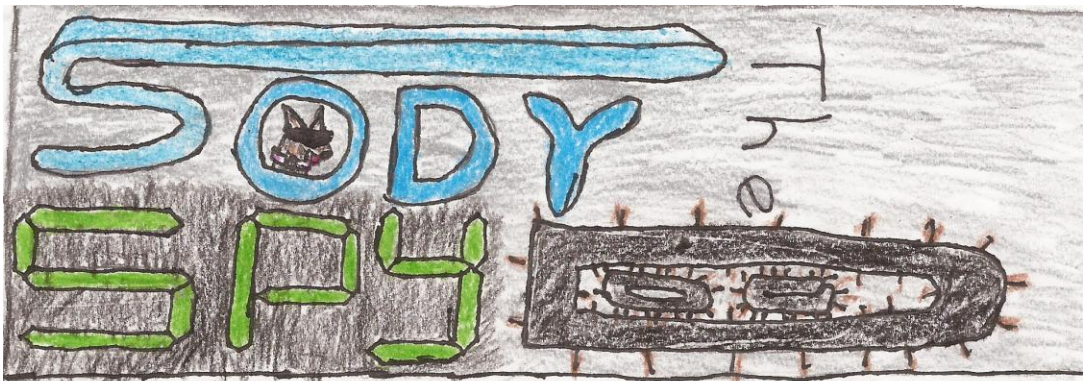


# SODY SPY

THE



BY CELIA "SPAGHETTI HEAD"



**Sody the Spy Dog**  
**Part one, The Secret World**  
**By Celia "Spaghetti Head"**

2011-2012

Mr. Christopherson | Room 112

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## Chapter 1

### About Me

Hi, I'm Sody. I'm a dog. You wouldn't really recognize me as your regular spy. But more about that later. First, my story.

I'm a rescue dog. I came from a something-I-don't know in somewhere-I-don't-know. (Maybe it was called Mini Soda, I think that's something that you drink.) I spent the first few months of my life lying under some bushes by the road.

One day, a big rainstorm came. I closed my eyes and went to sleep. Rainstorms don't bother me much. I'm so used to them that it sounds like music to me and I usually sleep more deeply. But on this day I heard a metallic bang and opened my eyes.

I noticed something bright. This light wasn't like the light of the sun! The light was glowing green, and plus, I couldn't feel the rain. Then I felt a jolt. I started to panic. I looked around for my mom and siblings. They were still there. "Phew," I thought. Then I heard footsteps, but they weren't like the *pacht-pacht* I heard when my family flopped around. They were more like a heavy, *CLOMP CLOMP*.

I saw some strange creatures. They had no tails, and they were hairless, except for the top part of what I supposed was their heads. They stood on two legs, so they looked like trees. Their long fingers were **very** splayed out! I couldn't see how they could walk on them. But worst of all, they smelled so **clean!** It was

horrible. I jumped up, bared my teeth and growled, like my mom taught me to. Then they said something in a language that I didn't understand. But surprisingly, they weren't mad! More soothing, actually.

Then, there was a jolt and a stop, with a small *scree!* The strange-looking beings went away, and a hatch opened up to reveal the sun. My family and I looked around cautiously, and with a glance at each other, we stepped out.

My little brother squealed, "Do you think it's safe mommy? Do you think it's safe??!?"

She replied, "I'm sure it's fine." But then she looked at me with a glance that said she was not sure. Between several trees was a very strange rectangle that didn't move. And not any ordinary rectangle! In it there were square holes that shone, and I could see right through them! Those tree beings were going in and out. And the thing was HUGE! I'm talking *huge* huge! The biggest oak I know huge! Tall as the sky huge! (Well, maybe not that huge...)

The strange-looking hairless tree beings got out of a tiny front part of the thing I supposed we had been riding on. They walked up to us. I held back my growl. They put strips of something around our necks and then slipped something long onto them. They started walking toward the huge rectangle. We walked with them. Suddenly, I heard something coming from the huge rectangle. It was like a small *wuf wuf!* Could it be? One of us???! But still, we were silent.

## Chapter 2

### Inside the Huge Thing

We were inside the huge thing. Yep, you heard me right. We were *inside* the huge thing, and now we knew where the *wuf wuf* came from. I was right.

Dogs filled the place, but no dogs looked exactly alike. Some had the long and lanky look, like my family, but some were short, with small paws and pushed-in noses, making them seem to smile. And others were long, about as long as my tail, which is saying something! Some had long silky hair, and some had so many bald spots, it made me shudder.

