

Marcia Lee ran from Senator Steven Sig Harker's dressing room down the basement corridor, up the stairs leading up to the ballroom of the New York Olympia Hotel, tightly gripping her sidearm. She felt her heart palpitate and her head throb. However, there was no time to feel pain. Her one thought as she ran was to neutralize Senator Steven Harker and his potential presidency.

When she reached the door leading to the ballroom, she kicked it open and held her handgun out. The ballroom guests were puzzled at the sight of Tracy toting a handgun. Marcia steadied her gun at Presidential candidate Steven Sig Harker.

"Marcia, are you trying to kill me?" questioned Harker.

"I am doing this for the sake of America. If I don't do this, no one will stop you" responded Marcia.

"Well, if you want to kill me, then shoot me. However, I don't think you have the courage to pull the trigger" taunted Harker.

Marcia pointed the gun into the air and fired a warning shot. Guests screamed, some huddled with each other in fear, while others ducked under the tables. Marcia then aimed the gun at Harker again. "Why don't you tell your supporters your true motives. See if they will support you!" Marcia shouted.

Harker remained calm and decided not to answer back. Marcia grew frustrated and decided to fire off another warning shot.

She began to squeeze the trigger when FBI agents barged through the doors and windows of the ballroom. "Everyone, get down on the floor!" shouted the agents. The agents ran past the panicking guests and surrounded Marcia with their weapons.

The leader of the agents, Special-Agent-in-Charge Roger Downing aimed his shotgun Tracy. "Drop the gun Marcia Lee!"

Marcia didn't seem to listen. Instead, she raised her gun at Harker. She was about to pull the trigger when Downing clubbed her head with his shotgun. Marcia buckled under such head trauma. However, she fired a shot into the ceiling as she went down. Marcia was out cold for a few minutes.

When she awoke, Downing slapped a pair of handcuffs on Marcia. "Ms Lee, you're under arrest for treason, attempting to murder a politician, and killing FBI agents. You'll either get life in prison or the death penalty. Anything you like to say?" announced

Downing.

“Agent Downing, I can explain. My real name is Tracy Lee. Marcia Lee is just an alias. I am not a traitor! Someone else we all trust is a traitor. In fact, I have proof. Look in my jacket pocket” responded Tracy.

Downing patted her jacket and pulled out a recording device from one of the pockets. Downing put it to his ear and listened intently to the recording. As he listened, his face grew paler.

After listening, he motioned for an agent to plug the recorder into the ballroom stereo system. While helping set up, Downing shouted to Harker, “Senator Harker, would you like to explain yourself.”

Four hours earlier

Tracy walked down the basement hallway of the Olympia Hotel with a manila envelope. When she reached the door of the dressing room, she was greeted by Harker’s bodyguards.

“Hey fellas! I am just here to deliver this campaign statement over to Senator Harker” said Tracy, waving her envelope.

The guards just nodded and let her through the door. As she went through the door, she made a brushing motion along her jacket, discretely switching on her recorder. She greeted Harker as she entered the room and handed him the envelope.

As he filed through the envelope, Tracy grabbed a handgun from her jacket and aimed it at Harker. Harker was not the least bit surprised, in fact, he seemed to have anticipated it. In response he lunged at her and tackled her into a full-length mirror. Tracy felt a burning sensation as she crashed into the mirror. She then blacked out.

Three hours passed when she finally came to her senses and she found herself tied up to a chair. Harker just finished jabbing her neck with truth serum and he brandished her gun.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t my senatorial page, Marcia Lee, or shall I say Tracy Lee?” mused Harker. “You must be a brave soul out to take me down. Who do you work for? Huh?”

Tracy resisted his question with silence. Harker, annoyed by her defiance, cocked

the gun. “Let me ask again, who do you work for? CIA? NSA? Secret Service?” demanded Harker.

Tracy felt the serum kick in. “I work for the FBI, scumbag. We suspected that you weren’t as patriotic as you made yourself to be. We had a feeling that you, as a presidential candidate, didn’t work for the interests of America. In fact, we found out from an informant that you worked for the country of Umea, a nation that the US is at odds with” explained Tracy.

