**Mission Possible?**

**Word Count 991**

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It turns out that when you're a spy, you don’t actually get to work from home, and “hack computers”, or any of that jazz. You do things you’d never expect - things any ordinary person would say are impossible.

When I was recruited, I was into taking down the bad guys. Weapons, combat, and confrontation were all my style.

“We’ve been watching you,” said Clyde, my recruiter, as he led me into the abandoned warehouse.

We walked into a small, reinforced metal hallway that led to a vault door. At the door, Clyde punched in a twelve-digit code while his face was scanned by a camera. The vault door opened and revealed a futuristic elevator. We stepped inside and the doors automatically closed behind us.

When the sliding doors opened, I walked out. I turned back to Clyde, but I barely caught a glimpse of him before the elevator closed. “You have to do this on your own,” he called to me. “It’s not that bad - we’ve all gone through the fitting.”

As I looked around me, I was immediately overwhelmed - the room was so beautiful. It looked like the inside of a Japanese dojo with a nice warm glow coming from the windows and lush, overgrown corners of the room filled with potted plants. Either the windows were broadcasting artificial light, or we were higher up than I thought. Then, I suddenly realized that this was the armory.

The walls were covered in weapons of all sizes and varieties. There were knives, guns, swords, throwing stars, and much, much more.

 An orange tabby cat was stretched out across one of the upper rafters of the dojo. Dangling its claws, it slowly turned its head to look at me. It gave me a puzzled look, probably wondering what I was doing there. I kept looking around, and the more I looked, the more cats I saw. They were everywhere. They were climbing on everything and navigating around all of the weapons with ease. They were so in tune with the environment, that it seemed that they were all connected. Finally, I saw *her*. She was quietly meditating in the corner, surrounded by cats. The cats seemed to be clinging to her aura, not even straying several feet before coming back to her.

She wore loose, moss-green pants and a tucked-in white top. She calmly opened her eyes as if she had known that I had been there the whole time. She got up gracefully and politely bowed, showing respect to me, even though she was in her own dojo. I bowed back thankfully, not wanting to disrespect her. She motioned for me to follow her as she walked over to one of the walls.

“My name is Olivia,” the woman said.

“This wall is for hand-to-hand combat weapons,” Olivia said calmly. “We are going to test your skill with each of the weapons to find out which one fits you best.” Multiple test dummies were set up next to each wall for practice. She started out by giving me a set of slim throwing knives that I immediately used to destroy the first dummy.

The cats appeared surprised by how well I took down the dummy, but they didn’t seem the least bit worried for their safety. Next, Olivia gave me a katana. I approached my next dummy with confidence. I quickly did a few slices from different angles as well as a few stabs in the gut. I finished it off with a final decapitation. The dummy head rolled across the floor to the orange tabby, who leaned in and sniffed it.

Olivia gave me melee weapon after melee weapon until she finally said that we were done with that wall. The cats were still watching me expectantly. I finally caved and squatted down to pet them. The same orange tabby was there and was the most demanding and impatient out of all the cats. He wanted all of the attention.

As we went to the next wall, the cats followed us around the room. This wall was filled with throwable weapons.

Olivia started off by giving me a trident that I used to strike the dummies in the head and then stab in the neck area to finish them. Then she gave me some grenades. I didn’t think that I should use grenades indoors, but Olivia nodded at me, so I went at it, pulling the pins and then chucking them at the dummies. I successfully blew the heads off a few, but completely missed some of the others. The dojo was almost invincible though, taking each hit with ease, sustaining minimal damage. The cats did not appreciate the explosions, however, and instantly ran away. I guess they hadn't thought that I was going to miss the dummies.

“Next wall is firearms,” Olivi­­­­­­a said proudly. We went through each one, including grenade launchers, LMGs (Light Machine Guns), SMGs (Sub Machine Guns), sniper rifles, and shotguns.

The orange tabby cat strolled into the room lazily, lying down to bask in the sun, as I discharged each weapon.

“Okay, we’re done,” said Olivia. “You’ve passed the test.”

“Great! What weapons am I fitted to?” I asked eagerly.

Olivia just smiled. “The cat picked you. You will join Zephyr and me on our next mission.”

“The cat is part of the team?” I gasped incredulously. “But that’s impossible!”

“Agent 009 can jump 6 times his body length both vertically and horizontally, can react ten times faster than humans, and is silent. He can sneak into small spaces and is rarely suspected. He can plant evidence, listening devices, and set off alarms all on his own. He just needs a handler. This is your first mission, should you choose to accept it.”

Like I said, as a spy, I’ve done things any ordinary person would say are impossible. And being partners with a cat was just the beginning.