forehead. He fell to the ground. He was dead.

"What the hell!" Dewey yelled. "Wuz that a sniper?"

"I don't know, Huey, but I hope he's on our side," Huey said.

They stood there a few minutes, which seemed like an eternity. Irisha passed out from her pain. A lone figure came out of a building and started walking toward the brothers. He was carrying a sniper rifle.

"I guess we'll find out who our hero is," Huey said. As the man approached, his features became visible.

"Louie!" both brothers cried. They ran toward Louie, embracing him in a two-man hug that enveloped him.

"Louie! How did yew get here in time to save us?" Dewey asked.

"I have friends in high places," Louie said. "Namely, the U.S. Army Air Corps. I got a ride in a C-47 down here. I got here just in time. I'm glad you guys are all right."

"So, are yew involved in the 'family business,'?" Dewey asked.

"In a way I am," Louie said. "I don't do many missions, but when I do, they're important ones. Like this one," he said with a smile.

A car came roaring down the road and entered the parking lot, coming to a quick stop. The three brothers looked at it curiously. "Ah hope that isn't more trouble," Dewey said.

A tall man in his 50's got out of the car on the driver's side.

"No, it can't be!" Huey said. Dewey was shocked. Louie smiled.

A short, stocky woman exited the car on the passenger side.

"Momma! Daddy!" Dewey cried.

They slowly walked toward the brothers. "Dewey, there's something I never said to you when you

were growing up,” Dewey’s father said. “What I’m about to say has come many years too late.

“Dewey, I’m proud of you.”

Dewey broke down in tears. “Ah always wanted to hear that from yew!” Dewey said. “Ah never knew.”

“Dewey, I’ve always been proud of you. You’re a fighter. You’re an original thinker. You don’t give up. And in your own way, you’re very intelligent. I was gone so much when you were growing up. And for some reason, I just couldn’t bring myself to say it – until now,” Dewey’s father said.

Dewey’s mother ran up and hugged Dewey. “And I’m proud of you too!” she said.

“Ah always knew that,” Dewey said.

A line of several cars flew down the street toward the warehouse. “Here comes the cavalry, just a few minutes too late,” Louie said.

Armed men emerged from the cars, followed by a man in a black suit. Louie waved them off. “It’s all right, men,” he said.

The black-suited man went up to Louie. “So, you finally got the mole, didn’t you?” he said.

“Yeah, but I had some help,” Louie said. “Let me introduce you to my brothers – Huey and Louie. They’re the ones who really saved the day,”

The black-suited man nodded approvingly at Huey and Dewey. Dewey had stopped crying by now. “Uh, Dewey, you might want to pull up your pants now,” Huey said.

Embarrassed, Dewey pulled up his pants and secured his belt. “Clever idea, hiding the cards in your underwear,” Huey said. “That must be why you went to the alterations shop back before you started the mission.”

“Yeah, they’ve been there ever since jes’ before ah left,” Dewey said.

“Ah, Dewey, does this mean that you’ve been wearing those underpants for two days now?” Huey asked.

“Nonstop,” Dewey said.

“Dewey, as I recall, you have a certain problem with flatulence,” Huey said.

“Yew mean pootin’?” Dewey said.

“Yes, Dewey,” Huey said.

“Oh, ah only did that a few times,” Dewey said.

The black-suited man picked up the cards where Phelps had dropped them. He held them with his index finger and thumb at arm’s length “Yuck!” he said.

“Will they still work?” Dewey asked.

The black-suited man held up the cards and looked them over. “Yes, they will. After we, ah, treat them,” the black-suited man said.

“Mission accomplished, Dewey Webster,” he pronounced.

“Welcome to the family business, Dewey,” Louie said with a smile.

Dewey beamed. “Ah cain’t say how happy ah am. This was a tough mission. People shot at me. They tried to run me off of the road. A woman tried to seduce me. But I hung in there,” Dewey said.

“So, tell me, Dewey,” Huey asked. “Were you lucky or good?”

“Both,” Dewey said. “Ah think ah made a lot of the luck myself.”

“The harder you work the luckier you get,” Louie said.

Dewey smiled and looked toward the sky. Then he looked at Huey.

“When do ah get to do another mission?” he said eagerly.

“That’s my brother!” Huey said.

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