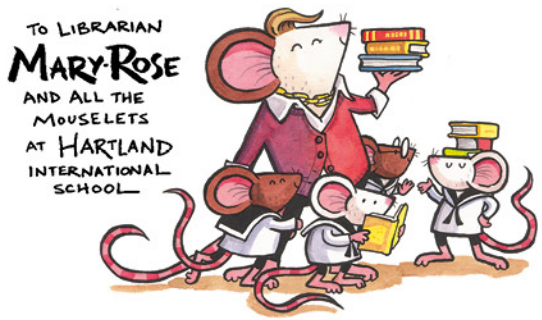
ADVENTURE MICE

MINI MICE MAYHEM




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 the Adventuremice team.
You can find out more about what we get up
to on our website: *Adventuremice.com*



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is a
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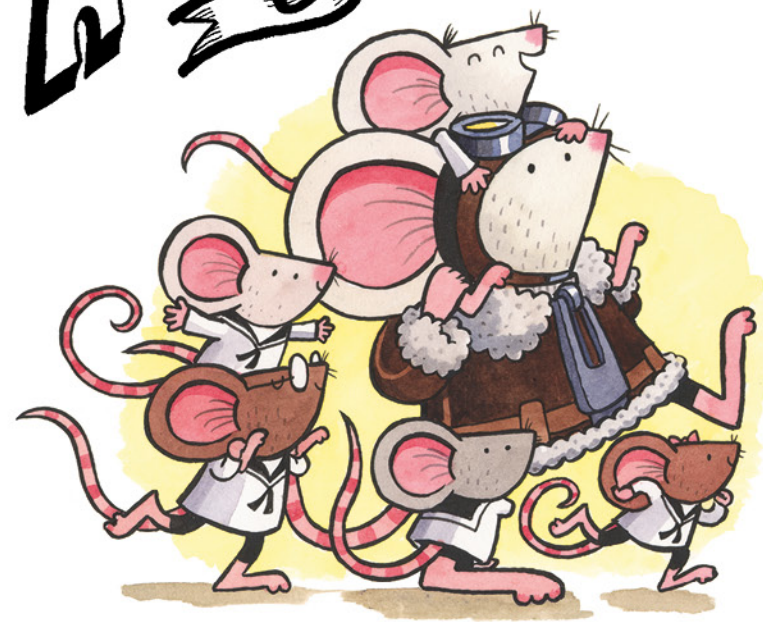
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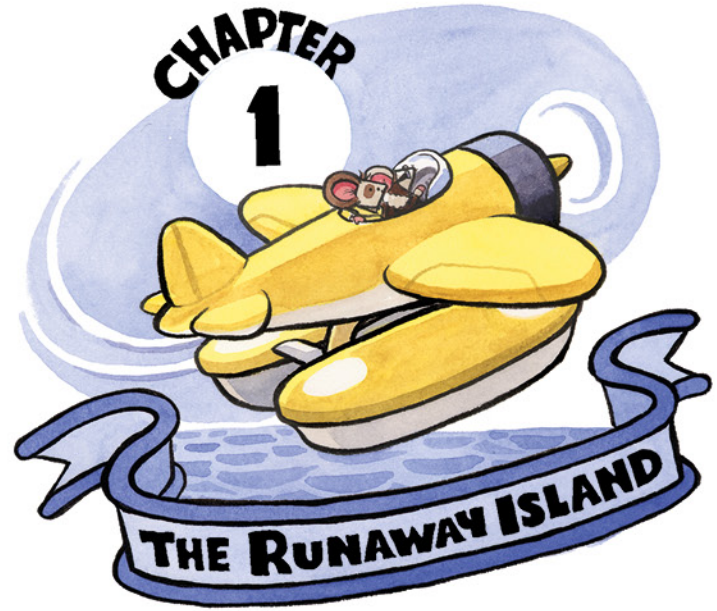
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ADVENTUREMICE
MINI MICE MAYHEM



