



# SECRET AGENT GRANDPA

## ...CHAPTER FIVE

Mia, Grandpa Brian and the mobility scooter hurtled up the dark shaft towards the light... and popped out in the Shady Pines car park. They drove down the drive and onto the main road and began pootling along at eight miles per hour.

“We’ll never get there at this rate,” groaned Mia.

Grandpa Brian checked his wing mirror. “Uh oh. Looks as though we’ve got company.”

Mia looked over her shoulder and saw that two purple mobility scooters had turned onto the road and seemed to be following them.

“Dentata’s minions,” said Grandpa. “Let’s go turbo!”

He pressed the button on the scooter’s speedometer and they suddenly whooshed off at tremendous speed.

“Woohoo!” shouted Mia. “That’s more like it!”

She looked round and saw that the purple scooters had sped up too.

Grandpa gave the right handlebar grip a squeeze and hundreds of little white balls cascaded from the back of the scooter.

“What was *that*?” said Mia.

“Mint imperials!” chuckled Grandpa Brian. “The pensioner’s travel sweet of choice. Their hard outer casing and spherical shape also make them the perfect anti-pursuit system.”

Mia watched as the purple scooters swerved and swayed, but the mints only slowed them down temporarily.

“They’re gaining on us, Grandpa,” she warned. “Do something!”

This time Grandpa Brian squeezed the left handlebar grip and a set of wings unfurled from the base of the scooter. The tyres retracted into the body of the vehicle and, for a moment, it hovered just above the ground, before swooping up into the air.

The ground fell away and Mia saw Dentata’s minions below, angrily shaking their fists at the sky.

As Mia and Grandpa Brian flew on, the features of the town were gradually replaced by those of the countryside. After a little while, they came to a hill covered by dense forest. As they got closer, Mia could see that the trees concealed a building that, when viewed from above, resembled a large molar tooth.

Grandpa checked the spy-nav. “Prepare for landing.”

But, before Mia could do anything, the Devastator 9000 started to make a strange sputtering sound.

“Ooops! Looks like we weren’t fully charged,” said Grandpa. “Press the button under the seat Mia, then hold on tight! It’s time to abandon ship!”

Mia pressed the button. It triggered the scooter’s ejector seat. Mia and her Grandpa were blasted into the air. Luckily, the ejector seat also came with a parachute.

“Well,” said Grandpa, as they floated gently to earth, “The good news is, we’ve made it to Dentata’s secret hideout.”

Mia peered down. Below her dangling feet, a group of menacing figures were waiting.

“It’s OK, Grandpa,” she sighed. “I think I know what the bad news is.”

As soon as they touched down, Mia and Grandpa Brian were surrounded by a gang of grumpy-looking men. Mia recognised one of them as Bob-a-Job, the pop-eyed, gas-squirting dental assistant. The group herded them into the tooth-shaped building and down a warren of corridors, until they were finally prodded and pushed into a very strange room.

It had the same bleached-clean smell as the dental surgery. Plinths and glass cabinets were dotted about and each one appeared to hold or contain some sort of tooth. Mia spotted the huge jawbone of a great white shark, a rhino horn (or was it the fossilised fang of a sabre-toothed tiger?) and what looked like a human skull.

Her eyes were then drawn to the far end of the room, where a set of white marble steps led up to a landing, on which rested an old-fashioned dentist’s chair. The chair had its back to them but, suddenly, it spun round...

And there sat Desdemona Dentata, stroking a small crocodile that was lying on her lap.

“Welcome to my humble abode,” she smiled. “I believe you’ve already met Bob-a-Job. And this is Gums, my micro-croc. Why don’t you give him a stroke?”

Dentata picked up the miserable-looking creature and wagged it in Mia’s direction.

“Go on. I promise he won’t bite. He can’t: I’ve had all his teeth removed!”

At this, Gums opened his mouth and made a sort of hissing sound, and Mia and Grandpa Brian could see that he was, indeed, totally toothless.

“Drop the small talk,” said Grandpa impatiently. “I thought you were running an evil empire, not a petting zoo.”

“You’re right, OAP7,” smiled Dentata. “We must deal with the matter in hand.”

The white wall behind Dentata transformed into a giant video screen. It was split into many segments, and each one showed gangs of Wi-Brace-wearing teenagers, moaning and groaning their way down city streets, their shoulders slouched and their arms flailing.

“Oh no,” gasped Grandpa Brian. “It’s worse than we thought!”