

# secret agent scooter

By Pedro A. Alvarez

It was early in the day, the sky was as clear as a glass of water without a single cloud in view. A small corgi laid asleep in his small dog bed in the living room. The corgi's owner was already gone for work. His eyes slowly opened as the corgi woke up from his midday nap, he yawned right before stretching. The inside of his home was cool in comparison to the hot, Summer day outside. He walked over to the kitchen.

In the center of the kitchen was an island. With his snout he pressed a small hidden panel on the wall of the island. A section of the island rose up, a blocked door and an intercom was revealed, from the intercom a voice was heard.

"Voice identification required." A woman with a rather robotic tone spoke to the corgi.  
"Arf."

"Identity verification complete. Welcome Agent Scooter." The blocked door slid open as Scooter walked in. The room was only slightly larger than the dog himself. As he entered the door closed again. The island's raised section lowered as the entire room lowered. It was a rather simple elevator. Jazzy music played as Scooter patiently waited for the elevator to reach its destination.

The elevator finally reached the bottom as the door opened to a large room with white walls and floors. Advanced technology and gadgets specially made for the corgi all around. Scooter approached a monitor and chair facing it. He jumped up on the chair as the monitor lit up. A dark skinned man that exuded the feeling of kindness while at the same time looking intimidating flashed on screen.

"Good morning agent Scooter,"  
"Arf"

"Let me brief you on the current situation." The man's face was windowed as multiple other windows with various images popped up on screen, each window depicting the insides of various pet stores.

"As you can see, many pet store locations have experienced mysterious and random thefts of dry pet food. Agent Harriet, one of our many avian agents, managed to trace the pet food to one Fredrik Auterbain." As the man's name was mentioned the pet store images disappeared as an image of the man himself flashed on screen. The window of the man speaking to Scooter beside it.

"As you know his base of operations is the Auterbain Institute of Animal Safety. The perfect cover up to his true intentions. You know Auterbain has planned to rid people of their pets and take every pet and domesticated animal, and "free" them from the chains of humanity. We suspect this recent theft in pet food is an effort to make pet owners fail to maintain their pets. We need you to infiltrate the institute and see what he's up to. I'll have you know failure is not an option for this mission."

"Arf!" Robotic hands lowered and removed Scooter's collar. A simple red collar with a name tag. Replacing it with a different, silver colored collar displaying an insignia with a canine howling. He jumped down from the chair and entered a small vehicle resembling a car with no tires. The cockpit had multiple dials and displays, at the center a small trackball resembling a tennis ball. Scooter pawed a switch turning on the vehicle. It begun to fly as a tunnel opened up to take off.

Once outside the tunnel Scooter piloted the flying vehicle with the trackball using his paws. He flew over the Institute of Animal Safety as turned around while diving down for a landing. He landed on the roof, jumping out of the vehicle barking. The vehicle became invisible as he approached a vent grate. The collar whirred as a small compact robot arm revealed itself. A small laser cutting tool at its end. Scooter cut a hole in the grate and squeezed in. The ventilation system was thankfully not turned on as he maneuvered between fan blades while navigating the vents.

Having infiltrated this facility before Scooter expected security to improve with time. It did not. As he passed one of the grates he looked down to see a storage room filled with dry food bags. A robotic arm extended itself from the collar, at its end a small mechanical claw which Scooter used to unlatch the grate and jumped down to the floor landing with a roll. As he looked around seeing the incredibly large amounts of dry pet food he heard a click. Scooter looked down realizing he had stepped on a hidden switch, a small panel pressed down right under his paw.

From up above a steel cage trapped the corgi. A malevolent laugh could be heard as Scooter saw a pair of legs making their way to the cage. The person lowered themselves to see the corgi. A familiar pale face looked back at Scooter. Scooter could see himself in the man's cold hazel eyes.

"Well if it isn't agent Scooter. Here to foil another plan of mine?" Auterbain cackled. As scooter growled and barked aggressively at the evil genius.

