ADVENTURE MICE

OTTER CHAOS!



MILLIE



JUNIPER



PEDRO



IVY



FLEDERMAUS



BOSUN



SKIPPER



There is a lot of tiny text on this page and the
Adventuremice were wondering if you would read it.
If you have read it: congratulations!
You have keen eyes and would make an
excellent member of our Adventuremice team.
You can find out more about what we get up
to on our website: *Adventuremice.com*

To the Children of
Chagford Primary School
With Love and Toasted Cheese

Adventuremice: Otter Chaos!
is a
DAVID FICKLING BOOK

First published in Great Britain in 2023 by David Fickling Books,
31 Beaumont Street, Oxford, OX1 2NP
www.davidficklingbooks.com

Text © Philip Reeve & Sarah McIntyre, 2023
Illustrations © Sarah McIntyre, 2023

978-1-78845-267-0

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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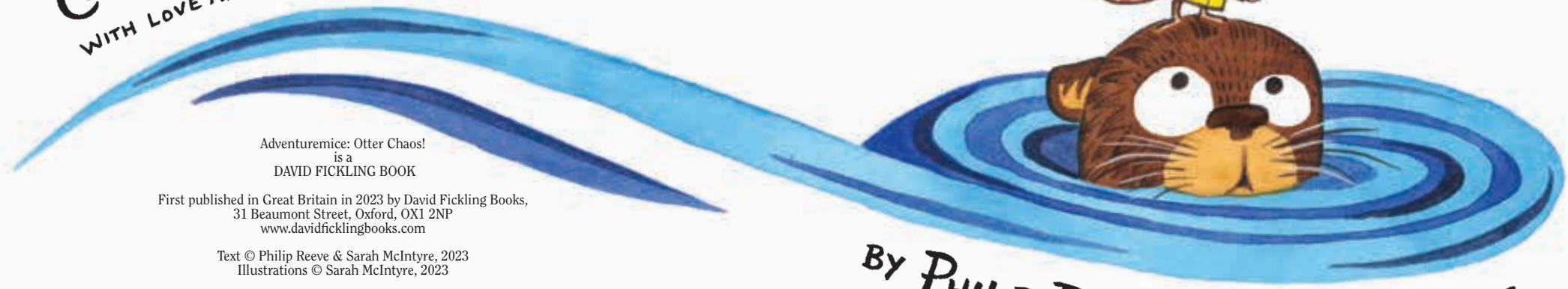
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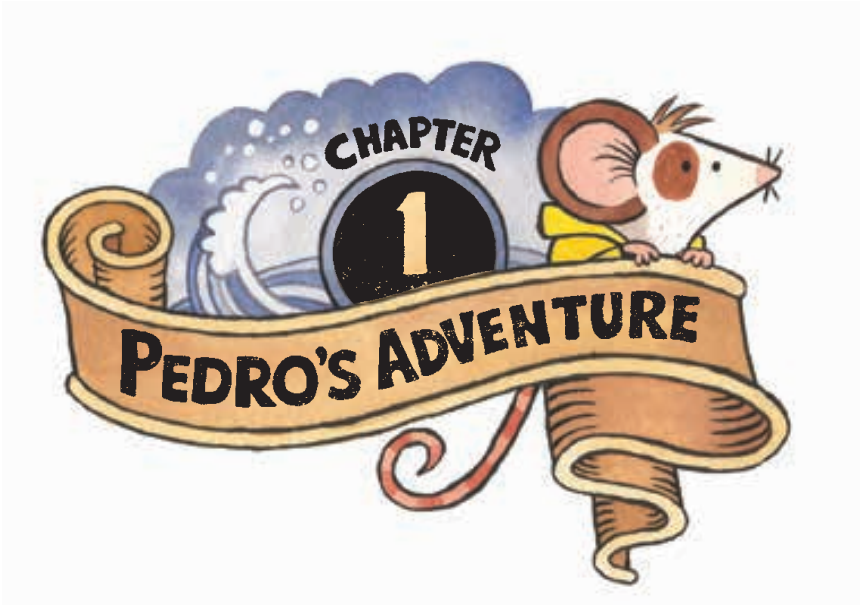
Printed and bound in China by Topppan Leefung.

Adventuremice
Otter Chaos!



By Philip Reeve & Sarah McIntyre

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'Mice don't need adventures!'

