

## The Sheep Conspiracy

Agent Harry, Double O TH, or OOTH for short, was once again facing a life-or-death situation unlike any other. He was visiting his mother. Now to say that his relationship with his mother was a little strained was an understatement of the century. She had never been too happy with him ever since he had become a spy agent man. It was understandable that she was mad too, after all she was a megalomaniac trying to conquer the world.

“Mother, can we at least hug first?” Harry asked.

“No, today you will die.” Mother Ui said.

“Mother, please, we have mother’s day coming up soon.”

“And what were you going to get me? A card?”

“Yes.”

“A cute little card?”

“Yes”

“Liar!”

“It’s in my pocket right now.”

“Since when do you care for your mother?”

“Didn’t I get you those special laser parts last holiday?”

“Oh, yes you did.”

“Well?”

“Well, now you’ll be cut in half with the repaired laser you got me the parts for!”

“Oh, come on.”

“Any last words?”

“You have a screw loose.”

“Even in your final moments you mock me!”

“No, I really do mean it, you have a screw loose.”

“I’m not listening, you’ll die alone.”

“But mother...”

“Shut it, I’m done, Harry. Goodbye!”

She left, leaving Harry strapped to the metal table, as the laser began to cut the table. He was going to be sawn in half, though from left to right, since the laser didn’t have the battery to cut him lengthways. Harry sighed, as he saw the lose screw on the laser begin to shake. The laser then toppled over and crashed on the ground. But not before the final beam blew the restraint on his right arm.

Agent OOTH snapped into action, unlocking his other restraints. He pulled out the mother’s day card that he had brought. It was such a shame that his mother wouldn’t be able to see it with him present. But it didn’t matter, right now he had a job to do and had to save the world. And stop his mother from throwing out his stuff in his room. He still came over every Christmas, his room was neutral ground, both thanks to his father. But if he was dead, she’d throw his stuff out.

“Mother stop!” Harry cried as he burst into the control room.

“Oh, for the love of chocolate and coffee!” Mother Ui said.

“Told you, you had a screw loose.” Harry said.

“Dogs paws!” Mother UI said.

“Ok, so before we carry on...” Harry said.

“Don’t you dare!” Ui snapped angrily.

Harry ignored his mother, and he pressed the big cancel button in the middle of the desk. Now his mother never liked putting these on in her plans, but his father had been very stern about it. She could try to conquer the world, but she needed to put an easily accessible cancel button in all her designs.

“That’s years of work down the drain!” Ui cried.

“Just doing my job, mother.” Harry replied.

“You... you should’ve died in the laser room.”

“Well, you still can’t throw my stuff out.”

“I’ll get you next time.”

“Until next time.”