

Dudley Do-Right gets a downgrade

By Jerry Peterson

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“But, Inspector, you can’t sell Horse,” Dudley Do-Right of the Canadian Mounties says as he nervously paces the headquarters office.

Inspector Fenwick pokes at a spreadsheet on his desk. “My boy, I’m afraid I have no choice. The cost of hay and oats is destroying my unit’s budget. Horse has to go.”

“But, sir, how shall I patrol my territory? There are desperadoes out there intent on stealing the Lost Silver Mine’s payroll, and that dastardly Snidely Whiplash who has designs on your daughter, Nell.”

“Dudley, Dudley, Dudley. Nell is safe. She’s in the kitchen as we speak, cooking my supper. As for the protecting the payroll, the best I can do” – the inspector goes to the storeroom. He returns instantly, pushing a Know-Ped – “is give you this.”

“But, sir, that is a child’s scooter.”

“No, it’s the adult version. See? Lightweight, no motor, no batteries. You just push with your foot. You can do that, Dudley. Do it for the honor of the RCMP.”

Dudley Do-Right salutes.

At that moment, Snidely Whiplash roars up to the window on a Vespa with Nell Fenwick tied in the sidecar. He twirls his mustache as he announces, “I have Sweet Nell, Inspector. You shall never get her back.”

And he roars off in a blinding cloud of blue smoke, the fifty c.c. motor backfiring.

“Do not fear, Inspector Fenwick, I shall save Nell.” Dudley Do-Right salutes and jumps on the Know-Ped. He pushes off, calling out, “Nell, Nell, I’m coming, Nell. On horse-foot. On horse-foot.”