BY PHILIP REEVE AND SARAH McINTYRE

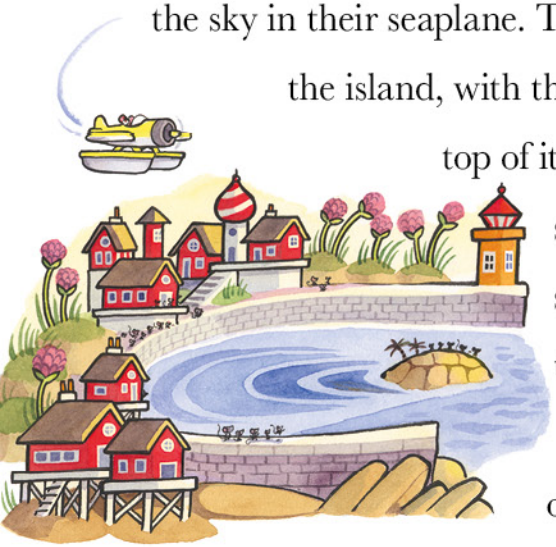
FICKLING db David Fickling Books



It was a sunny afternoon in the Mouse Islands, and the Adventuremice were busy having an adventure. Some mouselets from Mousehaven School had gone to explore a new rocky island which had appeared in the bay next to their playground. While they were

there, the island had swum away, taking the mouselets with it! Now the Adventuremice were chasing after the runaway island.

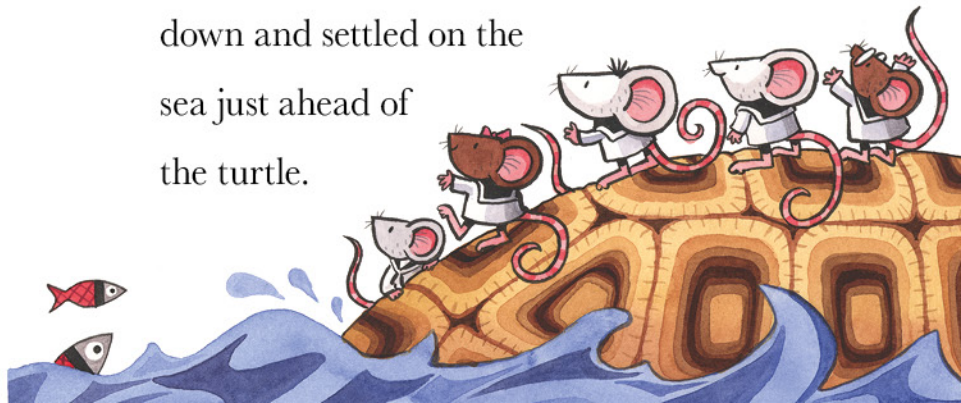
Pedro and Fledermaus soared through the sky in their seaplane. They soon saw the island, with the mouselets on top of it. It was heading slowly but steadily towards the open sea.



'This is very odd,' said Pedro. 'I've never heard of a moving island before!'

'It's not really an island,' said Fledermaus. 'It's a turtle. He probably doesn't even know he has a load of silly mouselets on his shell. We'd better tell him before he decides to dive underwater and they all get a soaking.'

Pedro signalled to the rest of the Adventuremice team, who were following in their ship, the *Daring Dormouse*. The mouselets on the turtle's back all watched in amazement as the seaplane swooped down and settled on the sea just ahead of the turtle.



The *Daring Dormouse* arrived soon afterwards, and Skipper, the leader of the Adventuremice, pulled off his coat and dived into the sea. He swam up to the turtle and tapped on its shell.

'Eh?' said the turtle, sticking his head out of the water. 'Who's that?'

'Sorry to bother you,' said Skipper, 'but did you know you have some passengers?'

The turtle stretched up his head and looked round at the mouselets on his shell. 'How did they get there?' he gasped. 'I'm awfully sorry!'

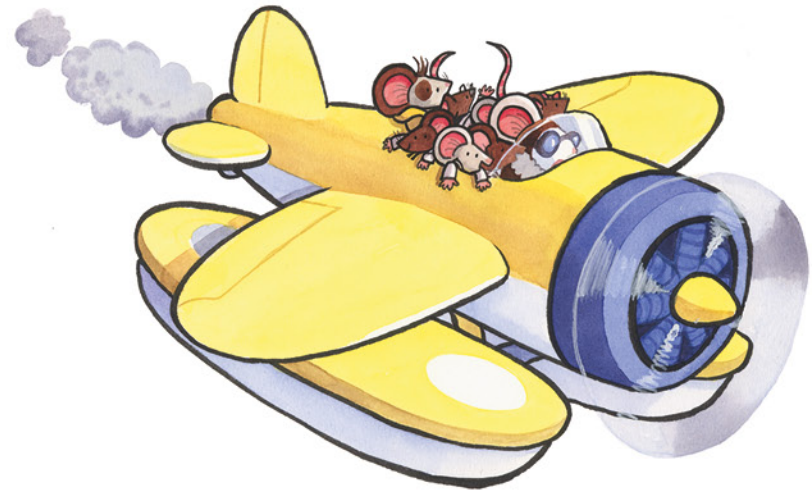
'It's their own silly fault,' said Skipper, 'and there's no harm done. Fledermaus!



