

# Overly Sensitive Undercover Agent

Written by Christian Hagen

This is a story about me, the *best* undercover agent in history. Or at least that's what my mom tells me. My accomplice is a highly recommended night guard. Some people tell me he's a pathological liar, but I like his hair, so I don't care. My mission: Terrorists have stolen the research institute's confidential database. I have to return the data to the institute. They left their highly confidential data... in a yacht... in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle.

Now, you might say leaving your data in a floating piece of metal in the middle of the most dangerous part of the ocean is a bad idea, but the secretary of the institute gave me donuts the last time I came, so it's probably a good idea.

You might be wondering how I got such a *fantastic* job. I was scrolling on SpyNet, and it said they were hiring. So I decided to sign up. Apparently, I was the only person to sign up. Luckily, I was just the man for the job.

*"Son! You're 21! For the sake of all that is good, go to sleep!"*

It was a dark and scary night, and my mom hadn't read me my bedtime story, and I was afraid for my *life*! Mother couldn't understand how *terrifying* the closet door was. Anyway, before I could save the data, I had another task. It was simple; deliver the newspaper to the agency headquarters. Now, I knew this would be the most challenging thing I had ever done. Whenever I needed something, my sweet mother would give it to me. Well, except for the super-baby-fun-time singing baby doll. It only costs \$250 bucks! I read the address upside down—a simple mistake!—and went to the wrong headquarters. I probably should have known 'Big Daddy's Laundromat wasn't their HQ. But it was a good guess.

Back on the task at hand, I booked a flight to Miami, Florida, and Manuel, my accomplice, found a boat we 'borrowed.' We set out for the Bermuda Triangle. I silently rowed my boat to the yacht. When I say I rowed the boat, I mean Manuel, the highly-recommended guard, did all the work. I just sat back with my new fancy tuxedo and listened to Kids Bop

with my new MP3 player. Once we finally reached the yacht, we silently drifted across the water. It was eerily quiet. There were no signs of life on the boat. It seems all the agency's guards were taken out in the attack.

"We're gonna have to swim; we can't go any further without being spotted," Manuel stated.

"In the water?!" I said, "Are you crazy? The water's like, really cold! And I'd soak my tuxedo!"

"What would ya rather do, get 'ur pretty tuxedo wet, or get shot in the foot, ya lazy manchild?" Manuel retorted.

I slowly sank into my seat. So, it was set; we were to swim hundreds of feet through the icy water, grab onto a railing, and sneak into the yacht. Sounds easy, right?

"You hurt my feelings..." I quietly said.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Will ye' forgive me? Kiddin'. Hope you can swim!"

Manuel pushed me with, honestly, barely any force, and I lunged into the black abyss. Apparently, some people call it the ocean. Instead of drowning on my very first mission, I decided I would impress Manuel. I used the swimming lessons I was taught when I was 5, and it just about worked. I, *very* silently, swam towards the yacht.

"Wow, you're really a great swimmer, aren't you? I'd be surprised if they couldn't hear ya."

I had barely moved at all. Manuel decided it wasn't worth waiting for me to get all the way to the yacht, so like the real champ he is, he decided to throw me back onto the boat and risked both our lives getting to the yacht.

"If I didn't have a specific message from our boss *not* to kill you, I would end yer sad life right now, you useless frog. Wait, I take it back. Frogs can swim."

We made it to the yacht, and luckily, no feet were lost in the process. We found a railing and climbed onto the vessel. I turned on my SpyEars, which allowed me to hear 12 times more clearly. I heard the breathing of six guards, all hiding behind the corner. I signaled to Manuel of the danger, who looked surprised I could actually do something.

"I'm going in. I'll take them out," I whispered as quietly as possible.

"It's not my fault if you die. Go ahead. I'm sure you'll get 'em."

I turned on my night vision and identified the six heat signatures. I turned the corner, and with six swift shots, six bodies fell to the ground.

