

ACE AGENT SPYCAT



and the Nameless Note



DARREN LIM

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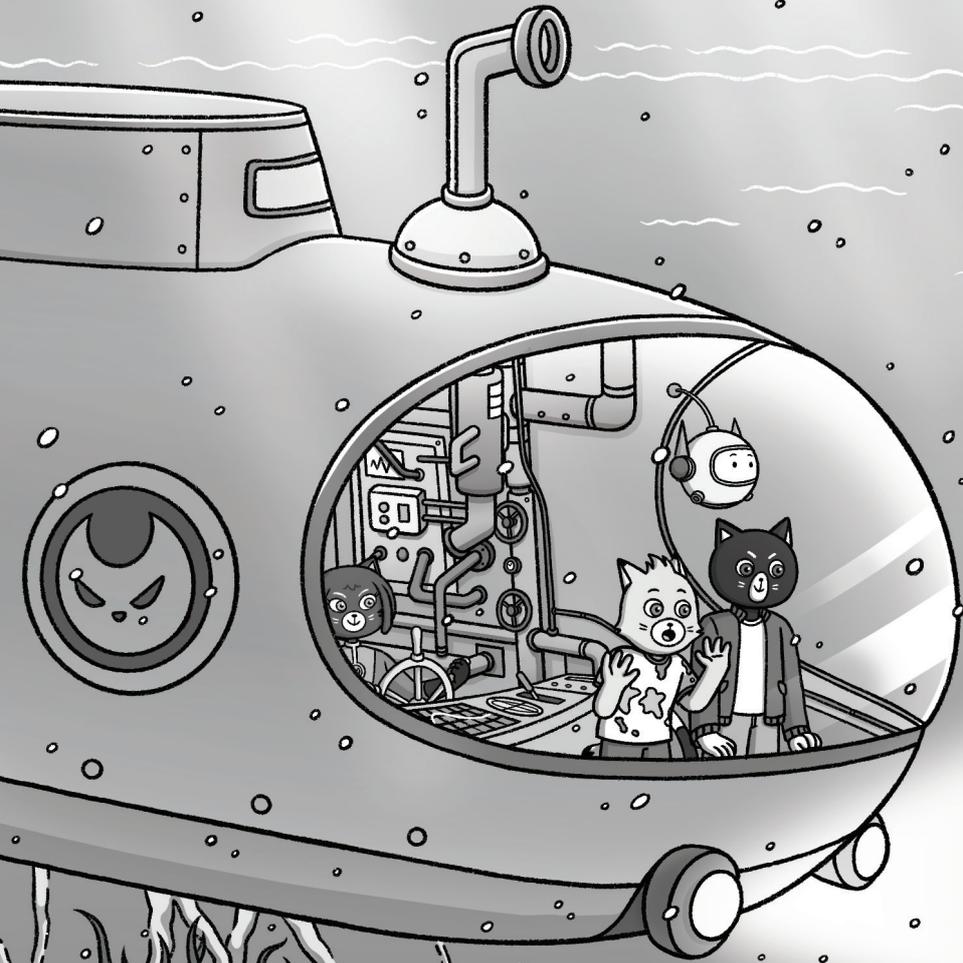
ACE AGENT SPYCAT



and the Nameless Note

WRITTEN BY
DARREN LIM

ILLUSTRATED BY
LAI HUI LI



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EPIGRAM



For the nameless

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Illustrations by Lai Hui Li

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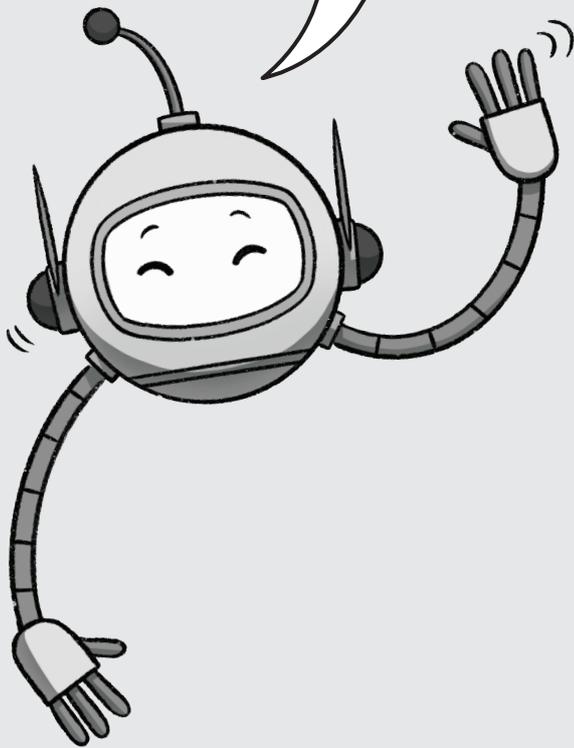
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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

First edition, July 2022.