“We were hunting you down in hopes of revealing your treason, and unraveling the Umean intelligence network. We also wanted to know more about enigmatic Tiger Shark Seven, the Umean intelligence director who is strongly anti-America. We didn’t know much about him. No American has ever seen his face and lived to tell the tale. We had a strong hunch that he was planning an attack on America sometime soon

“The FBI began its investigation when it received an anonymous tip saying that you, Senator Steven Harker, were part of the Umean plan. We were notified that the presidential elections were a key factor to the plan. My team was sent to investigate. Our operation was confidential, and only a few FBI personnel knew about it..

“We decided to investigate you by sending an undercover agent posing as a senatorial page to Senator Harker. Since I was very youthful looking, they picked me. So, I assumed the identity of Marcia Lee and started working as a page” explained Tracy.

“I was able to pass all security checks with the college student identity that the FBI created for me. As a page, I was able to get close to you and keep you under surveillance. In fact, I found documents indicating that you accepted payments from the Umean government to fund your campaign. I also learned that you made calls to Umean intelligence” finished Tracy.

“One question that I have wondered throughout the investigation is this: Why are you betraying your country?” asked Tracy.

“You got it all wrong. I am not a traitor. In fact, I was never loyal to America. I pledged my loyalty to Umea since birth. You see, I am Tiger Shark Seven. My plan was to invade the US by becoming the president and then opening America up for an Umean invasion.

“You see, the real Steven Sig Harker died a few years ago. Harker was part of a

US diplomatic mission to Umea. When he was visiting a plaza in the capital, my agents methodically killed off each of his bodyguards and staff members. A sniper then shot Harker in front of bystanders. His body was taken away by my agents disguised as paramedics, and I assumed his identity by means of plastic surgery. My analysts hacked into his biometric data and replaced it with mine. Harker was the ideal man to impersonate, because he fit my height and build, his pro-American jingoism would disguise my intentions, and Steven Sig Harker is an anagram of Tiger Shark Seven, which would make an excellent signature.

“The official story was that Harker miraculously survived the attack, and a rogue anti-American terrorist cell was implicated on the assassination attempt.

“Once I got to the US, I made official visits to the headquarters of each American intelligence agency, including your beloved FBI. Since no one suspected a patriotic senator, I was able to plant bugs into each agency. I also implemented small surveillance robots into each agency. In addition, my lackeys in Umean intelligence assisted me. From there, I was able to keep tabs on my enemies. I was able to anticipate the moves of each agency.

“As with the FBI, I was the one who tipped them about Senator Harker. You see, I wanted a challenge. I wanted to feel the joy of being one step ahead of my enemies. I anticipated that the FBI would have an agent impersonate a page from my intelligence intercepts. In fact, I needed a patsy to plant evidence on. You were my patsy.

“I knew that you were an agent a long time ago, but I decided to play along and set you up for a fall. I kept you as a page to keep tabs on you and set you up for humiliation.

“To humiliate you, I had my own agents kill off your team at the FBI safe house so that no one knew you were FBI. I then planted evidence at the safe house, showing that you were the traitor, not Steven Harker. I anonymously tipped the FBI while you were knocked out. Now they’ll discover the bodies and incriminating evidence at the safe house. I also notified them of your presence here. Soon, they’ll send men to get you.

“With you framed, the FBI and all other agencies will be tied up investigating you. They’ll be too busy to notice my operation until it is too late and Umea has taken over the US.

“Now if you excuse me, I have a campaign dinner that I must attend. My associates will then shoot you and plant a gun in your hands. The FBI will think that you were trying to assassinate me” finished Tiger Shark Seven.

“You won’t be able to get away with it!” shouted Tracy.

However, Tiger Shark Seven was too far away to listen. Two of his Umean agents disguised as Secret Service then entered. As they entered the room, one of them pulled out a gun and aimed it at Tracy.

As he pulled the trigger, Tracy lunged at him, free of her bonds. The other agent noticed that her freed, bloody hands held a shard of the mirror, which she used to cut her bonds. Tracy’s tackle knocked down her victim, who accidentally fired his gun at his partner’s leg. The partner fell down, roaring in pain. Tracy then wrestled the gun out of the agent’s hands and knocked him out with the pistol butt. She took out his associate in the same fashion.

