

## Special Agent oo(K)9

“That ad we laughed at,  
On April the first,  
It’s in this paper again.  
A talking dog,  
For just ten pounds,  
Do they think we are insane?”

“Give them a ring,”  
Said his wife, “because,  
Well, you never know.”  
So he phoned,  
Got an appointment,  
And off they did go.

“The dog will do the talking,”  
Said the man,  
As he welcomed them.  
“You can have a chat,  
Just follow me,  
She’s in the back garden.”

An Irish Wolfhound,  
Shouted, “Hi!”  
“Not him,” the owner said.  
“I’m over here,”  
Said a Chihuahua,  
“You may call me Mildred.”

For two whole hours,  
they were spellbound,  
By her exciting stories.  
Tales of espionage,  
Dangerous deeds,  
Each one full of glory.

Cunning escapades,  
In Royal circles.  
Then recruited to MI5.  
Transatlantic skullduggery,  
For the President, CIA,  
And the FBI !

In shock they went back in,  
Where the owner,  
Made them tea.  
“We’re obviously impressed,  
But there are things,  
You must explain please.”

“A talking dog,  
For just a tenner?  
Tell us. Why such a bargain?”  
“Because that Mildred  
Is such a big liar.  
She’s never left the back garden!”