Hi there! My name is Catcom.
I am Ace Agent Spycat's robot
assistant. Look out for me as you turn
the pages of this book. I'll be giving
you fun facts and helpful information
throughout the story.
Happy reading!



Have you heard of FELINE: the
First Enforcement League for Inter-National
Emergencies? It is a crime-fighting organisation
and its mission is to protect the world from vile
villains and lawless lawbreakers everywhere.

The League's brave agents come from all
corners of the globe. No task is too big or too
difficult for the agents of FELINE!

Here are four FELINE agents you will
meet in this book.

SPYCAT



Say hello to Spycat, ace agent extraordinaire!
He is FELINE's number one agent.

NAME Tom Tan Tong Kiat
RANK Ace Agent
COUNTRY Singapore
BIRTHDAY 29 February
HOBBY Playing the **keytar**



A **keytar** is an electronic musical instrument. It has keys like a piano and is held like a guitar.

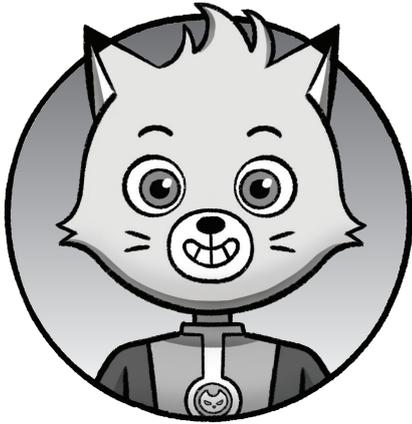
HONEYCAT



Honeycat is the Deputy Chief of FELINE.
She is in charge of FELINE missions.

NAME Catherine Melissa Catford
RANK Deputy Chief
COUNTRY United Kingdom
BIRTHDAY 31 December
HOBBY Photography

ROCKCAT



Rockcat is FELINE's newest agent.
He is a tech whiz and budding inventor.

NAME Ricky Felix Petrelli
RANK Junior Agent
COUNTRY United States of America
BIRTHDAY 4 July
HOBBY Inventing and making things

MERCAT



Mercat loves the sea.
She specialises in marine missions.

NAME Tabitha Jones
RANK Ace Agent
COUNTRY Trinidad and Tobago
BIRTHDAY 22 March
HOBBY Swimming

1

It was another Monday morning at FELINE Headquarters in London. Spycat, Rockcat and Honeycat were working out in the gym.

“...and I’m done!” Honeycat exclaimed. She stepped off her **treadmill** and dabbed her head with a towel.



A **treadmill** is an exercise machine with a continuous moving belt that you can walk or run on.

“Fried...fishballs!” Spycat panted, still running on his treadmill. “You’ve...finished running... five kilometres...already?”

“I’m not the Deputy Chief of FELINE for nothing!” Honeycat declared.

Spycat completed his run and joined Honeycat for some cool-down exercises. “I’m FELINE’s number one agent, but you’re putting me to shame,” he said.

“Where’s your partner?” Honeycat asked, looking around as she stretched her legs. “All of us have to go for a meeting soon.”

Spycat gazed around the gym. “Rockcat’s here somewhere—ah, *there* he is!”

At the far end of the gym, Rockcat was cycling furiously on an exercise bike. Spycat and Honeycat jogged over to the junior agent, approaching him from behind.

“Ready to go, Rockcat?” the FELINE deputy chief asked.

But Rockcat didn’t respond. His eyes were glued to a TV screen hanging from the ceiling, on a handsome, brown rat dressed in a suit.

“Unlock the power of the space age with the Ratrocious Cosmic Pot!” the rat shouted, cradling a kitchen appliance in his paws. “Millions have been sold around the world, and *you* can be the proud owner of one too. Call the number on your screen to order the original Ratrocious Cosmic Pot, or order online through the Ratrocious Shopping Network website. Don’t wait, get your very own Ratrocious Cosmic Pot today!”

