

The continuing drama of Roger Armstrong

The discovery of the Plot to kill President Downey was a terrible shock to our hero Roger Armstrong, but not nearly as bad as the shock he received last issue. Last issue he discovered that the man behind the plot was none other than President Downey himself!

In our first issue Roger discovered the evil plot, and foiled the planned assassination by removing a bomb from the President's car and throwing it off the bridge. In our second issue Roger met some of the people behind the plot at the Cosmo club. Roger had found out that there were three participants in the plot, the Organizer (the brains), the Middleman, and Agent Orange (the hitman masquerading as a student). Roger pretended that he was the Organizer and met with the Middleman. The Middleman turned out to be Hannah, his own sister! He set up a meeting through her with Agent Orange for the following night at Keddy's. Then, pretending to be the middleman, he met with the Organizer. As this exciting issue begins, Roger has just discovered the identity of the Organizer.

Roger was in horrible shock.

This couldn't be! The Organizer, the man behind the plot to kill President Downey, was President Downey himself?! Roger gulped at his beer and stared at the man in front of him. He leaned forward.

"You....you are the Organizer?" he asked in disbelief. "How can this be?" President Downey grinned impishly.

"I will answer all your questions eventually, but first, what happened the other day?"

The Organizer's face and tone had suddenly taken on a sharp edge, and Roger remembered that he was pretending to be the Middleman, and would have to account for the failed bomb attempt the other day.

Roger smiled inwardly at the ridiculous situation. He was having to apologize to a man for having failed to kill him, when he himself had caused that failure!

"Someone removed the bomb, sir! There must have been a security leak!"

"Aha, I figured as much."

The Organizer's voice took on a menacing aspect. "Whoever has discovered this operation will be dealt with."

Roger's throat grew dry. He thought fast, and said: "Yes, and I think I know who the spy is. Why don't you leave him to me sir, I will deal with him appropriately."

"You may not need to" answered the Organizer, "my men have been working on a lead as well. We may do away with him first."

"Ah, good... good." Roger drank the rest of his beer in one gulp. Now he would have to watch his step!

"Now for your directions. I want you to plant another bomb next Monday. And this time you'd better be successful!"

"Don't worry about it, sir, I guarantee you're as good as dead."

President Downey grinned.

"Good, now listen, I didn't bring your payment with me, but I want you to visit the Underground tomorrow, and I'll pay you then."

"Visit the Underground tomorrow?" repeated Roger.

"Yes, and I'll pay you then. Now here is how to get there. At exactly three o'clock tomorrow, press the down button on the elevators in Tilley. Only get on the right elevator."

"But the right one doesn't work," said Roger.

"It will for you," he answered, and smiled.

"Now get on that elevator and punch the following buttons in this order, 2,4,1,2,4,4,3. Got that?"

Roger repeated the numbers to himself until he remembered them.

"Got them."

"Good, I will greet you. See you tomorrow."

President Downey nodded, got up, and left.

Roger looked at his watch. Only forty minutes had passed! In that time he had received two of the biggest surprises of his life, discovering that his sister was the Middleman in this plot, and then finding out that the man he was trying to protect was the leader of the plot. He felt worn out. He decided to head home. Tracy, whom he had left upstairs, was probably wondering where he was.

He walked upstairs and found Tracy. What a lovely girl! She was sitting talking to a bunch of friends.

"Hi Tracy, look, why don't we go home to bed."

"But Roger, I'm not tired."

He looked down at her. She was wearing a yellow dress that looked like she had grown into it.

"You know," he said, "I'm not either."

She smiled at him.

"I'll get my coat."

The next day at three o'clock, Roger walked into Tilley Hall. He walked to the elevators and looked around. He was alone! He pushed the down button. Almost immediately the right elevator opened! He had never seen the inside of the right elevator before. Remembering the code, he pushed 2,4,1,2,4,4,3. The elevator doors closed silently, like an animal closing its jaws, and began to sink. Down it went for a good ten seconds, and then slowed to an eery stop. The doors opened.

Roger couldn't believe his eyes. On both sides stretched a long brightly lit corridor, immaculately clean. Wherever he was, they surely hadn't had any cuts in the caretaker staff.

Roger stepped out of the elevator and waited. Seconds later President Downey stepped out of a doorway to greet him.

"Hello. You are right on time. Come with me."

"Where are we?" asked Roger in awe as he followed.

"We are in the Underground."

This is a centre of research and other activities that extends under most of Fredericton. In fact, from here we can travel as far as Halifax without coming above ground." There are eighty two entrances to this place in the city, including pretty well every major

elevator."

They entered a room which had a number of computer screens and keyboards set up on a table.

"Have a seat. The reason I think you should see this is because you will have a place here someday."

Roger looked at the screens. Each one had a picture of some place on campus on it. The Organizer noticed his interest.

"Where would you like to see? Pick anywhere on campus."

Roger thought a moment. The first place that occurred to him were the shower's in McLeod House, but he said:

"How about your office in the Old Art's building?"

The Organizer punched in something and a view of his office sprang onto one of the screens. It was an ordinary enough office, but there was one unusual feature to the room. President Downey was in it!

Roger looked from the screen, from the man in the chair in front of him to the man in the chair on the screen. They looked identical!

"What," asked Roger, "is going on?"

The man in front of him smiled. "I will explain next time we meet, I haven't time now, you must go."

They walked back to the elevator, Roger in a daze, confused by the seemingly endless stretch of bright corridors and the events, following along.

As Roger got into the elevator, the Organizer gave him a briefcase.

"This is your payment. Meet me here on Tuesday at the same time, and I will answer your questions."

Roger stumbled home. He lay on his bed trying to straighten everything out, to find some sort of a logical explanation for everything. He still had to meet with Agent Orange at Keddy's that night, pretending to be the Organizer, but even after meeting with the Organizer twice he had no idea who he was.

When he started to relax and feel in control again, he remembered the briefcase. He opened it and started counting.

He counted it seven times. It came out to the same amount every time.

The Organizer, whoever he was, had given him two and a half million dollars.

Exactly.

Even. Roger closed the briefcase, and sat down in a chair. And then he started to smile.

To be continued next week.

ST. PATRICK'S WEEK

at the

CHESTNUT

appearing next week

THE GARRISON BROS.

Wednesday, St. Patrick's Day

Special Matinee 3:30 - 6:00

Supper will be served from 6:00 - 9:00

Performance continues from 9:30 - 1:30

Specials on Irish Coffee and Door Prizes.

March 21, Chestnut Pool Tournament for
Advanced and Intermediate Players

☆ Cash Prizes

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available for \$10.00.