One of the short ones with the pushed-in noses said, "Welcome, newcomers!" But then, in a low, whispered tone he cautioned, "Beware of the cats." I had no idea what a cat was, but the way he said it just made me not want to think about it. Before I could say anything, there was a sharp tug at my neck, and I was being dragged away. We were being led toward a cage. Then I realized what was going to happen. I yelped and started to run the other direction. Then, I smelled something. Sort of like the chicken bones that mom brought my siblings and I.

I started to track the smell. It wafted from somewhere toward the cage... "Oh!" then I realized what was happening! The smell was coming from the cage! It was all a trick! I tried to warn my family but then someone dragged me *into* the cage. *Click*, and the door closed. I scratched and scratched at the bars but nobody



let me out. After a good fifteen minutes of scratching I gave up. "Oh, well," I thought. "The smelly thing is still here." I found it lying in the corner of the cage. I checked it. *Sniff*. Yep. That was it. So I started to gnaw, but the ground was too hard. I started looking for leaves, like we always used to make our nest.

"You won't find any of those here, youngster," a new voice said. I turned around. A dog that sort of looked like me was standing in the cage next to me. His ears were floppy, though. And strangely, he had only one eye. "Here, use that," he said, nodding his head toward some sheets in the middle of my cage. I lay down and tried them out. To my surprise, they were very soft. Even softer than the softest moss in the forest! The old dog laughed. He must have seen the look on my face.

"Yep, ya' don't get much of that stuff in the wild," he said.

"What is this place, and what is a cat?" I demanded. It was his turn to look surprised.

"Ya' don't know what a cat is?" he said. "Well, you've got a lot to learn, youngster. A cat is an evil creature with magic claws that can appear and disappear. And this place, here, is the animal shelter."

## Chapter 3

### The Animal Shelter

“What in the world is an animal shelter?!” I asked.

“A shelter for animals! What else?” the old dog laughed.

The conversation had obviously hit a dead end, so I settled down in my nest and went to sleep.

When I woke up, everything was dark. There was a loud snore emitting from the area with the pushed-in-nose dogs. I figured it was nighttime. I started to settle down in my nest but I noticed some shadows in the darkness.

“To the hideaway!” one of them hissed.

“*Cats, those must be cats,*” I thought. I froze. Once they moved away, I started toward the cage door. I tried to push it open with my nose. But strangely, it stuck. After a few minutes of thinking, I had come up with a plan. I tied my half-chewed bone to the end of my sheet that I snagged from my nest with my teeth. A key was on the table that was just outside my cage. I swung the sheet out of one of the holes in my cage. The bone knocked the key off the table, close enough for me to grab.

*Scuff, scuff.* I grabbed for the key with my paws. *Scuff, scuff-Click!* Before I knew it, the key was in my mouth, and with a swift turn of the key, the door was open. I checked both ways. All clear. I snuck out.

Just then, I saw a tail disappear into an open floor tile. I waited for it to disappear. Before it closed, I snuck in. It was dark, wet and cold down there, but boy, did it smell good! Like old, rotten dead rabbits! Only one problem: I couldn't see! It was so dark that even I couldn't see my paws. Then, my tail hit something. I heard a *crash*, and it hit the floor. I turned around and started pawing for it. My paw hit something round and smooth. It had a tiny bump on it. *Tick-a-tick-a-tick!* I could sniff out a faint smell of lighter fluid coming from inside of it.

"Found it," I whispered to myself. I relocated it and grabbed it again. This time, something else happened. There was a flash of bright light. "Ouch!" I whispered. I blinked as my eyes got used to the light. In a minute, I discovered where the source of the light came from the smooth thing on the floor was giving off a strange, blue glow. I picked it up and started to find my way through the tunnel—the winding, twisting tunnel. The maze-like tunnel with lots of dead ends. "Oh, man," I thought.

As I made my way through the maze, something cold and wet landed on my fur. "AAAH!" I yelped.

"Who's there?" said a voice. I nearly fell over, which is highly unlikely, with my long, sturdy canine legs. "Cats? 'Cause I'm a dog."

"Phew," I thought. I shone my light on the place the voice was coming from. To my surprise, it was one of the pushed-in-nosed dogs I had seen coming in to the shelter.



“May I ask something?” asked the pushed-in-nosed dog. “What in the world...are you *doing* here?”

I said, “Well, I saw some cats crawling into a floor tile, and there were two reasons I wanted to follow them. The first is that I wanted to see where they were going, and the second is that I wanted to see if they were crazy because they might have fallen down into the basement of this place.”

“Your second point might have some truth to it, youngster,” the dog laughed.

“Anyway, back to the subject,” I said. “Where does this tunnel lead?”

And the dog replied, “I’ve had too many close calls with these cats to know, youngster. See the history with cats and dogs goes back, *way* back. Legend says that long ago, cats and dogs used to be friends. What broke them up is a great mystery. But there’s no time to figure that out now. We have bigger problems. Follow those cats!”