“Rockcat, let’s go,” Spycat said impatiently.

Still unaware of his colleagues, Rockcat stopped cycling and made a call on his phone.

“Hello, is this the Ratrocious Shopping Network?” Rockcat asked cheerfully. “I’d like to order a Ratrocious Cosmic Pot, please. Wait, make that two—”

**“JUNIOR AGENT
ROCKCAT!”**

Spycat shrieked.

“Yiiiiikes!” Rockcat screamed, almost dropping his phone. He spun around to face Spycat and Honeycat. “Sorry, I didn’t know you were behind me!”

“Care to explain what you’re up to, Rockcat?” Honeycat asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I was caught up watching the Ratrocious Shopping Network, that’s all,” Rockcat replied, pointing to the TV. “And I couldn’t resist getting one of those super sleek Cosmic Pots for myself!”

“I’ve never heard of this TV channel,” Spycat remarked, stroking his chin.

Rockcat leapt off his exercise bike. “That’s impossible!” he cried. “It airs everywhere on the planet, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week!”

“I have better things to do than to watch some rat host **infomercials** on TV,” Spycat said, stifling a giggle.



An **infomercial** is a long TV commercial that shows how a product works, often entertainingly.

The junior agent couldn’t believe his ears. “That rat is Roman Ratrocious!” he hollered. “He doesn’t just host infomercials—he owns the entire network! I’m a big, *big* fan of his!”

Ratrocious continued to jabber on the TV screen. “Tickets for my exclusive, one-night-only **taping** in London are selling out fast, so get them now before they’re all gone. See you tonight!”



A **taping** is a recording of a TV show for later broadcast. Some tapings are done in front of an audience so that applause, laughter and other reactions can be recorded.

“That Ratrocious is awfully charming, don’t you think?” an amused Honeycat remarked.

Spycat's eyes narrowed. "Hmm...I have this strange feeling that something's not quite right about that rat."

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!

A ball-shaped robot came flying into the gym. It was Catcom, Spycat's robot assistant, and it held four glittering slips of paper in its mechanical hands.

"I've got the tickets for the taping, Rockcat!" Catcom announced happily.



"Sweet!" Rockcat squealed. But before he could grab the tickets, Honeycat snatched them and gave the junior agent her signature you'd-better-have-a-good-explanation stare.

"The Ratrocious Shopping Network normally broadcasts out of the United States," Rockcat explained, trying not to look Honeycat in the eye. "But Ratrocious is taping an infomercial here in London tonight—and he's debuting his newest product! I couldn't pass up this golden opportunity to meet him, so I asked Catcom to help me buy tickets for the taping—"

"Hang on a second," Honeycat said sternly. "You shouldn't be using Catcom for personal errands!"

"And Catcom's my assistant, not yours!" Spycat chimed in. "Shouldn't you have asked for permission first?"

"I'm sorry," Rockcat said, with his head lowered. "But the tickets were meant to be a surprise. There's one for each of us!"

“You want Spycat and me to go to the taping too?” Honeycat said, taken aback.

“Yeah!” Rockcat answered enthusiastically.

Honeycat’s eyes darted about. “What a pity. I’ve got, uh, stuff to do tonight.”

“I have stuff to do too!” Spycat added quickly.

“Aww, come on, you guys,” Rockcat said, his whiskers drooping. “It won’t take long.”

Spycat and Honeycat exchanged glances, then shook their heads.

“Pleeeeeeease?” Rockcat begged. “Pretty please? Please-please-please...”

“Oh, all right,” Honeycat said, giving in. “I’ve never been to a taping of a telly show before. I suppose it’ll be a spot of fun.”

“You softie,” Spycat whispered to Honeycat.

“What about you, Spycat?” Rockcat asked with wide eyes. “You wouldn’t let your partner down, would you?”

“Guess again, *partner*,” Spycat shot back.

“Tell you what, I’ll sweeten the deal,” Rockcat said, not wanting to give up. “I’ll throw in dinner after the taping. We can go to the Singaporean restaurant that opened a few blocks away from here.”

Spycat perked up at the offer of dinner. “You mean Rasa Singapura?” he asked, licking his lips. “I’ve read great reviews about their food. And it would be a taste of home...”

“So that’s a yes from you?” Rockcat asked hopefully.

Spycat sighed. “Okay, okay, I’ll tag along.”

