

ADVENTURE MICE

MICE ON THE MOON



MILLIE



JUNIPER



IVY



FLEDERMAUS



BOSUN



PEDRO



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 CAST & CREW OF 'GWENEVERE' ★



Adventuremice: Mice on the Moon
is a
DAVID FICKLING BOOK

First published in Great Britain in 2024 by David Fickling Books,
31 Beaumont Street, Oxford, OX1 2NP
www.davidficklingbooks.com

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978-1-78845-270-0
1 3 5 7 9 1 0 8 6 4 2

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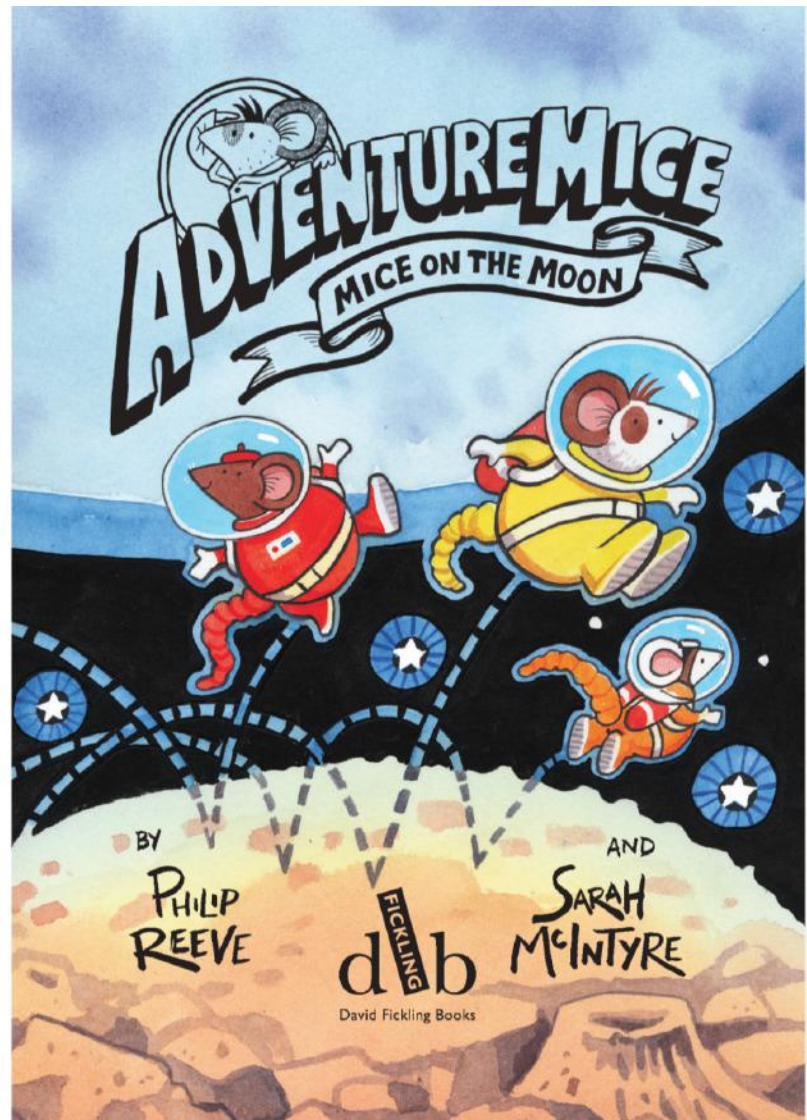
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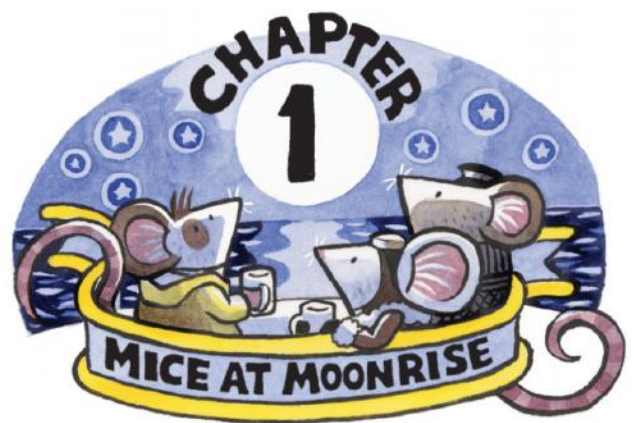
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DAVID FICKLING BOOKS Reg. No. 8340307
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed and bound in China by Toppan Leefung.