## Chapter 4

### The Cat Hideout

We were going down a hallway when we saw light ahead. I walked cautiously. One step, two steps. Suddenly, on the third step, *BEEEEEP, BEEEEEP, BLEEEP!!!* a loud, piercing sound hit my ears. “AAAAAAAH!!!!!!” we both screamed. Suddenly, a large cage banged over our heads.

“Well, well, well. What do we have here?” said a hissing voice. And I definitely recognized it.

“Cats.” I whispered.

“Yes, cats,” the cat sneered. “And we cats make the best cages. You’ll never escape!” Cackling, the cat faded into the darkness.

“So close, and yet so far. Argh!” I said.

“Well, we got closer than I ever have before,” said the other dog. “By the way, what’s your name? We never got a chance to introduce ourselves.”

“Mine’s Sody. Short for *sodalite*, a mineral. What’s yours?” I asked.

“If you’re a mineral, does that mean I should call you Rock Head?” His nose twitched. I raised my eyebrow. “Puggle’s the name. Now let’s find a way to get out of this cage, Sody the mineral.”

I rolled my eyes. “I think I’ve already found one,” I said. “But we don’t have the right tools.” I thought for a second. “Actually, maybe we do. Now all we have to do is locate—”

“...the keys?” Puggle finished, looking at a nearby table. I saw a glint on it.

“Bingo,” I whispered. I started wagging my tail out the bars of the cage. *Bam!* I accidentally knocked over the table.

“What in the world are you doing?” asked Puggle.

“Knocking down the keys so I can scrape them up with my paws. I did this to get out of my cage,” I said.

“Ah,” said Puggle. *Scuff, scuff. Scuff. Scuff, scuff-click!* The door swung open. “Now let’s go rescue the other dogs,” said Puggle. “Wait, what other dogs?” I asked.

“Oh, yeah. I forgot to tell you, there are some other dogs down here,” said Puggle. “Now let’s go!”

We jumped out of the cage, prepared to run, and stopped dead in our tracks. We had been a millisecond away from falling into a deep, deep chasm. “Oh, man.” I said. We stepped back.

“How are we gonna’ to get over *that?!?*” Puggle exclaimed.

“I don’t know,” I said. “But there has to be a way.” Suddenly, I noticed some grappling hooks lying on the floor. “No way,” I said. “It couldn’t be this easy.”

“Huh?” said Puggle, lost in his own thoughts.

“We could use the grappling hooks...” but he cut me off.

“That’s way too dangerous,” he warned. But as he said that, I had started off to the grappling hooks.

“Youngsters,” he sighed, rolling his eyes. I ignored him. I

was too busy with my plan. *Swish!* I picked up the grappling hook and swung it wildly around in circles. I stopped suddenly and it landed in some dirt on the other side of the chasm. ***Chunk!***

Then I took the other grappling hook and did the same thing with it. I then rolled some large rocks over the loose ends of the ropes. I started to pad my way over to the large trench.

“Come on.” I said to Puggie. I looked back to see that he was trembling. It was my turn to sigh as I tiptoed across the ropes like I was a circus performer.

Suddenly, one of the ropes snapped under my weight. I yelped and jumped to the other one. Then, *Snap!* That rope broke, too.

But right as the rope broke, I heard Puggie yell “Bombs away! Catch this, Sody!” something crashed down on my back, stuck to me, and with a burst of noise, it exploded.

No. It wasn't exactly an explosion. More like the steady rumble of the big thing that took me to the animal shelter.

But before I could think any more, I was flying.

## Chapter 5

### Dog Rescue

Flying is very fun. I steered myself to the other edge of the chasm. A second later, Puggle landed, too. I took the thing off my back. It seemed to be the thing that was making me fly.

“What are these?” I asked.

“These are JetPacks,” said Puggle. “And they need more fuel.” I noticed a tank labeled fuel in one of the many shadowy nooks of the cave system.

“Got it” I said. I went to the tank to fill up the JetPack. Puggle filled his, too.

“Keys?” said Puggle.

“Check.” I said. I ran up to the cages and unlocked them one by one.

“Thanks,” said a dog.

“Welcome,” I said. “Now let’s get out of here. JetPacks for everyone!” The rescued dogs happily strapped on JetPacks. We all flew across the abyss picking up my light along the way. We went into the passageway, out the secret door, and back into the animal shelter.

Puggle stepped out in front of the crowd, and said, “All dogs return to your cages!”

“Why?” groaned a dog.

“The shelter workers here will get suspicious if we don’t,” said Puggle.

Grumbling, the dogs went back to their cages.

When we were alone, Puggle and I talked. "Mission complete. Good job," said Puggle.

