

THE END OF NERO WOLFE

The end of the loooooong series

by

Heather Dixon

Fritz left the room after serving Wolfe one of his favorite meals: Sauerkraut with wieners and sugar lightly sprinkled on the top. Wolfe began eating it with zeal, not pausing for a conversation. I stared across the table past the vase of orchids at him. He didn't seem to notice me for several minutes. Then he looked up.

"Archie, is something wrong?" he asked, spearing a wiener and bringing it to his mouth. "I think this Sauerkraut needs more sugar." Wolfe noticed I hadn't touched my meal. "You're not hungry?" he asked. "I'll eat yours."

Now was the time. I had had enough of this detective business. I'm going to the Philippines. Rest, relaxation, monsoons, no orchids. I'm not risking my life for a few measly bucks I get paid from Wolfe. I reached into my jacket and brought out an AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLE!!! Wolfe's eyes got as big as the pancakes he eats.

"ARCHIE! What.....What....What are you doing?" Wolfe sputtered.

"Quiet, fat boy," I snapped. "Just give me all the money located in that safe in your office."

Wolfe was clearly stunned, but he stood up and I followed him to his office. He turned the dial several times and opened the vault. He brought out hard, cool, cash. I gathered it all into my arms. Oh, the joy. Oh, the power.

"Now, Nero," I coolly asserted, "you will go downstairs and I will tie you up and gag you. Got it?"

Wolfe was shaky, but he did as I commanded. I pulled out several hundred yards of twisted rope and tied Wolfe to a sturdy chair. He said not a word until I was about to gag him with a thick cloth.

"Archie, why... why are you doing this?" he pleaded.

"Ha! Why?" I turned his question in my mind for a while. "Well, one of the reasons may be because you don't pay me enough. You made me work too hard. What do you think I am? A slave?"

"Archie," Wolfe begged, "I'll pay you millions.... Just.. just stop these atrocities!! How could you...?" He stopped talking at the sight of my double-banana clip assault rifle.

"Well, it's not really the money," I paused.

"What's wrong?" asked Nero, "Is it me?"

"Sort of. It's your hobbies."

"What's wrong with my hobbies?" Nero began to get defensive.

"I'm allergic to orchids. I always have been." I growled.

"Oh, Archie. I'm sorry. I thought it was hayfevmmmmmf"

I gagged him. "Well, Wolfe. I suppose this is the end of the line for you, Charlie. When Cramer comes by, tell him I'll be Hula dancing in Honolulu." I thought I was clever for misleading Wolfe. "See ya, sucker."

I hopped up the stairs and out the door with my AK-47 and the large amount of cash. Life was good. Life was so good. No more Wolfe. No more detective stuff. No more of Fritz's disgusting cooking. But most of all, no more orchids. Life was so good.

THE END

I've never read a Nero Book
I never hope to read one
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather read than write one.
(I KNOW it doesn't rhyme!)