



## Kilroy Was Here

By OOWhiz

“Gabe!” Nineteen year old Richie whispered, pulling on his friends arm.  
“What are you doing?” His voice echoed strangely in the utter darkness of the old tunnel.

“Don’t worry I’m not putting our names on it or anything, I just want people to know that somebody was here.”

Gabe finished putting the iconic symbol for Kilroy on the old brick wall with a flourish.

“You think Bob will know it was us?” Richie asked nervously.

Of the two Pratt students he was the more cautious one, but he still enjoyed the adventures Gabe inexorably led them on.

“Probably, but who cares, this is just the beginning.” Gabe chortled, putting the piece of chalk back in his pocket.

Richie looked at Gabe’s face, the big grin reminding him of the Cheshire cat in the Alice and Wonderland story.

Earlier that day they had taken a tour of the Atlantic Avenue tunnel with its discoverer, Bob Diamond, the alumni Pratt student the boys had heard so much about.

Bob had been obsessed by trains since he was a small boy and when he had heard about a mysterious lost 1844 railroad in Brooklyn he went on the hunt. His hard work was rewarded in 1980 when he found what he had been told over and over again didn’t exist anymore. Now, to help defray the cost of his excavations, he took people on tours.

Richie swung his flashlight around until its beam picked out the ladder they had climbed down earlier. “Come on let’s get out of here, this place gives me the creeps.”

As they climbed up the ladder and back onto the street above, a brick that had been removed to watch them was silently pushed back into place. A message was relayed to the enormous pipe chamber under Manhattan. Pascal sighed, just a couple of kids playing a prank. He tapped out the all clear and went back to monitoring the few night time messages that were coming in.

The following week found the boys in the abandoned rail station under City Hall. This time Richie drew the Kilroy symbol on the wall while Gabe held the flashlight. The rumbling of the trains using the nearby tracks could be felt and heard as they finished up.

This new lark was exhilarating. The research they had to do to find the abandoned underground subways of New York was stimulating. And the clandestine late night foraging was the height of excitement. They knew that what they were doing was illegal, but it was better than doing drugs and more intoxicating than drinking alcohol. They really weren’t hurting anything, they reasoned. And above all else, it was fun.

“I guess it’s the same two that were spotted over in Brooklyn a few weeks ago,” Jamie reported when Father asked about the intruder alert that had been sounded and then cancelled.

“And under 42<sup>nd</sup> St. and 18<sup>th</sup> St.,” he grunted in reply, “I suppose they have nothing better to do?” he added irritated. If it wasn’t one calamity after another it was thrill seekers. He was getting too old for this. Being awakened in the middle of the night was bad enough, but having the all clear sound a few minutes later was damned annoying. *Well it could be worse*, he thought, *it could have been something catastrophic, like a flood, or a cave in, or a gas leak, or a million other things*. He ran his hand through his hair; *I’m just grouchy*, he sighed, *having my sleep interrupted every weekend is getting to me*.

“They’re just having some fun, Father,” Jaime replied meekly, not wishing to incur the wrath of the tunnel patriarch.

“Fun, yes, well, maybe the next time they are out having fun we should have a little fun of our own?” The twinkle Jamie caught in his eye made her relax.

“You mean like some ghostly sounds or something?” She grinned.

“Yes, something like that. If we can scare the beezus out of them perhaps they’ll think twice about coming back.”

Jaime nodded her head enthusiastically this could turn out to be something she and Mouse could really enjoy together. This kind of thing was right up Mouse’s alley. She practically ran back to his work chamber to discuss it with him, bumping right into Vincent and Spuds. “Sorry, Vincent,” she threw over her shoulder as she gave the dog a pat on the head and hurried on her way.

Vincent entered Father’s chamber shaking his head, “What was that all about?” he asked.

“What? Oh, Jaime? Well I’ve practically given her leave to play a prank on some top siders.”

Vincent sat down making himself comfortable and over a cup of tea heard the latest escapade of their two young interlopers.

At the end he put his empty cup on the table and shook his head, “I don’t know if it was wise to turn Jaime and Mouse loose like that, there could be consequences.” He rose, kissed a thoughtful Father on the top of his head, and exited the chamber.