"Not complete yet," I said. "We still don't know what's behind those cages in the cat lair cave. But other than that, I think we did a pretty good job."

Puggle smiled. "Good night."

"Good night," I yawned. And with that I went back to my cage and went back to sleep.



## Chapter 6

### At the New Place

When I woke up, I was in a totally different place. For one thing, I wasn't in my cage. The floor was soft, but I could still hear other yips and barks of dogs. But wait – what was that? A soft *meow* wafted through the air. CATS! I stood up suddenly. “She’s awake!” said a voice. Somebody else answered in a voice that gave me the creeps. I didn’t know why it gave me the creeps. Was it because I couldn’t understand it? No.

Suddenly I realized why. I recognized it! It sounded like the strange looking hairless, two-legged things that looked like trees! This voice was higher pitched, though. A hand reached down to pet me.

“Ahh, a little to the left. To the right now.” I said. To my surprise, the hand did exactly what I asked.

“I can hear you puppy,” whispered the hand. I raised my ears. Had I spoken aloud?

“I’ll show you my room,” said the hand. I looked up to see that it wasn’t just a hand. It was a strange-looking thing, but shorter and with longer hair. It had a softer voice, too. I started to follow it. It brought me to another room. And that room had a platform! I climbed up the ladder.

There were at least seven dogs split up into two playpens. In a small cage in a corner of the platform, there was a small gray cat. Good thing there was a cage, because if it was out, I doubt it would have been too

friendly. The cat hissed at me. I ignored it and turned around to the other dogs. “Hi,” I said.

“Hi,” said one of the other dogs. One of them that looked strangely familiar...

“Puggle?” I asked, surprised.

“Sody!” said Puggle. “Welcome to the house. We’ll be staying here for a week. I would have told you, but I didn’t know which house you’d be in.”

“I’m glad we’re staying here for a week,” I said. “I like it already.”

“Good,” said Puggle, “as long as you’re okay with that cat.”

“As long as it stays in its cage,” I said.

“The people—” said Puggle, right before I cut him off.

“So that’s what they’re called? People?” I asked.

“Yep,” said Puggle. “Now, back to what I was saying. The people only let him outside once a day. And that’s when we’re not out there.”

“Good,” I said. And then I thought, “I think I’m really going to like this place.” And I did.

## Chapter 7

### Rules of a Spy (Dog)

On Wednesday, Puggle started to teach me how to be a spy. If I'd have known I would have to hang suspended by ropes, I wouldn't have been so eager. The spy talk started early that morning.

"Sody, you know," said Puggle thoughtfully, "with all your strategies and ideas, you'd make a good spy. I mean, what dogs your age can come up with ways to open up cages from the inside, and even more, cross chasms out of scratch?"

"You did more in the crossing chasms part," I pointed out.

"Sody, your idea would have worked, but the ropes just weren't strong enough," said Puggle. "I'm a spy, but an old one. I'm not much use in missions, but I'm good at training young spies."

Next thing I knew, there I was, sitting in a harness, hanging on a rope 4 feet away from a tree, at a 20-foot drop with no other trees close enough to grab onto. It turns out that these were some pretty big trees around the house. "Well, at least I am secured by a rope," I muttered. We were hunting chipmunks.

"OK, these guys can climb, but we can, too," said Puggle. We had attached some spikes to our feet earlier on. "These ropes are just for beginners. We'll be taking them off soon enough."

I shuddered.

“OK, let’s get started,” said Puggle. “First, lean your head forward, toward the tree.” I did, and suddenly I lurched forward.

“Yipe!” I yelped, in surprise. (I lose my lunch if I move too fast in midair.)

“Yes, it does take some getting used to,” said Puggle. “I’ll teach you now to steer. You use your head. Left to go left. Right to go right. Forward to go forward. And backward to go backward. Now for some tests,” said Puggle. “Go left!” I wobbled left.

“Go right!” I lurched right. “Go forward and backward!” I swung forward and backward.” “Now, go around in a circle like you’re chasing your tail!” yelled Puggle. “STOP!”

I stopped my rope and slid to a halt. “OK, now it’s time for the pulley,” said Puggle. “I’m going up to attach it.” A minute later, Puggle swung down from the treetops. He dropped a rope down. “Here, pull down on this,” he said. “Pull.”

I thought.

*Chhhhhh-chhhh-hh!* I was suddenly pulled upwards. “AAAAH!” I yelped. I tipped my head upwards.” *K-K-K-K-KEEW.* I slowly lowered myself down.

“That was amazing!” shouted Puggle. “You’re ready for climbing.”

