

Dewey Calls for Help

After being told of a new time and rendezvous, Dewey pushes on to his date with destiny.

Dewey roared down the highway, pushing the speed limit. The new destination was farther away than he originally planned to travel today. He would have to make good time, highway patrol or not.

It still was dark as the pickup roared down the highway. An alert highway patrol trooper pulled out in pursuit.

Dewey saw the patrolman in his rear view mirror. *Oh, crap!* He thought. *Not again!*

Then he remembered something. He slowed down and let the patrolman get close to his rear bumper. He looked over the dashboard for a switch. He found it.

Flash! The special lights that Huey had installed blasted light toward the trooper, temporarily blinding him. He had to slow down to keep control. Dewey pulled the boost knob and the pickup roared away.

Dewey heard scratching from the back window. It was Musial, looking frightened. Dewey promptly pulled over the pickup. He got out and walked back to the pickup bed. "What's the matter, boy?" Dewey said. *Ah bet the bright lights and acceleration scared him,* Dewey thought.

"Hop out, Musial," Dewey called. He opened the driver's door and gestured for Musial to get in. Musial jumped in and sat in the driver's seat. "Over a bit there, boy," Dewey said, and then got in as Musial moved over.

Irisha was horrified. "Why is that dog sitting in here? He should be back in the bed of the pickup! Dewey, why are you doing this to me?" she asked.

"Ah guess I'm just a big slob," Dewey said, as he put the pickup in gear and pulled out onto the highway.

Dewey considered what was ahead of him. He knew danger awaited him. Huey was in some sort of trouble. He worried that he couldn't handle it himself, and he couldn't trust Irisha. Who could he call on for help? Who would believe him?

When the highway brought them to the next town, Dewey pulled into a Laundromat. He went inside and came out with a large amount of quarters. He then went to a phone booth.

He picked up the phone and put in a quarter. "Operator?" he asked after dialing zero. "Put me through to Louie Webster in Dallas, Texas."

"We have several listings for a Louie Webster in Dallas, Texas," the operator said politely.

"He's a lawyer. Does that help?" he said.

"Let's see," the operator said. "Here we go. Louie Webster, attorney at law. May I connect you?"

"Darn right yew may," Dewey said.

"Please insert four quarters," the operator said.

Dewey started feeding quarters into the telephone. He heard the sound of a phone ringing. *Let it be Louie!* Dewey hoped.

"Louis Webster," a voice answered.

"Louie! It's Dewey! How ya' doin'?"

"Dewey? What are you doing calling me this early in the morning? Is everything all right?" Louie

asked.

“Actually, it’s not,” Dewey said. “Ah am on a dangerous government mission and Huey is in danger. Ah need your help.”

“Dewey, have you been drinking again?” Louie asked.

“Ah have not been drinkin’!” Dewey said. “Ah damn near got my ass killed yesterday by two goons in a black car. I sent one of them rolling down the side of the road and the other ran off of the road and overturned his car.”

“Please insert another quarter,” the operator broke in. Dewey inserted several quarters.

“Have you been reading too many of those pulp fiction stories you write?” Louie asked. “By the way, I really did like ‘She Didn’t Know the Gun was Loaded.’”

“Louie,” Dewey said. “Have you ever heard of the United States Covert Operatives Agency?”

There was a moment of silence on the other line of the phone. “Dewey, how did you know about the USCOA?”

“Huey told me about the ‘family business,’” Dewey said. “He and some guy named Phelps sent me on a mission. He souped up my pickup and everything. Ah even got a special government ID card.”

“Please insert more quarters,” the operator said again. “Crap, would yew stop interruptin’ us?” Dewey said. “He put another batch of coins into the pay phone.”

“And you say that Huey is in danger?” Louie asked. Dewey said, “Ah don’t know for sure. He called me this morning to change the time and place for me to drop off mah special package. He asked me a weird baseball question. Huey never was interested in baseball.”

“All right, Dewey. Give me the location and the time.” Louie said.

After Dewey gave him the address and time, Louie said, “Dewey, that’s hundreds of miles from here. I don’t know how I can get there in time to help you!”

“Please, Louie, dew it if yew can! Ah need yew! Huey needs you! Yer country needs yew!” Dewey cried.

“All right, Dewey. Now that I think about it, there may be a way. I’ll be there,” Louie said.

“Thank yew, brother Louie! Ah knew I could count on yew!” Dewey said.

“Please insert another quarter,” the operator said.

“Screw you!” Dewey said, and hung up the phone.

Louie hung up the phone. He went into his study, pulled a book from the bookshelf, and a secret door opened. He went into the small room and picked up the receiver of a red telephone. He dialed a number. “This is Louie Webster. Get me the commander of the Army Air Force base!”

Dewey drove down the road and filled up the pickup. Even that short blast of the special acceleration knob had used up a lot of gas. He knew he couldn’t use it very often or he’d run out of gas.

Dewey went flying down the road, but then the engine started to lurch. Dewey pumped the gas, but the engine kept missing. Finally, it quit. Dewey coasted the pickup off of the side of the road. *Now what do I dew?* he thought.

He got out and remembered that the hood was locked. *What a fine mess I’m in! If ah can’t fix this, it’s all over,* he thought.

He tugged at the hood. He tugged again. He thought he felt something give. So, he put his hands under the lip of the hood and lifted with all of his might. Realizing the importance of the situation, Dewey’s adrenaline kicked in. He strained and strained and strained. The hood dug into his hands, causing even more pain. When Dewey thought he could give no more, the hood popped open. Dewey had been applying so much force that his hands flew up, he lost his balance, and fell backward,

hitting his head on the hard ground.

