



THE HONEY DON'T CASE: A BEAR FROM AUNT ADVENTURE by J. Robert Deans

This sample is from a book that is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination, or are used fictitiously, or for the purpose of satire or parody.

Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or individuals living or dead is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved. Except as authorized under U.S. copyright law, no part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission from the publisher.

An original publication of DEANS FAMILY PRODUCTIONS
Deans Family Productions
P. O. Box 150663
Alexandria, VA 22315

grandpunwick.com

Based on material originally published in 2015 by Deans Family Productions

First Deans Family Productions printing, August, 2020

ISBN 978-1-943348-20-6

Copyright © 2020 by J. Robert Deans

Cover art copyright © 2020 by J. Robert Deans

Interior art copyright © 2020 by J. Robert Deans

THE HONEY DON'T CASE
A BEAR FROM AUNT ADVENTURE
By J. ROBERT DEANS

PROLOGUE: MY NAME IS...

Hi, there!

My name is Stanley.

If you are reading this, then congratulations – you found my secret cave!

Okay, obviously, you're reading a book, and not in a cave. And, obviously, it's not even a secret. More than likely it's just something you found on a bookshelf somewhere.

Just – just indulge my wanting to have a little fun with this. You see, ever since I was a child, I've wanted a secret superhero cave of my own, just like my favorite superheroes I watched on TV.

Well, enough about whether or not I have a secret hiding place. Since you *are* reading this, I *must* be retired.

I just hope that I left the world a better, more bearable place. Er...sorry. Pardon the pun.

I may not have grown up to be the superhero I wanted to be as a young joey, but I think I did okay. I grew up to become something just as important.

My name is Stanley, but I was also known by many as, "The Bear from A.U.N.T."

A.U.N.T. is the Animal United Network Taskforce, and I was once one of their lead agents. It was my job to handle cases too dangerous for regular law enforcement.

I was a spy.

And...

It was pretty cool.

CHAPTER ONE: Can You Keep A Secret?

Now, A.U.N.T. was never meant to be a complete secret. Everyone knows that spies exist. But, we also didn't want to – say – advertise ourselves to the general public. We certainly didn't want anyone knowing where we were located, just to keep ourselves safe.

Like some – let's say extra-governmental agencies – A.U.N.T. has a secret base. When I was an agent, that secret base – our kinda-, sorta-, secret headquarters – was underneath a restaurant.

It was a real, honest-to-goodness barbeque restaurant. It was called “Uncle Machine's Coolaid and Cue.” But underneath the restaurant, well, under the basement where the onions, spices, and the ice machine were stored – and about fifty feet of atomic-blast-proof concrete – was A.U.N.T.

The restaurant is what spies – and even criminals – call a ‘front.’ A front is a totally legitimate operation that masks the *real* operation. Some spies use a dry-cleaning service as their front. Others have used electronics stores.

We chose a barbecue restaurant mostly because we just love barbecue. Well, most of us, anyway. Luckily, our cooks make really good salads, too.

The restaurant is entirely staffed by A.U.N.T. agents that are still in training and not yet ready for field work.

In business, your goal is to impress the boss enough to move “up” in your company. Not at A.U.N.T. With A.U.N.T. you want to move “down” – down to the actual spy levels – as soon as possible!

Working at A.U.N.T. was...you know what? Do you want to know what the *worst* part about working at A.U.N.T. was?

It wasn't the paperwork you had to fill out after cases, or even the rare periods of boredom waiting for something to happen. It wasn't even the long periods of frantic action where you never got a chance to stop and take a breath.

It was the periods in our name!

I bet if we had called ourselves AUNT instead of A.U.N.T., we would have gotten our paperwork done a lot faster! (To say nothing of how much we could have

saved on printer cartridges.)

So...from now on, no more periods when I type “A.U.N.T.” Er...AUNT. You know what I mean.

Where was I?

Right.

Being a spy for AUNT was always a challenge.

Not only were we trying to keep the world safe, we had to make sure no one knew what we were doing! Keeping the public safe is a huge responsibility, let alone adding the pressure of keeping our work completely anonymous.

It's all about the general public's sense of safety. Police, firefighters, doctors and nurses *need* to be seen so people will feel safe during a crisis. But when it comes to the spy game, it's better for everyone that we *don't* get noticed.

Just consider what would happen if you *did* notice a spy at work somewhere? Your curiosity would kick in and you would want to know why there were spies around – and you would realize that something big must be going on. Something dangerous.