Pedro!' he called. 'Can you take these mouselets back to their school?'

Fledermaus moved the seaplane closer to the turtle, and the mouselets scrambled aboard. Skipper told them sternly that it was Very Dangerous to go exploring unknown islands, but the mouselets just giggled. They were having a wonderful time. Skipper and the others stayed behind to talk to the turtle and hear all about his journeys through the oceans, while Fledermaus and Pedro took off and headed back to Mousehaven.

It was a bit of a bumpy flight, because



it is quite hard to fly a seaplane when it's full of squiggling, wriggling mouselets, especially when the mouselets keep saying things like, 'What does this one do?' and pressing buttons that they shouldn't. But Fledermaus was a top pilot, so they were soon safely anchored at the little harbour outside Mousehaven School. All the other

mouselets came running out to stare at the seaplane, and the rescued mouselets ran ashore to tell their friends about their adventure.

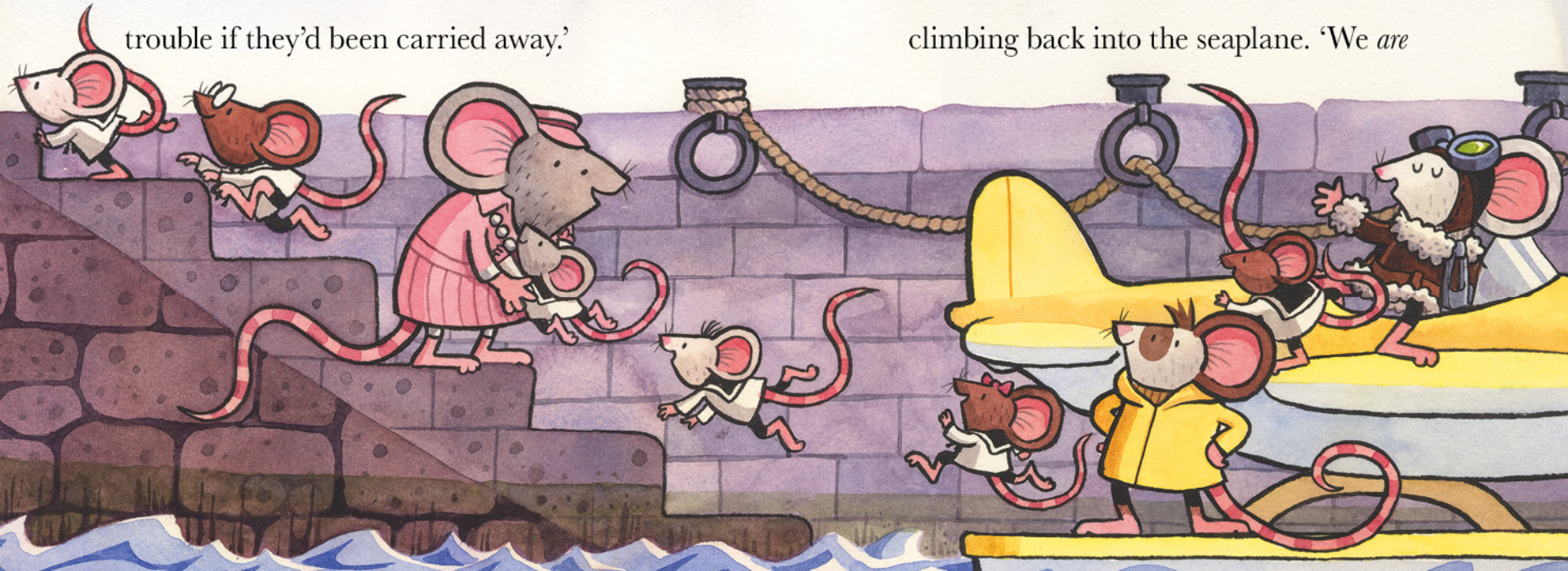
'Thank you so much for bringing them back!' said Mrs Watermouse, the head teacher. 'I would have been in terrible trouble if they'd been carried away.'

