

# ADVENTUREMICE

THE GHOSTLY GALLEON



MILLIE



JUNIPER



PEDRO



IVY



FLEDERMAUS



BOSUN



SKIPPER

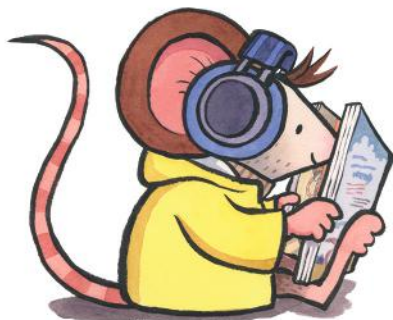


There is a lot of tiny text on this page and the  
Adventuremice were wondering if you would read it.

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*



FOR OUR EXCELLENT  
AUDIOBOOK NARRATOR,

**BARNABY  
EDWARDS**

Adventuremice: The Ghostly Galleon  
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](http://www.davidficklingbooks.com)

Text © Philip Reeve & Sarah McIntyre, 2024  
Illustrations © Sarah McIntyre, 2024

978-1-78845-328-8

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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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 Topppan Leefung.



# ADVENTUREMICE

THE GHOSTLY GALLEON



BY  
**PHILIP  
REEVE**

**FICKLING**  
**d b**  
David Fickling Books

AND  
**SARAH  
MCINTYRE**





A cold wind was moaning eerily around the Mousebase, and raindrops tapped like icy fingers at the windows as the Adventuremice sat drinking their bedtime hot chocolate. The rowanberry lanterns they had carved for the Autumn Festival celebrations grinned down gruesomely at

them from the shelf above the fireplace.  
Suddenly Fledermaus had an idea. 'This is  
a perfect evening for telling ghost stories!'  
he said.

Most of the others agreed. What  
could be cosier than sitting indoors

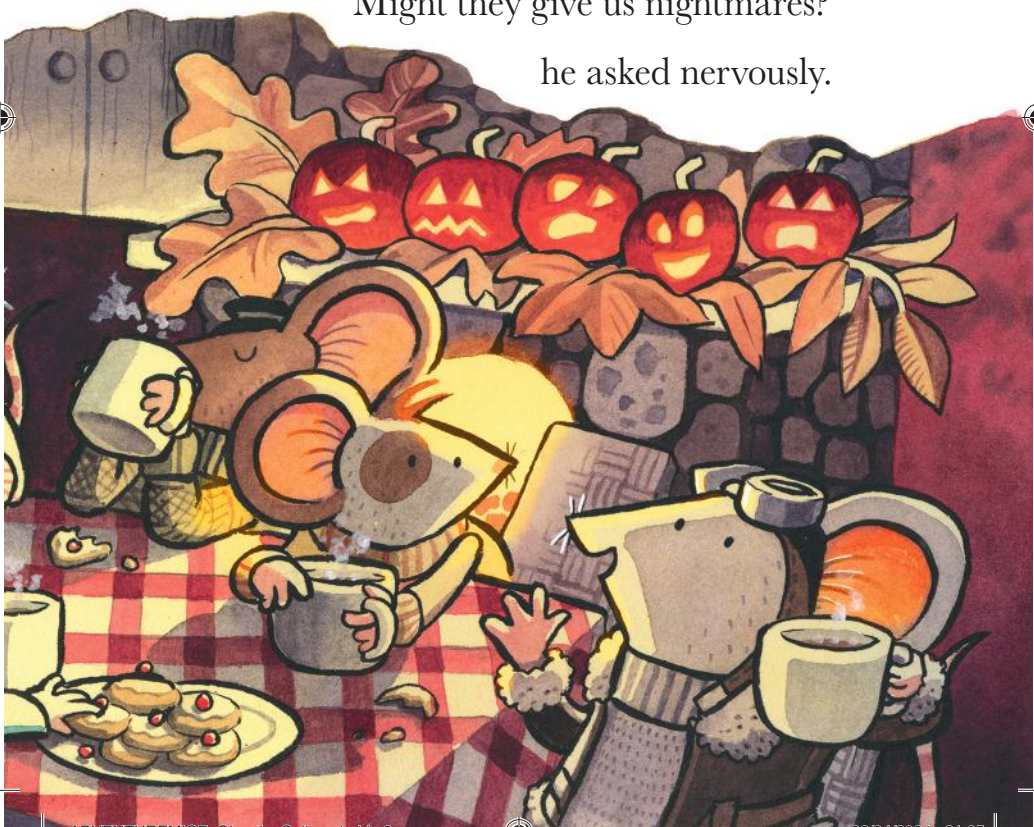




together, snug and warm, and listening to an exciting, scary story while the wind howled harmlessly outside? But Pedro, the smallest and newest of the team, was not so sure. He didn't like scary stories.

