

Chapter 6 – Camp X

“Yee haw!” Colt called out as he let gravity pull him and his bike down the hill from Lion’s Point along the waterfront. “Get down here,” he called back up the hill to Summer.

Summer pulled her bike up beside Colt at the bottom of the hill. “What are you stopping for? Let’s go!”

As they rode along the path to Intrepid Park, on the site of the old Camp X, Colt and Summer discussed what they knew.

“So, you know that Camp X is gone, right?” Colt clarified with Summer.

“I haven’t actually been to the park,” she said. “But I know that the buildings were bulldozed back around nineteen sixty-nine. And I know that some of the structures were pushed into the lake but I also read that a couple of the more secret buildings were always underground. I get the idea that they are still there. We just have to find them.”

Peddling hard up another hill, past a war memorial that looked like a big ship, the two friends stopped talking. They didn’t want the pedestrians, who were reading the plaques, to hear any of the conversation about Camp X. Summer overheard someone reading from one of the large plaques, “Lanna was born in nineteen forty-two in the Yugoslavian city of Fiume. Her father left for Canada in December of nineteen fifty-one. He soon sent a letter that said he was living in a camp in Ajax.”

Summer made a mental note to go back and read the plaque as this type of story had become

very interesting to her since her visit to Croatia a little over a year ago. She continued to peddle.

“So what else do we know?” Colt asked.

“Well, what we found was equipment from the Devil’s Brigade, buried at the bottom of a creek. We also know that some government dudes in suits wanted the equipment back really badly,” Summer said.

Colt chimed in, “There were no markings to give any other ideas about why they were important. So now we are going to look for some underground buildings in a park that used to be a spy training centre, hoping to find something but we don’t know what it will be. Alright.”

“I think we need to find out what’s in that tube,” said Summer. “Hopefully our answer is there.”

Summer and Colt focused ahead, pedalled hard and made their way across the lakefront. They swerved around a gaggle of geese, rode through Lynde Shores Conservation Area, past an old sewage treatment plant, and thirty-three minutes

after they left Lion's Point, they arrived at Intrepid Park – Camp X.

A large concrete base supported the flags of Canada, Britain and the United States, along with the flag of Bermuda. A four foot concrete wall held a plaque explaining a brief history of the spy camp. Another plaque dedicated the present day park in honour of Sir William Stephenson, who was the base commander during World War II. It also explained that he died in Bermuda, which clarified the presence of the Bermuda flag as part of the monument.

The pair of explorers locked their bikes to the pole holding the Canadian flag, lathered on some sunscreen and headed toward the lake. An immense field of weeds, long grass and a few maple trees, stood between the flags and the beach. Few people ever walked through the area but there was clearly a dirt path to enter into the park space through the grass. Prickly weeds

scratched Summer's bare legs within a few feet of the start of the path.

"So we're looking for, what?" Colt asked before they got too far.

"I don't really know," said Summer. "Anything that is linked to the training of the Devil's Brigade, I guess. Anything that might tell us what is in that tube. Ideally, a key to open the canister."

"Alright, so we are looking for one of the two buildings that were built into the ground and then buried when they plowed everything into the lake."

Colt and Summer stuck together and combed the grounds, inch by inch. About fifty yards east of the dirt path, they found six concrete pads, after pushing through a pile of twisted branches.

"Just footings to keep the building from sinking," said Colt.

"I have an idea. That maple tree over there," Summer said, pointing south toward the lake, "I think I can climb up to the top branches and then I should be able to see across the whole base."

“You mean, park,” said Colt. “This is a park. It’s not a base anymore.”

“You’re such a butthead,” Summer said, shaking her head.

The theme song from Back to the Future rang faintly in the background. Summer stopped in her tracks, dropped the small backpack that she had been carrying to the ground, and rummaged around inside until she pulled out her iPhone.

“Hi mom,” said Summer.

“Hi Mrs. Bondie,” called Colt from over Summer’s shoulder.

“Summer, where are you?” her mom asked over the phone.

“Colt and I are just out for a ride mom,” Summer spoke into the cell phone.

“But where are you? A message has been delivered for you,” her mom said.

“Can you just tell me what it says?” Summer said. She hated that her mom always dragged things out.

“Well, seems that your friends in the suits that tossed our house want to speak with you again,” she said. “One of them, John, I think, is here now.”

“Mom,” said Summer, suddenly sounding panicked, “Tell him I am out of town until tonight. Tell him anything. Just don’t tell him I’m with Colt.”