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“Look, Richie, this will be our greatest adventure of them all. Just look at this.” Gabe held a bunch of papers under his friends’ nose.

“What... what is it?” Richie took the papers and scanned the top one. “Track 61,” he read. “Why’s this so great?”

“Because, my friend,” Gabe grabbed the papers back and plopped into the room’s big, black bean bag chair. “This is allegedly the secret track that FDR used. It says here that he didn’t want people to know he couldn’t walk

because of his polio. He would sneak into town on this secret track with his car and all and ride up a special elevator that would take him right up to the Waldorf's parking garage. That way nobody would see him getting in and out of the train. Pretty neat huh?"

"Yeah so how are we going to find it?"

"Well I've done a little reconnaissance work and it looks like there could be an entrance on 49<sup>th</sup> or 50<sup>th</sup> St."

Eager as always to get away from the dull, boring engineering books, Richie leaped up, "Let's go."

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"So, how about a wee game of chess?" Jack suggested as he and Father were walking back from dinner.

"Are you trying to distract me from the fact that Catherine and Vincent are away on the Compass Rose?" Father accused his friend.

"I am hurt to the quick," Jack replied, laying a hand over his heart and rolling his eyes upward. "I'm merely feeling lucky tonight."

Father snorted, "Nonsense I know just what you're up to."

Jack draped his arm across Father's shoulders and gave him a hug, "Regardless of my motives, how about it?"

They were on their third game, the tie breaker, when Father noticed Jack pressing on his chest. Jack saw his stare and shrugged, "A little heart burn; must be something from dinner not agreeing with me."

Father went to the cupboard where he kept some medications. "Here," he handed Jack a couple of tablets.

"What's this then?" Jack asked as he took them.

"Just an antacid, should fix you right up."

Jack popped them in his mouth and took a swallow of tea.

“Tomorrow I want you to come to the hospital chamber for a check up,” Father wagged his finger at his friend.

“Over a little heartburn? Don’t be silly.” Jack snorted as he moved his rook.

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“See I told you we’d find it,” Gabe chortled gleefully. It took weeks but they finally found the way down to the mysterious track 61.

“Look at this place,” Richie whispered as they descended the stairs to the abandoned platform thirty feet below street level. They heard claws scrambling on stone as the beams of their flashlights illuminated the interior of the tunnel, disturbing the inhabitants of the dark. The dank, stale odor of the place assaulted their nostrils. A train car sat forlornly on the track, the beams from their helmet lights picking out the MNCX painted on its side.

“I read somewhere that the FBI put those letters on the train,” Richie whispered.

“Why?” Gabe asked, also whispering. Out of all the underground places they’d been visiting in the last six months this one felt the creepiest.

“I dunno, but that’s what I read.”

Refuse crunched under their feet as they explored the unused platform. Rats scrambled around them, chirping their indignation as their usual business was interrupted by these two invaders from above. Dust and cobwebs were everywhere. The smell was atrocious. Gabe sneezed repeatedly as he breathed in the fetid air.

“So where do you want to put it?” Richie asked, referring to the Kilroy symbol, as they completed their tour.

Gabe thought a moment and then shrugged his shoulders, “How about on the train, right next to the letters?”

Richie shook his head, “I don’t want to mess with anything the FBI might have done. Think of something else.”

“Wuss,” Gabe mumbled under his breath.

Just then an eerie noise permeated the place. It echoed around them making the hair on the back of their necks stand up.

“What was that?” Richie asked in a shaky whisper, frantically swinging his flashlight beam around.

“Don’t know,” was the equally shaky voice of his partner.

Mouse giggled silently, this was fun, and the best part was that Father had given him permission to do it. Jaime signed that he should do it again, and he let out another ghostly whooo followed by a rattle of chains.

“Man, I’m not liking this at all,” Richie hissed, backing toward the platform.

Jamie added her own, higher pitched whooo, and Gabe’s resolve fled.

“Let’s get outta here,” he yelled, turning for the stairs, moving as fast as he could.

Richie dashed to the stairs as well, but fell over a metal barrel he hadn’t noticed before. He and the barrel rolled together finally coming to a stop against the platform wall. His flash light had flown out of his hand and the light from his helmet bounced crazily around the tunnel.

