

LOTS A BALLS



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Insistent loud jangling – then silence. How could one sound be so full of bright opportunity and dark premonitions simultaneously? Possibilities for adventure, advancement, prestige, *the ladies*... and almost certain death. What growing boy wouldn't be tempted? The source was well-known, though the sound was not – only one person knew the number for that phone, and it had not rung in years. That ringing could only mean one thing, that she was calling with bad news... and that bad news was the key to your future. With racing heart, you answer. She confirms what you knew instinctively (for these instincts have been finely honed by years of training): all the free world's covert agents are now dead. You are **the last of the secret agents**.

Your mission, both obviously simple and deceptively complex, is to locate and eliminate the person or group responsible for the deaths of the other spies before they move to larger targets. Your advantage? The element of surprise. Your potential weakness? Well, let's just say you're a bit rusty. And perhaps in the past you've been a bit careless. And clueless. For starters, you once locked an important clue to your mission in the trunk of your car, and had to brutally pry open said trunk with a crowbar in broad daylight. Deer oh deer. You once travelled hours on the trail of ruthless kidnapers, so close to victory you could taste the sweet lips of the damsel in distress, only to fail to open a clue in your hand and wind up miles behind, back at the starting gate. Kiss delayed! The time you were searching for evidence of extraterrestrials at a local college, but instead mistook another mission's clue for your own, leading you miles off course and hours behind in your pursuit... Idiot. The time you wandered in the wrong cemetery for hours in the 114° Texas sun... or stopped for that 3rd glass of wine.... or failed to look in the ear of the death mask you'd been given... or been too timid to break a wax penis...or stopped for a snort (or two)... or failed to look in your bag of tricks so thoughtfully provided by Q, only to arrive at a site of a potential clue without the correct equipment to interpret it. Sigh. And the list goes on and on and on... Can you blame M for not sending you on more missions? Depends on what side of your brain is speaking that day. The vindictive side that blames others and ignores its own errors has increasingly turned to more... "leisurely" pursuits in order to idle away the downtime between assignments. The other side? Well let's just say it exists. Now, the biggest case of your career – not just for your career, for the safety of the world – and you cannot let your thinking be dulled or clouded. Danger may have been your middle name, but now your first name is Action, for as *The Last of the Secret Agents* you must accomplish this mission at all costs. Do you remember how to use the gadgets that Q so thoughtfully designed for you, or will you be using your own? Can you recite the secret code by memory? Only time will tell, but looks like you have your first lead.

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1. Villains intent on total world domination
Have been around since the very dawn of creation
Was Beelzebub the first “evil genius” character
Or merely the first thug with brilliant PR?
This new menace seems to have vexed the whole planet
You need quick success, the government demands it
Killing all the top agents from around the globe
The terrorist has been in complete stealth mode
It could be a pair, or just one mad man
More likely a cabal with a sinister plan
If you don’t stop them now, things will only get worse
The bad guys will want the whole *universe*
Every inch of this *city* you’ll need to peruse
To have any hope of finding vital clues
You’ll need to bone up on criminal masterminds
Your studies of late are a little behind
Some baddies you know, and their methods are depraved
But you don’t think those old rogues are behind this new wave
Did they tell of their plans before the last blow?
Did they kidnap the most curvaceous bimbo?
To be thorough will require *triangulation*
And more than your normal determination
The pursuit of these fiends will not be smooth or fast
You’ll need to strive constantly, as opposed to your past
You’ll need to maintain deep secrecy
A subtle international man of mystery
To maintain a low profile, don’t *your* disguise
And be prepared to spill quite a few lies
To weave through trees and parking lots
The curves will leave your stomach in knots
Around the red bricks designed by O’Neill
Step lively – the secrets might be revealed
Laurie lets you know you are near
Keep your eyes peeled and do not fear
Your parking gets an F, but at least you’re close
Sometimes learning helps disclose
Should you hit the books? Just don’t skip the stones
You don’t need your Coates to solve the unknowns
Trod further up to put your plan in gear
You’ll need to use all your Magic here
Lotsa and Hand Job hid behind these before
Your job: find them, and settle the score
You’ll be outstanding in your field
In the green the clue’s revealed

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2. This job might be even more arduous than you thought
You'll probably need to stash some of your pot
You won't have time for getting high
When evil masterminds are close by
The little tip-off you have found is that they still plot
Many bold evil deeds assuming they won't get caught
This new piece of intel suggests a new source
Time for you to quickly alter your course
To catch a brute you must think like a brute
This will engage and enable your hot pursuit
Think of all the ways your counterparts died
All through the years, no matter their side
Some methods were of course more successful than others
Like using a pillow and force to smother your lovers
Seems when a villain became more inspired
His schemes were more likely to backfire
How many agents were tossed to the crocs
Only to break free from a flimsy box?
Even more fun was the very venomous *snake*
Left in your shorts for goodness sakes
Perhaps therein lies your next clue
If this mastermind you want to pursue