We lowered ourselves down to the ground and unhooked our ropes from the pulley. “Here, unhook your foot spikes,” said Puggle. “Now ready to hunt chipmunks?” With that, Puggle launched himself to the

trees. I gawped in amazement. How could a dog have such strength and courage to do that?

“Come on up. It’s easy,” he called, indeed sounding like it was nothing but pie. But I did, and I found it was anything but easy. “Point your feet forward. You can hook into the tree better. Good. Now, climb up the tree, and keep your feet under your body, don’t let your legs splay out (and with all the wind, you will want to let them) otherwise you’ll smack face-first into the bark. And believe me; it hurts if you do that.”

I pointed and swung and then I heard a sharp *cccchnk!* I looked and saw that my footspikes had dug into the tree bark.

“It doesn’t hurt the tree because the tree bark grows back,” said Puggle. But before I could take that in, he said, “Chipmunk up ahead!!!” I quickly scuttled up the tree, latching and unlatching my footspikes, by pushing the button at my heel down, as I went along. (Don’t ask me how the buttons work, I don’t know.) The chipmunk definitely knew I was there.

Suddenly Puggle shouted, “Dive! Dive” I quickly leaped and pounced onto the chipmunk.

“Oh, no! I’m going to overshoot,” I said under my breath. But as I was soaring up the side of the tree, an idea came to me. As I passed over the chipmunk, I struck out with my footspikes. My timing was precise. When I latched back onto the tree, I looked at my paw. Sure enough, there was the chipmunk. It was hooked on one of the footspikes. I checked for a pulse. Zip. Zero. Nothing. I quickly ate it before it got cold.

After I finished my chipmunk and climbed down, Puggle said, "Sody, I've always known you were clever, but no one's ever had the idea for using footspikes for hunting. Ingenious, Sody. Ingenious!"

The next day we practiced with magnets. "Let me explain magnetic forces to you, Sody. There are two sides of a magnet, the north and the south poles. The north pole attracts the south pole, and vice versa," Puggle explained.

"But what can we do with magnets?" I asked.

"Well...", said Puggle, "there are a bunch of different things. The first is this." He took out a magnet and a paper clip. "Now, watch." He placed the paper clip on the ground and backed up. Then, he stuck the magnet out and pointed at the paper clip. Suddenly, as if a magic hand had reached out and grabbed it, the paper clip flew out and stuck to the magnet!

"AHHHH!!! GHOSTS!!!" I screamed. I ran and hid behind a tree. (I'm very afraid of things that aren't alive and move on their own.) I peeked out from behind the tree. Puggle laughed. "Well, I was about that scared when my trainer showed me magnets," he said, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes.

"Seriously, how did you *do* that?!" I asked.

"Well, you can also attract paper clips and other metal things with magnets," said Puggle. "You just have to find the right pole. But even if you don't use the attracting pole, it doesn't mean you don't get an effect. Here, watch this."



Puggle took the paper clip off the magnet and placed it in front of him, and then he flipped the magnet around. He pointed it at the paper clip.

“Don’t freak out, don’t freak out...” I whispered as the paper clip slowly floated away from the magnet. “DON’T FREAK OUT!!! FREAKING *OUT!!!*” You can guess how the rest of this training went.

I turned around to look for a tree to hide behind. I came out chased by a swarm of angry bees. While all this was happening, Puggle nearly died with laughter. While the bees chased me around the yard, Puggle was rolling on the ground. When the bees finally cleared off, Puggle managed to say, gasping, “Let’s go inside.”

“Fine with me,” I grumbled.

## Chapter 8

### Taking Pictures (and, by the way, cameras really really hurt your eyes)

On Friday, some of the people came out with a strange, black square thing. I came closer, eager to get a good look. Puggle came in, too.

“That’s a camera,” he said. “Watch out! It might hur-“

But before he could finish, a blinding flash of light came out of the camera.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!” I screamed.

“—your eyes,” said Puggle, while I was still screaming.

Another flash came, but this time it was directed at Puggle. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes. I was still screaming.

“WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO DO, BLAST OUR EYES OUT?!?!!!!!!!” I screamed.

“No,” said Puggle, calmly pausing to scratch his ear. “The camera captures our images so we can be adopted.”

“Adopted? What does *that* mean?” I asked.

“It means that we will go live at another house,” said Puggle.

“I THOUGHT WE WERE STAYING HERE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I DON’T WANNA BE TRANSFERRED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” I yelled.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, Sody. It’s not that serious,” said Puggle. “You’re not going to be transferred. You’re just going to move to a different house and meet the people and possibly dogs there.”

“Possibly dogs?” I said, brightening up. “You mean you’re going, too?”

“No,” said Puggle.

“WILL I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN?!?!” I screamed hysterically.

