

[HQ Hi-jinx: Part One](#)

Published by: [J Gander](#) on 19th Dec 2011 | View all blogs by [J Gander](#)
(Reserved for J Gander, Darkwing and Launchpad)

Word was very quiet on the streets, but a wave of panic was spreading through the reinforced walls of SHUSH. The agency had faced countless supervillains, terrible tidal waves and psychic-powered pilots, but news of an impending attack promised such doom that the Director had ordered an immediate evacuation to a new secret location.

Consequently, the halls were crammed full of agents scrambling to move, top secret inventions being prepared for transportation, and office workers fighting for floor plans to secure the closest spot to the coffee maker.

And in the middle of it all was J Gander Hooter, calmly overseeing the process as best he could.

With all law-enforcers in town being affected, however, it would not be long before the city's dashing vigilante and his sidekick were summoned as well.

by [DW](#) 1 year ago

And summoned they were via a Flashquack with a short and quick message along the lines of: "We're in dire need of your assistance." Darkwing was never one to back down from a request for his aid, so it wasn't long before he and Launchpad were on their way to SHUSH HQ. Darkwing drove the Ratcatcher along the city streets and occasionally shared speculations with Launchpad as to what J. Gander needed them for.

"Regardless of what the case at hand is, no problem is too big or too small for the likes of Darkwing Duck!" He parked his motorcycle and started to head towards the door of the inconspicuous government building known as SHUSH HQ. While he would've preferred going to J. Gander's office through the window or some other surprise entrance, SHUSH had gotten a little tired of repairing the damages he caused. It wounded his ego a little bit to go through such a mundane thing as using a door, but it couldn't be helped. When he entered the building, he was shocked to find how chaotic the scene was before him. Agents were rushing around left and right (some in the middle of hastily filling out paperwork), people were practically screaming into their cell phones... Given how normally ordered SHUSH was, it really was a shock to find everyone in such a state of pandemonium.



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

Launchpad ogled the commotion. "Whoa! Looks like these guys need to lay off the caffeine for a bit!" He stepped around one of those cell phone screamers, just barely bumping into a cart with his elbow. Since only a couple of papers flew off the top of the mountainous stack, he snatched the airborne ones and stuffed them back in place, hoping nobody had noticed.



by [DW](#) 1 year ago

"There's nothing wrong with caffeine," Darkwing said automatically, being a regular caffeine addict. "Besides, this doesn't look like the work of any chemically-induced panic, something is wrong here!" He started to push through people, not being as mindful as LP of any falling papers or bumped carts. "J. Gander will surely fill us in on the details..." He finally made it to the office, bursting the door wide open and announcing his presence loudly. "You can relax now, J. Gander, Darkwing Duck is on the case!" He hurried to the front desk.



by [Launchpad](#) 1 year ago

While DW was busy being DW, LP just tried to keep up. It was impossible to help everyone out of a jam when the whole building was busier than a bee hive. He grimaced and arrived just seconds

behind his pal.



by [J Gander](#) 1 year ago

Such drama. Such dashing.

Which made it all the more unnerving when the Director's voice piped up behind them.

"Darkwing Duck," he said. "I've been expecting you."

To be fair, he had been out dealing with the madness in the corridors in person. It wasn't like he had been lurking around waiting to sneak up behind them. That would be have creepy, right?

"You have no doubt noticed SHUSH is in the middle of an emergency evacuation," explained as he paced past the two into his office. "This is affecting all law-enforcement in St Canard. The public doesn't know of it yet... and we are trying to keep it that way."

Staring at the duo for a moment to emphasise how serious this point was, the old owl then continued.

"As time is of the essence, I have requested your presence in order to help protect doing the move..." A square metal box with no labeling was thrust into Darkwing's hands. "... this."

That would have been more dramatic if it had been clear what the box was.



by [DW](#) 1 year ago

Darkwing jumped a little when he heard J. Gander's voice behind him; he swiftly turned and tried to pretend that he had known J. Gander was there all along. He listened carefully to J. Gander's explanation and accepted the box, resisting the urge to shake it off-hand to try and find out what it was. If it had anything to do with Dr. Bellum, he could be sure that shaking it would probably result in an explosion or some other horribly painful result. He looked down at the metal box, then back up at J. Gander with a raised eyebrow.

