



THE BEAR FROM A.U.N.T.



**The Case of the
CHICANE MUTINY**

a STANLEY THE BEAR adventure

by
**J. ROBERT
DEANS**



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A Stanley the Bear
adventure written
and illustrated by
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From the desk of MARCO

Greetings.

My name is Marco.

I am a former agent with the espionage organization known as AUNT, or Animal United Network Taskforce. My friend Stanley is also a former agent. Stanley is often called, "The Bear From AUNT."

Lately, Stanley has been writing his memoirs about some of the more interesting cases we solved at AUNT. However, one of these memoirs has not been submitted for publication.

Stanley believes that he cannot publish this particular memoir because there might be secrecy concerns related to the investigation. I do not believe this to be true. I think he was too embarrassed by something that happened to him during our investigation to share the story.

So, I will help him. I am sharing this memoir with you for him.

However, if he discovers you reading this, tell him Frank gave it to you.

Marco

My name is Stanley, and I used to be a spy. If you heard about the disappearing honey bees, or the icebergs appearing at the equator, that was me. Well, not *me*.

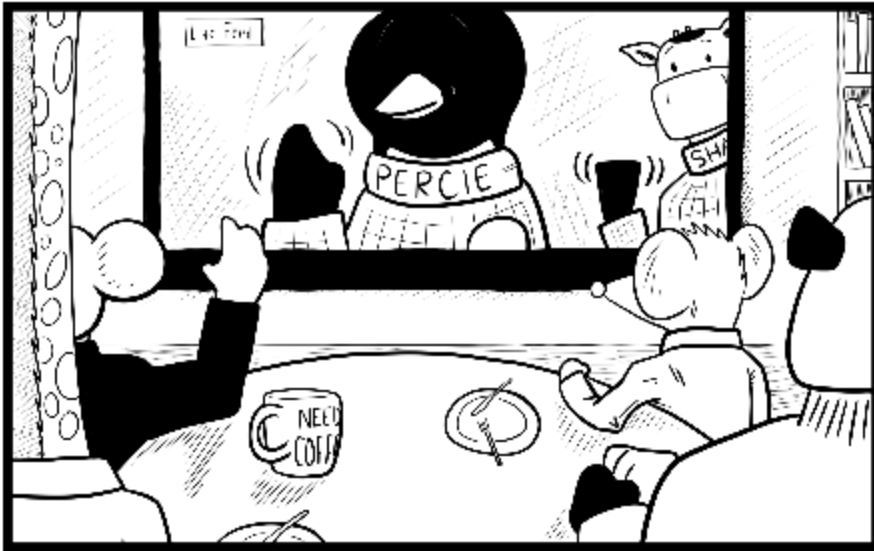
I wasn't responsible, but my friends and I solved those mysteries. We were part of an international spy organization called AUNT, the Animal United Network Taskforce.

We were usually quite busy at AUNT, and didn't often get extended time off.

Oh, we got days off, enough to keep us from getting overworked or over-tired. But that's nothing like the break we were enjoying at that moment. It had been months since the iceberg incidents, and except for a couple of really quick cases we were, well...bored.

Spies usually fill downtime by working on physical training, self-defense, or learning new languages. I can speak four different languages, whereas my partner, Marco, can speak seven. Our colleague Frank boasted that he knew eight. Since two are fictional languages from science fiction and fantasy movies, we didn't count them.





Breakfast check-in with an eggcellent friend.

Percie waved at everyone from the screen. “Hi, Gang! Let me guess...my invitation was lost in the mail?”

I smiled. “Something like that, my friend. You remember everyone, right?”

Percie nodded, and pointed to each of us as she acknowledged us. “Frank, how are you? Cue, nice to see you again. Marco, you look different...must be the outfit. I guess it’s too cold for dresses right now.”

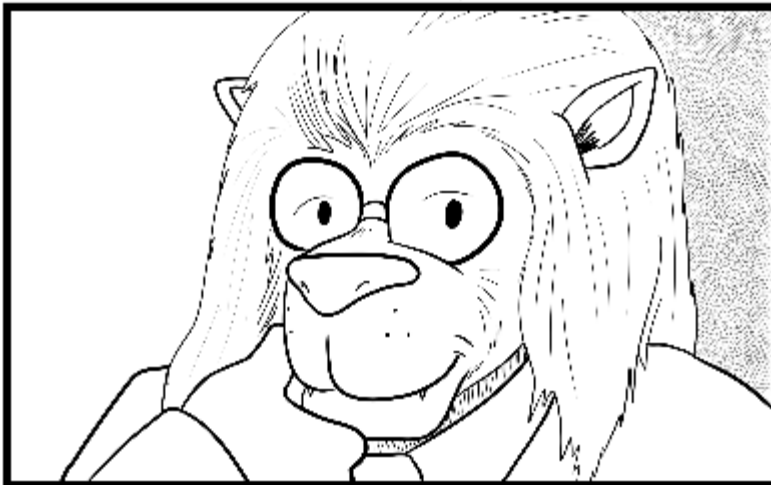


I snorted, much to Marco's embarrassment. "So, Percie, what's up? How is your extended break going?"

