

Dewey and the Highway Patrol

When we last saw Dewey, he had burned rubber on his way out of the parking lot at the secret installation and was on his way to deliver the top-secret computer programming cards.

The hot-rodded pickup was flying down a two-lane highway, well in excess of the speed limit. Dewey didn't want to waste any time in getting to his destination. He also liked to drive fast.

"Dewey, you must slow down," Irisha told him. "You could get stopped by the highway patrol. That might jeopardize the mission!"

"Ah can handle the highway patrol," Dewey answered. "Ah done it many a time. Ah can put on the old Dewey charm and get myself out of a ticket and be on our way."

"Oh, please Dewey, slow down. It's dangerous. Also, the sooner we get there, the less time we have together," she said.

"Heck, yer startin' to sound like mah ex-wife. I hated goin' on trips with her. She would just nag and nag and nag. I'm glad ah threw her out," said Dewey.

"Tell me, Dewey," Irisha said. "Just what caused you to throw her out?"

"Well, that's kinda private, but ah got nothin' else to talk about, so here we go. After I came back from USC, ah hooked up with one of my high school girlfriends. She really wanted to get married. Ah wanted to wait. But she jes' kept pushin' and pushin' me. Finally, ah gave in.

"The first couple of years wuz all right. But then she started wanting to be some kind of socialite. She started going to high-falutin' parties in town. She just about broke me with the money she spent on clothes. Ah went to one of her parties and felt like a fool. Ah hate wearing a suit and tie, and nobody would talk to me.

"Then, she started bad-mouthing me – criticizing me for not having a regular job and not makin' more money. Hell, she just wanted more money to spend on her socializin'. Then she started disappearing every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. I wuzn't sure what that was all about. She told me she was goin' to some kind of committee meeting.

"Then one day she called me a slob. That wuz it. While she was at one of her so-called meetings, I took all of her stuff out of the house and threw it in the yard. When she came home, I told her to get her stuff and leave.

"She jus' went too far. Nobody calls Dewey Webster a slob," Dewey concluded.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Dewey," Irisha said. "I once was in love, back in Russia. But my lover found another woman and left me. I was very sad. That's when I decided to defect to the United States," she said.

"So, do yew have a boyfriend now?" Dewey asked.

"No, sadly, I don't. My job as an agent takes me away from home for long periods of time. It's tough to keep a relationship going. And I still fear that I will be tossed aside if my lover finds another woman," she said.

Dewey snuck a few peeks at Irisha. As he looked at her many shapely curves, her large, dark eyes, and her other assets, he realized he hadn't noticed how beautiful she was. Her Freda disguise had cleverly hidden her beauty.

Dewey, he thought. Get a hold of yourself. You don't trust this woman. Don't let her seduce you. You've got to be strong.

"Oh, Dewey," she said. "Did you ever think that your ex-wife may have been cheating on you? Those afternoon disappearances sound suspicious. If she was socializing a lot, she could've met a man and had an affair with him."

Dewey was shocked momentarily. Then he thought about it. She had started complaining about him at about the time she started going out two afternoons a week. She never talked about the supposed committee she was on, he thought.

"Ah think yer right," Dewey said. "I guess that one got past old Dewey."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Irisha said. "I was betrayed as well."

The pickup flew by a billboard. Hiding behind the billboard was a highway patrolman in his cruiser.

Sgt. Franklin T. Iverson figured he wouldn't have to wait long to catch a speeder. This was one of his favorite speed traps. The road wasn't traveled much, so people didn't think the highway patrol would be there.

As Dewey's pickup flew past the billboard, Sgt. Iverson figured he had his target. He flipped on his siren, pulled onto the highway and floored the accelerator pedal.

Dewey first heard the siren, then saw the flashing lights in his rear-view mirror. "Crap," he said. "There's a highway patrolman after us."

"What did I tell you?" Irisha said.

"Don't give me that 'I told yew so crap'" Dewey said. "You're acting more and more like my ex-wife."

"What are we going to do, Dewey?" Irisha asked. "If we don't stop, we'll look suspicious."

"Ah could try to outrun him. Huey said this pickup could outrun any cruiser in the country if ah pulled that knob," he said.

"But Dewey, it takes a lot of gas. Besides, this road has a lot of curves. Would you be able to keep it on the road at a high speed?" she asked.

"Ah guess yer right," Dewey said. "Besides, ah bet ah kin handle this guy."

Dewey found a place to pull over. He got out of the pickup and walked to meet the patrolman. Dewey, with his six-foot-tall frame, towered over the five-foot, four-inch tall officer.

"What do you think you're doing, going so fast?" the officer said. "We got speed limits here. You've got to obey them."

"Ah'm sorry, Mr. Officer," Dewey said. "Ah guess I wasn't paying very good attention to my speed."

"Not paying good attention?" the officer shouted. "You were at least 20 miles per hour over the speed limit. What if there had been other cars on the road? You would've run over them!"