‘Might they give us nightmares?’

he asked nervously.





‘Of course they won’t!’ said Fledermaus.  
‘We are ADVENTUREMICE. We’re not  
scared of silly old ghosts!’

‘There are no such things as ghosts,’  
said Skipper firmly.

‘There are!’ said Juniper. ‘Haven’t you  
heard of the Ghostly Galleon?’

‘G-ghostly Galleon?’ asked Pedro.

‘Yes!’ said Millie. ‘Years and years  
and years and YEARS ago there was  
a wicked mouse pirate named Captain  
Cheesebeard. He and his pirate crew  
had a fast ship called the *Piranha*. They  
robbed all the other ships that sailed



between the islands.  
There were no  
Adventuremice  
to stop them in  
those days! But  
one night – and  
I expect it was a  
dark and stormy night,  
just like this one – the *Piranha* sank in a  
terrible storm, taking Cheesebeard and all  
his treasure to the bottom with her. But  
they say when the night is dark and the  
moon is full the *Piranha* still sails the seas  
around Bramble Isle.’




‘Oo-er!’  
squeaked Pedro,  
and glanced  
quickly at the  
window, in  
case any pirate  
ghosts were peeking in at him.



‘It’s just an old legend,’ said Skipper.

‘No it isn’t!’ said Bosun. ‘My friend Wobbly Jeff told me he saw the *Piranha* himself, just last week. A glowing ghost ship, she was, with Cheesebeard’s ghost at the wheel, and his phantom crew scampering up and down the rigging!’



She sailed right at him while he was out gathering seaweed near Bramble Isle.'

'Eek!' squeaked Pedro, and had to have a second marshmallow to calm himself.


'Wobbly Jeff rowed away as fast as he could,' said Bosun, 'for fear Cheesebeard would catch him and make him join his ghostly crew. His fur turned grey with the shock of it!'

'But Wobbly Jeff's fur was grey to start with,' Ivy said.


'Ah, but it turned a DIFFERENT SHADE of grey,' Bosun explained.








‘Well, I hope I never see the Ghostly Galleon,’ said Pedro. ‘It sounds really scary!’

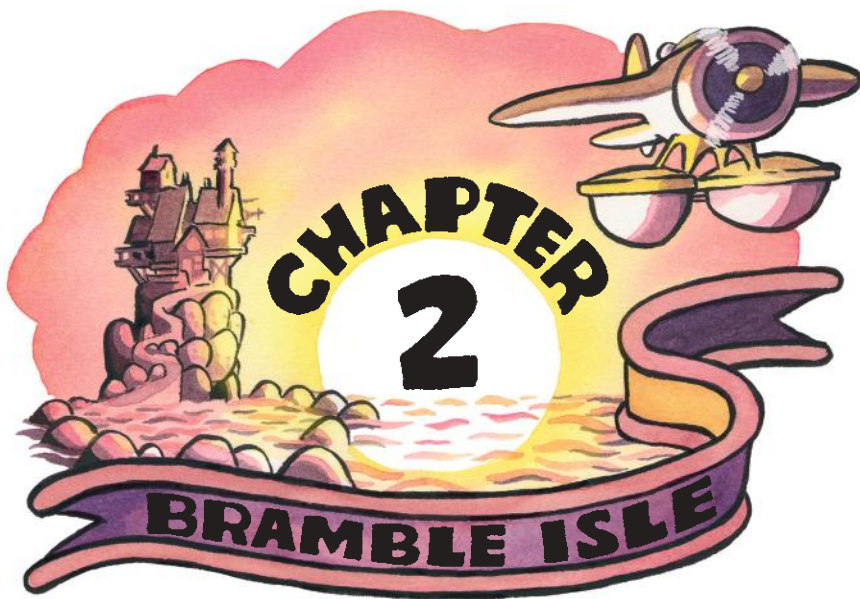


‘There are no such things as ghosts,’ said Skipper again. ‘But Wobbly Jeff is a sensible sea mouse and if he says he saw something, I’m sure he did. I wonder what it was? Perhaps some of us should go over to Bramble Isle and talk to the mice there. Let’s see if we can find out what’s behind this Ghostly Galleon story.’



‘I’ll go tomorrow!’ said Fledermaus. ‘And Pedro can come with me! We’re not afraid of silly old ghosts, are we, Pedro?’





The next morning Fledermaus and Pedro climbed into Fledermaus's seaplane and set off for Bramble Isle. It was a sunny day, but there was a frosty chill in the air, and the wind was blowing in a bullying, boisterous way, so the little plane had to keep swerving about



to dodge  
big leaves.