“Don’t worry,” said Puggle. “There’s a secret entrance to the dog spy underground, where I work, installed in every house by the ‘DSAN,’ the Dog Secret Agent Network. When you get adopted, you’ll be sent a message to show where the secret entrance is by me or one of my friends. You’ll see me practically every day!!!”

“Wait, wait,” I said. “there’s a whole *network* of spy dogs?!?”

“Yes,” said Puggle, with a smile. “I’ll let you know when someone wants to adopt you.”

Puggle told me the very next day.

## Chapter 9 Adoption

Puggle was very excited when he found out which house I was going to. We had snuck down to the family computer last night to look at the adoption files. When we looked up “Sody” on something called “Pet finder” this box came up:

Pet finder	Search: SODY
Breed: Dutch Shepherd/Greyhound Age: One year Adoptive family: Michaud: Mary, Bernie, Celia, Louis Pet(s): Ruby, 10 years	

It turns out that Ruby, the dog that lives there, was an old friend of Puggle’s. Puggle said, “You’re a Dutch Shepherd? That’s a rare breed.”

Later in the afternoon, the “Michaud’s,” as I supposed they were called, came over. I finally got a chance to meet Ruby. And the Michaud’s, Mary, Bernie, Celia and Louis (Puggle had identified them for me), were nice. Here’s how I tell them apart:

## Sody's chart of telling the Michaud's apart



The funny thing was, though, the small people always seem to hear me talking. Puggle had said to me earlier that humans (people) don't know that dogs are so smart and that we have our own language, so we try to keep secret. But when I talked, Celia and Louis gave me funny looks. And then there was the strange incident of the small human that lived at the house saying, "I can hear you, puppy." But I forgot about that soon enough. And I didn't remember it until it really mattered.

## Chapter 10

### The New House

It took awhile to get to the Michaud's place. But when we finally got there, I instantly loved it. The kitchen was an amazing sliding surface. It was abundant with little scraps of fabric to chew on, even though I got yelled at when I did. (Why do they need so many scraps of fabric, I ask? Why can't I just ingest them?)

But the best part was the yard. It was huge, gargantuan, immense, COLOSSAAAAALLLL!!!! (OK, maybe I got a little extreme there. But still exciting!)

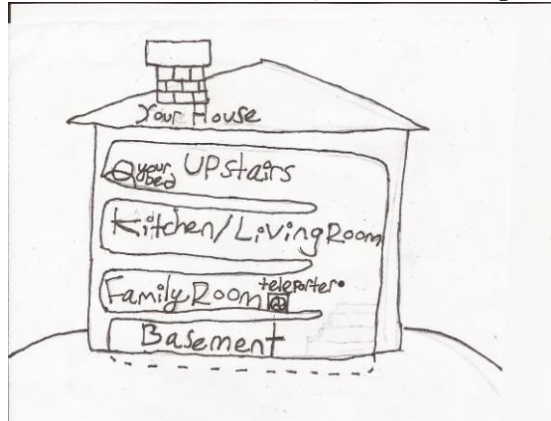
Anyway, that night a message arrived on a bat. I'd seen bats at night flying above me when I was young. "For you," the bat said, in a voice like sandpaper.

I quickly accepted the message and clambered up the stairs to the bed the Michauds had kindly made me. I sat down and tore open the letter. I discarded the torn envelope and looked at one of the papers. It read: "Sody—this is from Puggle. As I promised, a map to the underground and an access chip to insert in your collar are included. From, Puggle." I scanned the other contents of the envelope. There was a blue piece of paper, and a small package.



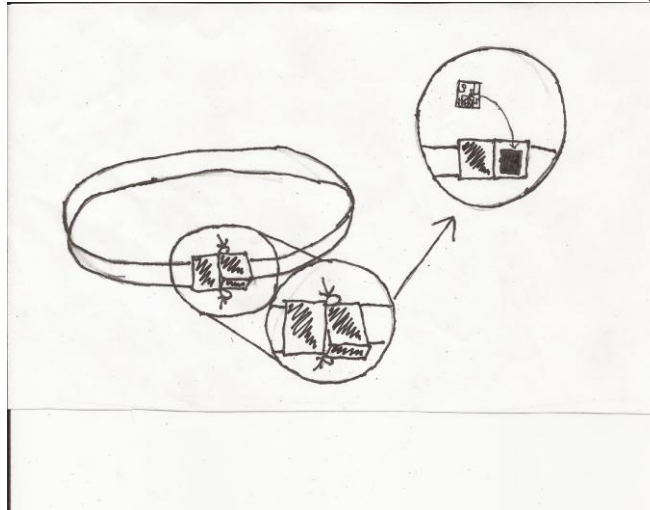
I looked at the paper:

- *The dryer is the entrance. The back of this paper will tell you how to insert you access card to your collar. You'll need it to get in.*



I turned the paper over.