"So, there's an emergency evacuation going on, and you want me to guard... this box?" He said it slowly as if he couldn't quite believe what he was saying. "I mean, I'm sure it's very important..." He looked back down, staring at the box with a skeptical look. "But wouldn't Grizz be more suited to this task of watching over things? Shouldn't I be hunting down whoever is responsible for causing this emergency evacuation? I AM an expert tracker with keen detective instincts, after all. I could eliminate the need for this evacuation, easy as pie. You just fill me in on the details, and Darkwing Duck will be on the case!"



by [Launchpad](#) 11 months ago

Being startled by someone coming up behind him was nothing new. Nor was the threat of imminent danger. Not even the metal box thingy. DW had delivered a stapler in an important looking package before. But the pointed stare from the director WAS a little creepy. Launchpad grinned a little sheepishly and focused extra hard on the box. As long as it wasn't a demonic spirit in a jack-in-the-box... Or one of Dr. Bellum's inventions, as DW said... Launchpad shivered a little at both thoughts. Maybe looking at the box wasn't the best idea... He looked back at J. Gander expectantly, only half listening to Darkwing.



by [J Gander](#) 11 months ago

"Agent Grizzlikof is currently away on a secret assignment." So secret nobody knew where he was. "And we cannot risk our people on the chance that you locate the source of the trouble before it is

too late. Your unconventional techniques are always highly impressive and reliable in these sorts of trying circumstances... but I fear this challenge may be beyond even your amazing abilities."

A pause, and J Gander cast his gaze around suspiciously, before taking the unusual step of closing his office door.

"A side advantage of employing you to personally transport this very important package to the temporary location, however, is that you can keep your keen eyes on the group from inside the process," with hushed and somber tones, the Director laid out the shocking background to the case. "We have word that this threat may be coming from one of our very own. So trust no one. If you notice anybody acting strangely, by say trying to sabotage or disrupt the evacuation, report it directly to me."

Straightening, his voice returned to normal speaking volume. The seriousness of his tone, however, remained.

"These are troubling times, Darkwing. But this is your time to shine, and to demonstrate how vital your services are to the ongoing success of SHUSH." A slight tilt of the head. "Only you, with your marvelous track record and unsurpassed skill would I trust with such dangerous and delicate a task."



by [DW](#) 11 months ago

Darkwing's ego swelled when J. Gander talked about his impressive abilities, but he started to protest when J. Gander suggested that even his abilities wouldn't be enough... the very idea that something was beyond HIM, Darkwing Duck. He cut his protest short when J. Gander began to speak again, partially out of respect for the old owl and partially because his interest was piqued when he shut the office door and leaned in close to him. Suddenly, the mission took on a whole other level of importance, and the fact that J. Gander trusted him more than even his agents in SHUSH spoke words to him. A determined look set into Darkwing's features.

"You can count on me, J. Gander. No one will escape THIS mallard's watchful eye, and this package is as good as protected and delivered."



by [Launchpad](#) 11 months ago

"Uh, yeah! What he said!" Launchpad exclaimed good-naturedly. He was more than happy to have something to focus on besides the box and the possibility of a spy in S.H.U.S.H. *Shiver*



by [J Gander](#) 11 months ago

"Thank you both," pronounced the Director solemnly. "You have no idea how fundamental your involvement is to the safety of SHUSH, not to mention the city as a whole."

Fundamental, perhaps, but not in a good way. Not this time.



by [The Rival Agents](#) 11 months ago

Of course, there was absolutely no possibility of a spy in SHUSH HQ as Launchpad had thought, because the two young men currently creeping through the vents overhead were not spies at all, not one bit. They were merely 'researching' their current target--erm, subject, J. Gander Hooter.

It had taken him long enough, what with the intermission of being yelled at by Helene and arguing with Julius, but Bao finally had tracked down the Director and managed to drag Darryl right through.

"Would you KEEP up!" The sniper harshly whispered behind him. Nevermind that the large talons posed a great threat to anybody crawling right behind him. It's just that he FINALLY got the Director

isolated and in great spying view and Darryl shouldn't make them miss that. He pulled up the duck right next to the small opening in the ceiling tiles and pointed.

"I am absolutely not crazy." Bao said, "At least not about Uncle John not being Uncle John... Just look."



by [Darryl](#) 11 months ago

"I value what bits of me aren't scarred yet, THANKS," Darryl hissed back. "And I'm not sure about y-what?"

Blinking, he wiped his glasses clean and leaned closer to the opening, looking and listening to as much as he was able.

"... why is the door shut?" he whispered, leaning back. "Hooter never closes the door. That's kind of the whole point, so that people can just rush in if something goes horribly wrong."

Or to invite him for coffee. Guy was really easy-going like that.

"And I can't imagine Grizzles not being right by his side if this whole mess is really that important. Secret assignment nothing, Hooter NEEDS him to keep things under control. If there's one thing all that paperwork's good for, it's keeping things smooth."

Agonisingly slow, but smooth.

"Something's really, really wrong here..."



by [J Gander](#) 11 months ago

For a long time after Darkwing and Launchpad had departed, the Director remained perfectly still. Hands behind his back, posture rigid, eyes stuck wide open. It was like he was a doll rather than a living person – although his size made that analogy all too accurate.

