

MILLIE



IVY



FLEDERMAUS



JUNIPER



BOSUN



PEDRO



SKIPPER

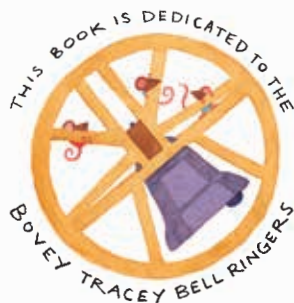


There is a lot of tiny text on this page and the Adventuremice were wondering if you would read it.

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



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BY PHILIP REEVE & SARAH MCINTYRE
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‘SNOW!’ shouted Fledermaus, crashing into Pedro’s bedroom early one winter’s morning. ‘It has SNOWED, Pedro! Let’s go outside!’

‘Snow?’ Pedro peeked out from under the covers. Before he came to stay with Fledermaus and the other Adventuremice

at their Mousebase he had lived under the floorboards of Hilltop House, and none of his family had ever gone outside when it snowed. They had made mugs of hot chocolate and curled up in their nests and snoozed until all the nasty stuff had melted. But here was Fledermaus, all wrapped up in scarf and mittens, absolutely itching to get out in the snow. And from outside the window Pedro could hear the shouts and laughter of the other Adventuremice . . .

It sounded as if they were having fun.
So Pedro scrambled out of his nest,



dressed in his warmest clothes, and followed Fledermaus out onto the balcony.

The world had been transformed overnight. Yesterday, the Mouse Islands

had been grey and brown and green. Now everything was sparkling white. The roofs of all the mouse houses were white.

Even the sea was white. The sky was grey, but white things were falling out of it.

LOTS of fluffy white things!



One of them landed on Pedro's nose and perched there, making his whiskers tingle. It was a tiny, perfect snowflake.

Splorf! went a much larger white thing, whooshing past Pedro's ear and hitting Fledermaus full in the face.



Down below, the other Adventure-mice were scrambling over the rocks around their harbour. Juniper shouted, 'Got you, Fledermaus!' and Fledermaus laughed, scooped some snow off the balcony rail, and moulded it into another snowball to throw back at her.

It looked such fun down there that Pedro was eager to join in. He ran to the stairs at the end of the balcony. But somebody seemed to have covered the stairs with glass. '**EEEK!**' he squeaked, slipping over.



he added, bouncing down the slippery stairs on his bottom. When he reached the foot of the stairs it turned out that the rocks below were just as slippery.

‘Oh no!’ Pedro squealed, slithering

across them. ‘Help!’ he squeaked, dropping off the edge. ‘Mouse overboard!’ he shouted, as he plunged towards the sea.

But instead of splashing into the water he just went sliding across it on his tummy. When he finally came to a stop and looked back, all the Adventuremice had gathered on the Mousebase harbour to watch him.

It was turning into a very confusing sort of day.

‘What’s happened to the sea?’ asked Pedro, trying to get up and slipping over again.

‘It’s frozen!’ shouted Bosun. ‘The ice

came early this year. The sea between the Mouse Islands doesn't usually freeze over till midwinter.'



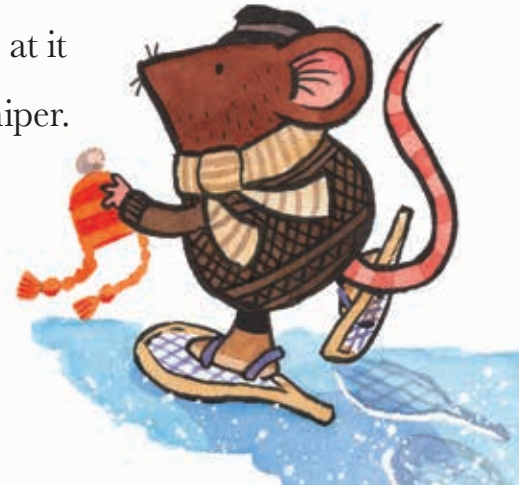
Millie and Juniper jumped down onto the frozen sea and started sliding out to help Pedro. They didn't seem to have any trouble standing up at all, and they sped

towards him very quickly and gracefully. They had strapped little blades of metal to their feet, which let them move about easily on the ice.

'You are so good at this!' said Pedro, as they helped him up and guided him back to shore, one holding him by each paw.

'Of course we are!' said Millie. 'We are Adventuremice, and Adventuremice are prepared for anything.'

'You'll be good at it too,' promised Juniper. 'We'll teach you how to skate.'



‘I’ve never been out in the snow and ice before,’ said Pedro.

‘Oh, it’s lovely when you get used to it!’ said Juniper. ‘Everything is so pretty when it’s just snowed.’

‘And there’s the Frost Fair!’ said Millie. ‘Pedro is going to *love* the Frost Fair!’

‘What’s the Frost Fair?’ asked Pedro.

‘It happens on Midwinter’s Day, between Big Island and Bramble Isle,’ said Millie. ‘It’s the most wonderful time of the whole year! Everyone puts their skates on and goes out onto the ice, and there are stalls and races and music and hot

chocolate. And the Frost Fair Organizing Committee bring all sorts of marvellous treats from the mainland.’

‘And don’t forget the snowmouse competition!’ said Fledermaus, reaching down to help Pedro ashore. ‘I want our snowmouse to win first prize this year.’

‘We’d better teach Pedro how to build a snowmouse!’ said Ivy. ‘A proper one, with



a scarf and one of Bosun's old hats and pebbles for eyes and a baby carrot for a nose.'

But Skipper, the leader of the Adventuremice, came buzzing over on his snowmobile just then to say, 'Sorry, Ivy! There's no time for making snowmice. We have a very serious problem on our paws . . .'



Pedro took extra special care not to slip as he and the other Adventuremice followed Skipper to the far side of the island. A little group of mice had just arrived at the entrance to the frozen Mousebase harbour. They had come over the sea on their skates, and were huddled together, looking terribly worried.