Summer pressed the screen on her phone and cut her mom off. She knew that if the suits were at her house there was trouble ahead.

“Colt we need to move quickly. Those agents are back at my house. I think we just found out who stopped our internet search yesterday,” said Summer.

She left her backpack on the ground and ran toward the big maple tree. Summer jumped and caught the first branch and then pulled herself up into the tree. She climbed up until she was almost forty feet in the air.

“Your mom is going to keep those guys at your house right?” Colt called up the tree.

“I wouldn’t count on it,” said Summer. “My mom doesn’t really like company. Besides, we figured out to come here. I think the agents will figure out where we are.”

“Tell me what you see and let’s get this done,” said Colt.

“About a hundred yards to the north there is a big crater. From everything I’ve read, that’s where they did explosives work. They wouldn’t put their buildings close to that. And we know the buildings closest to the lake were bulldozed into the water. And we came from the east side of the camp.”

“Look to the west. The buried buildings must be over there,” said Colt.

“Thanks for pointing that out, genius,” Summer said, poking fun at Colt’s reasoning skills. “There. Two long mounds, no trees, no bushes, just long grass.”

“Get down here and let’s go,” said Colt.

Summer practically slid down the tree and then ran to catch up to Colt, who had already started toward the western mounds.

She hadn't started out as fast, nor could she run as far, when they began training to be part of the CAPE team but now she caught up to Colt just as he was approaching the first mound.

"You know," he said, through gasps for air, "we don't have much time. My guess is they know what it is we are looking for."

"And we don't," said Summer.

"Right," Colt replied. "Set your watch. They will be leaving Ajax now. It will take them about ten minutes to drive here and only about five minutes to get to where we are now. That means we have fifteen minutes to search and get out of here before your friends in their fancy suits find us. Where do we look for an entrance?"

"I saw a picture online of some guy in the Seventies climbing up out of the buried building. I

think we're looking for a hatch on top," said Summer.

"What would Falcone do?" Colt thought out loud. "He would throw some grenades, blow a couple holes in the buildings and jump in."

"Very funny," Summer said, sarcastically. "There isn't a lot of earth on the tops here. Just keep kicking your feet in the dirt until you hit a handle or something metal, or, I don't know, something unexpected."

The two teens kicked and dragged their feet along the ridge that was the top of the first mound of dirt covering a war time building. Clouds of dust circled up around them making each of them look like Pig-Pen from the Peanuts gang. Up and down the thirty metre long mound, Summer and Colt scurried in two separate paths in much the same way a Zamboni covers all parts of an ice rink. After four minutes, Colt stubbed his toe on an immovable object. He continued to kick in the same area and quickly uncovered a steel hatch.

“Summer, get over here and help me,” he called out across the mound.

Summer ran to Colt and they tugged on the rebar handle upon which Colt had initially stubbed his toe. The steel hatch did not budge. Summer found a branch on the ground, about two inches in diameter. She put it through the handle and took one side. She commanded Colt to take the other end of the branch and they tried again to pull the hatch up. It moved only slightly.

“We have less than ten minutes before John and the other ogre show up,” said Summer. “What are we going to do?”

Colt reached back behind him and unclipped his ScubaPro X-Cut titanium dive knife. He had carried the knife everywhere since Ariel’s Crush took him on a journey to foil the plans of the evil Kaan, just over a year ago. He dug the tip of the knife into the dirt around the edges of the steel hatch and began flicking stones and sand out of the groove.

“Summer, have you got a knife?” he asked.

“No. I don’t usually need a knife around town,” she said.

“Grab a small stick or something. Flick the stones out of the groove. I think they are wedged in so tight that we can’t pull up.”

Stones flew out of the gap that separated the hatch from the ground and within minutes, Summer and Colt were down the hole into the Camp X building. As she hit the ground Summer hit the top left button of her watch, illuminating the darkness with bluish light.

“They’ll be here in four minutes,” she said to Colt.

“I’ve got an idea,” he replied. “I’m staying in here. You go back up. Put some stones back in the grooves around the steel hatch and then cover it up with dirt and grass. Then, get out of here. Go unchain the bikes and take them with you. Get on the path and ride up to the ice sports arena.”

“Wait,” said Summer anxiously, “you want me to leave?”

“Yes,” said Colt, “leave, and I’ll meet you at the arena. If I’m not there in an hour...”

He trailed off in his speech, not really sure what Summer should do if he didn’t show up.