

## Alternative Ending for “Danny, the Champion of the World”

Winston Lee

“Now then. Now then,” said Sergeant Samways. “Hin-sults ain’t gonna get us nowhere. Although I do ’ave a suggestion to put before you. I suggest that you Mr. ’Azell leave my dear Willum alone and go find someone else to chew on. ’Ow does that sound, Mr. ’Azell?”

Mr. Hazell started to protest, but after Sergeant Samways casually picked up one of his handcuffs and tested it, he finally said with glowering eyes, “Why, of course, Sergeant. But let me tell you one thing. You have no idea who you’re dealing with! Sooner or later I will have your badge!”

“Mr. ’Azell,” Sergeant Samways said calmly, “you will leave Willum alone, and you will never shout at me ever ’gain. Is that clear?”

Mr. Hazell didn’t need to be told twice. With a very loud, ”Mmmmph!” he got onto his Rolls-Royce and shot off down the road with clouds of dust rising up from it in all directions.

“Well there goes the big git.” Doc said happily as he caught all the remaining pheasants. “Now, Willum, would you be so kind to give us some of your plump little pheasants?”

“Why, of course! There’s a dozen of them for Doc to start with. All right, Doc?”

“Terrific,” Doc said. “Wonderful.”

“Then there’ll be a dozen for you Enoch. And another dozen for Mrs.Clipstone—”

“How ’bout you Willum?” Sergeant Samways said. “You and Danny caught all the pheasants, you should get twice as much as we do.”

Dad chuckled and said, “Rest assured lads, me and danny have four splendid pheasants to eat. Don’t mind us.”

“Say if you aren’t busy, would you like to walk with me over to Cobblers Hill? There’s a quiet place where the stream runs right through it. We could catch some trout there!” Doc asked

As Sergeant Samways, Doc Spencer, Mrs.Clipstone, my father and I caught trout, I couldn’t help but rest my head on the grass, keeping my face away from the harsh sun. I listened to the sun-baked corn crackling under the breeze, a sound gentle and familiar, lulling me softly to sleep. And I did, feeling like the champion of the world.

**THE END**