

Mission Possible

Pete and Polly were completely ordinary, totally normal and utterly boring twins - or so everyone thought. They wore ordinary clothes, took part in normal, everyday activities and were, in fact, boring - or so everyone thought.

You see, Pete and Polly Powers had a secret. It wasn't an ordinary, normal or boring secret and it was a secret that lived just between them (and you, in a moment, if you keep on reading!) Not even their teachers, parents or Scout Leader knew about their secret. No one ... until now. Now, this secret can only be entrusted to the most daring, brave and adventurous of children - do you think you can be trusted? Okay then ... well ... here we go ... Pete and Polly are spies!

It all began last summer when they saw an article in the local newspaper advertising for two undercover agents to help fight global crime. Pete and Polly wasted no time in applying and, after a rigorous induction process, they were accepted into the governments' secret Spy Programme. Their assignments have involved the most daring of adventures like rescuing the Prime Minister from a sudden volcanic eruption and preventing the kidnap of the Queen's corgis from Buckingham Palace! Pete and Polly were very good at their job and very good at keeping their identity a secret.

One spring morning, while having breakfast, Pete's watch lit up - it was a message from the Government's top chief of security, Cyril Secret, and it

read:

"Background: Last week the notorious thieves Dodgy Roger and Raucus Reggie stole the Yata no Kagami - a mirror which belongs to the Three Sacred Treasures of Japan.

Your Mission: To retrieve the Yata no Kagami - and return it to the Japanese embassy in London.

When: Tonight

Where: You will find it and the thieves in the abandoned riverboat docked on the Thames.

Note: Delete this message instantly."

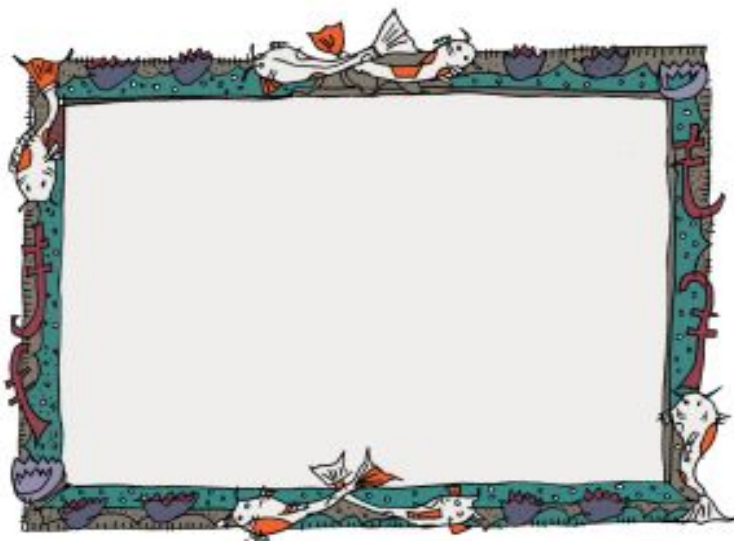


Pete and Polly looked at each other and, in unison, smirked: "No problem." Pete, quickly switched his phone off and threw it into his school bag.

The day soon passed and, at precisely midnight, the sharp shrill of an alarm woke the twins. Instantly, they jumped out of bed, grabbed their spy bags and flew down the stairs, closing the front door quietly behind them so as to not wake anyone else.

Ten minutes later, they found themselves on the edge of the Thames staring at the abandoned riverboat. Outside the cold wind howled and bit at their ears, street lights flickered and an uncomfortable mist slithered across the dangerously deep water.

Inside the boat, Pete and Polly saw the silhouette of two large men sitting hunched across a table from one another with the only light coming from an old oil lantern. They seemed to be arguing. With



hearts pounding and hands trembling, Pete and Polly snuck into the boat and hid behind the broken door.

On the table, they could see the Emperor's mirror.

"What now?" asked Pete in trepidation.

"You distract 'em and I will grab the mirror," replied Polly confidently.

They both nodded. They knew what they had to do.

Without hesitation, Pete dropped a small green capsule which filled the boat with a fine green mist. At the same time, Polly ran towards the table where the men sat, grabbed the mirror, flung it into her rucksack and then they both sprinted back up onto the deck.

Suddenly, coming from the cabin, they heard the unmistakable sound of fast-paced, heavy footsteps and loud angry voices.

"Quick!" Shouted Polly and, on that command, they fled. They didn't look back. They didn't stumble. They were trained for moments like this. Fast, focused and determined they continued sprinting until eventually the angry footsteps and loud shouting faded.

On the way to school the next morning, Polly and Pete made a small detour to a beautiful Victorian building in Piccadilly, Mayfair, that had a large Japanese flag blowing gentle in the breeze. On the doorstep they carefully placed an object concealed in brown cloth

and gave each other a high five and knowing wink. "Mission possible!" Polly chuckled.

Just then, Pete stopped suddenly. Slowly, he looked down at his wrist to see his watch flashing once more. It was another message from Cyril Secret ...

