

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

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Much like a tornado had picked them up, which would at least account for the deorganisation, SHUSH had finally transplanted itself into the location that was to be its temporary home. All personnel and stores had arrived, it was simply a matter of getting them into some sort of structure.

Which may not have been so 'simple' after all.

The location, as it turned out, was a manmade island off the coast of Calista. It was within spying range of St Canard, and yet strangely nobody could recall ever seeing it from the other side. Perhaps it was shielded by a top secret invisible forcefield. Or perhaps it was new.

To call it an island, however, gave the false connotation of sandy beaches and sunny skies. In reality, it was more like a floating bunker. Helicopters arrived through the massive hanger doors to land inside, as there were no parking aprons outside the walls. Outside, there was nothing but water.

At the head of it all stood the Director, watching on with eerie stillness as he had done at the original headquarters. The only difference was how much more tired he looked, as though sleep was something foreign to him, but he spoke not a word of complaint.

"It took some work, but we made it," muttered as if to himself. "It'll be worth it in the long run."

by [DW](#) 11 months ago

Darkwing had taken his guarding duty of the mysterious box very seriously, but he had taken to spying on other agents of SHUSH even more seriously. He literally went around, every chance he got, checking the other agents for suspicious behavior. So far, nobody was acting all that conspicuous. He needed some kind of lead or something. There was just too many agents and not enough of him.

"So, we're here now, J. Gander. Now what's the plan?"



by [Agent Mousekewitz](#) 11 months ago

Martin was busy setting up a new security network for their new location, along with a few of the other agents from the computer security and tech department. He seemed to be totally absorbed in his work, although, his ear would twitch every few minutes or so. If he wasn't totally absorbed in his work; there would be no doubt that the poor mouse would be going through a nervous breakdown at this point. He had always viewed SHUSH HQ as a safe, secure place. When J. Gander had informed all of them that the safety of the previous SHUSH HQ had been compromised, it was all Martin could do not to break into outright panic. He immediately kept himself busy helping others move the computers and other such equipment just to prevent himself from heeding operations by acting like an escaped insane asylum patient.

And now, here he was in what would be the new SHUSH HQ, and he still didn't feel safe. He felt much like he would have in the outside world. Paranoid and nervous and twitchy as always. Maybe it was because the new SHUSH HQ just didn't have the same familiarity as the old one. Maybe it was because the move had played havoc with his nerves. Or maybe it was because he had a gut feeling, an instinct of sorts, that something wasn't quite right, and everything was going to fall on top of him when he least suspected it. He often had that feeling, though, and usually nothing even remotely bad happened despite his pessimism insisting otherwise.



by [Launchpad](#) 11 months ago

Launchpad was wondering the same thing as DW. He'd kept an eye out for trouble just like DW, but what he saw was a little more disturbing than an enemy in disguise. He saw a lot of worried and

confused people and not one of them seemed to know what was going on. He was used to seeing S.H.U.S.H. run like a well oiled machine, with everyone working together and respecting one another. Now it seemed like many of the agents were afraid. It wasn't just the fear of the unknown threat and the havoc it had created in their usual orderly routine; the people he saw seemed nervous around each other. It became pretty obvious who had friends amongst their coworkers and who didn't. Most of the people he saw were either on the phone or questioning coworkers. That little mouse guy running around without talking to anyone had made Launchpad a little suspicious at first, but one look at his face and Launchpad could tell he was about to have a meltdown. Poor fella. Launchpad kept his distance so that he wouldn't upset him further.