People might just start to panic. That panic would spread, and all of a sudden it is a *lot* harder to keep everyone safe. If you *don't* notice us, or know we are around and working a case, then you don't *think* about the danger *we* are facing to keep you and everyone around you safe.

Actually, this is why chameleons make some of AUNT's best field agents. They blend in so well to their surroundings – unless plaid is involved – that you never see them. To be honest, we can't see them, either.

We just hope they're actually there working, and not just *saying* they are there, but really off at the movies.

Ninjas are also good at hiding, and can be decent spies, too. Provided they keep up with their laundry.

I think the best way to help you understand what I did – and what AUNT did...does – is to tell you about one of my cases.

Enough time has passed that I can tell you about the very first case I had with the agent who was my longest-serving partner. He would also become one of my closest friends. I called the case, “The Honey Don't Case.”

The case began as several AUNT cases do, with an alert from the police.

AUNT is not run by any one country. We have agents from all over the world, and our Director has almost total control over our missions.

Because of that freedom in choosing our cases, we can pay attention to trouble all over the globe. Sometimes, we get cases from a particular government asking for help. Other times, agents will often stumble upon fresh trouble during a completely different case. (The Director then sends in more agents to split up the duties on both cases and voila! One case has become two!)

We even find cases in some pretty strange ways, too. From simply wandering the streets or out trying to capture a dastardly arch criminal, to finding clues in our alphabet soup. And every so often, the local police will call on us for help.

The police might learn something during their day-to-day operations that they usually can't explain. Because local law enforcement cannot work beyond their own city or county limits, they contact their local government, who contacts us.

But there are a few cops in Grand Punwick who know about us, and they come to us directly.

One quiet morning, I was alone in one of the secluded booths in the back corner of Uncle Machine's. I was trying to fully wake up and enjoy my usual breakfast – a mug of coffee and a bearclaw. (What? Oh, hush. It's just *called* that. Besides – they're delicious!)

Anyway, I was having breakfast when a couple of birds sat down across from me in the booth. I didn't look up from my coffee. Their shadows were large, blocking most of the table from the sun. "Stanley?" said the larger of the two shadows.

Again, I didn't look up. "Livingston, I presume," I replied already knowing who it was.

Livingston was a large seagull, and he struggled to fit in the booth along with his partner. They were both law enforcement from a nearby precinct. Livingston had been a cop for longer than I had been an agent, and apparently knew our Director before *he* became an agent.

Livingston's partner was younger and much more alert, nervously so. She gave everyone who came into the restaurant a suspicious look. But then hawks tend to do that with everyone anyway.

"What's new, Livingston?" I asked, finally lifting my head from my coffee and looking at the pair.

Livingston – far more subtly than his partner – looked around the place before replying. “We got a tip from one of our pigeons,” he said quietly. “And I think it might be more up your alley.”

“Go on,” I said, taking a sip of coffee.

Livingston cocked his head to one side slightly and leaned towards me a little. “What do you know about the recent honey shortage?”

I glanced at the jar of honey on the table, and noticed it was empty. “Just the usual buzz. Why?”

Livingston started to respond, and stopped for a moment, trying to figure out if I was making a joke or not. After a few seconds, he shook his head and moved on. “We heard that it may not be a natural phenomenon.”

That got my attention. Livingston was a bit obnoxious, but he wasn't the conspiracy-theory type. He gave me what he knew, and along with his super-vigilant partner, flew the booth, leaving me to think about everything he had said.

I figured I needed to check in and talk this over with our Director.



We hope you've enjoyed the first two chapters of THE HONEY DON'T CASE: A BEAR FROM AUNT ADVENTURE. Copies are available at bookstores nationwide, or through many online retailers, including BOOKSHOP, at bookshop.org/shop/grandpunwick

Visit grandpunwick.com for more information about Stanley, The Bear From AUNT and more of our creations, including Shakes the Cow, and the Mooselambs. There you can sign up for our Email Newsletter, learn about our creators and characters, and find out about our upcoming projects and our [Patreon](https://www.patreon.com/grandpunwick) membership!



Follow us on social media, too!

Twitter: [@jrobertdeans](https://twitter.com/jrobertdeans) or [@grandpunwick](https://twitter.com/grandpunwick)

Instagram: [@jrobertdeans](https://www.instagram.com/jrobertdeans)

Facebook: [@deansfamilyproductions](https://www.facebook.com/deansfamilyproductions) or [@JRDcartoonist](https://www.facebook.com/JRDcartoonist)

Cheers!

Deans Family Productions