“Help, Gabe, help!” Richie shouted as he struggled to get out from under the corroded barrel.

Gabe rushed over to his friend. Lifting him up by his arm pits he wiggled him out from under the weight that held him down. The two friends stood for a moment catching their breaths until Gabe’s light shone on the barrel. The top had gotten dislodged when it had hit the wall and a human head had rolled out.

They leaped up to the platform, scrambling for the stairs. Rats raced out of their way as the panicked pair made their way back up to the street. They bust out onto 49<sup>th</sup> Street, their chests heaving from the exertion.

“We’ve got to tell someone,” Richie wheezed, when he finally caught enough breath to speak.

“What, and tell them we’ve been doing something illegal?” Gabe wheezed back, still doubled over trying to catch his breath.

“I don’t care, there’s a skeleton down there man, and somebody should know about it.”

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“Well, Bones, what do you think?” FBI agent Seely Booth asked his partner.

“We’ll need to get these back to the Jeffersonian for a complete analysis, but my preliminary assessment is that this is a male, approximately in his late 50’s or early 60’s.”

As she spoke, Dr. Temperance Brennan, forensic anthropologist for the Jeffersonian Institution in Washington D.C., was carefully removing bones from the metal barrel that had so recently rolled over the unsuspecting Pratt student.

“From the length of the femur, I would estimate he was approximately five and a half feet tall.” She held the length of bone in the beam of the electric lantern she had set down next to the fallen barrel.

“A short fella, no wonder he fit in the barrel,” Booth quipped as he shone the beam of his light on the train and platform.

A detective from the local police station had accompanied one of the Waldorf-Astoria’s managers after the station had received a phone call about a body in the basement. After extracting the names of the discoverers of the grisly find, Detective Herman, had surveyed the scene and reported back to his captain. He in turn called the FBI so at the moment there were all kinds of people at the site, taking pictures of the famous “secret” platform.

With the help of the local ME, Dr. Brennan was removing the skeleton from its unorthodox resting place.

“Dr. Brennan, look at this,” the ME had found the skull some feet away from the barrel and pointed to the back of it.

Taking the skull, Brennan peered at it. “It’s probable these were made by bullets, see the beveled edges?” She pointed to the holes at the back of the skull, “And from the circumferences I would postulate it was most likely a 22. The fractures in the cranial fossae would suggest he was shot at close range.”

Carefully they finished extracting the bones from the barrel, placing them in a container for transport. After a few more pictures everyone packed up and left using the elevator to the Waldorf’s garage.

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Mouse watched them leave hopeful that they wouldn’t return having strangers below was not a good thing, not a good thing at all. He would make it his business to keep an eye on this place.

Suddenly the pipes erupted, the medical emergency code prefacing the message. Father’s help was needed down in the chapel, Bishop Jack had been found unconscious. Mouse left his hidden vantage point at a dead run, Bishop Jack was his friend, he had to help.

He careened into the chapel to see Father pressing down on Jacks chest with both hands.

“Wrong? What’s wrong?” Mouse wheezed, bending double to catch his breath.

“It’s his heart.” Father grunted as he administered CPR to his friend, “I should have known something was wrong, he was complaining about chest pains, but he said it was heartburn. I should have known.” Father shook his head sadly. Suddenly Jack groaned and tried to sit up. “Quickly, Mary put the nitro under his tongue,” Father instructed.

Mary did as she was told, quickly slipping a tablet into Jack’s mouth.



“Jack, you have to lie still, I believe you’ve had a heart attack.”

Two tunnel men rushed in with the stretcher. “Good, good,” Father ran a hand through his graying hair.

“Take him to the hospital chamber,” Father directed.

“Shall I send a note to Dr. Peter?” Mary asked

Sadly Father shook his head, “He’s in California at a symposium. We made need to get Jack to a helper so that he can be taken to an emergency room.”

“Make him better? Fix him?” Mouse asked anxiously.

“I don’t know, Mouse, we don’t have the facilities to diagnose heart ailments or treat them for that matter. Peter’s more up on these matters than I am. And Vincent is out on the high seas somewhere. I wish I had another doctor to consult with, but that isn’t an option. Come Mary, let’s see how he’s doing and make a decision as to what to do.”

Father and Mary hurried after the stretcher.

