

Thea Stilton

MOUSEFORD ACADEMY

A FASHIONABLE
MYSTERY



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Text by Thea Stilton

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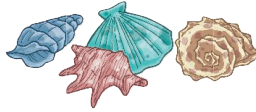
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BEACH DAY!

The halls of Mouseford Academy were completely deserted. Classes had ended for the weekend, and the building was as **QUIET AS A MOUSE**. The sun shone brightly, and an **ocean breeze** drifted through the windows. The lack of students was easy to explain — this was the first real beach day of the year!

Most mice flocked to the **wide** beaches on the east coast of Whale Island, but



Mouseford students and professors liked Seashell Beach best. It was a small cove with **calm** water surrounded by rocks that were good for **climbing**.

Every year, Nicky volunteered to be a weekend lifeguard. She loved waking up before everyone else and jogging to the **deserted** cove. In the early morning, Nicky



had the beach all to herself.

That morning, however, Nicky had company. As soon as she got to the cove, Nicky noticed a **STRANGE RODENT** sitting on the rocks, staring out to sea.

As soon as the stranger heard Nicky approach, she **JUMPED** to her feet. The mouse quickly put on her wide-brimmed



straw hat, adjusted her **SUNGLASSES**, and took off running like she was on an exercise wheel.

Nicky shrugged. **How strange!**





ON THE ROAD!

At Mouseford Academy, the other Thea Sisters were also **RUNNING**— they were really late!

“Hurry, mouselets! We’ll miss the bus!” Paulina called, her voice **ECHOING** in the empty hallway.

“Colette took too long putting on her sunscreen!” Pam grumbled, lugging a heavy bag **FULL OF TOWELS**.

“You’re supposed to apply sunscreen before you go outside!” Colette exclaimed.

“Well, what about the twenty minutes you spent picking out a **bathing suit**?” Pam asked.

“There are no shortcuts where fashion is

concerned!” Colette **panted**, clutching her **PURPLE** beach bag.

The Thea Sisters jogged out of the building and saw a big group boarding the beach bus.

“Finally, you’re here.” Elly sighed as soon as she saw the **THEA SISTERS** climb on the bus.





Shen and Craig were on the bus as well. They were already wearing their **bathing suits**.

“Mouselings, we’ll have to **SPLIT UP** to get seats,” Pam said. She waved at Paulina, who had already been **PUSHED** to the back of the bus by the crowd.





An old lady sat in front of Paulina, next to a tourist wearing a **brightly colored** Hawaiian shirt.

“Oof.” The lady sighed. “Every **summer** gets worse! There are more and more tourists, and no seats on the bus!”





The rodent in the Hawaiian shirt turned to her. “Are you from around here?” he asked. “I bet you know **EVERYONE** on the island.”

Paulina noticed that he was wearing a professional-looking camera.

“My friend Anna absolutely **loves** this island,” the tourist continued. “She has blue **EYES** and short blonde hair. She arrived a few days ago . . . maybe you’ve seen her?”

The old **MOUSE** shook her head and dug a magazine out of her bag.

The mouse with the camera didn’t give up. He spent the whole trip asking everyone around him if they’d seen his friend Anna.

Finally, the bus reached the first stop.

“TURTLE BEACH!”
the bus driver called.

In a few **short** minutes, more than half the passengers had gotten off. The