“Yay!” Rockcat yelled, doing a little jig. “FELINE outing!”

2

That night, the agents and Catcom found themselves in a TV studio audience. It was a full house! Everyone was talking **nineteen to the dozen**, brimming with anticipation of what was to come.



If you are talking **nineteen to the dozen**, you are talking a lot without stopping.

“I can’t believe it but I’m actually excited,” Honeycat said, grinning.

“Me too!” Rockcat cried, holding up a sign that read **ROMAN RATROCIOUS RULES!** in bold, bright letters.

The audience faced a **set** designed to look like a home kitchen. TV crew members milled about, making final adjustments to cameras, lights and props.



A **set** is a place where filming happens for a movie or TV show, or where a play is performed.

“The new Ratroxious product must be a kitchen appliance,” Catcom observed.

“Maybe it’s the Ratroxious Cosmic Pot 2,” Spycat wisecracked.

“Gee, I hope not,” Rockcat said, looking worried. “I’d hate for the Cosmic Pot I ordered to be outdated already.”

Suddenly, an announcer’s voice boomed through the speakers.

“From London, for one night only, it’s the Ratroxious Shopping Network! And here’s your host...Romaaaaaan Ratrociuuuss!”

Ratrocious appeared from **backstage**, wearing a smart white suit and a bright, perfect smile to match. The audience went wild! A lady even fainted and had to be carried away on a stretcher by the **paramedics** on duty.



Backstage refers to the area behind a stage in a studio, theatre or concert venue. This is where performers get ready in dressing rooms, props and equipment are stored and many people work to make sure a show runs smoothly.



A **paramedic** is a person who is trained to give emergency medical care to people who are injured or seriously ill. Paramedics often work in ambulances.

“Don’t worry, our guest is in good paws,” Ratrocious spoke into his microphone as he strutted towards a kitchen island on the set. “Are you ready for the show?”

“Yes!” the audience answered.

“I can’t hear you!” Ratrocious teased.

“YES!” the audience shrieked with whoops and whistles.

“That’s better,” Ratrocious said, flashing his pearly white teeth. “Today, I’ll be teaching you how to *unlock the power of pizza!*”

Spycat screwed up his face. “That doesn’t even mean anything,” he mumbled.

“Shhh!” Rockcat hushed Spycat. “I want to learn how to unlock the power of pizza!”

Ratrocious reached under the kitchen island and took out a red, wedge-shaped appliance that looked like a sandwich grill. “Here’s my newest creation, the Ratrocious Pizza Pizzazz!” he declared.

The audience erupted into oohs, ahhs and applause. Another overwhelmed audience member fainted and was carted away by the paramedics.

“We’ve all had leftover pizza now and then,” Ratrocious said, putting the appliance down on the kitchen island. “And so, I created the Pizza Pizzazz. It’s the only gadget you’ll ever need to reheat a cold slice of pizza!”

That’s silly, Spycat thought. Who wants a machine that reheats only a single slice of pizza at a time?

“I’d like to demonstrate how fast and easy it is to use my Pizza Pizzazz,” Ratrocious said, with a flourish of his paw. “To do that, I require two volunteers!”

The audience went absolutely bananas! Many waved their arms, screaming in the hope of being chosen. Some burst into tears of joy at the chance of getting up close and personal with Ratrocious. And there were those who just passed out from excitement and had to be promptly removed by the very busy paramedics.

“Ooh, pick me, pick me!” Rockcat pleaded.

He waved his sign about vigorously to grab the TV host’s attention.

“Okay...*you!*” Ratrocious hollered, pointing at Rockcat. “The one in the blue T-shirt! Yes, you! Come on down!”

“Yeahhhhhh!” Rockcat squealed. He tossed his sign aside and dashed down to the set, giving high-fives to audience members along the way.

“I need another volunteer,” Ratrocious said while scanning the audience. “Let’s see...*you!* The one in the red shirt, with his arms crossed. Yes, you, the grumpy-looking one! Come on down!”

Spycat gulped. Ratrocious was pointing straight at him! “But I didn’t raise my paw,” the ace agent protested weakly to his friends.

“Be a good sport, Spycat,” Catcom said, giggling.

“It’s so unlike you to be shy,” Honeycat added with a laugh.