Mouse amble back the way he had come, his mind racing. Dr. Peter was away. Vincent was away. Father needed a doctor to help. When he finally noticed where his feet had taken him he found himself close to the track 61 area. Thoughtfully he removed the brick to see if anything more was going on.

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Booth’s ears had picked up as he listened to Brennan’s assessment of the skeletons demise and he broached the subject at dinner. “So this guy was shot execution style and stuffed into a 55 gallon steel drum.” He mumbled as he masticated the best steak he’d had in a long time.

“That was just a preliminary evaluation I won’t have all the facts until my team examines the bones.”

“Come on, Bones, don’t get all squint on me.” He pointed his steak knife at her, “You know who we could have here? There’s a file about a mile thick with all kinds of leads that have never panned out.”

“Booth, what are you talking about?” Brennan delicately nibbled a piece of lettuce.

“I’m talking about Jimmy Hoffa, you know the gangster? He disappeared in ’75 and hasn’t been seen or heard from since.”

“What would make you leap to the conclusion that this skeleton would be him?” She shook her head despairingly, Booth had a wonderful intuitive gift, but his logic was woefully limited.

Booth leaned forward, “There’s a deposition in the file from Ralph Picado, he claims Hoffa’s body was stuffed into a 55 gallon steel drum and carted away from the murder site in a truck.”

Brennan was flabbergasted, “And this leads you to surmise that our skeleton is Hoffa? Please, Booth, you’re being ridiculous.”

“Oh yeah? What about the Irishman, Frank Sheeran? He said he shot Hoffa twice in the back of the head, just like our guy.”

“That still does not mean that it’s Hoffa. We’ll get the bones back to the Jeffersonian and do an analysis. When we have all the facts, not unsubstantiated hearsay, we’ll know who it is.”

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Vincent stood in the stern of the Compass Rose, concentrating on the disquiet he had felt all day. He had been enjoying this time on the ocean, the weather had been fine, the water a cradle, gently rocking the boat from side to side. He and Catherine had been looking forward to this little vacation, a little time away from the everyday worries of living in two worlds.

“A penny for you thoughts,” Catherine put her arms around Vincent, as he leaned against the rail, resting her cheek on his back. He didn’t answer right away, and concentrating on the bond, she felt his anxiousness.

Turning him to face her, she asked, “Vincent, what is it? What’s wrong?”

He shook his head, at a loss to explain his feelings, “I don’t know I just feel a strong foreboding.”

Catherine had come to know that Vincent’s flashes of premonitions were not to be ignored.

“I’ll tell Captain Jaap to take us back.” She reached up to kiss him, then walked to the wheelhouse, staggering slightly with the roll of the boat.

Vincent turned back to stare in the direction of the city, of the tunnels, of home. What was wrong? Why was he feeling this way? He felt the boat begin to turn, the powerful engines taking them in a wide arc. The slow, leisurely pace they had taken away from the city was now replaced with the urgent need to get back. As the boat straightened, Vincent felt the bow lift with acceleration and he moved forward. Catherine joined him in the bow and with their arms wrapped around each other they faced the city and what awaited them there.

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“Bones, I thought you got everything,” Booth complained as he held his flashlight on the spot his partner indicated.

“I wanted to get some of the particulates where the barrel had been before the student fell over it.” Brennan explained as she squatted down by a depression that was obviously made by the barrel.

Her head light beam illuminated the area she was working on so Booth swung his light to the train car. He walked around it testing the door, “You know there could be some really neat stuff in here,” he mused as he threw his weight against it, “If we could get inside.”

A yelp broke off his inspection, “Bones, was that you? Are you all right?” Quickly he moved back around the car. “Bones, where are you?” Frantically he flashed the beam of his light around the area where she had been, but she was nowhere in sight. “Bones,” Booth yelled louder, his voice echoing in the confines of the old station.

“Where are you taking me?” Brennan queried the young man that had grabbed her arm.

“Need help, need doctor.” Mouse answered in his usual informative way.

Brennan could have easily gotten away from this youth, but the manner in which he was dressed and the tunnel he was dragging her down intrigued her. And of course if someone was in need and she could help she would.

“But I’m not a medical doctor,” she informed him as he hurried her along.

