

# The great pickup chase

*When we last saw Dewey, he and Irisha outsmarted a highway patrol officer who stopped Dewey for speeding. Now, Dewey and Irisha resume their mission.*

Dewey decided he had pushed his luck enough for one day, so he backed off the accelerator and drove the pickup closer to the speed limit.

"Tell me about your acting career," Irisha said.

"Ain't much to it," Dewey said.

"Well, what about your writing career?" Irisha asked.

"Ain't much to it," Dewey said.

"Oh, Dewey, why won't you talk to me? We were going great until the highway patrolman pulled us over. Why won't you talk?"

"Ain't got nothin' to say," Dewey barked. Irisha looked at him with a pouting face.

Musial started scratching the rear window of the cab. "Ah think Musial needs a break," Dewey said. He was approaching a small town, so he pulled into a parking lot. Musial jumped out and found a place to "do his business."

"This wuz a good idea," Dewey said. "Ah was getting a little tired of drivin'."

A large black luxury car pulled into the parking lot. It caught Dewey's eye because it looked out of place. Dewey kept his eye on it. After it stopped, two men got out. They, too, looked out of place.

"Irisha," Dewey said. "Would yew take a look at that car and those men over there?"

Irisha turned and looked. Her eyes became big. "Dewey, we must leave immediately!" she said.

"Why? They ain't doin' nuthin' to us," Dewey said.

"They are a danger to us. I know they are dangerous," Irisha said.

Dewey saw Musial intently looking at the men as well. "Musial! Get in the pickup!" Musial ran toward the pickup and jumped into the bed. Dewey and Irisha hastily got in the pickup and Dewey fired it up. He squealed his tires as he left the parking lot.

"Dewey, squealing your tires was not a good idea. It just drew attention to us," Irisha said.

"People don't take much notice of a guy like me squealing tires. In fact, they expect it," Dewey said.

Still staying around the speed limit, Dewey pressed on. After a couple of miles, Dewey saw the black car in his rear-view mirror. "Ah think those men in the black car are interested in us," Dewey.

"That would an understatement," Irisha said. "They are foreign agents. They are after either the computer cards or after me. I left a lot of enemies in Russia," she said.

The black car closed the distance between the two cars. Dewey figured he should have a plan of action. "Gimme Agent Dan's handgun," Dewey said to Irisha. She took it out of the glove compartment and put it on the seat beside Dewey. She also moved a few inches closer to him.

A bullet whizzed past the driver's side window. "What the crap?" Dewey cried. Another bullet hit the rear window, but bounced off. "They must've put bulletproof glass in that window," Dewey said.

Dewey hit the accelerator, but the black car continued to close the gap. Dewey knew he had to act. "Grab the steering wheel, Irisha. Keep us on the road," Dewey said.

Twisting his body as much as a large man could, Dewey kept his foot on the accelerator pedal and looked out the window. He took two shots with the handgun, but didn't hit anything. When he attempted a third shot, the gun jammed.

“Crap! Ah knew this gun was no good! If he had just kept it clean, it would work!” Dewey said.

The black car overtook Dewey’s pickup and pulled alongside. The right rear window opened and one of the men climbed out. He took a leap and landed in the bed of the pickup!”

But the man didn’t know that a large Rottweiler was sleeping in the bed of the pickup. “Musial!” Dewey shouted. “Get him!” The dog backed the man into the rear right corner of the pickup bed.

“Gimme the shotgun,” Dewey said, as he returned to the driver’s seat.

“Dewey, what are you going to do?” Irisha said. “That shotgun is only good at close range!”

“That’s where ah intend to shoot,” Dewey said. Checking the shotgun to see that it was loaded, Dewey proceeded with his plan.

The black car still was beside the pickup. Dewey told Irisha to take the wheel again. As the driver of the car looked on in terror at the sight of the shotgun, Dewey blasted the passenger side window into small pieces of glass.

But the driver had plans of his own. He pulled out a handgun and fired at Dewey. As Dewey turned away to re-load the shotgun, the bullet whizzed past his left ear, barely missing his head. Having re-loaded the shotgun, Dewey leaned further out of the cab, took aim, and blasted away.

The car went out of control and ran off of the road. It overturned several times. “Ah guess ah took care of him,” Dewey said.

“But what about the man in the back?” Irisha said. “Ah got a plan for him too,” Dewey said. He looked back at the bed of the pickup and said, “Musial! Get down!”

As Musial sprawled himself on the pickup bed, Dewey reached for the mysterious knob. “Hang on,” Dewey said. Irisha moved across the seat right by Dewey.

As Dewey pulled the knob, the acceleration slammed him and Irisha back into the seat. The man in the pickup bed went flying out of the pickup and landed on a grassy hill just past the shoulder of the road. He rolled several times before he hit the bottom of the hill.

“Whoo-hah!” Dewey yelled. “This is fun! Why, I done buried the speedometer!”

“Dewey,” said Irisha, who had wrapped her arms around Dewey. “We’re going more than 100 miles per hour. And look at the gas gauge!”

The gas gauge was moving quickly toward the “E” mark. Reluctantly, Dewey pushed the knob back into the dashboard and the pickup slowed down.

Catching his breath, Dewey then noticed that Irisha had was practically on his lap and had both arms around him. “Hey, what are yew doing? Let go of me!” Dewey said.

“Oh Dewey, I was so scared,” she said. “I just had to hold on to you. It made me feel safe. You are such a brave man! You almost were killed!”

“Yeah, that bullet came purty close,” Dewey said. “Maybe there is something to that ‘better lucky than good’ business.”

*Boy, that sure felt good when she wrapped herself around me, Dewey thought. Wait! Dewey! Get yerself under control! You don’t trust her!*

But as the pickup sped down the highway, Dewey didn’t object as Irisha slid back across the seat by Dewey. She took his right arm and put it around her. Dewey didn’t resist.

*Next: Things get awkward as Dewey and Irisha spend the night at a motel.*