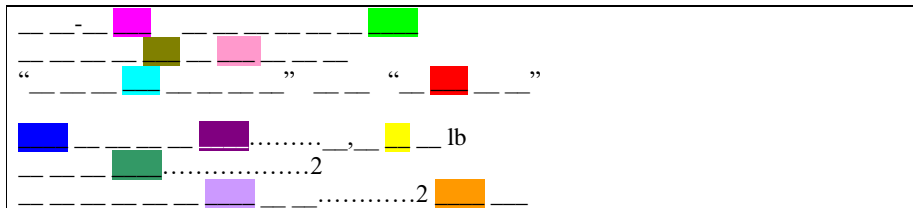
3. You thought like a villain, but it wasn't enough
Was M right – you really don't have the right stuff?
Perhaps you are being a bit too hasty
Maybe those reptiles thought an agent was tasty
If so, he might have left a last clue
To give you a hint of what you should do
OMG – it's not a he, it's a she!
Mrs. Peel has met a fate most beastly
With Military precision, she's cloaked her intent
Only a smart spy will know where her killer went
Emma loved deciphering puzzles it's true
And Steed would surely know how to construe
The cryptic message she has left for you
You'll have to play old-fashioned gumshoe
Even while dying she threw villains off track
So in a new order you can go on attack
Just like Sam Spade you're a bit cornered
You'll have to look beyond the words
A bit south you'll find what led Steed on

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On a green rectangle expanse of lawn
You'll need to avoid all the other spies fate
And prove you are no trifling lightweight
So flex your Quads and start your running
For the Puppetmaster you now are gunning
As before when you reach the spot
You'll need to complete to connect the dots



4. You are definitely closer to the big bad guy
Too bad so many agents were left to die
Like so many villains, he abuses his own

Leaving little hints about the next move
Your chance to snare him has greatly improved
You must not lose this opportunity
It's imperative to follow very closely
This arch enemy should be brought to a tribunal
Where douchiarries can pronounce judgment on all
You don't want to strand your newly found mole
Your objective must contain tight control
It's doesn't hurt that the mole is a hottie
With a personality that is oh-so-naughty
To the west you'll travel, but not very far
(To think how near is truly bizarre)
In a lush park full of wet history
How he remains hidden is a mystery
Saints be praised! His lair is nearby
And all that learning you can apply
Can you decipher your quarry's hints
Or will these riddles make your brain wince?

"A rolling stone gathers no moss"
But a rock can certainly hide the moss
Diamonds are forever (so we've been told)
But this tree is nearly as old"

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You have one other devious clue
See if you can deduce what you should do



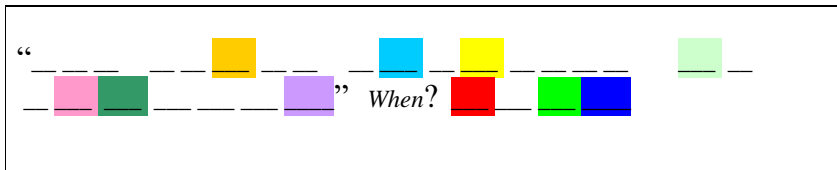
- Clearly your mission was not a success
Your talents thus far have failed to impress
Unfortunately you now have a very short time
The pressure is building from inside the crime
I think you may have less failure if you commence
To think of the task ahead as less an offense
And more a kind of kinky escapade
What? You didn't know that you might also get laid?
It's all in the puppetmaster's plan
Unless you have it well in hand
Which is your wont, or so you truly confess
But now to the job at hand that we must assess
You may have revealed your glass jaw
And the passersby may just gaze in awe
As you make your way down to the drink
From the street where it all seems to link
Just a little south, saints be praised
Soon your foes will be amazed
Or will this be when the tables are turned on you
And you'll have to try harder to earn a clue?
A watery paseo is your next destination
You can't afford any procrastination
Be behind ugly, although ugly's quite tempting
You need all your wits for what you're attempting
Just ask for Chris and do not worry
He knows that you're in a hell of a hurry
He just wants to verify your identity
And a classic song is a truly small fee
If you can't stand the **heat**, get out of this profession
And rectify your past transgression
- Some rumors say that the Circus is crazy

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And that their schemes for winning are hazy
And it apparently seems that thus far
Your strenuous effort is seen as subpar
But don't worry it's all going to change
You will see it must all rearrange
Some data is already starting to vanish
This rogue's behavior is quite outlandish
You must strive to move forward to stop them
To insure you are the crème de la crème.
Not far to the east, Business is bustling
Toward that general direction you should be hustling
You'll Pine for the days when life was easy
Before all this villain-chasing made you queasy
But all **eyes** are on you as plug along
You're praying this won't be your swan song
The **Texas** heat brings tension and sweat
Yet to your fellow agents you owe a huge debt
Maybe you need to see a Section B guard
Near the front it isn't very hard
Will this deep cover agent leave you with glee?
Is he the missing link who holds the key?
Like auld Lang syne you've heard this often
The repetitiveness is like nails in a coffin
Mark well when you see him, and you better take note
Of the very first attempt that he once wrote
Lest you miss your chance to keep following him
Without this your chance for eight will be grim



