

## **The Easter Affair (totally gen)**

**By Kanders07**

Sirens sounded throughout UNCLE headquarters. Someone had broken through security. Napoleon and Illya burst from a stairwell headed for Alexander Waverly's office. The security breach made the elevators inoperative. Behind them four more agents slammed through the door.

Waverly's door would not open. It had also stopped functioning when the alarms sounded. Napoleon found Lisa under her desk trying to open the door using the override switch. She looked up at Napoleon,

"It won't budge!" she snapped as she continued to work the switch. Napoleon nodded at her and helped her up from the floor.

"Let me try," he said. She moved away from her desk and Napoleon took her place under the desk. There was the panel, open, with the switch in the center of a recessed area of the floor. He reached in and moved the switch. Nothing happened. Scowling he tried the switch again.

Crawling out from under the desk, Napoleon looked at his partner. "It's stuck. Or, it's been tampered with, which is more likely."

"Who could tamper with it? I've been here all day," said Lisa. "I didn't even leave for lunch today."

"Are you sure no one has been near your desk today?" asked Illya coolly. Lisa shook her head.

"No one." Illya looked at Napoleon knowing they shared the same thoughts. Someone had set this up and they needed to save Mr. Waverly. "I don't know if this has anything to do with anything," Lisa said holding up a thin piece of pink cellophane. "I found this in the door to the override panel."

Napoleon took the pink cellophane from her hand and looked at it curiously. "What is this?" he asked.

"Well, I thought it looked like that cellophane grass you find in Easter baskets but, I've looked all around my desk and that's the only piece I've seen. It's really weird."

"Easter grass?" asked Illya. "What is Easter grass?" Lisa looked at him and explained further.

"It's plastic cut into shreds to look like grass. It's used to fill Easter baskets so there's a place to lay chocolates and Easter eggs."

"But this is pink," replied Illya. "Is grass not green or brown?"

"Well, real grass is," said Lisa, "but Easter grass comes in a number of colors. Usually what we think of spring colors, pink, green, blue, purple..." Illya shook his head. Napoleon pulled him away from Lisa.

"Look partner, we need to get into Waverly's office and make sure he's actually okay. Let's deal with the Easter grass later."

Illya nodded and set to work reaching for an acetylene torch one of the agents had just brought to him. Setting the fire of the torch against the wall beside Waverly's door Illya began to cut a hole. At that moment, Mr. Waverly pushed the door open and stepped into the doorway.

"Gentlemen, I would prefer that you not cut holes in the walls of headquarters," said Mr. Waverly, in his slightly annoyed manner. He waved over his head, "And will someone shut off that alarm?" Motioning to Illya and Napoleon to come into his office, he dismissed the other agents.

The two confused agents walked into the office and stopped, mid stride, and stared at Waverly's desk. There in the center of the desk was the biggest Easter basket Napoleon had ever seen. It was filled with the colored cellophane grass and included a large stuffed rabbit, colorful plastic eggs and candy. Mr. Waverly continued to his desk and sat down.

"For my grandson," he said. "That darned Easter grass gets into everything. Some of it must have fallen into the computer and set off the alarms. Of course I couldn't shut them off from here and I couldn't get out. "

Napoleon nodded, "It must have been pushed through the seam of the override switch. That's why Lisa wasn't able to use the override. But, sir, why bring it here?"

"My daughter and her family are arriving this evening. I am supposed to bring the basket home with me. My grandson will be asleep by then and he will find the basket when he awakes in the morning." Napoleon nudged Illya and began to snicker. "What is it you find amusing, Mr. Solo?" asked Waverly.

"Well, sir, I just hadn't pictured you as the Easter Bunny."

"Nor had I, Mr. Solo. Nor had I."