What was going on? Launchpad had seen more than a lifetime's worth of disasters, both natural and manmade, and he had an idea of what to expect in most of them. He would have expected J. Gander to handle this with a bit more...what was the word? Finesse? Consideration for his agents? Ah, whatever. He'd kept his thoughts to himself. Not like he could say exactly what felt wrong. The only comment Launchpad had made since leaving that meeting had been to Darkwing when they'd arrived at the new location. "Gee, I've flown by here dozens of times and I've never seen this place before..."



by [J. Gander](#) 11 months ago

Moving an entire headquarters so rapidly would lead to that sort of chaos. It was a process that ideally would be done over a year, not in a day! And with the other arms of the law involved too. J. Gander must have realised this was inevitable, and bravely sought to do his best regardless, for the commotion did not appear to disturb him. Without taking his gaze off the madness below, the Director answered Darkwing's query calmly and firmly.

"Once everybody is in and the hanger is secured, we will have a briefing to bring all staff up to speed with the situation."

A sideways glance at the vigilante, even accompanied by a softer tone and hint of an understanding smile.

"Just make sure there is no trouble until then."

See, when it was delivered like that, neither the crimefighter or his sidekick had any reason to suspect it was patronising.



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

"Huh," A thoughtful half-grunt was snorted by the ex-Marine as he checked his surroundings. This steel-based bunker certainly was impressive, but in all the wrong ways. It gave him an unsettling feeling, alright, due to its remarkable similarities with war time battlements. This was something he would absolutely never expect from Hooter, or SHUSH for that matter; absolute military-grade defense just did not ring with an espionage agency. Or perhaps it wasn't necessarily the setting that was throwing him off, but the past ponderings of suspicion Helene and Bao had shared with him.

"This seems..." Julius began as he approached the Director, "... like World War Two, Johnnie-boy. The hell, ya expectin' th' Japs ta bomb SHUSH HQ? It's a bit much. Or of course, I'm sayin' that 'cause I don't know what the threat is."

He was only being a bit aggressive since Darkwing Duck was standing right there, "An' if yer bringin' in a vigilante, or in other words, a civilian, all this security measures ain't makin' much sense."

Meanwhile, the other Julius Brown was busy taking his own security measures. The young eagle might not have been an agent for long, but he had personal years of experience behind guerrilla lines to know a thing or two about bypassing all kinds of security and patrolling. Despite his tall size and peculiar ways, he nearly melted into the shadows, eagle-eyes able to pick out all the nook and crannies cameras couldn't reach. A dangerous fellow he was, and even more so with weapon in hand,

exactly the thing he had snuck away from the other agents for.

Having given specific instructions and location to his partner before, Bao waited in a secluded area, his mind thinking in nothing but seconds. He kept everything timed. Perfectly. He was like a walking metronome for each second was crucial in his plan. This was like a delicate dance. Each step needed to synch with the beat, carefully and gracefully. One mistep and the entire choreography would fall from the music. Fortunately, dancers could easily pick up and begin their dance anew. Snipers, however, can't pick themselves up from a pool of blood.



by [Darryl](#) 11 months ago

Indeed it was. A delicate, deadly rhythm that kept it's dancers constantly spinning on the knife-edge of success and a highly messy failure. This was the music a true hunter had in his blood, stepping to beats nobody else seemed to hear.

And clashing with the graceful, dangerous beat of the dance, was the discordant sound of Taps.

Darryl, how kind of you to oblige. Apparently predators stepped lightly, and silly geese just made their merry way. It wasn't that he was actively trying to be a noisy nuisance. Darryl had that special ability to manage it without even trying.

At least, it would probably only have been irritating for Bao, but there was just no pleasing mister-melt-into-the-shadows.

Feh. Show off.



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

An arm reached out seemingly out of nowhere and nabbed Darryl by the collar, dragging him seemingly into nothingness.

"Have us killed, why don'tcha?!" Came a silent, harsh whisper reeking of 'i am going to kill you if nothing else kills us first', "Six, fifty eight...Did you bring what I asked you for? Seven... five..."

He was calling out the time in his head, in minutes. Yes, he literally had it timed out like that. It's how he judged the distance and direction of people, and if he got to a certain time, he would miss all his absolute shots. After that, the percentage dropped and ooh, how he hated being under 98%.