That was what Pedro's father had always said. 'Adventures are scary, dangerous and uncomfortable. We're far better off staying where we are.'

And perhaps he was right. Pedro's family lived in a cosy mouse hole under

the kitchen floor at Hilltop House. The old lady who owned the house was far too deaf to hear them scurrying about beneath her floorboards or rummaging in her pantry, and her cat was far too lazy to bother chasing them.

Yes, it was a good life for mice at Hilltop House.

But it did not suit Pedro.

Pedro had always longed for adventure.

Sometimes, travelling mice would stop overnight at Hilltop House. They told stories of the legendary Mouse Islands, where fearless mice sailed their mouse

boats through high seas and foul weather, met beautiful mermice, and fought with fearsome gulls and wicked pirate rats.

Pedro's mother and father and his brothers and sisters and uncles and aunties and cousins all listened to the stories with wide eyes and quivering whiskers – and



then they had a cup of cocoa and went happily to their nests, glad to be warm and safe and snug in Hilltop House. But Pedro would lie awake for ages, thinking of the Mouse Islands. If only *he* could travel there, and do all the exciting things the mice in those stories did . . .



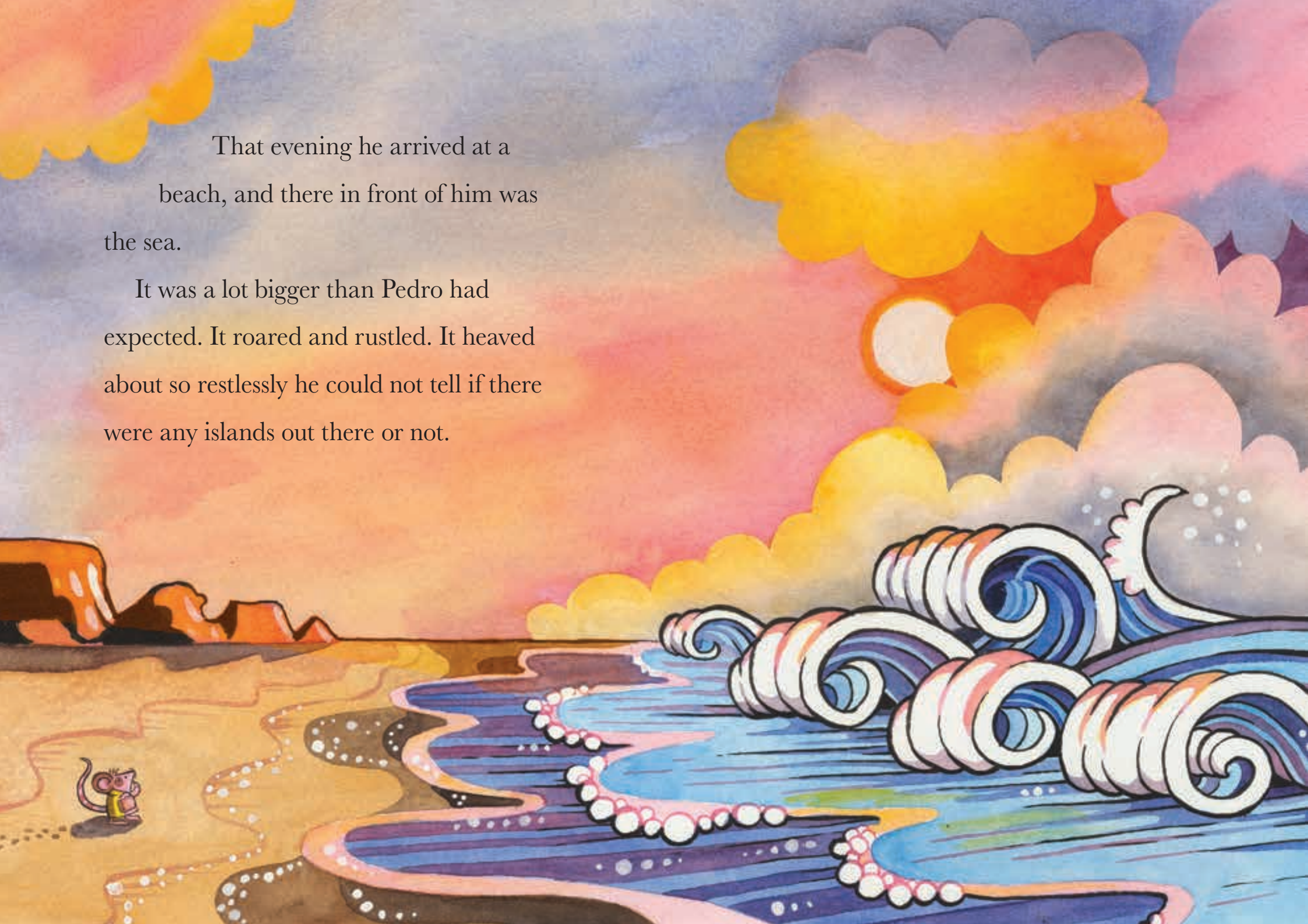
And so one day, when he was old enough, Pedro packed his suitcase, waved goodbye to his family, and set off in search of the islands. *I am finally having an adventure!* he thought proudly. *And it isn't scary, or*