'It's all in a day's work for the Adventuremice,' said Fledermaus.

'You're the coolest mice in the whole world!' said one of the mouselets.

'We were just doing our jobs,' said Pedro modestly.

'But you're right,' said Fledermaus, climbing back into the seaplane. 'We *are*



the coolest mice in the world. You should all come and visit us at the Mousebase sometime.'

'Yes,' agreed Pedro. 'We could show you around!'

Fledermaus started the engines and the seaplane went zooming into the sky. The mouselets all cheered and waved and ran around the playground pretending to be planes. But Mrs Watermouse looked Very Thoughtful.





Next morning at the Mousebase, the Adventuremice were sitting around the breakfast table, talking about their plans for the day.

'I'm going to bake a nice big cake for the Bramble Isle Summer Picnic,' said Bosun.

‘I’m going to draw a new map of the Mouse Islands,’ said Juniper.

‘I need to tidy up the first-aid cupboard,’ said Millie.

Just then, they heard a boat horn hoot.

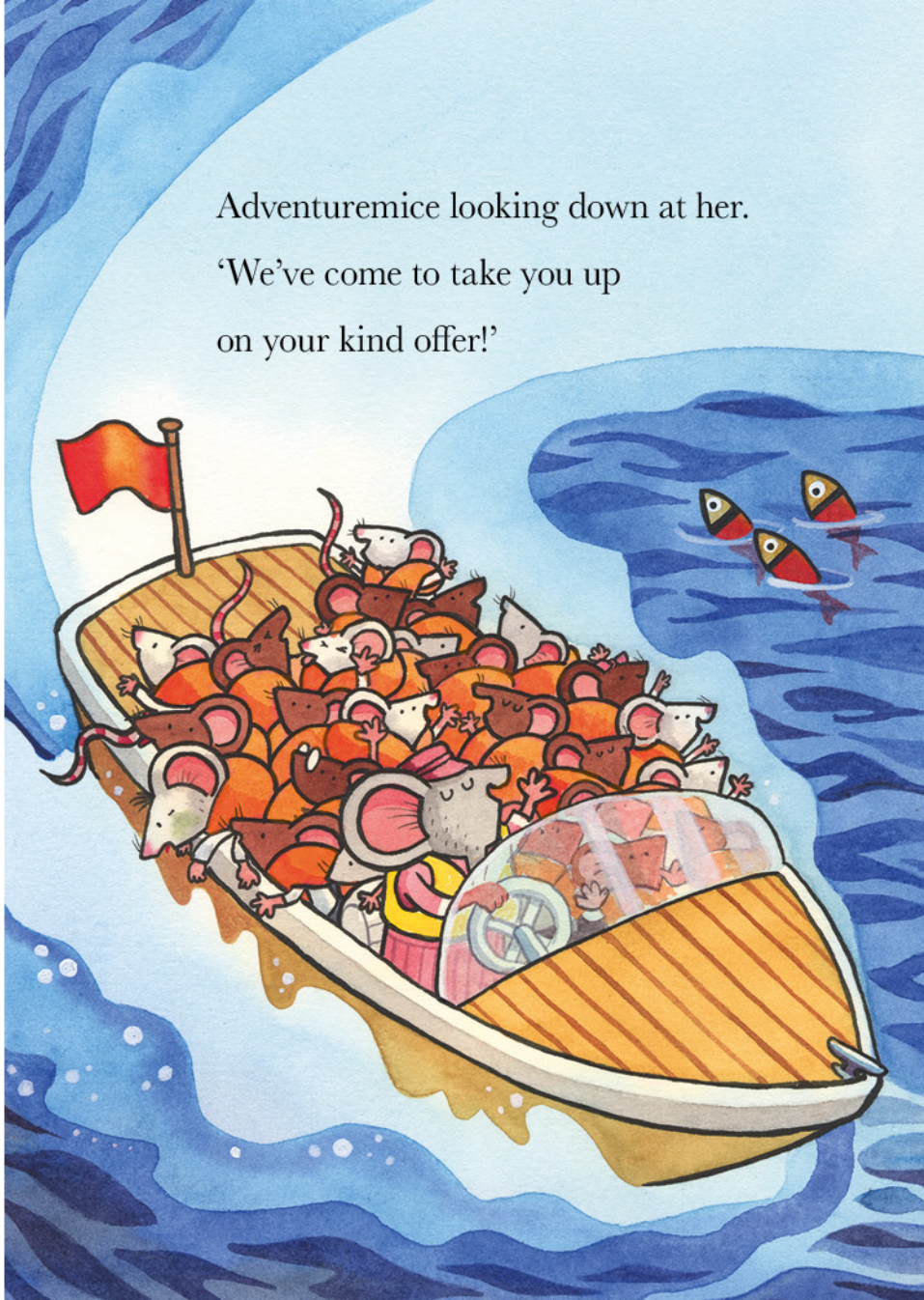
‘Whoever could that be?’ wondered Millie.

