

## The Tale of the Assassins

Taken from 'The Writings of Mustafa (and Tuesday)'

### Episode 1

Hello Agents. I'm Mustafa, and over there on the enlarged hamster wheel you will hear my partner Tuesday. We are assassins. Rabid assassins. Letting your eyes flick over to the RSS webpage, you'll discover rabid assassins to be '*that* good, and have caused serious wounds with everything from a knife to a cockatoo.' Which is a remarkably true statement; in fact upon graduation from assassin school one receives a laminated cockatoo for such purposes.

I know what your thinking, 'hang on a minute, you're a bad guy – why are you writing for us?' Simply for intimidation. After reading our reports you will be too scared to leave your bathroom, let alone go out hunting. Mwahahahaaaa (yes, compulsory). Anyway, let me begin this tale from the briefing room of a very large tree.

"Mustafa! Tuesday! Get your scrawny little noses over here!"

It was Sly Backstabber. No one else could talk to us like that and get away with it.

"See this man?" He held up a photo of Special Agent Myself. "Kill him by dawn."

Pausing only momentarily for a brief period of time, we grabbed our weapons from the aviary and descended from the tree. Now, to find Myself.

Using his unusually large nose, Tuesday smelt out Myself's trail of jam. He had a three-day lead over us, making our dawn target seem unlikely. We were contemplating the hiring of a dragster in order to catch him, when I found his toothpick. This startled me; Myself would never leave his toothpick behind... but wait a second, if that was a fake trail of jam, and, yes! That clumsy oaf was trying to ambush us. Us! Assassins! Idiot.

I sidled over to Tuesday and informally informed him of the information. He nodded. We would ambush the ambushers, like a snake disguised as a worm. But not until next issue.

### Episode 2

I withdrew a blanket and picnic basket and lay alongside them on the barren grass. Tossing a can of Sprite to Tuesday, I leant forwards over the hamper; ensuring ample amounts of my vulnerable back were showing. As expected, the next sound I heard (the previous one being a field cricket) was an arrow zipping through the air like a fish in a waterfall. Quicker than a golfer, I span on the spot and bit the arrow from the air. Catching sight of my ambusher, I threw the arrow back, receiving a satisfying scream.

The skirmish had begun. I turned to Tuesday, who was busy sampling the picnic, and cried "A little help here, please." He looked at me, cake gleaming in his eyes, and nodded. We both reached for our rapiers and saluted our enemy.

Special Agent Myself (our RSS enemy counterpart) charged from behind a tree and introduced himself with a flick of his gigantic broadsword. I acknowledged this by stabbing him in the stomach, but the wily hyena had dodged just in time. Tuesday leapt for his head, then leapt for Myself's head, but both attempts failed.

Looking behind me, I noticed something terrible. "Tuesday, quick!" I exclaimed. That ant is making off with my ham sandwich!" Tuesday threw himself into combat with the ant while I fought back against Myself. This was quite cumbersome so I turned to face him. Both myself (not Myself) and Tuesday were winning when; oh the thought of it still makes me shudder. It was disastrous. It was terrifying. It was unusual in England at this time of year. It was...

### Episode 3

The sky turned black. Then pink, but more emphasis was put on the black as it is, on the whole, a more horrifying colour. From the sky fell frogs. A reign of frogs, raining from the sky.

The daftly Agent Myself ran from the scene in terrified terror, and dodged under a large tortoise. He was never seen again.

Tuesday and I were startled, and, out of character - we were slow to react. The frogs were huge. They were also startled, but were making the most of a bad situation by eating anything they landed on. A lamppost was first to go, followed by a distressed pigeon and the remains of our picnic. Then my companion Tuesday.

"Noooooooo!" cried Tuesday as he was taken into the jaws of a falling frog. Then, realising he was still only half eaten, "Noooooooo!" he cried again. This went on for half an hour. I was helpless to help, and could do nothing but watch, and make popcorn to make the watching more enjoyable. With a final "Nooooeurgh!", Tuesday was sucked inside.

