

THE BEAR FROM A.U.N.T.
The Case of the Pushy Octopus

A Stanley the Bear Adventure

By
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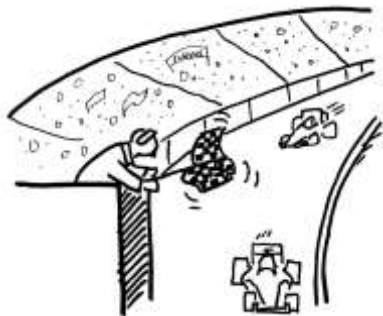
Oh, hi there!

I'm Stanley. I'm retired now, but I used to be a secret agent. I was a spy for a group called "A.U.N.T.," which stands for Animal United Network Taskforce.

If you are new to my memoirs, then I wish you welcome, and I hope you enjoy the tales of my long-ago exploits.

If you already know of me, then perhaps you know the story about how my partner Marco and I managed to help rescue the world's bees? Or maybe the story about how Marco and I uncovered fraud at the

famous Moonaco Grand Prix?



If not, maybe those tales will entertain you later.

For today, how about I tell you about what happened when my boss paired me up with a penguin? I call this adventure, "The Case of the Pushy Octopus." With my other

memoirs, the title relates to the adventure itself. For example, those missing bees? I called that one "The Honey Don't Case."

Not this time. This story...well, the mystery itself was an important one to solve. And, while I could have easily called this one the "Duck Duck Goose Case," or the "Overdue Bill Affair," I just couldn't. Pretty soon, you'll understand why.

For those of you new to my memoirs, let me give you a wee introduction to AUNT. (And, before you start correcting my grammar, we quit using the periods in the acronym ages ago. Saves a lot of time and printer ink.)

AUNT is a super-secret spy group made up of agents from all over the

world. Sometimes a threat is too big for the police, and that's when we come in and do our thing.

We have top scientists and strategists working with us, and some of the finest engineers and computer specialists. (We have to call them "Specialists." They get a little testy when we call them computer geeks.

We also have the most amazing pitmaster in the world, too, leading our Research and Development team.

I'm sorry, did I forget to mention our headquarters is hidden in a barbecue restaurant? It's a blessing and a curse. Great food whenever we want it...massive dry cleaning bills to get our clothes

to stop smelling like we've been hickory-smoked.



Hiding under a dry cleaner or tailor would have been much smarter in hindsight.

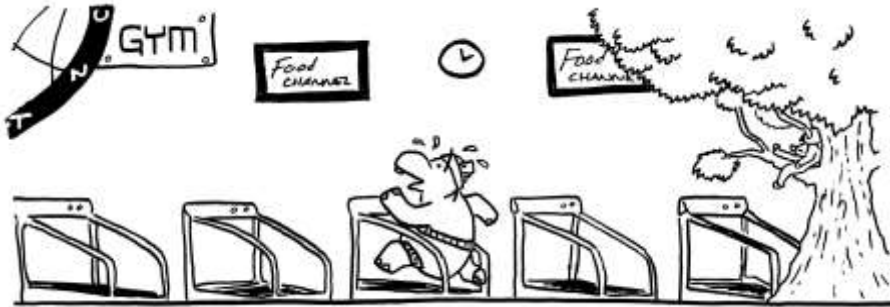
But I'm getting away from myself. I will fill you in with the key

introductions as they become necessary. But let's go ahead and get right into "The Case of the Pushy Octopus."



I was in the gym one day when the head of AUNT, Leo, called me in to

his office. I had spent the past couple of days practicing my stealth-eucalyptus-eating, so I was ready for something new.



I hoped it was a good case, but at the same time, I also hoped it was an easy one. I was ready for a case, but my friend and partner Marco was out of the country.

Marco was visiting his homeland, catching up with his family. It was his first time back home since he and I became partners, and I hadn't realized how much I missed my friend.