"You're probably wondering why this storage facility is filled to the brim with cheap, dry pet food. Well let me explain. You see, as a child we had a family dog." Scooter stopped barking and rolled his eyes. lying down having to hear a different dramatic backstory every time he got captured.

"Her name was Dolly, she was such a magnificent creature, the most magnificent when running around on the prairie carefree. I cared a lot for Dolly, so much that I made sure she would never leave my sight. One day we were out of dog food, I asked my parents if we could buy some, but of course they ignored me. It wouldn't be the last time they ignored my plight to provide food for Dolly." Scooter yawned, every week it was a different villain, each one with their own tragedy. One villain's tragedy was a pet mongoose that ran off chasing a snake and never returned. So they tried getting rid of all snakes including those which are pets. Auterbain continued with the backstory despite Scooter not caring for it.

"Dolly ran away, one day, hungry. She had run off to the wilderness in search for food and never returned. So I built this!" In an exaggerated manner he gestured to a machine resembling a giant food processor.

"With this machine I will create the ultimate dry pet food, variations for dogs and cats. I will then put it on every pet store shelf and pet related isles. It will replace every cheap brand of pet food, if pet owners don't care enough go get the finest food why should they be in charge of animals, they only deserve the best treatment. My food however will brain wash pets to run away and be free to the world, unless they get my other brand of pet food which is much more expensive of course." He laughed as a henchman behind him flicked a light switch on and off while shaking a metal sheet for some dramatic "thunder and lightning"

Auterbain turned on the machine by pulling a lever. Conveyer belts full of various brands of pet food dropped the food into the machine. As it was blended a special unique food made by Auterbain was mixed in to give it its brainwashing capabilities.

"There is nothing you can do to stop me Agent Scooter, nothing!"

Scooter activated the laser cutter once again. Every villain makes the same mistake when they capture Scooter.

They don't remove the high tech collar. Jumping out of the cage, Scooter runs to Auterbain.

"Agent Scooter how did you escape!?! Well nevermind that, the machine has already made 50 bags, and there's nothing you can do to stop-" Scooter bit his leg.

"Aaaaugh! Getoffgetoffgetoffgetoff! GET OFF!" Auterbain shook his leg in an attempt to get the corgi off of him.

Scooter let go just as Auterbain kicked up. Launching himself towards the machine.

"I'LL GET YOU AGENT SCOOTER!" Auterbain shook his fist as he gave chase. Scooter ran until he was right at the base of the machine.

Scooter ran to the base of the machine and cut off the lever which activated it with the collar's laser tool. Grabbed the lever in his mouth and leaped off the wall of the machine up to the conveyer belts. Near the end of a belt he flung the lever. It clanked down with the food as it got stuck in the spinning grinder down below, jamming the machine as the blades whirred.

"No, my beautiful creation is ruined!" Scooter's collar produced a grappling hook, he jumped away from the chasing Auterbain's grasp as he grappled back to the vents making his escape.

"I'll get you for this Scooter!" Yelled out Fredrik Auterbain as alarms blared and sparks flew. The cacophony from below echoed through the vents as Scooter made his escape. The vents were turned on now, in a hurry the small corgi managed to leap between every spinning blade encountered. Reaching the original entrance he had used. He barked, triggering the flying car to become visible as the door flung open. Scooter entered and flew off. Behind him smoke was coming out of the vents he had just used to escape. As he flew away a large "boom" was heard from behind.

After the smoke from the exploded machine cleared. A debilitated Fredrik Auterbain was on the floor cowering and covered in smoke. With various pet foods scattered everywhere.

Scooter arrived back at base as a monitor inside the flying car lit up. It was the boss.

"You did it agent Scooter. Thanks to you Auterbain has been foiled once again. You can go home and rest well knowing the day was won." Scooter landed the car as the mechanical arms switched out his collars once more. He rode the elevator back up to the kitchen.

Just then Scooter could hear the door click open.

"Hi Scooter daddy's home for his lunch break."

\*Note

This story was written as a parody of the cartoon. Phineas and Ferb. Particularly the segments of the show involving one character known as Perry the platypus, otherwise known as agent P.