Patience was six feet under when it came to Bao. He was not one bit a team player. Then again, snipers hardly had teammates that did not come in the form of bullets. And he had to have a teammate that came in the form of absolute klutz. That goes well with his stealth profession.



by [Darryl](#) 11 months ago

"You're still alive, aren't you?" Darryl had the skin of a rhino when it came to sharp comments. It was probably the only reason all his blood hadn't leaked out, what with all the holes being made in that skin. And while it didn't bother him all that much that Bao seemed immensely tried by having to work with a mere mortal, he did demand his behaviour and co-operation on one count.

"Yeah. I've got it here. Be CAREFUL with it, will you?"

He was so proud of it. It was so beautiful. His father-in-law would be proud as well. He was a GENIUS. And if it got nicked he's be furious. Well... as furious as Darryl's easygoing manner could manage, which relaly wasn't all that much, considering.



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

"Alright, thanks." Even he had to be grateful of that, despite every bone in his body wanting to get rid of Darryl (from cooperation, not existence, mind you). Bao took it and made it disappear underneath his coat, "Now go be me at the hanger before they notice I'm missing."

That being said, Bao made his own disappearance. A blink of the eye and he was gone, off somewhere into the shadows to close in on the Director's... glasses. This gun better work, Darryl, or I'm stuffing it down your throat.

He laid down, belly first, and carefully adjusted the scope in clear view of the hanger. All he had to do now was wait for the briefing to start.



by [Darryl](#) 11 months ago

"Go be me at the hangar," Darryl repeated sarcastically, feeling in all his pockets for a certain watch that never told you what time it was, only who was asking. Strapping it to his wrist, he tapped it a few times before twisting the top to make it look like it was what it was.

As it were.

Then the duck-turned-eagle put on the performance of his life, though Bao perhaps would not have appreciated Darryl's intimation that a sullen demeanor was all one really needed for this disguise. Putting his hands in his pockets and flicking his toothpick from one side to the other, he walked on over to where he was expected.

The hardest part was probably going to be keeping his beak shut.



by [Helene](#) 11 months ago

Helene had just finished setting up the new autopsy, and was now just waiting for the bodies to fill up the freezers.

She sure hoped they hadn't suffered too much from the sudden and abrupt moving – she couldn't bare the thought of all the evidence being disturbed thus leaving it useless.

Oh well, nothing she could do about it now – expect waiting.

She went out, in fruitless effort to try and get used to the new surroundings. It sure wasn't a pleasant place – SHUSH-HQ had always been a busy place, but the feeling, the aura, had always had a homey touch.

This didn't.

As she walked around trying to find somebody she new, who wasn't busy or falling apart from stress, she began wondering; Hooter had been acting weird, there was no doubt in that – Bao had agreed on that. And where on EARTH was Vlad? Not only did she REALLY need to speak to SOMEONE who knew what was going on, she was also plain nervous for her husband – it wasn't uncommon he would be caught up in work and not have time to see her; but he would **never** not contact her. A very uncomfortable and unpleasant shudder crept up along her spine; She was getting VERY worried – she needed to find someone.



by [DW](#) 11 months ago

Darkwing had been quick to reassure Launchpad and show off his superior intellect, of course.

"That's probably because it was... uh, camouflaged. You know how SHUSH is... they're all about being secretive and everything. Of course, you never would've seen something like this."

He turned back to J. Gander and listened to him before nodding in understanding. He was a little bit impatient and eager to learn more of what was going on, but he could wait for J. Gander's sake. He was, however, not at all patient with Julius whose presence and familiarity with J. Gander not only rubbed at him the wrong way, but also who had the nerve to question HIS, Darkwing Duck's, presence in this dire matter!