"Ah didn't see no other cars, sir. But ah admit I was driving too fast," Dewey said, hoping the officer would appreciate his confession and let him off with a warning.

But Sgt. Iverson had a quota to meet. "I'm going to write you a ticket for speeding," the officer said. "We can't let people get away with that kind of driving," the officer said.

"What the heck? Ah admitted to speeding. Ah've tried to be nice. Why can't yew let me off with a warning?"

"I'm sorry, but I have a job to do," Sgt. Iverson said.

Dewey opened his wallet to give the officer his drivers license. Much to his surprise, he found another license in the wallet beside his drivers license. It was a government license! Maybe this would sway the officer, Dewey thought.

"Your drivers license, please," the officer said.

"Here, take a look at this," Dewey said, handing over the government ID card. "Ah am a government employee on an urgent mission. Yew are delaying the completion of my mission. Yew don't want to get the government mad at yew, do yew?"

The officer looked over the card. "This is a fake," he said. "I've never heard of the United States Covert Operatives agency. Now I'm going to take you in for trying to deceive a law enforcement officer."

Dewey started to get mad. *Now, take it easy*, he thought. *That's what Huey would tell you to do. Don't blow the mission just because of some high-and-mighty highway patrolman.*

Dewey decided to straighten himself up to his full height, pull in his gut, and give the officer his most intimidating look. Musial, sensing his master's anger, awoke and stuck his head over the tailgate of the pickup.

He looked at the officer and growled.

"Are you trying to threaten me?" the officer said.

"Ah don't make threats. If ah got a problem, ah just take care of it," Dewey said.

"You're under arrest!" the officer cried.

Then, Irisha appeared, walking around the side of the pickup. "Oh Mr. Officer," she cooed. "May I speak to you? I just love a man in uniform."

Sgt. Iverson turned to look at her and immediately was smitten. His eyes got big as he surveyed her attractive body. "Why, uh, yes ma'am, certainly you may talk to me," he stammered.

She walked slowly toward him in a sultry manner. "Oh, what's this award for?" she asked, lightly touching a ribbon on his left chest.

"Why, uh, that's uh, for 10 years in the highway patrol," he said. "I've been doing this for a long time," he said.

"Well, you must certainly do it well," she said, taking his tie into her hands. She looked at Dewey.

Dewey took the hint. He moved slowly, but stealthily for a large man. He took out his pocket knife, took the cover off of the air valve of a tire, and let the air out of it. He did the same for two other tires. All the while, Sgt. Iverson was so smitten with Irisha that he didn't notice the sound of the air going out of the tires.

Because of the man's short stature, Irisha's "assets" were at his eye level. As she moved closer, she unbuttoned one button of her blouse. By this point, the officer's mind was anywhere but where he was.

The officer had left his door open, so Dewey slid in and did some work with his knife. He got out and got Irisha's attention. He gave her a nod.

"Well, Mr. Officer," she said. "It's been sooo nice talking to you. Maybe we'll meet up again some day, but under better circumstances," she said.

Sgt. Iverson stood motionless as Dewey and Irisha quickly made their way back to the pickup. He appeared to be in a trance as he kept thinking about Irisha and her "assets."

Dewey fired up the pickup and roared away from the officer. The patrolman snapped out of his trance and said, "Damn! They just made a fool out of me! Once I catch them, I'll throw the book at them!"

The officer started the car, but it couldn't go anywhere because of the flat tires. He tried to call for help on his radio. But as he pulled his microphone out of its holder, he saw that the cord had been cut. He put both hands on the steering wheel, bowed his head and shook it side to side, muttering something unintelligible.

"Don't we make a great team?" Irisha said, as the pickup flew down the highway.

"Don't get yer hopes up," Dewey said. "I woulda handled him eventually."

"Oh, I'm sure you would have," Irisha said. "But I wanted to have some fun, too."

"Hey, do yew know how this government ID badge got into my wallet? Ah don't remember anyone giving it to me," Dewey said.

"Oh, I did that," she said. "I asked Mr. Phelps for it and told him I wanted to give it to you as a special gesture. I decided that I would sneak it into your wallet."

"How wuz yew able to get my wallet and put that thing in there," Dewey asked.

"Oh, Dewey, I have a lot of talents," she said. "I could do lots of things to you and you'd never know that I did them," she said.

Dewey became concerned. *If she could get my wallet, could she get the secret computer cards?* he thought. But because of where they were hidden, Dewey was confident that he would notice if she tried to get the cards from him. He had to be on guard for anything, and he still didn't trust her.

Dewey noticed that Irisha had unbuttoned yet another button on her blouse. After gazing for a moment, he straightened up, touched the buttons on his shirt, and said, "Ah think yew need to take care of something."

Irisha looked puzzled, then noticed Dewey staring at her and touching the buttons on his shirt. She realized that she was showing a lot of her "assets" and quickly buttoned up.

"That's better," Dewey said.

I think he's starting to like me, Irisha thought.

Next: Dewey goes on one of the great car chases of all time.