



# CHAPTER ONE



LOL Agent 0011, **Phillipe Llarar**, dangled from the open manhole in the ceiling. The only thing stopping him from crashing to the floor was the rope around his middle.

The next part of the operation was crucial.

Phillipe had to crack the security code to **General Bottomburp's** office door then swing inside the room, all without

touching the hallway floor below him. If even so much as **a single strand of llama wool** touched the tiles it would set off the alarm.

The rope around Phillippe's waist was already straining from his weight, cutting into the black lycra jumpsuit he wore. It was so tight that if a comparison could be made, you'd say he resembled a **humungous hot dog** with a hair band around it.

'If only I hadn't scoffed those donuts at lunch,' Phillippe mused as he flicked his luxuriant llama fringe from his eyes and squinted at the control panel.

If he didn't hurry up, he'd be discovered and Bottomburp's squad of **commando badger bodyguards** would swarm over him like ants on a cupcake.

‘Think, Phillipe, think.’

Sweat dripped from Phillipe’s forehead, trickling down his handsome nose. The fake beard he was wearing to conceal his identity drooped like a dying spider.

Phillipe worked for the League of Llamas – **LOL for short** – a top-secret agency of elite llama spies run by the Llama Republic’s government.

He was good at his job, but he had a dreadful memory for small details.

Even though his boss, Mama Llama, had given him the security code for the badger general’s study door earlier that night, he’d already forgotten it.

A loud ‘**Skree-skree-skree-skra!**’ – similar to a high-pitched turkey call – sounded in Phillipe’s earpiece.

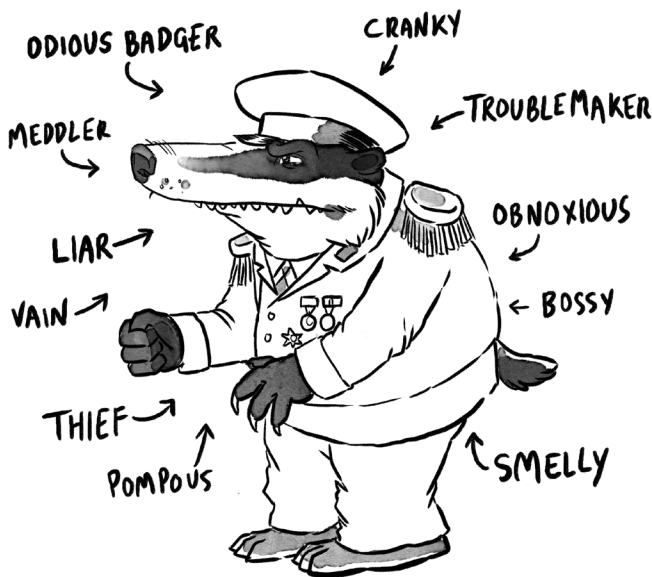
It was the llama alarm call.

'Phillipe, evacuate!' said **Lloyd Llamator**, aka Agent 0013.

Downstairs in the ballroom of Bottomburp's sprawling mansion on Badger Island, a party was in full swing. Lloyd was there now, keeping an eye on their target. General Ignatius Bottomburp was an **odious badger**, a troublemaker, a liar, and a thief of the highest order. Basically, any **negative** description you could think of.

General Bottomburp also had a reputation for bottom burping. A lot.

'I repeat,' Lloyd said frantically. 'Evacuate. **The commando badgers are coming.**'



Another trickle of sweat slid down Phillippe's forehead.

*That sweat is really going to ruin my awesomely luxuriant fringe.*

**What was the code?**

5993?

3507?

3704?

As Phillipe was hanging upside down, the numbers he punched into the panel spelt out words.

EGGS.

LOSE.

hOLE.

*Don't get distracted, Phillipe. Focus.*

The numbers on the security panel flashed as he kept pressing digits. Which wasn't easy when his hooves were so **big** and the buttons were so impossibly **small**.

'For once I wish I wasn't all hooves!' Phillipe muttered.

More number words appeared.

EELS (5733).

GOSH (4509).

BOOB (8008).

The door wasn't opening, and the badgers were **on their way**.