dangerous, or uncomfortable at all.



He walked along the edges of fields and the verges of roads, staying under hedgerows whenever he could in case a sharp-eyed hawk should fancy him for its dinner. He came to a brook, and followed it downstream.





That evening he arrived at a beach, and there in front of him was the sea.

It was a lot bigger than Pedro had expected. It roared and rustled. It heaved about so restlessly he could not tell if there were any islands out there or not.

Suddenly, a great wave came rushing up the sand, knocked Pedro over, and swept him into the sea! He barely managed to keep hold of his suitcase. Soon he was a long way from the shore. All around him waves arched their backs, bristling with foam.

'Help!' he shouted. But he felt sure no one could hear him. Soon it would be dark, and no one would be able to see him either . . .

Pedro scrambled onto the lid of his suitcase and sat there like a shipwrecked sailor on a tiny raft. In Hilltop House they would be having cocoa about now, and telling bedtime stories. Pedro tried not to think about that. *I came looking for an adventure and now I am having one,* he told himself. *I must be brave.*





Just then, something came skimming over the waves. Pedro squeaked in fright and fell off his suitcase. He thought a seagull was swooping down to eat him. But as it circled above him he saw it was a yellow aeroplane. It looked a lot like the planes which sometimes flew over Hilltop House, except it was much smaller, and where they had wheels this one had floats, like twin canoes. It was a mouse-sized seaplane, and when it touched down on the waves nearby Pedro saw there was a mouse at the controls.

The mouse slid open the plane's canopy and scrambled out to stand on one of the floats. 'Here!' he shouted. 'Catch!' And he threw Pedro a rubber lifebelt, attached to a long piece of string.



Pedro grabbed the ring in his front paws, and towed the suitcase behind him with his tail as the mouse pilot hauled him towards the plane. Soon he was close enough to scramble up onto one of its floats.

'You're lucky I saw you!' said the pilot. 'Where on earth have you come from?'

'F-f-from H-h-ill-t-top H-h-h . . .' said Pedro, who was very, very cold.

'Sounds like we'd better get you somewhere warm and dry,' said the pilot. 'Hop aboard!'

Pedro was too cold to really hop, but he climbed into the seat behind the pilot's and sat there dripping and shivering.

'My name's Fledermaus,' said the pilot, straightening his goggles. 'Hold on tight!'

The engine roared. The plane began to rush across the sea. The biggest wave Pedro had ever seen loomed over it but,



just as the wave started to break, the plane's floats lifted from the water and it zoomed up into the air.

