

# Julie O'Malley, Super Spy

By Elizabeth J. Smith and Friends

## Episode 1: The Call

*Sometimes, it's the little things you miss.  
Like greasy fish and chips from the corner cart.*

I was finally sitting down to a quiet dinner in my London flat when the telephone rang, its shrill *ding-a-ling* piercing my eardrums.

*Who could that be?* I wondered, feeling a little put-out.

*Why, you ask?* Well, I'd just returned from a case on the other side of the globe. It had been fraught with danger, and my goodness, my feet were sore! Heels are NOT a spy's best friend – not even my beloved oxfords!

Knowing I had to take the call, I sat down the salty chip, tossed my shoulder-length brunette waves, and answered.

"Hello?"

"Call from Rosewood 3821. Shall I put him through?"

It was exactly as I'd feared. Another assignment.

"If you must."

A rich baritone came on the line. "Hey, kid."

"Dad, how lovely to hear from you."

We passed the required ten seconds for the operator to hang up in pleasantries. Then, we got down to brass tacks.

"Julie, it's time."

"I know," I groaned, rolling my hazel eyes. "Hurry up! I'm hungry."

"Cool it, kid. You're booked on the 9:15 from Charing Cross. Can I count on you?"

I hate being called *kid* when I'm over thirty, but somehow coming from my boss Ned, I don't mind.

"Of course. What's it this time?"

"You know the drill."

"Right. Bye."

"Wait, kid."

"Yeah?"

"Good luck!"

I checked my Rolex Oyster. 8:15. I scarfed down my supper, shoved some clean things in my slim leather suitcase, and locked up. I could rest my five-foot-six-inch hourglass on the train.