“I’m impressed; you took all of them out! So you really aren’t useless,” Manuel said.

“I wouldn’t have been able to do that if you hadn’t complimented me,” I replied.

“I was lying.”

“Oh, alright,” I slowly walked down the corridor. I decided at that moment, life wasn’t worth living.

“Uh... wait! You’re actually really good at taking care of them guards!”

Suddenly, determination filled my veins. At that moment, I knew I was about to kick terrorist butt! (My mom doesn’t like me saying butt.) Manuel spread the blueprint of the yacht across the floor.

“Now that you’ve proven yourself, I know I can trust you,” Manuel said. “Here’s the plan. Ye’ take out the guards on the outside of the vault room with the agency’s plans. Type the code into the vault. The rest of the guards will come running out like ants. Pretend to surrender; then I’ll take the rest of ‘em out. Then, we both run into the vault and secure the data.”

The plan was set. I ran across the silent floor of the yacht. I spotted three guards outside the room with the vault.

“I heard the agency hired a new agent. Seems like a real blockhead!” one of the guards said. They all laughed.

“What is he going to do, cry us into submission?”

They all laughed again.

“Hey! That hurt my feelings!” I yelled. Before the guards realized what I said, they were already dead. I rapidly typed the code into the vault before more guards got there. As soon as I finished, a guard put a gun to my head. The rest of the guards swarmed the room, quickly tying my hands behind my back. I waited, but no help came. Then, Manuel slowly strode out of the darkness.

“You really are an idiot, aren’t you. The only reason I didn’t kill you was I needed the code. You really helped terrorism today,” Manuel said.

“I thought you were my friend. You lied to me!” I screamed.

“What can I say? Lying is fun.”

Manuel pulled a gun out of his coat, aimed, cocked, and fired.

Fortunately, he missed.

“Dammit! I’m out of ammo! Get ‘em!” Manuel said.

I cut my bonds with my knife, then pulled an old beefstick which my mom gave me for a snack, rock-solid, and shoved the beef down a guard’s throat, which he choked on and died. Then systematically took out the rest of the guards with other assorted items.

“Hey, don’t swear!” I yelled to Manuel, but he had escaped in the commotion.

“Fudgecake...” I swore under my breath.

I turned to escape, but Manuel had a gun to my forehead.

“Guess what? I got more ammo,” Manuel jeered.

“You made one fatal mistake,” I said.

“Any final words?” Manuel asked, ready to pull the trigger.

“You forgot to tie your shoes!”

I used the laces and tripped Manuel, sending him flying to the floor, breaking his shoulder bone. I grabbed the data and bolted.

“You! You’ll pay for that!” Manuel screamed.

I dashed through the vessel and spotted our dinghy floating in the water. I ran to the back of the yacht.

There was nowhere to run.

“There’s nowhere to run!” Manuel laughed maniacally. I quickly turned a corner, and I knew what was about to happen. The floor where I stood was wet.

Manuel ran as fast as he could to finish the job, but as soon as he turned the corner, he slipped, tripped over his laces, and soared off the edge, plunging into the deep water.

I stood shocked. Manuel was gone. Getting into the dinghy, I rowed away. Hours later, I finally made it back to shore. I took a taxi and soon arrived at the agency. Luckily, I didn’t go to the laundromat this time. I entered my boss’ office, ready to show him the data.

“I got the data. Manuel was a traitor.”

“Traitor? Manuel? What do I care? Where’s the data, rookie?”

“It’s right here, boss.”

“This says Kidz Bop, you idiot!”

I had lost my mission.

“Hey, you’re fired,” Boss said.

And my job.

Manuel must have stolen the data and replaced it with the Kidz Bop album. After the incident, my mom kicked me out of the house, and I got a job selling kids' toys. They say I do a really good job. Manuel might still be out there, lurking in the shadows, but I’ll fight him again if I have to. This is me, the overly sensitive, baby doll-loving, shoe-tying double-agent. This is my gift, my curse.