

Geronimo Stilton

Thea Stilton **AND THE CHOCOLATE SABOTAGE**



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Text by Thea Stilton

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THE SMELL OF ADVENTURE!

It was a beautiful morning when my ferry docked on Whale Island. I was greeted by a strong sea **breeze** and the eager, high-pitched squeak of **Mercury Whale**, the island's mailmouse.

"Miss Thea!" he shouted, **STRETCHING** a paw above the crowd.

"Wait for me! I'm comiiiiing!"

I **waved** back. A moment later, he'd **scampered** through the pack and **reached** my side.

"The headmaster asked





me to **pick you up**,” Mercury explained. “He’s **EXCITED** to see you!”

“I’m looking forward to seeing him, too,” I said.

We clambered into Mercury’s **WAN**, and soon we were speeding toward Mouseford Academy, where I studied as a young **mouselet**. Nowadays I return from time to time to teach **journalism** classes to a new crop of students.

Oh, pardon me, I almost forgot to introduce myself! My name is Thea Stilton, and I am special correspondent for *The Rodent’s Gazette*, New Mouse City’s **BIGGEST** newspaper. I was back at Mouseford to visit the headmaster, Octavius de Mousus, an old **friend** of mine.

As soon as we got to the academy, I sniffed the air. The smell of **chocolate** was overpowering!



“Where is that amazing aroma coming from?” Mercury exclaimed.

I **smiled**. “I think I know!” I thanked him for the ride and scurried down the hall to Professor de Mousus’s office.

Before I could knock, the headmaster **flung** open the door and threw his paws around me. “My dear Thea!” he exclaimed. “Come in. I have a **SURPRISE** for you!”

Waiting for us on the coffee table were two cups of **hot chocolate**. “I see that the Thea Sisters sent you a special present from their most recent adventure!” I said. **Colette**, **Nicky**, **PAMELA**, **PAULINA**, and **Violet** — the **THEA SISTERS** — were the star students of my journalism class.

“Yes, indeed!” he replied. “This chocolate was shipped directly from **Ecuador**. Have you heard anything about their trip?”



“Yes,” I said, booting up my **laptop**.
“The mouselets sent me a long email and
lots of **photos**. Make yourself comfortable,
because I’ve got quite a tale to tell you!
The **STORY** begins about a month
ago, when Pam was feeling
hungry one evening. . . .”

