

HAS MY SECRET LIFE BEEN COMPROMISED?

My name is Jenkins. Owen Jenkins... To most I am a sweet, innocent school boy. Nobody knows who I really am...

In actual fact, I am the world's best computer hacker. No one like me has ever operated undetected before. Computers that I have hacked into include the White House, MI7 and the BBC News. (Everybody had to watch Mr Maker instead of the News at Six!)

All was going well. Nobody knew who I was. My secret was well hidden. Until two weeks ago that is, when my whole secret life was almost compromised.

It was a cold winter's day. At precisely 1800 hours I was wandering home after rugby training. In the far distance, something pricked my ears. It sounded like sirens. The sound grew louder and louder. Suddenly, I was surrounded. Time stood still. Frozen to the spot in terror, I saw the world's best armed forces bearing down on me...

Spot lights were shining, choppers were up above. The noise was deafening and I thought that my ear drums would burst. The SAS closed in on me. The shadowy figures were wearing armoured vests and were all fully armed. My heart was pounding, my pulse was racing, but I had to be calm. I needed to pretend that I was innocent so I slowly raised my arms and surrendered to their power.

The next 24 hours were a painful, petrifying blur. Even to this day, I can't remember exactly what happened. One moment I was standing surrounded by soldiers, the next I was imprisoned in a secure hospital ward. I must have been drugged as I felt woozy and confused. It felt as though this would be the end of secret

agent Jenkins.

On the second day of imprisonment, there was a tap on my cell door. The door creaked open and there was Agent 21 (a.k.a my Dad) in disguise as a doctor.

“Come along son,” he said. “Time to go home!”

I then realised my secret tracker was working. Dad had inserted the tracker into my arm when I was only five. “Thank goodness you're here!” I whispered. “Let's go back home, to head quarters.” I had no doubt we would succeed. I was the best hacker in the world but this was what my Dad was trained to do. He wasn't given the name Agent 21 for nothing, but that's another story.

THE ESCAPE WAS ON.....