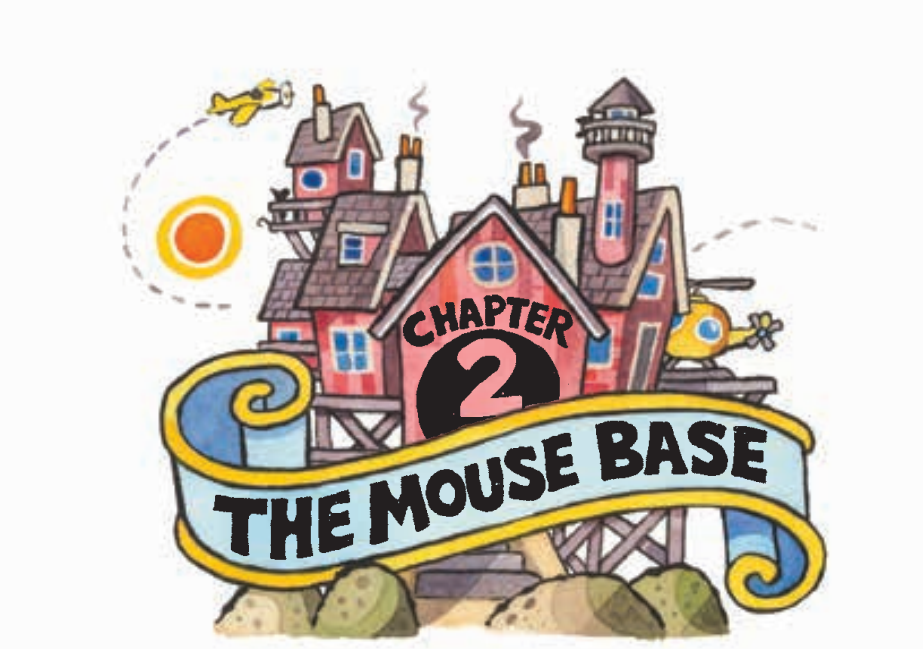
'Th-thank you so m-much!' said Pedro. 'My name's Pedro. I came looking for adventures, but I don't think I like them after all . . .'

'Looking for adventures?' said Fledermaus, who hadn't heard the rest over the buzz of the engine. 'Well then, Pedro, you've come to the right place!'

He pointed down at the sea, which shone like crinkly gold foil in the light of the setting sun. Scattered across it was a sprinkling of tiny islands.



‘Welcome to the Mouse Islands!’ shouted Fledermaus, and the plane swooped towards them through the golden light.



As they flew over the islands, Pedro glimpsed mouse-sized houses on some of them, and little mouse boats crossing the stretches of calmer sea between them. Most were no larger than big rocks really, but when you’re a mouse a big rock

feels like a whole island. Some even had patches of grass on their summits, and tiny little lakes. Fledermaus flew down to one where a single large building stood, and set the plane down on a pool beside a jetty made from old lolly sticks.

'Come on, Pedro,' he said. 'Come and meet the others.'

Fledermaus tied the plane up, and they scurried together into the building, and up the stairs to the topmost floor. A group of mice had gathered there to watch the sunset.

'Evening all!' said Fledermaus. 'I've found a shipwrecked mouse. Well, more suitcase-wrecked really. He'll need dry clothes, a mug of cocoa and some supper!'

'We're the Adventuremice,'





he explained to Pedro, as the mice bustled into action. 'This is Ivy. She invented all the engines and things that make our boats go. Believe it or not, my seaplane was just a toy until Ivy got to work on it. She's brilliant at making gadgets and machines and keeping everything running. Without Ivy, we'd all be grounded!'

'Yes indeed!' said Ivy, who was a plump mouse in orange dungarees and a polka-dot headscarf. She handed Pedro a warm sweater to wear instead of his soggy one. 'But boats and planes wouldn't be much use without brave mice to sail and fly them.'

'And that's where the rest of us come in,' said Fledermaus, leading Pedro over to a nice comfy chair. 'This is Bosun, who's the bravest ship's mouse that ever sailed the seven seas.'



'Welcome aboard, laddie,' said a burly brown mouse,

pressing a mug of hot cocoa into Pedro's paws.

'This is Juniper, who explores the deep in her submarine . . .'

'It's lovely down there!' said a mouse wearing spectacles and a woolly stripey jumper. She put a plate of delicious-



looking toasted cheese on the table next to Pedro's chair.



'And this is Millie,' said Fledermaus. 'Millie's our first aider and rescue helicopter pilot.'

'You have a *submarine* and a *helicopter*?' gasped Pedro.

'We have everything!' said Millie, placing a bowl of biscuit crumbs beside the cheese. 'We go wherever we are needed, keeping the islands safe from

crabs and gulls and other enemies, and rescuing any mice who get into danger.'

'And we're all here because of Skipper,' said Fledermaus. 'He's the bravest of us all, and the founder of the Adventuremice.'

'And you talk too much, Fledermaus,' said a small mouse with an eye patch who had been standing quietly in the shadows.

'Skipper may seem a bit quiet and grumpy, but don't let that fool you!' said Fledermaus. 'It was Skipper who saved the day when the Mouse Islands were attacked by pirates. It was Skipper who sailed to the

mainland in the Cruel Winter and stole a whole gift basket of assorted cheeses from the humans. Why, Skipper once fought a cat, single-handed! He's a legend!'