“Father needs doctor to *consult* with,” he said the word carefully not knowing what it meant, but sure that it was important, Father had said it after all.

“Consult with? Then there’s no medical emergency?” Brennan asked now dubious as to this boy’s motive.

“Yes, yes, big emergency, Bishop Jack is sick.” He tugged harder breaking into a run.

She easily kept up with him, being in excellent shape, and noticed that the section of tunnel they were now passing through had people who were as oddly dressed as her abductor. They were also hurrying in the same direction she was being steered to.

“Move, move,” the boy shouted to the gathering crowd, “Need to get doctor to Father.”

Startled faces turned to stare at her, faces of different colors and nationalities, of young and old. Fascinated she stared back, what was this place and who were these people?

Suddenly they burst through an entrance way into a chamber, “Father, Father,” the boy huffed trying to catch his breath, “brought doctor.”

Startled Father stared at Mouse and then to the stranger he had pulled up in front of him.

“Mouse, what have you done?”

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“Bones! Bones!” Booth shouted, frantically searching the area where he had last seen his partner. A glint of something metallic shone in the beam of his light and he hurried over to it. It turned out to be the scoop Brennan had been using to put some of the dirt she had been collecting into the sample bags. He picked it up, placing it in his pocket, and shone the light around. There, hidden by the station platform that jutted out from the wall was an opening. Gingerly he stepped through it. He had to go left or right, there was no other option. He hesitated, which way should he go? He chose the left and was rewarded a few steps later when he found a sample bag lying on the ground. *That a girl, Bones*, he thought as he picked up his pace, confident that another bag would appear to show the way.

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“You said you need doctor.” Mouse whined, hopping from foot to foot. “Found doctor. Help Bishop Jack.” Mouse scurried over to the bed where Jack was lying. Jack lifted his hand and Mouse clutched it. “Mouse,” he whispered weakly, “you shouldn’t have brought a stranger down here.” Mouse’s eyes went wide with understanding. He hadn’t thought it through, he had just reacted as he always did when something was needed, he took it.

Father sighed, shaking his head, “Young lady I’m very sorry Mouse brought you down here. He’s broken a very important rule.”

“No, no it’s all right,” Brennan forestalled him. “I’m fascinated that there appears to be an entire community living beneath a major metropolis. It’s obvious that, for whatever reason, be it criminal or anti-socialism; you people have chosen to live beyond the main stream of civilization. I find it intriguing and I’d like to devote some time in studying the way you live.”

Completely taken aback by the young girls lack of fear, Father was, for once, at a loss for words.

“This is the patient,” Brennan stated, walking over to the Bishops bed side, “As I tried to tell this young man, I am not a medical doctor, I’m a forensic anthropologist.” She noted Jack’s color, his shallow breathing. She felt for his pulse on the side of his neck. “He’s obviously suffered some kind of

cardiac episode.” Looking around the chamber she noted the few beds, neatly dressed in crisp white linen; the metal medicine cabinet with its dings and dents and a few rust spots. A few patched chairs, and a privacy curtain. There were a few electric lights that provided some illumination, but the rest of the light came from candles. Candles were everywhere in every niche, nook, and cranny.

“The equipment you have here, or rather the lack of it, is not conducive to finding the cause of his condition, or curing it. I suggest you take him to a hospital.” Her analysis concluded she stepped in front of a still shocked Father and asked, “How many people live here?”

Rendered speechless by Brennan’s abrupt manner, Father began to sputter, “Young lady...”

“Bones,” Booth entered the chamber with gun drawn, “Are you all right?”

“I see you followed my trail of specimen bags,” Brennan nodded approvingly.

“Yeah, like Hansel and Gretel followed bread crumbs,” Booth replied, cautiously holstering his weapon, after giving the room a brief, but penetrating glance. An old man in a bed, another one standing with an elderly woman clutching at his arm, and a young, tow headed kid. Not much of a threat.

“Who are Hansel and Gretel, and what do bread crumbs have to do with anything?” Brennan asked, puzzled.

“Never mind, Bones,” Booth turned his attention to the standing, older man. “What’s going on here, pops, and what are you doing kidnapping my scientist?”

Indignantly, Father drew himself up, “I am not your pops, young man, and we did not kidnap this woman.”