Ratrocious wasn't about to let Spycat off the hook. "I think our guest in the red shirt needs some encouragement," the TV host said. "Everyone, chant along with me! Come on *down!* Come on *down!*"

"Come on *down!* Come on *down!*" the audience called out obediently.

Reluctantly, Spycat dragged himself down to the set and stood next to Rockcat.

Ratrocious swaggered up to Rockcat first. "Tell us who you are and where you're from," the TV host said before holding his microphone up to the junior agent.

"I'm Ricky Petrelli from the United States of America and one of your biggest fans, Mr Ratrocious," Rockcat rattled off like a speeding train. "I'm so, so excited to be here!"

"Everyone, make some noise for Ricky!" Ratrocious commanded the audience.

"WOOOOOO!" the audience whooped and

clapped for Rockcat, who grinned from ear to ear.

Ratrocious sauntered over to Spycat. “And how about you?” the TV host asked.

“Tom. Singapore.” Spycat replied in as few words as possible.

“Singapore?” Ratrocious repeated. “That’s somewhere in China, no?”

“Actually,” the ace agent said frostily, “Singapore is its own coun—”

“Audience, say **ni hao** to our guest from China!” Ratrocious interrupted.



Ni hao is hello in Mandarin.

“NI HAO!” the audience parroted.

Ratrocious is so rude, Spycat thought. What do Rockcat and all these people see in him?

Ratrocious led Rockcat to the Pizza Pizzazz and directed Spycat to a microwave at the other end of the kitchen island. Beside each appliance,

a TV crew member laid down a greasy slice of pizza on a paper plate.

“Reheating pizza with the Pizza Pizzazz is as easy as ABC!” the TV host squeaked into his microphone. “Simply pop the pizza in, press the start button and all the work is done for you. Now, let’s see how fast the Pizza Pizzazz works compared to a *booring* microwave. Ricky, Tom, when I say go, reheat your pizza slices using the machine you have in front of you. One, two, three, *go!*”

Like the wind, Rockcat slipped his pizza slice into the Pizza Pizzazz and pressed start.

Meanwhile, Spycat was struggling. He tugged endlessly at the microwave’s door, but it refused to open.

Ratrocious sneered. “Microwaves can be such difficult machines to use, no?”

After a few more tries, Spycat managed to wrench the microwave open and shove in his pizza.

He pressed the machine's buttons to get it going, but oddly, nothing happened.

"Fried fishballs!" the ace agent yelled. "This microwave isn't plugged in!"

Ratrocious smirked at Spycat before addressing the audience. "Microwaves are *sooo* troublesome. Who has time to hunt for a power socket when you need to use a microwave? I sure don't!"

The competition was beyond unfair! "Doesn't your *Pizza Pizzazz* run on electricity too?" Spycat bellowed. But the TV host ignored the ace agent.

DING!

The *Pizza Pizzazz* rang, signalling that the reheating was done. Rockcat opened the appliance's lid to reveal a piping hot slice of pizza.

"We have a winner!" Ratrocious crowed. "In just seconds, Ricky's pizza is ready to eat. Isn't the *Pizza Pizzazz* convenient to use?"

"YES!" the audience responded in unison.

Rockcat picked up his slice and took a big bite out of it. "Yummy!" he squealed, with strands of melted cheese hanging down his chin.

"As for our Chinese friend, I think he needs a little help with his microwave, doesn't he?" Ratrocious said, cackling.

At that point, a TV crew member gave Spycat an extension cord connected to a power socket off the set.

Relieved, Spycat attached the microwave's plug to the extension cord, switched the microwave on, set its timer, pressed the start button and...

KA BOOM!

...the microwave blew up! Gasps of horror were heard, and five audience members fainted.

When the smoke and dust cleared, Spycat was still rooted to where he had stood before. He was coated in soot and frozen in shock. The slice of pizza he had been desperately trying to reheat was plastered limply across his face.

“Microwaves can be incredibly dangerous to handle,” Ratrocious warned. “But never fear, the Pizza Pizzazz is here!”



A panelled wall slid open, unveiling a display of Pizza Pizzazzes in every colour found in a box of crayons!

“Whatever your favourite colour, there’s a Pizza Pizzazz for you!” Ratrocious screeched. “And that is how you *unlock the power of pizza!*”

The audience was sold! Everyone was cheering and waving fistfuls of money.