Am ah really that strong? Dewey wondered.

Irisha stuck her head out of the door window. "Ah, Dewey, there's a hood opening switch inside of the glove compartment," she said.

"Why didn't yew tell me?" he asked. "I darn near hurt myself when I fell backward!"

"Dewey," Irisha said. "You fell on your head. That's last place you would get hurt," she said.

"But why did yew it?" he asked.

"Oh, I thought it would be funny to see you tumble and fall down," she said. "Revenge for last night."

Oh great, Dewey thought. *Now she's trying to take revenge on me.*

Dewey looked over the engine. It was like no engine he had ever seen. Where was the carburetor? How could you have an engine without a carburetor? He looked over the engine to see if something could be out of place. Dewey had an inclination toward mechanical things, so he cleared his mind and let his instincts take over. He saw what appeared to be a wire loose from a plug and re-inserted it. Then, he saw the lid of a plastic compartment was open. He closed it and secured it with some baling wire from the pickup bed. He opened a black compartment, which turned out to be a fuse box. Dewey saw a blown fuse and pulled it. He was relieved to see that there was a spare fuse in the fuse box, so he used it to replace the blown fuse.

Would that be enough to fix it? he wondered.

He carefully closed the hood and got in the cab. Irisha ignored him. Musial looked at him curiously. Dewey pushed in the clutch and nervously turned the key. There was a rumble from the engine, but it didn't start. Dewey pumped the accelerator. More rumble, but no start. Finally, Dewey floored the accelerator and kept turning the starter. The starter began to slow down as the battery lost power. About when Dewey thought he was sunk the engine caught and came to life!

Dewey revved the accelerator and the engine sounded fine! It shook the pickup with its power. Dewey put the pickup in gear and headed down the road.

Damn, that was a close one, Dewey thought. *Thank goodness for baling wire!*

Thinking through the engine's problems, Dewey concluded that using the power boost knob put a strain on the engine. He would have to reserve it for only the most dangerous situations, or else he could find himself stranded. He wasn't sure his luck would hold out and he could fix it again.

Dewey wondered.

Aware of the lost time, Dewey put the pedal to the metal. What will ah do if some policeman tries to stop me? Dewey wondered. Ah can't use the booster knob, or it all might be over.

Sure enough, as Dewey roared down the highway, a police car pulled out in pursuit. Dewey kept going, but didn't use the booster knob. Another police car joined the pursuit. Soon, there was a parade of police cars, lights flashing, in pursuit of Dewey.

Dewey was just able to stay ahead of them. Then, he saw that a roadblock had been set up. He didn't think he could crash through it. He would have to stop and take his chances.

He pulled over. Irisha had been napping, but now was wide awake. "Dewey, you've messed up again. I won't try to help you this time. We're screwed," she said. Musial growled at her.

Dewey got out of the pickup with his hands up and walked toward the first police officer.

"Who are you? Why did you not stop? I've got a mind to put you in jail!" the officer said.

"Allow me to explain, officer," Dewey said. He pulled out his wallet and showed the officer his driver's license and the United States Covert Operatives Agency ID card.

"This is obviously a fake," the officer said. "There's no such thing as the U.S.C.O.A.!"

“Allow me, officer, to prove that ah am indeed who ah say ah am. Take yer gun and shoot it at the window of mah pickup cab,” Dewey said.

“Are you nuts? There’s a dog and a woman in there. I’m not going to kill them,” the officer said.

“Yew won’t. Jes’ trust me,” Dewey said. The officer slowly pulled out his handgun, looked at the window, and said. “No, I’m not going to let you make a fool out of me,” he said, and started to put his gun back in his holster.

Dewey quickly grabbed the gun out of the officer’s hands, turned, and fired it at the window. The bullet bounced off of the glass. Dewey dropped the gun, put his hands up, and said, “Does everybody’s pickup have bulletproof glass?”

“That proves nothing,” the officer said. “You have just taken a handgun from an officer and fired it. That’s a major offense. I’m cuffing you and taking you in!”

Then, another officer walked up to the scene. “What’s going on here?” he asked. “Did I just see a bullet bounce off of that pickup window?”

“Yes, yew did, sir,” Dewey said. “Ah am trying to prove to this officer that ah am a government agent on a top-secret mission of national importance.”

“Well, you don’t look like a government agent,” the officer said. “Show him my card,” Dewey told the other officer.

“It’s obviously a fake, Chief,” the other officer said, as he handed over Dewey’s card.

The chief looked it over carefully. “This is no fake. I know about this agency. This man’s a legitimate government agent, crazy as it seems. What can we do to help you, agent ... uh ... Webster?”

“Ah need an escort so ah don’t keep getting pulled over,” Dewey said. “I have to drive a few hundred miles in just a few hours to deliver an important government package. Can I count on yew for help?”

The chief turned and gave an order to his officer: “Give this man a police escort wherever he needs to go, as far as he needs to go!” he roared. “Good luck, agent Webster!” he said.

Dewey hopped back in the pickup and headed down the highway, with an escort of police cruisers coming along. They almost couldn’t keep up with Dewey’s hot-rodded pickup as he flew down the highway.

This might attract some unwanted attention, but ah got no choice, Dewey thought. I have to make it in time or something bad could happen to Huey!

Musial, sensing his master’s unrest, licked him a couple of times. That made Dewey feel better. Irisha could only say, “That’s gross!”

Next: Dewey fights a Ninja assassin!