“Excuse me,” Brennan interrupted, “But he did kidnap me.” She pointed to Mouse, who tried to bolt out the entrance.

“Just a minute there, chief,” Booth grabbed Mouse’s arm, “You’re not going anywhere, kidnapping is a federal offense and I’m a federal agent.”

Father groaned, lowering his head into his hand, and shaking it.

Mary stepped forward, glaring, “This can be all straightened out later, Bishop Jack needs to be taken to a hospital...right now!”

“Bishop?” Booth stepped to Jack’s bedside, noting the black suit, and dog collar. “You’re a bishop?” he asked as he stared down at the man.

Jack nodded weakly, “Yes my son, and I could use your help.”

Booth’s Catholic upbringing kicked into high gear, “All right people, what are we standing around for? Let’s get this man to a hospital! Let’s go, let’s go!” He began pushing the bed toward the entrance then stopped confused, “Which way?”

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“You can’t take the bed,” Father admonished Booth, gesturing to Tyler and Jared to get the stretcher.

“Yeah, right,” Booth’s face colored a bright red. “Well come on let’s get him on there.” Booth hovered over the two men as they transferred Jack from the bed. “All right which way?” Booth glanced left and right as he exited the chamber. Brennan gave him an exasperated look and followed the stretcher as Tyler and Jared jockeyed it through the opening and turned left. They went as quickly as they could without jostling the stretcher more than was necessary.

“I hope you understand that secrecy is our greatest protection,” Father stated as he followed his ill friend, periodically checking his pulse as they hurried along.

“Naturally a society such as this would need to keep its existence unknown,” Brennan reasoned. “But the doctors will need to know something of his medical history.” She gestured to Jack.

“I can... speak... for myself, you know,” Jack growled breathlessly from his prone position. “Haven’t... been down here... all that long... that people... will have forgotten me.”

“So what do we tell them? You just got back from some mission in Mexico or something?” Booth asked.

Jack nodded, “Something...like that.”

“We’re here,” Father nodded to Jared to trigger the mechanism that opened this particular portal to the world Above.

Father clasped his friends’ hand, “Be well my friend.”

“Pray for me,” Jack whispered.

Father nodded as he watched the stretcher move through the opening. “Take care of him, please.” He turned to the two strangers entrusted with Jack’s care, worry and concern creasing his face.

“We will,” Booth replied confidently. “How do we get in touch with you?”

“We will get in touch with you.” Father told him wearily, then turned and headed back the way they had come.

Booth shrugged his shoulders and followed the stretcher. “Come on, Bones, let’s go.”

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“So everything’s ended for the best,” Jack sighed as he made himself comfortable in his favorite chair.”

“I suppose,” Father nodded morosely.

“Jacob, what’s the problem? I’m still alive, we have new friends, we didn’t have to rely on poor Vincent, and...”

“It’s just that I should have seen it coming,” Father pushed his folded up glasses around on the table top, unable to meet Jacks eyes.



“Nonsense, just because you’re a doctor doesn’t make you omniscient you know. You can’t cure everything and you can’t fix everything.” Jack leaned forward fixing Father with a hard stare.

Father finally looked up and locked eyes with his friend, “You’re right, I know you’re right, but... perhaps I’m getting old, I don’t remember things being this complicated.”

“Perhaps you’re getting old?” Jack laughed, sitting back, “My dear friend you are old, as I am old. At this time in our lives we have to learn to sit back and let life come to us as it will. We have to let it carry us along like a river, a nice slow meandering river that has clean, refreshing water with gently sloping banks. And when we catch up on a rock or a log, let others help us off so that we can be on our way again. We shouldn’t try to do everything by ourselves, that time is over for us, let the youngsters step in.”

“Yes, yes I know,” Father sighed deeply, “It’s hard letting go.”

“Of course it is, my friend, you wouldn’t be the man you are if it were easy.”

“Vincent and I once spoke of a river,” Father mused, remembering, “but it was swift flowing and treacherous.”

“And how did that turn out?” Jack asked curiously.

Father sat up straighter, smiling, “Actually it’s turned out very well, much better than I ever expected.” He put on his glasses and reached for the chess pieces, “So shall we finish our game?”