“Reheat cold pizza like a pro!” Ratrocious shouted while looking into the nearest camera. “Call the phone number on your screen right now to order the Ratrocious Pizza Pizzazz. And don’t forget my **motto**—a product is atrocious unless it’s from Ratrocious!”



A **motto** is a saying that a person or organisation lives by or believes in. Do you have a motto?

3

Later, during dinner at Rasa Singapura, Spycat wouldn’t stop complaining.

“That microwave was rigged to blow up!” the ace agent grumbled, his mouth full of **fried carrot cake**. “Look at my whiskers. They’ve been burnt to a crisp!”



In Singaporean cuisine, **fried carrot cake** or **chai tow kway** is a dish of steamed, fresh white radish cake that is stir-fried with eggs, preserved radish (called chai poh) and other ingredients. Despite its name, no carrots can be found in fried carrot cake.

Honeycat rolled her eyes as she finished the last bit of **laksa** in her bowl. “Your whiskers are barely singed,” she said.



In Singapore, **laksa** is a dish of noodles cooked in a fiery orange soup of coconut milk, dried shrimp and spices. Laksa is often topped with tofu puffs, fishcake, prawns and cockles.

“The whole setup was unfair!” Spycat continued to rant. “I think the Pizza Pizzazz belongs in the dustbin! Which sensible person would buy a machine that reheats only pizza?!”

“I bought one,” Rockcat said. On a chair beside the junior agent, a brand new Ratrocious Pizza Pizzazz sat sealed in a box, with Catcom resting right on top of it.

“Emphasis on *sensible*,” Spycat snapped at his partner. “I still can’t believe how much you spent on that overpriced pizza reheater!”

“I couldn’t resist,” Rockcat said, giving his colleagues an embarrassed grin. “And while we’re on the topic...um, I spent so much money on the show’s tickets and my Pizza Pizzazz that I’m broke. Could someone else pay for dinner?”

The junior agent took his wallet out and showed his colleagues that it was empty.

“*Rockcat!*” Spycat, Honeycat and Catcom yelled in exasperation.

Just then, a waiter, scurrying towards the table with a tray of drinks, tripped on his loose shoelace and went flying!

“Watch out!” Catcom warned, zipping out of the way.

KER-RASH-O-SPLAT-A-SPLASH!

The waiter crashed into the table like a ton of bricks! The drinks on his tray spilled all over the tabletop and the Pizza Pizzazz.



“Noooooo!” Rockcat wailed.

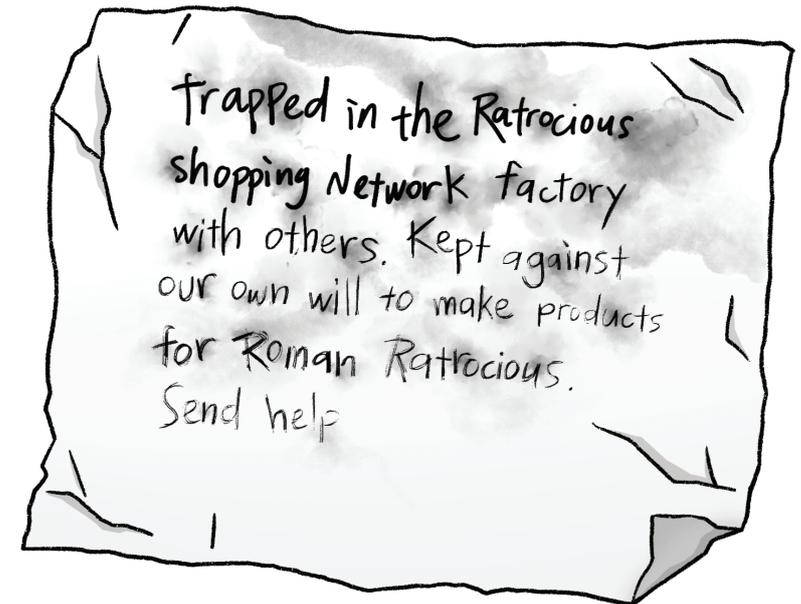
Spycat helped the waiter up. “Are you hurt?” the ace agent asked.

“I’m okay,” the flustered waiter responded.

The restaurant manager quickly moved everyone to another table to allow the staff to clean up. As fresh drinks were served, Rockcat opened the Pizza Pizzazz box. Luckily, the appliance was wrapped in plastic and dry as a bone.

“Hey, what’s this?” Rockcat muttered. He noticed a damp scrap of paper stuck to the plastic.