It was a warm spring night and the Adventuremice were sitting on the deck outside their Mousebase, drinking hot chocolate and watching the moon rise above the Mouse Islands.

‘It looks close enough to reach out and touch!’ said Pedro.



‘I wish it was!’
laughed Bosun.
‘The old mouse
legends say the
moon is a great big
wheel of cheese. It will

be full and round for just
one night. Then the moon-mice will start
nibbling away at it until it’s just a little
sliver. But then it will start to grow again.’

‘Ooh!’ said Pedro. ‘Is the moon really
made of cheese?’

‘Of course not,’ chuckled Fledermaus.
‘But it’s a nice story, isn’t it?’

All the other mice agreed. The moon
rose higher, painting a silvery path across
the sea. Along that path a beetle came
flying, and settled himself importantly at
the edge of the deck.

‘Ahem,’ said the beetle, clearing his
throat. ‘I am a Highly Trained Messenger
Beetle, and I have been sent to deliver a
Very Important Message.’

The Adventuremice
all stared at him. They
had never heard of
a messenger beetle
before.



‘Who is the message from?’ asked Skipper.

‘It’s from Professor Bernard Quatermouse, on Scrabble Island,’ said the beetle.

‘That’s my uncle Bernie!’ said Millie excitedly. ‘He’s a brilliant inventor! Is he the one who trained you to deliver messages, Mr Beetle?’

‘He is,’ said the beetle, very proudly. ‘I am his best messenger beetle.’

‘And what is the message?’ asked Skipper.

‘Er . . .’ said the beetle, who had



forgotten. Then he remembered. ‘Oh yes – Professor Quatermouse needs the famous Adventuremice to come to his laboratory immediately!’

‘Oh no!’ cried Millie. ‘Is Uncle Bernie in danger?’

‘He didn’t say,’ said the beetle.

