

The Motel

Dewey and Irisha escaped a highway attack from two unknown assailants. Dewey's resistance to Irisha's romantic advances seems to be crumbling. Can he trust her?

Dewey and Irisha stopped at a greasy spoon restaurant to eat. Dewey was not in a talkative mood as he reflected on how close he had come to being killed.

After they left the restaurant, Dewey stopped at a gas station to fill up the pickup, having drained the gas tank by using the mysterious knob that made the pickup go incredibly fast. Musial took his break behind the gas station. As Dewey waited for the gas station attendant to finish filling the tank, Irisha snuggled up to him.

"Dewey, darling," she said. "It's getting late. We need to find a place to stay for the night."

"Ah guess yer right. It's been a long day. Let's get back on the road and look fer a motel," Dewey said.

With the pickup now full of gas, they roared out of the gas station and down the road. Dewey spotted a small motel, consisting of a group of small cottages. He pulled in. "Now, let me do the talkin'," Dewey said. "We are gettin' separate rooms."

"Oh Dewey, you know I wouldn't try anything," Irisha said with a wink.

The pair walked into the motel office, where an older man walked up to the counter. "Ah need two rooms," Dewey said.

"I'm sorry, sir, we have only one cottage left," the man said. "It has one king-sized bed."

Dewey looked puzzled. *Ah cain't sleep in the same bed with her. That's asking fer trouble*, Dewey thought.

"Well, maybe we should head on down the road and find one that has two rooms," Dewey said.

"Oh Dewey," Irisha said. "We're both so tired. We can't be sure we'll even find a motel with two rooms. It'll be all right," she said.

Dewey thought, painful as the process was for him. "Ah'll have to sleep in the pickup, ah guess," Dewey said.

Dewey forked over the cash for the room. They drove the short distance to the cottage and parked. Dewey unlocked the door and they hauled their luggage into the room.

"Oh, this is so cute!" Irisha said. "Oh, Dewey, you can't sleep in the truck when you have such a nice room here."

"Ah will have to," Dewey said. "Ah have mah reputation to protect."

"Dewey, none of your friends even know you're out here. You're too far from home to be worried about gossip," Irisha said.

"Yeah, but if word got back somehow, folks would start gossipin' even if we didn't do anything wrong," Dewey said.

"Well, if everyone is saying we're doing something, then we might as well be doing it," Irisha said with a wink.

"Think about this, Dewey – I don't know where the computer cards are, but how secure can they be if you are sleeping outside in a pickup? You could be ambushed before you even knew what hap-

pened. You really need to be in the room to be completely safe,” Irisha said.

What dew ah dew? Dewey thought, painful as it was. An idea popped into his head.

“Aw right, Irisha, ah’ll sleep in the room. But we must be careful. Ah shall avert my eyes when necessary.”

Irisha smiled and headed off to the bathroom to get ready for bed. After she returned in a slinky nightgown, Dewey ‘averted his eyes’ and took his turn getting ready for bed. As Dewey returned to the bedroom, Irisha winked at him and said, “Come on in, handsome!”

Instead, Dewey walked to the front door of the cabin. He looked out and yelled, “Musial! Come in!”

The big dog eagerly bounded out of the bed of the pickup. He followed Dewey to the bedroom.

“What’s that *dog* doing in here?” Irisha cried.

“Musial always sleeps with me,” Dewey said.

“Well, keep that dog far away from me,” Irisha said. “I can’t stand the smell of a dog anywhere near to me!”

Dewey looked at Musial and gestured. “Hop in, Musial.”

The dog climbed into the bed and laid down by Irisha.

“Nooo!” Irisha screamed. “Get that dog out of my bed! I’m not sleeping with a dog!”

“Musial isn’t going anywhere,” Dewey said. “He sleeps in mah bed with me all of the time back home. He’s used to it. If yer nice to him, he won’t hurt yew.”