The junior agent looked closely...it was a handwritten note! The words were smudged from the drinks but remained readable:



Rockcat read the note out loud. “There’s no name on it,” he added.

“No name?” Honeycat repeated. “Do you mean it’s an **anonymous** note?”



If something is **anonymous**, it is written, made or done by a person whose name is unknown or has been kept a secret on purpose. This person can also be described as anonymous.

“Yeah,” Rockcat replied. “It’s unsigned.”

Spycat took the note and studied it. The words looked like they had been scrawled hastily.

“The writer’s pen clearly ran out of ink before they could finish,” Spycat deduced from the faded letters at the end of the note. “A name or location would’ve been helpful.”

Rockcat looked puzzled. “You don’t actually think the note is real, do you?” he asked. “Ratrocious wouldn’t hold anyone against their will to work for him. He’s a respectable businessman!”

“Oh, *pub-lease*,” Spycat scoffed. “That low-down rat is the last creature on earth I’d call respectable. Honeycat, could you send me on

a mission to investigate this nameless note? If what it says is true, there are people in need of our help.”

“You may investigate the note,” Honeycat said, sipping on her glass of soya bean milk. “Just not on an official FELINE mission.”

Spycat was surprised by Honeycat’s response. “Why not?” he asked.

“I’m afraid that this note isn’t enough **evidence**,” Honeycat answered, shaking her head. “We don’t know who wrote it, where it comes from, or more importantly, if it’s genuine! And FELINE’s rules are clear—we only act on evidence and sources that we can be sure are absolutely true. So, if you wish to investigate, you’ll have to do so on your own time.”



Evidence is any object or information that can be used to prove that something is true or has taken place.

Spycat didn't think twice. "So be it," he said. "I'll take a week's leave."

"Your leave is approved," Honeycat said, smiling. "But there's one more thing. As you aren't going on an official mission, you can't take FELINE equipment with you. So no **Catjet**, no **Catzooka** and no Catcom!"



The **Catjet** is a supersonic aircraft, and the **Catzooka** is a gadget that fires out plungers. Without either, how will Spycat get around or deal with villains?

"No Catjet?" Spycat screamed.

"No Catzooka?" Rockcat shrieked.

"No *me*?" Catcom screeched.

"Good, so you lot heard me right the first time," Honeycat said, beaming.

Spycat knew that there would be no arguing on this. "Fine," he said, pouting. "Rockcat, will you come with me?"

The junior agent grinned. "Of course," he said. "What are partners for? Besides, I'm positive you won't dig up any dirt on Ratrocious."

"I'll be glad to prove you wrong," Spycat said, giving Rockcat a friendly slap on the back. "We begin our investigation tomorrow!"

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Darren Lim is an animator, illustrator and writer who enjoys telling stories. Over the course of his creative career, he has done everything from writing scripts for animated television series to making YouTube videos. He is the author of *Ace Agent Spycat and the Flying Sidekick* (2020) and *Ace Agent Spycat and the Mayonnaise Mayhem* (2021). The *Ace Agent Spycat* series is inspired by his award-winning animated short film, *Spycat and the Paper Chase*, which has been enjoyed by children in thirty-three countries over five continents.

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Lai Hui Li studied animation at Nanyang Polytechnic, where she decided to take her hobby to another level to hone her skills. She is currently a full-time illustrator at CraveFX. She has illustrated a number of children's books including *Freddy the Eager Fundraiser*, *Savitri: The Task for the Mighty Demon*, *Dream Island: The Mad, Mad World of Philip Yeo*, *Ace Agent Spycat and the Flying Sidekick* and *Agent Spycat and the Mayonnaise Mayhem*.

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Monica Lim, co-author of the bestselling *Secrets of Singapore* series



The evil penguin king Blackwing has turned the tropical island of Boracay into his own frozen paradise! He must be stopped before the island is destroyed. It is a mission for none other than Spycat, a FELINE agent extraordinaire. But first, Spycat must learn to work with his new partner, Rockcat.

