



The Unexpected Agent

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Arsalan, Wasi, Huzaifa, and Taha were gathered in their brightly colored secret clubhouse, a whirlwind of energy. Their faces were a mix of anticipation and restless boredom as they waited for a crucial call. Colorful gadgets and maps lay scattered around, hinting at exciting missions to come.



Arsalan, with a mischievous grin, hung up his oversized banana-shaped phone. "Good news, everyone!" he announced, his voice booming with excitement. "Sir says one more super-agent is joining our team, and they'll be here any minute!"



Wasi, a bundle of impatient energy, bounced on his heels, his expressive face scrunching up. "Any minute?! Oh, come on! I can't wait another second!" he exclaimed, gesturing wildly with his cartoonishly long arms. "When do we get to go on our mission already?"



Huzaifa, always the calm and collected one, gently placed a comforting hand on Wasi's shoulder. "Easy there, buddy," he chuckled, a knowing twinkle in his eye. "A little patience is a super-agent's best tool. As soon as our new teammate arrives, we'll blast off!"



Just as Huzaifa finished speaking, a cheerful "DING-DONG!" echoed through the clubhouse. The doorbell, shaped like a giant, wobbly jellybean, rang with a bright, musical sound. All four friends instantly froze, their eyes wide with surprise and eager anticipation.



Taha, a blur of motion, sprinted towards the door, his feet barely touching the ground. "They're here!" he shouted, a huge, optimistic smile stretching across his face. He imagined a tall, super-strong hero, ready for action. "Get ready, team, we're finally going!"



With a dramatic flourish, Taha flung open the door, only to stop dead in his tracks. Standing on the porch was not the imposing figure he expected, but a girl with bright, curious eyes and a playful smirk. Taha's jaw dropped, and he could only stare, completely speechless.



"Who is it, Taha?!" Wasi called out, his voice a mix of impatience and curiosity. When Taha didn't reply, the others, unable to contain their excitement, rushed to the door. They peered over Taha's shoulders, their faces reflecting a shared look of utter astonishment.



Huzaifa, blinking in disbelief, was the first to speak, his voice a bewildered squeak. "A... a girl?" he stammered, pointing a cartoonishly exaggerated finger. "Who are you, Miss, and what are you doing at our secret agent headquarters?"



Arsalan, ever the leader, quickly composed himself, though a hint of surprise still lingered in his expressive eyes. He stepped forward, a confident smile replacing his initial shock. "Indeed," he said, looking at the girl with a newfound curiosity. "And why exactly are you here?"