



KC FRANTZEN

LEADS
MAY THE WAY:

TROUBLE NEAR TOFINO

ILLUSTRATED BY TW VANYA

RUSHJOY PRESS

MAY THE K9 SPY: BOOK 3

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Chapter 1

I'm an agent!

I wiggle my whole self at the thought.

Oops. Nose print on the window. Better use my whiskers to remove it.

K9 Spy boot camp was terrific, but it's time to be home. That is, before embarking on my next adventure, errr... mission.

As the limo makes a sharp left, I watch from the back seat.

There's my house, up the hill! Soon I'll be in my rightful spot, cuddled with Dad and Mom and Lobbie, my favorite toy. I'll share my Paris adventures with my sister and brother, too, at least the unclassified parts.

But first, there's a stop to make.

“Mr. Limo Driver, please pull over here. Won’t be long.” I woof.

The sturdy man sounds impatient. “Do you need to go out, Agent May? You’re almost home.”

No. I’m ‘improvising and using resources.’ Last time I was here by myself, a hawk attacked. I need to check... uhm... something. Drat. Mustn’t tell everything I know.

Limo Driver breathes deeply. Tires crunch on the gravel as we stop and he gives me a look. “Your family is waiting and I want to return to mine. Hurry please.”

Thanks! Won’t be long.

Click. The door springs open and I leap out. I try trotting through the brush but it’s rough. Nothing quiet about it either. Best use my stealthy cat walk.

Crickets sing a greeting, but the crows are quiet. Good. No hawks around.

I stop a moment to recall landmarks. *Sniff.* The soft southern breeze is dee-licious. Here’s a speed bump made by a real mole. So interesting how a word can mean different things. When in Paris, I was certain Miss Sandy and Sassy, her K9 partner, were moles – double agents – hiding in Rukan’s anarchist organization. So sure. So wrong. Glad for the chance to redeem myself after I almost blew her and Sassy’s cover.

Before leaving Headquarters, I mean HQ, Miss Sandy asked me to check out the surveillance drone at her secret shed in the woods near here. The one she replaced recently is not performing correctly. So as my first official act as an agent, I’m to check–

Honk honk.

The limo! Must hurry.

I scramble onto a rock. Hey, there's the circular clearing. My target should be just past it to the north. I jump down and take off. *Sniff.* Yep, there's the shed. And here's the cement log, with a birdie drone perched on the side like before.

I wonder if Copperhead Sentinel is around. Can't believe I missed a big poisonous snake. I must use his proper agent code name when we meet.

"Sso, you have returned, OSSSM."

I turn and smile, and he smiles back. "CHS, great to see you! Thanks for using the code name Miss Sandy gave me. She still calls me 'Only Small May' sometimes."

His split tongue flicks between his fangs. "You had sssome excursssion."

"Paris *was* amazing, but I'm glad to be home. Miss Sandy asked me to check something." I place my paws on the drone's perch. *Sniff.* "This is outdated technology, compared to what we used in boot camp."

"Older modelsss are sssufficient. Theesse premisssesss are not highly sssignificant."

"Miss Sandy thinks this outpost is vital. Who made the swap?"

"I'm not sssure, I wasss TDY."

Temporary Duty. I wonder where, but best not to ask. "So, what am I supposed to check? Something about the drone?"

The Copperhead watches me, bands on his back changing shape as he coils comfortably on a warm flat stone. “There are two ssscentsss. One comesss ssstraight in along the trail. Another leadsss to the sshed.”

I trot to the door. “Probably a kid, curious about a rickety old shed.”

The breeze shifts, images flash.

Rukan wiring my crate shut. Rukan threatening his operative at the airport. Rukan growling orders over the secret monitor in Paris. *Gasp!* That setting wasn’t familiar because of a training film... Rukan was transmitting from the bunker under this shed!

I detect a slight whirring as the drone’s head swivels, its unblinking red eyes blip on.

Someone knows I’m here!