He marched up to Julius, still carrying the box as though it were a precious egg or something, and glared up at him. The comment about his being a civilian almost completely went over Darkwing's head. His enormous ego just wouldn't accept that someone would actually think of him as an ORDINARY civilian. "Excuuuuuuuse ME? I'm not just any ordinary vigilante; I'm Darkwing Duck! The hero, guardian, protector of St. Canard and not to mention, the very right-hand duck of justice!" He scowled. "The security of this place has probably jumped up to nigh impenetrable levels by virtue of ME being here. After all, not only have I foiled FOWL's felonious plots, but I've also taken down several supervillains and solved several mysteries! If anyone needs to be here more than anything, it's me."

He gave a side-long glance at Julius, then a smug little smirk crossed his bill. "I can guarantee I've got to be more qualified to be here than you do. At least, I haven't been around since the prehistoric ages and looking like I ate a whole tub of lard."



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

The entire rant about being an amazing vigilante went right over Julius' head, and THAT was a great feat considering Julius towered over Darkwing Duck. It's hard to get anything over his head in general, even to regular sized folks. As far as Julius was concerned, Darkwing held no official position in any body of law enforcement and that made him a civilian; a civilian willingy and constantly endangering himself. Didn't they have PSA commercials about this very thing?

Not that Julius didn't appreciate the dedication toward law keeping. That wasn't the problem. The problem was going to be the headache of paperwork and civil lawsuits SHUSH might face if Darkwing Duck decided to end up dying during one of his heroic extravaganzas. Not to mention, the kids out there trying to imitate him. THAT'S what Julius had issues with, all that unkept loose ends that came with not being properly enrolled and trained. So no matter how much Darkwing tried to push his successes onto Julius, the big ol' eagle still saw a major risk factor, mostly risk Darkwing posed on himself.

But, he didn't expect someone like Darkwing to understand the concern. He figured that was just something that came with age and wisdom, so he saved himself the bother. Let the young'uns be starry eyed over their action movie adventures. Later on, they'll see the gritty truth behind him.

And Darkwing would have been FINE if he hadn't dared spit out that last sentence. He was very, very comfortable with his age and weight. What the ex-Marine didn't take kindly, however, was the implication that a vigilante held more credibility in SHUSH than HE did. Now that was the biggest insult you can give a man who's been doing nothing but serving his country since World War II and no amount of anger management he's undergone for decades would have Julius react any differently to that besides absolute wrath.

It was unfair to see how quick Julius was despite his size and age. He didn't let another second pass by when, without a word, the eagle leaned over J. Gander and promptly drove Darkwing's cocky, little head into the ground.

"Son," Despite the ruffled neck feathers and gritted teeth, his voice was oddly calm and cool, if not rigid with a militaristic tone, "Respect yer War Veterans. I've shed too much blood an' lost too many friends for Lady Liberty ta be held in little regard to that. So please, make all th' jokes ya want 'bout my age an' weight an' what have ya, but NEVER 'bout what I done for this country, young man. I've strangled Commies with more respect than ya, so I won't put it past me ta show ya what an ex-Marine can STILL do."



by [Launchpad](#) 11 months ago

Nobody respected Darkwing more than his loyal sidekick, but, other than taking a protective step forward, Launchpad held his ground. He could tell that Julius wouldn't hurt DW. At least, not too much. No more so than Darkwing normally was for being... well, himself. He hoped DW wouldn't ruffle the eagle's feathers any further.



by [DW](#) 11 months ago

Darkwing's face meet floor. Floor meet Darkwing's face. Darkwing laid there, sputtering indignantly into the floor before jumping up, straightening out his bent beak, opening his beak, then thinking better of it and closing it again. He gave the big eagle a wary look. Darkwing may have been self-centered, egotistical, vain, and have a whole host of other negative character flaws, but he was, in fact, capable of respecting others that deserved to be respected. Like J. Gander, for instance. War veterans would probably also be on that list. He was, however, practically near incapable of apologizing, even when it was clear he had made a mistake. Plus, just because the guy was a war veteran didn't mean he didn't rub him the wrong way.

