

Around Rico September, 2006

By the Bugle's roving reporter, Der Floss Spode. (Prejudice is a very useful thing. It allows you to make decisions with no facts and no thinking).

The house at the end of Mantz Avenue is taking shape:



It's quiet around town, except for the yards that are disappearing. Oh yeah -- there was a burglary at the Conoco station last week. Everything inside was stolen and replaced with exact replicas. The authorities refused to investigate.

My dog Spot, and I were nosing around the courthouse recently (Spot's nose sometimes gets him in trouble). Just what is down below the first floor?

Outside the courthouse is the library. Or so it seems:



We looked inside. No books. Spot whined in derision - humans are funny. We went inside the Courthouse and found where books go to die:



Across the hall was a real library, open only when Spot and I are out of town, it seems. Next to it, a stairway to downstairs, and a barrier!



I started to clamber over when a loud "ahem" from Linda stopped me. "Dogs outside," she informed me sweetly. No way I was going down there without my faithful canine companion. We retreated outside and walked around the building. Slowly. Hmm. Bars on the basement window:



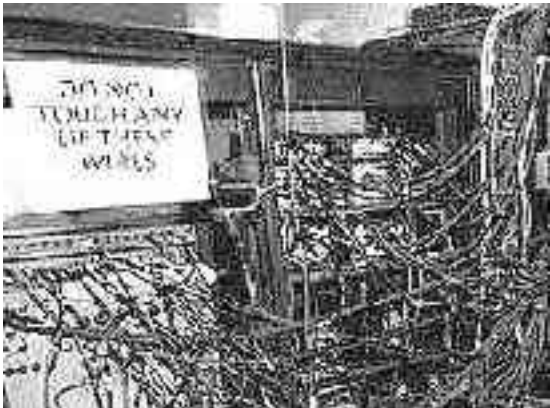
Can't see a darn thing. But there is a mysterious entry on the east side:



Nobody watching. We went down and Spot wriggled through an opening. He took three pictures (he is smart as well as small). The first was of an old newspaper:



Tantalizing headline. But next to it was:



And a little off to the right, this sign:



Spot left. So did I. What is down there, stays down there.

Spode