*Hold the buckle in and turn counter-clock-wise. A slot will appear.*



I did as the instructions said. Suddenly there was a faint *Grnn-Grnn. Grrn-Grnn-Click!* A slot opened and I slid in the access chip. The slot closed, and I attached my collar. But, right when I was about to settle down in my nest, a piece of paper fluttered through my window, like a lone luna moth coming to a rest. I opened the piece of paper. It read, "Don't go to the underground until tomorrow. Destroy these messages." I ate the papers and went to sleep.

## Chapter 11

### The Underground

The next day, after I ate my breakfast, I took a “nap” in the laundry room. When I was sure everyone was gone, I opened the dryer door.

“Scanning for access chip,” a mechanical voice said. “Access chip accepted.”

With that, a *K-K- K-K- K-K- K-K* sound began as the dryer started up. *GNN, GRRN, GNN, GRRN!* A strange blue glow emitted from the expanding hole in the dryer. *Whizzzzzz!!* And suddenly the hole stopped growing and the whole process stopped.

“Portal activated,” said the mechanical voice. “Please step inside.”

Just as I was about to step inside, Ruby came running. “Wait for me!” said Ruby. “You’re not the only spy around here, you know.” So we both stepped inside the portal. There was a *crack* and a *fzzzzzzz*. It was a complete whirlpool in there! We whirled around until I couldn’t see Ruby. Even when we stopped moving, I couldn’t see Ruby! I looked down to check if I was there. I wasn’t!!!!

“Where is us?????!!!!” I screamed.

“See, we’re made up of atoms, and the dryer/teleporter breaks us up into our many atoms, making it possible to transport us through space and time. On the other side, we are reconstructed into our original forms,” Ruby explained.

“Can you please translate that into English?” I grumbled.

Ruby ignored me. She said, “We should re-materialize in 5...4...3...2...1...” There was a *puff* and we appeared in a tunnel like the one leading to the cat hideout. “Here, take a lantern,” said Ruby. We lit our lanterns and began down the tunnel. Suddenly, there was a loud *THWACK!* and our lights went out.

“Who’ssss there?” said a voice. I was trembling.

“Geez, Squid-tapus,” said Ruby. “Do you have to put out the lights *every* time???”

“Sssssssorry,” said the voice sheepishly. Something re-lit our lamps and I gasped at what it was: Towering above me was a colossal squid.

“Way to scare the newcomer,” said Ruby.

“Oh, there isssss newcomer?” said the squid.

“Where?”

“She blends in. Sody, please come out,” said Ruby.

“Hhhhello,” said the squid.

“H-hi,” I squeaked.

“Now you have to go to dog door,” said the squid.

“You will earn code name there.”

“Squid-tapus is right. We can’t waste time here,” said Ruby. We waved to the squid as he let us pass. It was a maze in there, but when we got out, all I could see was a big, green door.

“Please enter code name while scanning access chip,” said a mechanical voice.

“Agent Sciencebrain. Oh, and newcomer here,” announced Ruby.

“Scanning access chips,” said the voice. *Vrnnn, vrnnn, vrnnn, vrnnn.* “Access chip accepted. Opening doors.”

There was a loud beep, and the big green doors began to open. I gasped at what was behind the doors.

## **Chapter 12**

### **D.S.A.N. (or Dog Secret Agent Network)**

Even if I thought jetpacks were cool, this was even better. Encircling the whole room in the shape of a diamond was a computer the length of a football field, and about half of the height of animal shelter. All around me were dogs training in combat, testing chemicals, and doing pretty much everything else spy related.

“Well, I’ve got to go to my branch. I’ll drop you off with Puggle if you want,” said Ruby. “I know where he is.”

“Okay,” I said. So we went to find Puggle. For such an open area, it sure was hard to navigate. Geez, I couldn’t see with all the dogs blocking my vision, and I’m tall! But with Ruby’s help, I finally did make my way to Puggle. He was on a platform labeled “Training.”

“You can go eat lunch now, Niki,” he said to a large brindle-black dog.

“Sody!” said Puggle. “You’re right on time! Today’s going to be hard work.”

“Okay,” I said, not so sure. It turns out he was right about hard work.

## Chapter 13

### Training (otherwise known as “Are we done yet, Puggle? No not yet, Sody”)

“Are we done yet?” I wheezed for the 28<sup>th</sup> time.

“Sody, all we did so far is hunt chipmunks for ten minutes and practice throwing for 5. That’s only 15 minutes, and were going to go for at least two hours more, so, NO, we are not done yet!!” shouted Puggle.

“OK,” I said.