I was alone, lost and had neither company nor direction of which to head. Employing my distressed brain, I decided to follow the frog. It ribbited off, and I after it.

### Episode 4

Unlike the majority of the world's population, I was currently following a giant green gaudy frog that had fallen from the sky and eaten my companion, Tuesday. The frog was slow, so to entertain myself as I stalked it, I sang an ancient Celtic hunting song, which goes a little something like this.

"I like hunting, I like hunting, I like hunting, and I like to hunt."

In all honesty, which is not much to be honest, which I'm not, I was enjoying this moment of solitude. The life of an assassin is not a lonely one, and this break from the incessant silence of Tuesday was almost slightly pleasurable. But as in any soap opera, something always turns up to spoil the moment.

Zap! Right through the place where my right ear used to be, before it was just blown off by something that said zap. Zap, ditto, through my other right ear. By this time I had already dived behind a large rock for cover, so on second thoughts that second zap-creating projectile must have missed me. Just clearing things up.

Risking a risky look around, I realised that we had reached a pond. And not just any pond, for this was the biggest pond this side of Lake Ontario (I had clearly followed the fat frog all the way to Canada). 'Ah,' I concluded. 'This must be the lair of the frog that had eaten Tuesday.' And I was right. We had reached Frog Lake.

Zap! Another homing frog shot right through me. It was no good; I was going to have to move. But how could I get Tuesday back? His eater had dived into the pond, and rabid squirrels are incompetent in water. But...

## Episode 5

Trapped by heavy fire behind a rock, and required to go into... <shudder> *water*. How to proceed?

Employing my incredible wealth of manoeuvrability, I leapt into the heir, apologised, and then leapt into the air. I snatched several of the homing frogs that were being fired towards me and quickly disarmed them, before falling back behind my covering rock. Extracting a large, transparent plastic bag from the back pocket of my pelt, I climbed inside and knotted it. Next I glued the captured homing frogs to the outside of my polythene, and hey presto: a miniature-submarining device!

Utilising a passing flock of cranes, I was hoisted into the water. The frogs propelled me downwards, and I could steer by leaning in the relevant direction. Indeed, I was travelling in relative luxury, ignoring the fact that I could not breathe. Or move. And it was damn cold. Yes, luxury.

Twenty-seven seconds later (to three decimal places) I had arrived at a grand underwater city, not entirely dissimilar to that in episode one of a certain space film series. Charging through the airlock like a pigeon in a washing machine, I immediately began my search for the frog that had eaten my comrade. As expected, there were numerous English millions of frogs in this underwater frog city, but I was prepared for such a situation. Taking a notepad from my left armpit, I read the description I had made of my target. 'Frog; 14cm \* 23cm, green, boggly eyes, stomach the shape of Tuesday (my assassin partner)'. Right.

Running around, running around 'till the beat stops, I soon found the intended frog. We locked in mortal kombat. It beat me, so we tried street fighter. This brought the score to one all. We needed a decider. I waged my life for the contents of the frog's stomach. Our final battle? Jam Consumption.

Proceeding to the vat of jam obviously present in any frog city, we both dived straight in and began consuming jam for all we were worth. The frog was experienced, I could tell that. Fortunately I had a few tricks up my sleeve, and more sleeves up my tricks, with even more tricks up them. Reaching for my knife, I diced my opponent, grabbed a slightly distressed Tuesday from the remains, and ran away. The frog population was unhappy, after all I had just polluted their jam supplies with bits of frog. They pursued us out of the city, out of the lake, o'er hill and dale, and right back to the very tree where this adventure began.

"Aaargh, rabbits!" shouted Tuesday, still slightly disorientated.

"Let us in!" I cried.

Sir Sly Backstabber opened the window. "Have you 'orrible pair exterminated Agent Myself yet?"

I glanced at Tuesday. Of course! We had a mission at one stage, didn't we?

"No," we muttered in unison.

"Then get out of my tree!"

And so we were consumed by frogs.