7. Mount the horse, find your steed, you will travel
There is more that's in-store to unravel
All the data that's been yours to collect
Will be valued, surmised and rechecked
The villains are far from their final leg
The bottom is still theirs to beg
Fly you must **towards** your favored direction
Then you can turn your failure to fiction

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Quickly now you sally forth
As you travel slightly north
Five Bonds would be a rapid transport
You won't need an international airport
You cannot let this villain succeed
Or let the world fall prey to his greed
The internet Highway is absolutely essential
The trauma from data loss would be torrential
Zettabytes of information are at stake
You can't afford to be a flake
But this trail keeps turning from hot to cold
Following cryptic clues sure gets old
You're beginning to feel like you're just a Tool
Being played as the puppetmaster's hapless fool
You'll want to throw a wrench in this monster's plans
So free people will not have to give to his demands
Don't monkey around, just head a bit east
You're this much closer to catching this beast
No mere road will suffice for you
The *park* is the *way* to find your next clue
The color scheme from your last site
Has provided you with important foresight

8. Although your trials are much worse than training
Against your enemies your data is gaining
All their quirks are an emblem of the times
And the clock of their fate ceaselessly chimes
It enters the circus which gives it to you
And expects many things you eventually do
Do you think one more is too much to ask?
Do we think you'd say no to the task?
We expect every riddle, every puzzle be solved
But please do not call, we won't be involved
It's you who must bear the burden of all
So for heaven's sake, stay on the ball!
Northward now you quickly turn
As you are capitally concerned
XXXV is an excellent artery
And will save miles of tedious drudgery
To frustrate this villain's vile treachery
You must utilize all tricks in your memory

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Be careful you don't get caught in speed traps
Your mission doesn't need any further mishaps
Pass scenic hills and a broker you don't need
Don't lose your shirts; maintain your speed
On to something New, but don't hoist an ale
You don't want to wander off the villain's trail
In a ~~round~~ way a woman helps you succeed
Where main towns meet he might concede
Mutely presiding over black and blue
A woman can provide assistance for you
Your dainty toes might trip on the bricks
If you're not alert to the villain's last tricks

9. Under this heat you think you will wilt
But you must keep proceeding at full tilt
Chin up! You're making excellent progress
Despite your uneven and inelegant process
The data theft now appears to be suspended
Your efforts certainly should be commended
Now to a nearby colorful hamlet
To foil the Puppetmaster's latest gambit
Seems he is holding a lady captive
Hoping you will find her too attractive
Will you choose saving her over catching him?
The consequences for not would be rather grim
A teensy north, a teensy east to confront
Don't let anyone know you are on the hunt
They have *secrets* in that miniscule stadt
Your primary goal is to not get caught
Be conscientious that you don't fall prey to the brew
Lest the mastermind sneak out of town before you
The speil they will give you is quite alluring
But right now those suds you should not be procuring

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10. The 'trials and tribulations' end is near
And straight the path to home is clear
Having proved that yours is not to question why
Of course you know it's yours to do or die
But wait, do you feel a sudden sense of relief?
Your dreams and wishes are not beyond belief!
The Circus rewards those who have the gumption
With a great gathering for much consumption
Where tales be told with great elation
They will have you drink a tall libation
And repeat your songs and strange sensations
So cross your tees and dot your eyes
Make sure your truths fit all your lies
Gather all your pieces, bits and treasures
You won't know how they'll all be measured
One last clue helps you visualize
But you won't believe your eyes
Your sexiness converted the femme fatale
Just like Bond always got his gal
Can it be another member of the cabal
Suddenly wants to be your best pal?
Guess the Puppetmaster tried too much double-dealing
And now all his evil minions are squealing
They will lead you directly to his lair
All his evil schemes will be laid bare
And perhaps your patience will be tested
But just don't let your spirit be bested
Just a few roads, less than two miles
If you're successful you'll be all smiles
The Circus can't tell you more unless you have no clue
Let's just say that soon Lotsa will quite enjoy the view

Emergency numbers:

LEM: 415.595.8163

RV: 512.964.1251

AP: 512.963.7084

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To be sung to Chris:

Tune: *White Rabbit*



One sauce makes you drowsy
And one sauce makes you lie
And the ones the bad guys give you
Are designed to make you die
Go ask Chris he'll know what to buy

And when you go chasing villains
With just your wits and one cool gun
And they seem two steps ahead of you
So they have you on the run
Go ask Chris he knows the one

When a catsuit-wearing agent
Gets up and tells you who killed her
And the clue left at the crime scene
Makes the answer less obscure
Go ask Chris he knows for sure

When logic and all your reason has fled screaming from your brain
You will know you're being tortured
By a sadist who loves your pain
Remember what your training taught
Act insane! Act insane!