

## SUPER-SPY DREAMING

Matthew Rodger

I have a dream, perhaps one day  
that 'M' would knock to call and say  
the world's in peril, we need you fast  
a villain's aim - our world to blast  
you're the man we need to send  
this blackguard's reign-it has to end.  
I'd own a Walter PPK  
(and keep the neighbours cat at bay.)  
Snug and safe, strapped to my chest-  
a bulge beneath my P.E. vest!  
An Aston Martin would be mine.  
Oh, how my travels would be divine.  
Road miles covered in a flash -  
(with all the girls I'd be smash!)  
Packed with gadgets, really neat,  
(and a quick-release ejector seat.)  
Flashy clothes - I'd look so cool  
designer gear would be the rule.  
Dark slick shades add mystery  
disguise, protect, the REAL me!  
'Q' would hand me loads of cash,  
poison pen-I'd get no trash  
I'd need to fly to sunny nations  
to find the tyrants destinations.  
Sip martinis in the heat,  
follow clues and act discreet.  
What a life I'd lead for sure  
what teenager could ask for more?

Mum's voice destroys my reverie,  
returns me to reality.  
It's time to take a homework break

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what drink would I like to partake?  
My answer's firm - I hope she heard,  
milk 'n' tea...'shaken, not stirred.'