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**The Department of Farmland Security**

Declared Mission: To maintain and contain the fowl border between our farmlands and alien farmlands whilst simultaneously heretowith referencing all sciences devoted to the domestication and/or dissection of farmland animals and dung beetles.

Top Secret Mission: To investigate, eggsamine, and eggsterminate—when deemed necessary—rural situations that are too top secret, dangerous, or confusing to be left in the hands of those who do not use sufficient judgment or hand sanitizer.

The Department of Farmland Security is a relatively new top secret department in the U.S. government. It was created when it was determined many chicken and other farmland fowl are actually not as dumb as they seem. Billions of dollars were instantly funneled into creating a department to determine if this even mattered: the DFS. Only five government eggsexutives are even aware the agency exists. The DFS has already stopped an invasion of robotic fleas, rooted the rooster who would not be rousted, and created temporarily teleporting terrapins for use in military fieldwork. The case files of The Ox Beau Incident, The Sheepshank Redemption, and The Case of the Picked Peck of Pickled Peppers would be required reading for all government operatives had they not been so highly classified that they were incinerated immediately after being filed.

Although small, the DFS is extremely efficient, with members culled from the very top institutes at the top of the top. Director P. Puncil, the lone remaining member of the original team, has assembled a crack staff that also includes field agents Sally Ducan and Reginald Mudfowl, military attaché Sgt. D.S. Troyer, and scientific consultant Dr. O. Void. Sadly, DFS cofounder X. Posay and chaplain Pastor Pasture are no longer with the agency (natural causes).

The DFS currently consists of:

Peggy Puncil, Eggsexuctive Director

Sally Ducan, Eggsperienced Field Agent

Reginald Mudfowl, Eggstra Eggsperienced Field Agent

Sgt. Davenport Socrates Troyer, Eggsterminator

Dr. Oblivius Void, Science Eggspert

DFS Bieggraphical Information:

**Peggy Puncil, MBA, MOO, Eggsecutive Director**

I have been pushing my egggenda at the DFS for almost a year. I believe in maintaining the pecking order at the DFS, while still allowing my team to discover, depose, dissect, or even die for my agency. I’m not a politician who’s afraid of breaking a few eggs in order to get the perfect omelet of organizational efficiency. I’ll break your eggs if I have to do so. I also really enjoy watching reality TV and doodling.

My eggstensive qualifications include an MBA from the Internext Oological Paradox Online University, and a MOO (Masters in Oological Organizms) from M.I.T. (Massachusetts Institute of Turduckens)

**Special Agent Sally Ducan, DM**

Look, aliens don’t exist. Neither do dragons, outside my intricately detailed D&D campaign, set in the fantasy land of Demetria (it’s so awesome). I joined the department hoping to foil a terrorist plot from Owl-Qaeda or disarm some fiendishly clever egg timer, but most of my time is spent teaching turtles to teleport home and monitoring chickens to make sure they don’t develop souls. At this point, I’d love to be proved wrong about the aliens. Or the dragons, actually.

**Special Agent Reginald “Rex” Mudfowl**

The stories you've heard, the stories about crop circles, cow mutilations, flying pigs, even turducken? They’re all true, but THEY don't want you to know! Secret or not, our farmlands are our most precious and vulnerable natural resource (at least, since the Shadow Council created fast food to avert Case Soylent Green). While the egg-counters sit around in their cartons making hay from office politics, I'm happier out in the field, getting my overalls dirty trying to keep all of our eggs safe in their baskets.

**Dr. Oblivius Void, Science Eggspert**

I've devoted my career to breaking boundaries in the field of farmaceutical science for the purpose of helping others, making the world a better place, playing god.... My most notable early accomplishment was discovering the sub-cowtomic particles known as moo-ons, but in recent years, I've primarily concentrated on eggriculture. My friends say I'm quite addle-pated, but I highly doubt that... ah... what was I... and that's why my pants had an extra hole in them. Any questions?

**Sgt. Davenport Socrates Troyer, Eggsterminator**

I'm from the Overwhelming Aggression and Threat Suppression (OATS) division. Hell, I am the OATS division. See, evil reaps what it sows. And what it's sowed is me. My teammates have a lot of important bureaucracy to do, and someone has to make sure no foxes get in the henhouse. It's a tough row to hoe, but I'm just the sort of grab-the-bull-by-the-horns kind of guy for the job. Whenever evil stands poised like a crafty squirrel, eyeing the nut of freedom that we all enjoy, I will be ready to squish it into roadkill with my gigantic tractor of liberty.