Then, out of nowhere, the much experienced and respected owl began to sing.

If dropping the beat could be classed as singing.

"Uh huh, this my shit
All the girls stomp your feet like this."

To accompany the awkward old man rapping, came awkward old man moves. Except they weren't too old man like – he really knew how to bust it! When did he learn that?

"A few times I've been around that track
So it's not just gonna happen like that
'Cause I ain't no Hollaback Girl
I ain't no Hollaback Girl..."

And so the jaw-dropping performance continued, with a fat bass line that originated from Hades knew where, the Director unawares of his audience above. It was amazing, unbelievable... and totally out of character for such a distinguished figure.

Yes, as he would no doubt go on to sing, this SHUSH was bananas.

B A N A N A S.



by [The Rival Agents](#) 11 months ago

Despite the heart moving performance, the audience did not give a wonderful round of applause. It might have been the slightly off key singing, or perhaps the fact that this was a 60 year old head of an espionage agency, but SOMETHING just didn't sit with Bao right. Okay, so maybe it was the fact that a balding senior citizen was rocking rhymes that were right on time without it being tricky, yeah, tricky.

"Well, I've heard a lot of things about the Director," Bao flatly stated, "but I don't think Julius ever made any mention of him knowing how to break it down old school."

The eagle sternly looked down at the Director, "Considering HIS old school should be like ragtime or something."



by [Darryl](#) 11 months ago

"I think that's a bit too old to be classified as old school," Darryl muttered, staring down in disbelief. "Well. That's it. He's officially gone mad. We might as well all give up now. Where are the panic exits?"

Of course, it might be hard to make a panicky retreat in this small space before he started eating people. Maybe they could knock him out first...

He very seriously took a look around the office to see if there was something heavy to bring him down with, when something altogether different caught his eye. All those moves were indeed amazing, but a certain move snagged his beak and jerked his glasses as it passed. Was it a trick of the light, or did Hooter nearly freeze in the second before they settled again?

"Waaaaiiit a minute... I spy something after all."

Clearly, all this breaking it down old school wasn't old school enough for Hooter. But it certainly made sense for someone of a more appropriate age...

"... did he get his glasses reframed or something?" Or did he get some new beak-polisher, you never knew.



by [The Rival Agents](#) 11 months ago

"Uh, I think he got new glasses." Bao answered, "SpecsRUs or something, a couple of days ago. Dad mentioned picking up the package from Hooter's secretary when they had breakfast together."

Bao gave it a thought, "And I think that's when he started to act weird."

Of course glasses wouldn't have anything to do with it, right? The guy couldn't think of any way or possibility for a new set of eyeglasses to cause any of this. He merely shrugged. Maybe they were just too tight around his beak?



by [J Gander](#) 11 months ago

It was probably somewhat distracting that the Director had apparently chosen to break out a full bandleader costume for the final verses.

Very dramatic, although it might have better suited somebody a quarter his age – or the opposite gender, since it was a dress.

The large red-feathered hat was quite fetching though.

Just as the act concluded, and he somehow whisked himself back into his normal classy suit, there was a knock on the door.

"Last stage evacuation commencing, Sir," announced a large canine guard as he poked his head into the office. "Your amphibious vehicle is waiting."

"Excellent, thank you," returned Hooter, fetching a briefcase and following the guard out. "Please have a roll-call organised. Not a soul is to be left behind."

Better get moving, boys.



by [Darryl](#) 11 months ago

Darryl had been watching, ironically, like a hawk, because there was just something... if he had any ears, they would have pricked at Bao's comment.

"It's the glasses!" he said, shaking Bao's arm urgently. "It's the lenses on the glasses, some circitry in the frame, SOMETHING, but it's those glasses. It wouldn't be too hard to do, after all."

And they came from outside. Nobody probably thought to check something as simple as glasses too thoroughly.

... Grizzlikov might have.

I wonder if that has anything to do with why he isn't around. He check and rechecks everything...

"We have to get after him, and get them off him!"



by [The Rival Agents](#) 11 months ago

"Alright, alright!" Bao shushed him, "I know how to get them off of him... Right now though, I hafta get out of here before roll-call misses me. That'll be hard to explain."

The eagle began his way toward a vent leading to a hallway closet.

"I trust you can get to the relocation place, right?" Bao said, "What with freelancing for SHUSH and all. I'll meet you there if you can aaand you have to... I need you to get me something..."

And with that said, Bao began detailing a very delicate and precise process in which he would need an equally delicate and precise object with added deadly and silence. Surely, SHUSH right now will ban him from using any of their things, and Julius had already strictly enforced the same rule under their roof.

"See ya then, Darryl." He ... smiled? He smiled! "Gotta go."

From the distance, "Julius Brown, Jr.?"

"COMING"