The Adventuremice all went out onto the balcony and looked over the rail. Down in the harbour they saw a big motorboat. It was full of mouselets, all wearing little orange life jackets and wriggling with excitement. Mrs Watermouse was at the controls.

‘Hello!’ she called, when she saw the

Adventuremice looking down at her.

‘We’ve come to take you up on your kind offer!’

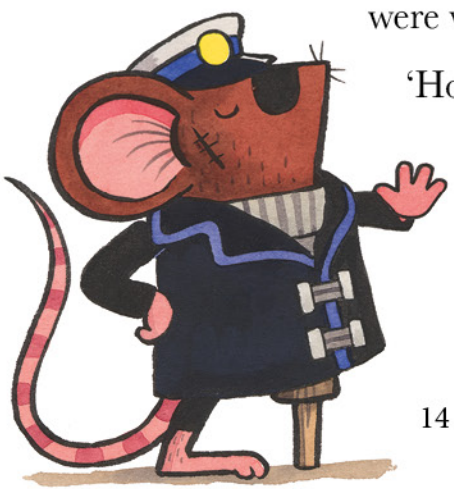


'What kind offer?' asked Ivy.

'Yesterday you said we should visit the Mousebase,' explained Mrs Watermouse. 'So I thought I'd bring the mouselets over and let you show them around because then I can have a day off – I mean, because that would be Very Educational. Wouldn't it, children?'

'Yippee!' shouted the mouselets, who were very overexcited.

'Hold on,' said Skipper. 'We're busy mice. I don't remember saying you could bring these mouselets here.'



'Well, *someone* did, and a promise is a promise!' said Mrs Watermouse cheerfully. 'I'll leave you to look after these little monsters – I mean, these gifted and delightful children. All ashore, mouselets!'

'YAYYYY!' shouted the mouselets, pouring off the motorboat and scrambling up the steps to the Mousebase's front door.



'Right, I'm off,' said Mrs Watermouse, before the Adventuremice could say anything. 'I'll be back this afternoon, or maybe tomorrow. Who knows?'

And she turned her boat around and motored quickly away. Teaching a class of cheeky mouselets was very hard work, and she was looking forward to a nice rest.



'But . . . But . . . But . . .' said Bosun.

Skipper turned to Fledermaus and Pedro.

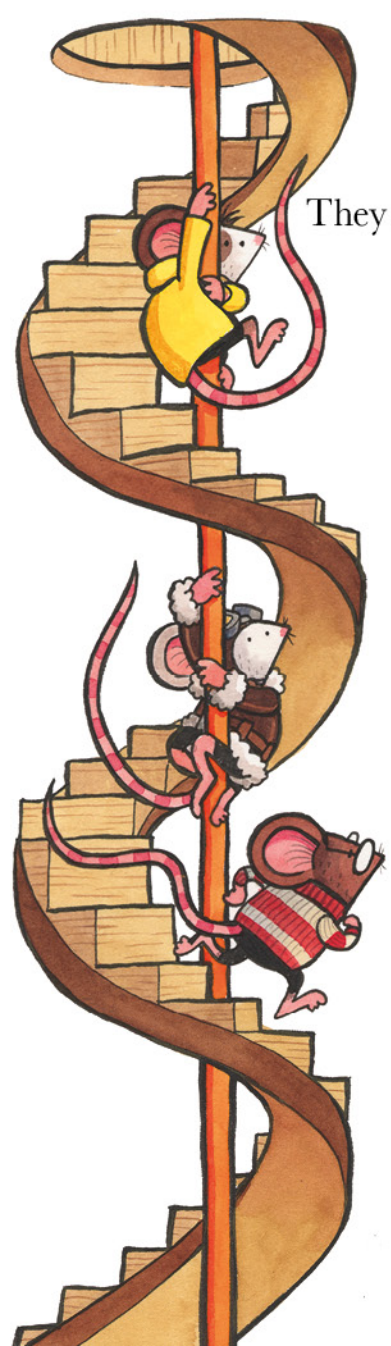
'Is this your doing?' he asked sternly. 'Did you tell Mrs Watermouse that she could bring her mouselets here?'