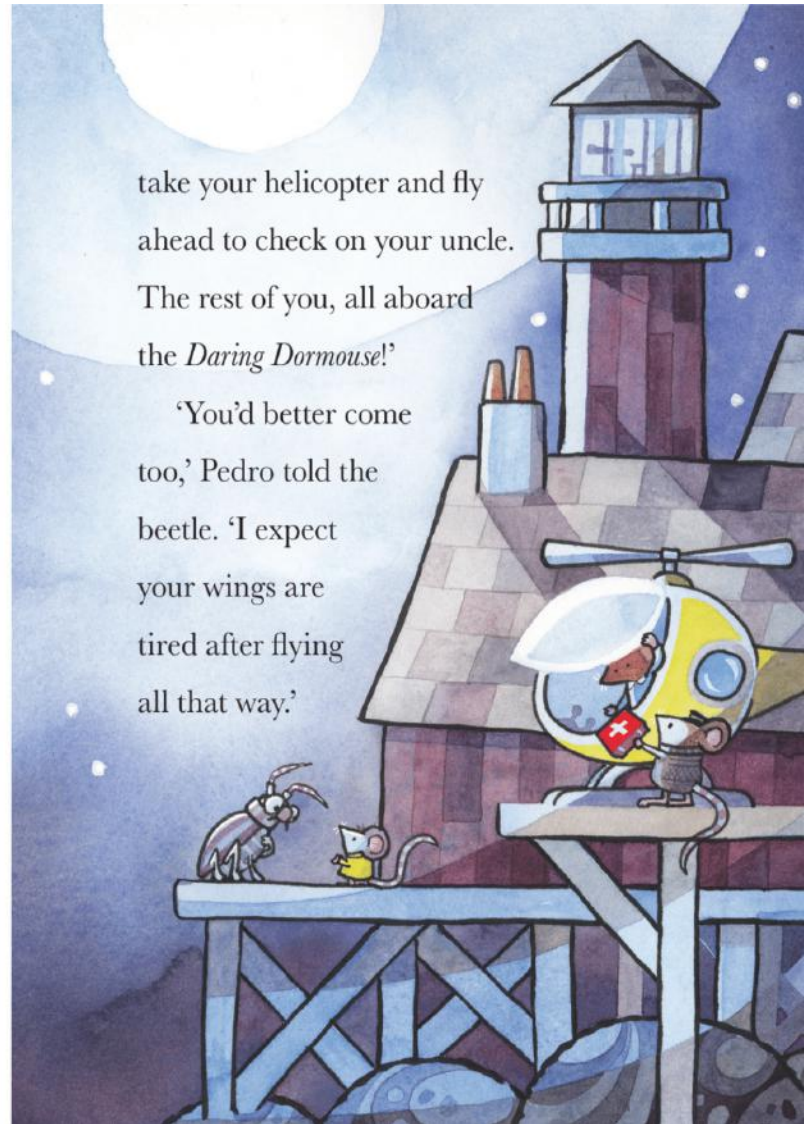
‘Perhaps one of his experiments has gone wrong,’ said Millie. ‘Uncle Bernie’s experiments are always going wrong. He says you have to expect that sort of thing, when you’re an inventor.’

‘It’s not far to Scrabble Island,’ said Juniper, kindly. ‘We’ll set out first thing tomorrow morning.’

‘No need to wait till morning,’ said Skipper. ‘The moon is so bright, we can easily find our way to Scrabble. Millie, you

take your helicopter and fly ahead to check on your uncle. The rest of you, all aboard the *Daring Dormouse!*’

