

Patrol Partners

In the dark streets of Madison City, a lone figure stood under a street lamp. It wore a loose fitting tuxedo and a tiddora, every once in a while looking over its shoulder.

Another figure joined the first. Clearly a burly man, he cracked his knuckles loudly. The first figure turned around.

"What of the safe?" Physika asked, for that was the tuxedoed figure's name. "Has the safe been opened?"

There was a large silence before the answer. "They have the combination. It will be opened soon."

Physika turned around and looked at the man. "Do you realize what's in that safe?" He asked angrily. "My identity can't be realized!"

"They come here as we speak," said the burly man, whose name was Schwartzkoff. "They've come for you and your identity."

The two men, for Physika was a man, just stood there looking away from each other. Then, from far off, a trash can fell to the ground, making a racket that could wake a sleeping giant. They're here.

Every light in a block of Physika turned on full power, illuminating a hoard of ninjas of at least a hundred. None held a weapon excluding their own hands.

Schwartzkoff and Physika instinctively backed up into the pole of the street lamp. Both gritted their teeth and stared at the attacking force in front of them. Schwartzkoff swallowed.

"If we don't make it,"

"it's been nice knowing you, too, Schwartzkoff," Physika finished.

Every ~~one~~ ninja ran forward, screaming like a maniac. Luckily, though, the duo had been in tighter scrapes before. They (sort of) knew what they were doing.

Immediately, Schwartzkoff rolled back in a somersault. Physika gripped the pole behind and lifted it right out of the ground. He held the half-ton tube of metal over his head and plunged into the ground right in front of the onslaught of ninjas.

Waves of energy travelled out of the pole and through the

ground, creating a small earthquake. The first six rows, maybe thirty ninjas, were all knocked down. Slamming their heads against the asphalt, they were unconscious.

The next wave of ninjas headed toward Physika. Schwartzkoff, though, was ready for that. Bracing his fist and jumping into the fray, the man punched a ninja right in the chest.

With all the net force of his strength, Schwartzkoff sent the assassin flying back into the hoard. The plain inertia of his flight caused him to knock out and down another ten ninjas.

The attacks didn't stop. As more and more ninjas came toward Physika, he dug his fingers into road. Using his pure strength, he pulled up the blanket of asphalt. With a whip of his arms, Physika created a huge transverse wave. The ninjas tumbled over the crest of road and fell down and out of the fight.

Only half of the original number of ninjas were left, but the other half were still fighting. Physika turned around and started punching and kicking all over the place.

This gave Schwartzkoff a chance to get a weapon. He ran into the litter, looking for a stick or bar. Instead, he found a broken mirror and a bunch of old matchbox cars. This gave him an idea...

First, he picked up the tub of matchbox cars. Out on the road, Physika gave a good fight, but Schwartzkoff could tell he was getting somewhat tired.

"Hey, you ninjas!" he called, stepping into the light again. Another score of ninjas turned toward him, about twenty in all.

They all ran at him, but Schwartzkoff retreated, spilling the tub of matchbox cars. Their static friction wasn't great enough, so they fell and slipped, hitting their heads and falling asleep.

The number of ninjas had dwindled to about ten from Physika's blazing attack. He was barely keeping up.

"Hey, Physika," Schwartzoff called to his friend in the tuxedo.
"Bring them this way!"

Immediately, Physika darted out of the battle and under a different street lamp. His burly friend picked up the trash can holding all the mirrors and broken glass. With a yell, he picked it in to the air.

Light reflected and refracted off the broken glass, blinding the ninjas as Physika and Schwartzoff came in and finished them off.

Finally, though, the duo found themselves standing around as the whole hoard of ninjas lay asleep on the ground. Both of them sighed as they sat down on a wooden bench.

"Well, Schwartzy, Physika said playfully, "We should do this again sometime!"

Physika pulled off his fidora, showing his identity as-

"Ronald Reagan," yelled a voice from up in a building. Both of the men looked up in that direction and spotted a single man, gasping and picking up his cell phone.

"Oh, no," Physika, Ronald Reagan said.

"Here we go again!" Schwartzoff said.

With that, Physika put back on his fidora and set off toward the building.

THE

End!