'Er, we might have mentioned it,' said Fledermaus.

'We were only trying to be polite,' said Pedro.

'We just sort of floated it as an idea,' said Fledermaus. 'We didn't think she'd actually show up.'

'I expect it will be all right, Skipper,' said Millie. 'It will be good for those mouselets to see round the Mousebase and learn what Adventuremice get up to.



They might pick up some useful tips.'

'At the moment they're picking my prize raspberries!' said Bosun, looking down at his vegetable garden. 'Oi! You mouselets! Stop that!'

'We'd better go down and let them in,' said Juniper. 'Come on, Pedro. Come on, Fledermaus.'

Pedro and Fledermaus hurried down behind Juniper. When they

opened the door, the crowd of little mouselets came rushing inside. They were all talking at once.





'Is this the Mousebase?'

'Are you Adventuremice?'

'Where does that door go to?'





'I need a wee!'

'I feel sick!'



'Liam popped my life jacket!'

Pedro and Fledermaus put their paws over their ears.



They hadn't realized that such small mice could make such a big noise. But Juniper said in her strictest voice, 'Be quiet, mouselets!'

The mouselets went very quiet, except for the ones who were giggling, and the ones who were noisily eating bits of raspberry, and the ones who had worked out how to make rude noises with their life jackets.

'Welcome to the Mousebase,' said Juniper. 'We're going to let you help us in our work today, but you will have to be very good and very quiet. Can you do that, mouselets?'

'YES!' yelled all the mouselets.

'Will we get to fly the seaplane, Miss?' asked one.



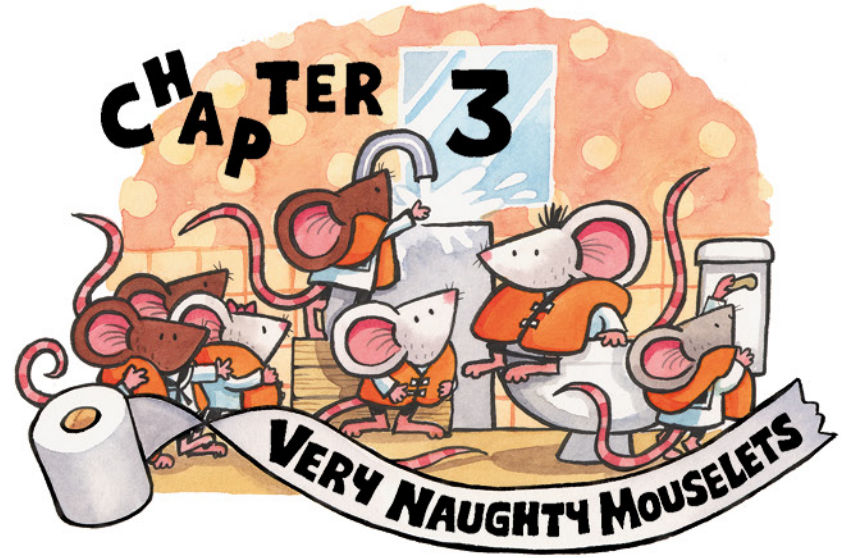
‘Will we get to go on a real adventure, Miss?’ asked another.

‘Where’s the toilet?’ asked a third.

THURRRP! ‘Heeheehee!’ went the ones who were playing with their life jackets.

‘You know, Pedro,’ said Fledermaus, ‘inviting these mouselets here might not have been one of our better ideas.’

Pedro agreed. ‘But it will be all right,’ he said bravely. ‘After all, we’re Adventuremice. We can cope with anything.’



It turned out that *all* the mouselets needed the toilet. Juniper, Pedro and Fledermaus took them there, and made sure they all washed their paws afterwards. Then Juniper made them take off their life jackets and leave them in the boot room.