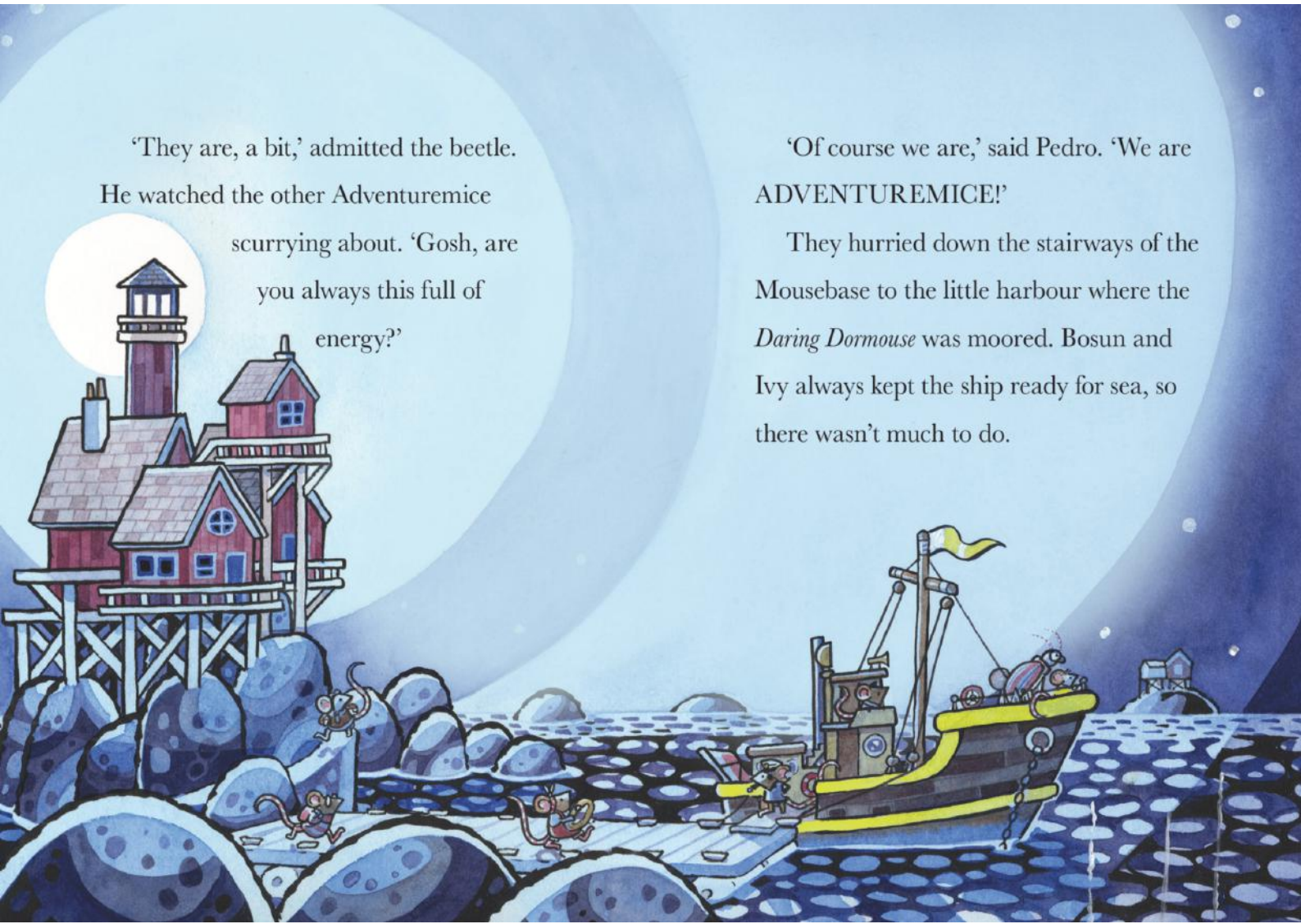
‘You’d better come too,’ Pedro told the beetle. ‘I expect your wings are tired after flying all that way.’



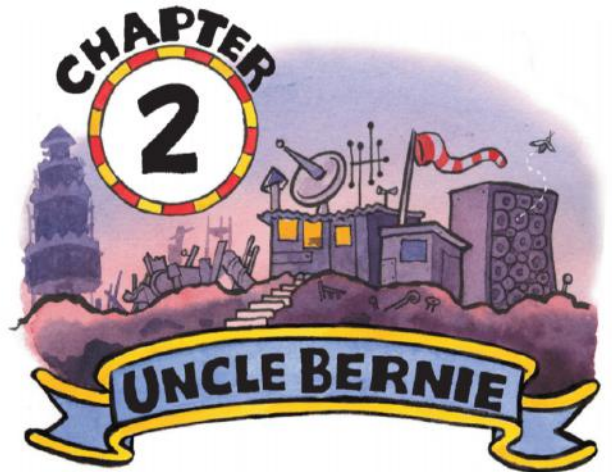
'They are, a bit,' admitted the beetle.
He watched the other Adventuremice
scurrying about. 'Gosh, are
you always this full of
energy?'

'Of course we are,' said Pedro. 'We are
ADVENTUREMICE!'

They hurried down the stairways of the
Mousebase to the little harbour where the
Daring Dormouse was moored. Bosun and
Ivy always kept the ship ready for sea, so
there wasn't much to do.



Bosun pulled up the gangplank, Ivy started the engines, and soon they were off, hurrying towards Scrabble Island along the silvery path the moonlight made upon the waves.



The moon was going down by the time the *Daring Dormouse* pulled into the harbour at Scrabble Island. Millie had arrived earlier in her helicopter. She and Uncle Bernie were waiting on the dock to greet the Adventuremice. Behind them in the dim, early morning light stood the