He let out an exasperated sigh. "Fine, fine. How was I supposed to know that, anyway?! You still look like you belong in a museum... in a really BIG display case. As for me, well... My presence here is still a welcome addition to security."



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

"Well, I don't know, the tattoos?" Julius pointed out down to his shorts. Those Marine tattoos all over his leg in form of every emblem imaginable from the campaigns he served had to count for something. Sure his other leg was riddled with pin ups, but it was still a good way to timeline his history all the way from WWII to the Korean War to Vietnam.

"But now that we got that introduction out of the way," Julius went on, really just happy to have drove DW's face into the ground, with no intention of seeking an apology. If he said anything again to doubt the fellow, he can sure as heck count on having another close encounter with the floor kind, "I'm only being welcoming 'cause of Johnnie here... "

As soon as he says otherwise, however, I'll happily toss your tailfeathers out.

"Agent Hudson Hawk." He introduced himself gruffly, "SHUSH Combat trainer, formerly Counter-Terrorism Officer... but thought I'd retire for a quieter life. Don't mean I can't do it no more, though, so watch yerself."



by [J Gander](#) 11 months ago

Watching on, the only shift in the Director's expression was a slight brow raise. The tiling of the floor with Darkwing's face did not seem to overly worry him, maybe because, like Launchpad, he trusted his agents to control themselves. Maybe he trusted that they were good enough people to ultimately work together.

But who knew what he was thinking behind those glasses.

"Now Julius," he eventually cut in. "There is no need to beat Darkwing to a bloodied, messy pulp." Yet. "You are both experts in your respective fields, and I expect you to work in close cooperation together, no matter how disrespectful or exceedingly aggravating the other might be."

Spoken with such gentle calm, the hidden message was that he would expect them to of course not be disrespectful or aggravating to each other. Nevermind that the direction was no suspiciously specific, it might encourage them to view each other's behaviour as thus. No, it wasn't intended to do that at all.

Turning to the uncrumpled vigilante, J Gander instructed, "Darkwing, could you please do a perimeter sweep of the secondary rooms. It's difficult to monitor them from back here and I need to be sure they have been secured."

To the tattooed eagle, he lowered his voice, and touched his arm reassuringly. He would have

touched him on the shoulder, but the tiny owl would have needed a cherry picker to get up there.

"Old friend, I know this is a lot of change to take in very quickly, but you'll understand it soon." Encouraging smile. "Would you check whether the last of the helicopters is docked, please? I fear they're running behind schedule."

See, everyone had an important part to play. Nobody would be left unoccupied, with nothing to do to prevent them from stressing out or causing trouble.

At least, that was the plan.



by [DW](#) 11 months ago

"Like I'd want to look at your legs," Darkwing snapped irritably. Leave it to Darkwing to miss such obvious clues. The masked mallard's feathers ruffled when he took what Julius was saying to him the wrong way. "Excuse me? Are you trying to suggest that I, the mighty masked mallard himself, would commit an act of terrorism?!" Darkwing looked as though he was about to jump the big eagle and started shaking him by his shirt, but he was stopped when J. Gander spoke up. And once again, he became indignant.

"Him beat ME into a bloody pulp? I'd like to see him try! You have to wake up pretty early in the morning to get the best of..." He seemed to quiet down when J. Gander complimented him, although, it was clear that he was still ruffled. He grumbled a bit when J. Gander told him to do a perimeter sweep, but otherwise, he seemed to take the job seriously. "Come on, LP..." He marched away, and then gestured to his left. "You take the left rooms, and I'll take the right rooms. Remember to keep your eyes peeled for anything suspicious... and if you do see something suspicious, be sure to report it to me, first." Of course, what Darkwing didn't know was that one of the left rooms had a cafeteria and that LP might end up getting distracted by observing food.



by [J. Gander](#) 11 months ago

((Kind of on hold until the Rival Agents miraculously return. Paused but not forgotten!))