With no time to waste, Tracy ran out of the dressing room and made her way to the ballroom.

Presently

Agent Downing’s presentation of Tracy’s recording shocked the guests and members of the press in the ballroom. The guests glared at Harker with hatred in their eyes.

“Senator Steven Sig Harker, alias Tiger Shark Seven, you are under arrest for engaging in foreign espionage on American soil. You are now under FBI custody” announced Downing.

“Not very likely” replied Tiger Shark Seven. Tiger Shark Seven’s Secret Service detail pulled out their guns and fired at the FBI agents. They were Umean intelligence agents posing as American Secret Service. The FBI agents dived for cover and fired back. Guests ran out of the room, trying to avoid the cross fire.

As the gunfight raged, Tiger Shark Seven ran to a nearby window and jumped out of it. He fell from the second floor onto the pavement outside. While the FBI agents were fighting the Umean agents, Tracy saw him escape. She picked up Downing’s spare handgun from his belt and ran after him. She jumped from the same window and landed

on a canopy outside the hotel.

She saw Tiger Shark Seven brutally shoot the agents surrounding an FBI car, hop into it and flee the scene. Tracy leapt off the canopy, landed on the street, and jumped into another FBI car.

Both cars flashed on their sirens as they weaved through nighttime traffic. Cars tried to get out of the way of the chase. Tiger Shark Seven saw Tracy behind him and started firing shots at her. Tracy ducked behind the steering wheel and fired off her own shots. Pedestrians rushed inside the nearest buildings and drivers stayed low in their seats to avoid the gunfire. Tiger Shark Seven then crashed through a fence into a construction site. Tracy followed suit.

Tracy was getting tired of pursuing Harker through the construction site and looked around for options. As she looked at the sky, she saw a crane holding a heavy duty support beam. Without thinking, she fired repeatedly at the cable supporting the beam, until the cable broke apart and let the beam fall. The beam ended up landing on the back half of Tiger Shark Seven's car, crushing it and stopping it in its tracks.

Tracy ran over to wreckage and surveyed it for Tiger Shark Seven. However, he wasn't in the driver's seat. While she was searching, Tiger Shark Seven suddenly popped up from behind her and was ready to swing a lead pipe.

Tracy saw his reflection on the window and dove out of the way, just as his pipe smashed the window. Tracy then kicked him squarely on the chest and he fell down, but not before he grabbed her arm and dragged her down with him. They grappled each other and rolled across the site.

Tiger Shark Seven managed to break her grip by elbowing her and got himself up. He then pulled out his spare gun and was ready to fire when Tracy got to her feet and swept her right leg across the ground in a large circle. Her sweep caught Tiger Shark Seven in the legs and knocked him off his feet. Tiger Shark Seven never noticed that there was a pit behind him until he fell into it.

Tiger Shark Seven landed at the bottom of the pit. He felt something squishy as landed on his back. He didn't know what he landed on until he saw a cement truck at the edge of the pit. Tiger Shark Seven tried to get himself up, but he was stuck to the ground. He immediately realized that he landed in quick dry cement and he was now stuck.

Tracy came to the edge of the pit with her gun aimed at him. “Well, well, well. Looks like the great Tiger Shark Seven got himself into a sticky situation. You’re under arrest pal” taunted Tracy.

As Tracy stared at the pinned Tiger Shark Seven, she heard sirens converge onto the construction site. She looked up and saw FBI cars rush into the site. As soon as they stopped, Agent Downing and a few FBI agents popped out of their cars and ran over to the pit.

“Your suspect is stuck between a rock and a hard place” said Tracy.

“Because of you, Agent Lee, it seems like the presidential election needs to be redone. Also, the FBI wants to apologize for treating you as a suspect. The country owes you great thanks for stopping an Umean hostile takeover. What can the US government do to show thanks?”

Tracy walked over to Downing and handed him her badge.

“I need a vacation. While I am at it, get rid of that ghoulish gargoyle down there” replied Tracy as she walked away.