"That's..." Percie sighed. "Why I'm calling. Got a minute?"



An hour later, I was in Mr. Leo's office, sipping some of his delicious tea while telling him about Percie's call. (Mr. Leo created his own blends of tea on his down time, and they're amazing.)



Mr. Leo, our director, and my mane supporter.

"As you know, Sir, Percie has been with us more part-time lately, spending her time with her friend, Shakes, on various adventures."



“Shakes?” Mr. Leo asked. “Oh, yes, Percie’s friend for whom we provided astronaut training a couple of years ago, right?”

“Yes, Sir, that’s her. Shakes is currently driving on the Formoola One racing circuit. Percie is running the team, and is also the chief mechanic.”

Leo chuckled. “That explains it,” he said softly.

“Explains what, Sir?”

“I watch Formoola One, and during a recent race, the Mooclaren garage was on the screen. I thought there was a familiar-looking penguin. Wait...Shakes owns the Mooclaren race team?”

“No, Sir, she and Percie own Surf and Turf Racing. Mooclaren hired them to run their race team this year. Mooclaren supplies the cars, equipment, and sponsors. Shakes and Percie manage everything else.”

“I see.” Mr. Leo gestured for me to continue.
“Please...”

I nodded. “Well, Sir...Percie has her suspicions that



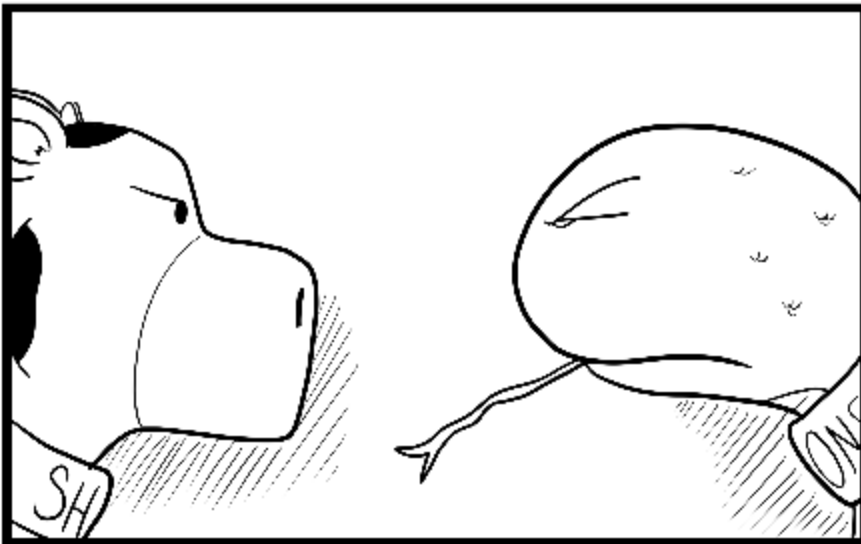
one of their rivals may be cheating.”

“You don’t follow racing much, do you, Stanley?”

“Er...no, Sir, I don’t. Why?”

“Teams always think the other teams are cheating. It’s the nature of the game, I suppose.”

“That may be, but Percie seemed to think there was a lot more to it. Shakes’ main rival, Alonssso, pulled a move that was blatantly illegal. Even reporters were calling for an investigation. Percie said the FOA refused to comment. The FOA is Eff One’s governing body, the Formoola One Administration.”



Shakes and her udderly slippery rival, Alonssso.



“Alonssso, eh?” Leo rubbed his chin. “Well, that makes sense. He’s always seemed slippery. So, the FOA wouldn’t address the incident?”

“No, and it was quickly forgotten because the FOA president complained about low ratings. The media dropped the issue to focus on a distraction just because the head of the FOA complained about something.”

Mr. Leo picked up his phone. “Hortie, would you please place Stanley and Marco on long-term assignment status? Also, ask Tyler to be ready for a call from Stanley sometime today. Thank you.” He hung up the phone, interlaced his fingers, and smiled at me.

“One of my colleagues mentioned possible shenanigans overseas. The FOA,” Mr. Leo smiled again, “may be involved.”

I smiled back at Leo. “Yes, Sir. And, since there’s no such thing as a coincidence...”

Leo harrumphed. “Of course there is, my boy. But, let’s not allow ourselves to ignore the possibility, shall we? Normally, I would assign Percie to run the



case, since she brought it to our attention.”

“But...”

“But, she has a racing team to run, so you will take the lead on field tasks. Percie gets final say on all primary mission decisions.”

“No problem, Sir. I trust her judgment completely.”

“Good. Well, go see what’s going on over there, and be quick. The season is half over!” Mr. Leo smiled.

“Yes, Sir.” I stood up, smiled back, and shook his paw before leaving to rejoin Frank, Marco, and Cue back in Frank’s lab.

Cue and Frank both had ideas for tech that might help the investigation. Since we had to wait for Percie to call us back before we did anything, I let them get to work. Marco and I went back to our office to come up with a strategy.



“So, Marco,” I asked as we sat down at our desks, “what do you know about Formoola One?”



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Stanley's question, go to
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