“Now we have to practice dodging. Cats have weapons called “booms” and they explode when they hit things that are big. Now I’m going to throw some balls, and you have to dodge them, said Puggle.

“Okay...” I said.

“It’s a test of reflexes,” added Puggle.

“I’ll bet it’s a test of ‘who-can-hit-Sody-10-times-with-the-ball,” I thought. But then Puggle started throwing balls.

It turns out Puggle has a good throwing mouth. Balls whizzed in every direction, like the winged tennis balls in the story *Hairy Shepherd*. But my tail has a mind of its own, and it wags whenever I’m nervous. Whenever I’m nervous, or scared, or happy, a surprised, or mad, or confused, or...come to think of it, my tail wags pretty much whenever. Anyway, that came in handy at this part of my training. Lost in my own thoughts of, “Should I cower and whine and *not* get hit by the balls, and *not* pass my training? Or should I try to

dodge the hard, tiny cannon balls that might hurt a lot, and risk getting hit?!!!!?”

I didn't have time to decide, because at that moment, a ball came whizzing toward me. I had to act quickly, so I blindly ran forward. There was a *fwack!* and something hit my tail. In anger, my tail switched on to hyperspeed. There was a cascade of tiny thwacks as my tail hit ball after ball.

*Thwawkthwuckthwakthwack thwick-thwick-twick-thwick—THUUU—**BOOOOOOOOMM!!!!!!!***

The wall in front of us exploded.

“Cats! Cats!!” shrieked a female voice. We turned around to see the stairs behind us blow up.



## Chapter 14

### Cat Invasion

We looked for other means of escape. We found nothing. Just then, a cat flying a metal helicopter swooped in and dropped a couple booms on us. The platform around us caved in. I grabbed a piece of it for no reason, but I just thought it would come in handy. The cat with the metal helicopter circled around and went off to attack some other dogs.

“Now, while we have a chance!” shouted Puggle, over the roar of the fire. “Make a plan!”

“Hmmm, so we can’t walk down the steps because that cat blew them up,” I said.

“Yeah,” said Puggle.

“And there are no jet packs,” I said. “So obviously...”

“We have to steal that helicopter!!!” We both said.

“Puggle, do you have a magnet?” I said.

“Yes, I always carry one with me. Sody, I see where you’re going, but this magnet is too small. It’s powerful, very powerful, but size makes it have limits.” said Puggle.

“Dang,” I said. I started to look for things that I could use. “Hmmm...what could I—“ I thought,

right as my eyes passed over the huge sheet of metal from the platform.

“Bingo!” I said.

“Puggle, would that sheet of metal work as a giant magnet?”

“We would have to scrape it with my magnet (Did I mention it’s really strong?) to get the electrons moving, and if that doesn’t work, we could always nab some wire, nails, and batteries from the Automatic Ball Thrower 2000. We could use those to magnetically charge the metal.” said Puggle. We got to work. In several minutes, we had bent the metal into a loosely shaped magnet and scraped Puggle’s strong magnet across it multiple times. After awhile, the magnet got stuck, so we stood back and surveyed our work.

*WHZZZZZZZZ!* The cat in the metal helicopter swooped in. We waited for the right time to use the magnet.

“Now!!!” shouted Puggle. We aimed the magnet directly at the helicopter. *Veeeoow! Veeeoow! Veeeoow!*

The magnet made a strange pulsing sound as the helicopter wobbled from its pull. The cat yelped, confused at why his helicopter was acting so funny. Before he could do anything though, a dog swinging on a rope plowed right through his

path, knocking him from the helicopter, but not damaging it.

“Hissssssssssss!” he said as he fell down.

*Zeeeeowp-Clang!* The helicopter flew straight to our magnet. We pried it off and climbed in. I had no idea how to fly the thing, but luckily, Puggle did. “Good thing I have a pilot’s license,” he said.

Puggle must have barely passed his pilot’s license, because that flight was *rough!* Or maybe it was the fact that we were flying almost 50 feet in the air, while trying to avoid booms and explosions from cats. Either way, I almost tossed my cookies. (Or dog food, in this case.) What we basically did for the rest of the ride was to rescue other dogs, dive-bomb cats, and scare away the cats guarding the boom supplies so we could dive-bomb more cats.

After a couple of hours, the waves of enemies died off and we, with the help of some other canines, had rescued the rest of our kin. After all the work was done, we “carefully” landed down.

“We’re going to need to move,” said Puggle. “I’ll send you instructions to change the coordinates on your teleporter.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because, if cats know our location, they can break in, as you just witnessed. We are also going to need cat detectors. If cats break in, it can only mean one thing,” said Puggle.

“What?” I whispered.

“A dog, spying for cats,” said Puggle.

to be continued