“Yuck! Dewey, I can’t believe this! How can you sleep with a dirty old dog? You’re a slob, Dewey!” she yelled, as she jumped out of the bed.

She grabbed her pillow and blanket. “I’m sleeping in the bathtub tonight! And keep that dog away from me!” she cried.

Dewey glared at her. “What did yew call me?”

“A slob, Dewey. A slob!” she yelled, as she went into the bathroom.

That’s it, Dewey thought. She’s jus’ been pretendin’ to like me. She wants something – probably the computer cards. She knows I hate being called a slob. If she really liked me, she wouldn’t call me a slob.

Dewey got into bed and pulled the cover up. Musial licked him a couple of times, then laid down and went to sleep. Dewey slept away the night.

The telephone in the room rang. Dewey woke up and looked at the alarm clock. *6 a.m.? Who would know I’m here, much less call me at 6 a.m.?*

“Who the hell is it?” Dewey grumbled.

“Dewey, this is Huey. Sorry to bother you this early in the morning, but there’s been a change in plans. The appointment with agent Ned is canceled. You’ve got to deliver the cards to an old warehouse tonight. Do you have anything to write on?”

Dewey grabbed a motel notepad and a pen. “OK, where is it?” he said.

Huey gave him the address and time of the meeting. Dewey wrote it down, but something didn’t seem right.

“How did yew know to find me here?” Dewey asked.

“Dewey, you left quite a trail of destruction yesterday. That patrolman you stranded gave a pretty good description of you, Irisha, and your pickup. Then, when we found those two foreign agents and their car up the road, we figured that had to be your work. It just took a few phone calls and we tracked you down. Hey, Dewey, that’s what we do,” Huey said.

“Are yew all right?” Dewey asked Huey.

“Oh, I’m great,” Huey said. There was silence for a second or two. “Oh, Dewey, one more thing:

Who will start at second base for the Cardinals next year?"

"Why are you asking me that? Of all the things to ask a guy at 6 a.m. in the morning. OK, it'll be Red Schoendienst."

"Thanks, Dewey," Huey said, and hung up.

As Huey hung up the phone, Phelps took a gun away from his head. "What was that baseball question all about?" Phelps demanded.

"Uh, I just wanted to make sure it was Dewey," Huey said. "He won't suspect anything. That's one thing that definitely will get past old Dewey," Huey said.

"It had better get past him!" Phelps said. "You behave yourself and I might let you live through this. Dewey won't have a chance tonight. I'll have those cards and be out of the country in no time!"

"Don't underestimate my brother!" Huey said.

"He's been lucky so far," Phelps said.

"No, he's been good," Huey shot back. Phelps laughed.

Back at the hotel, Dewey was curious. *Why in the hell did Huey ask me that baseball question? He knows I'm a big Cardinal fan. But why ask me at the end of such an important call? Somethin' don't seem right.*

Dewey cracked open the bathroom door. "Irisha! Git up! Plans have changed. We gotta git on the road to make our new meetin' place," Dewey said.

Groggily, Irisha replied, "OK, Dewey, but get that dog out of here now! I'm not going to dress with that dog around!"

"OK," Dewey said, and took Musial out to the pickup.

Dewey went into the bathroom as Irisha came out. He cleaned himself up, then went back into the bedroom. "Git in the pickup," he told her.

As she left, Dewey changed clothes and packed his suitcase. He noticed that its contents weren't exactly how he had left them. *Was Irisha snoopin' around in mah suitcase while ah was in the bathroom?* Dewey thought.

As Dewey climbed into the driver's seat, Irisha was seated as far away from him as she could be. She leaned against the passenger-side door, not making eye contact with Dewey.

She seems mad, Dewey thought. *Ah really need to watch her now.*

"Long drive today, Irisha. Did yew sleep well last night?" Dewey asked.

Irisha glared at Dewey. Dewey put the pickup in gear and roared out of the parking lot, headed toward a date with destiny.

Next: Dewey calls for help!