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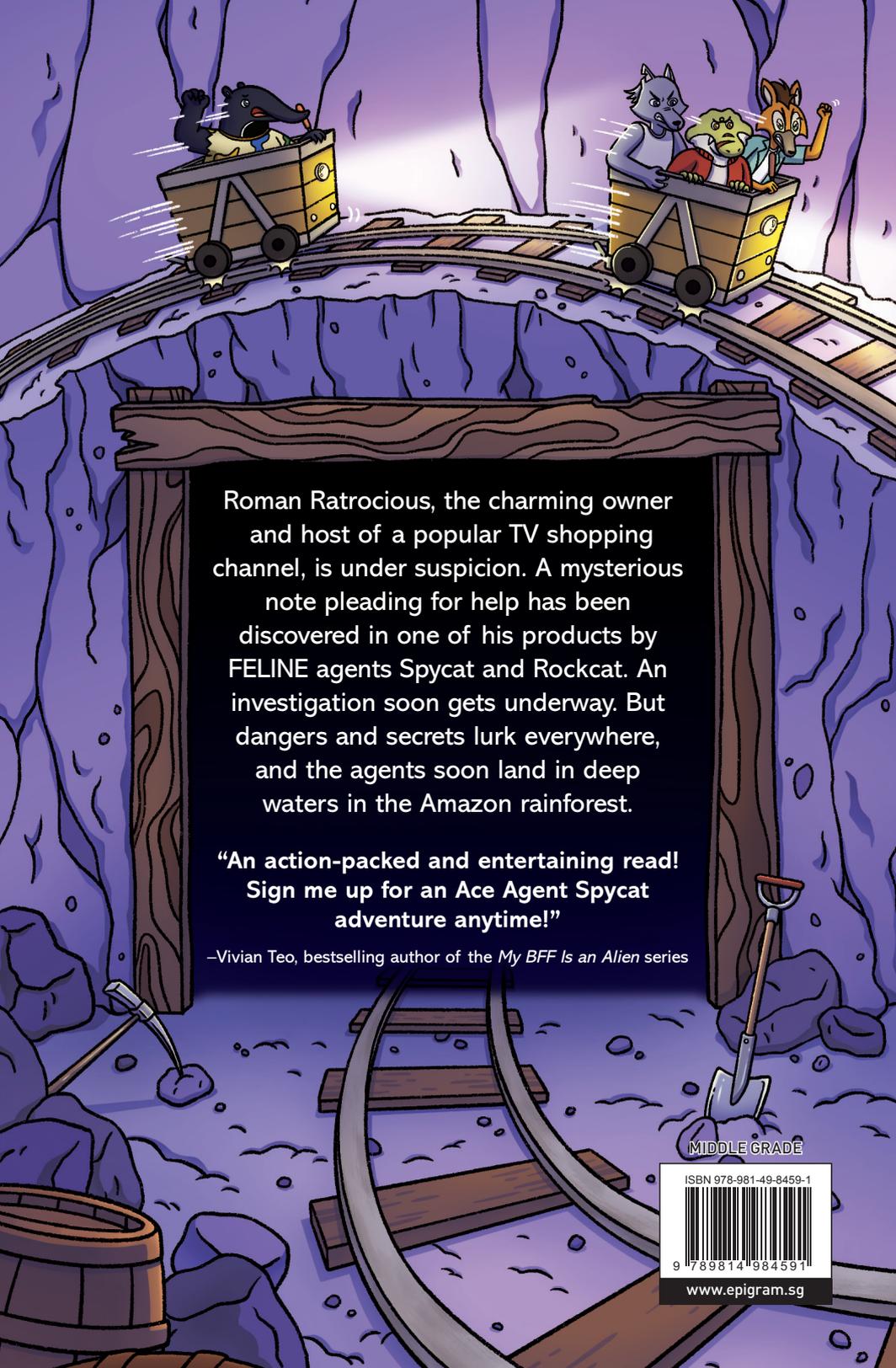
A.J. Low, bestselling authors
of the *Sherlock Sam* series



Master thieves Mac and Cheese, better known as the Finders Keepers, are stealing famous landmarks from around the world! FELINE agents Spycat and Rockcat must stop them before all is lost. But things get a little sticky when the Finders Keepers discover that Spycat has a secret—one that can destroy him.

You can find **Ace Agent Spycat**
on Facebook or **@ace.agent.spycat**
on Instagram!





Roman Ratrocious, the charming owner and host of a popular TV shopping channel, is under suspicion. A mysterious note pleading for help has been discovered in one of his products by FELINE agents Spycat and Rockcat. An investigation soon gets underway. But dangers and secrets lurk everywhere, and the agents soon land in deep waters in the Amazon rainforest.

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