

Geronimo Stilton

Thea Stilton
**AND THE LEGEND
OF THE FIRE FLOWERS**



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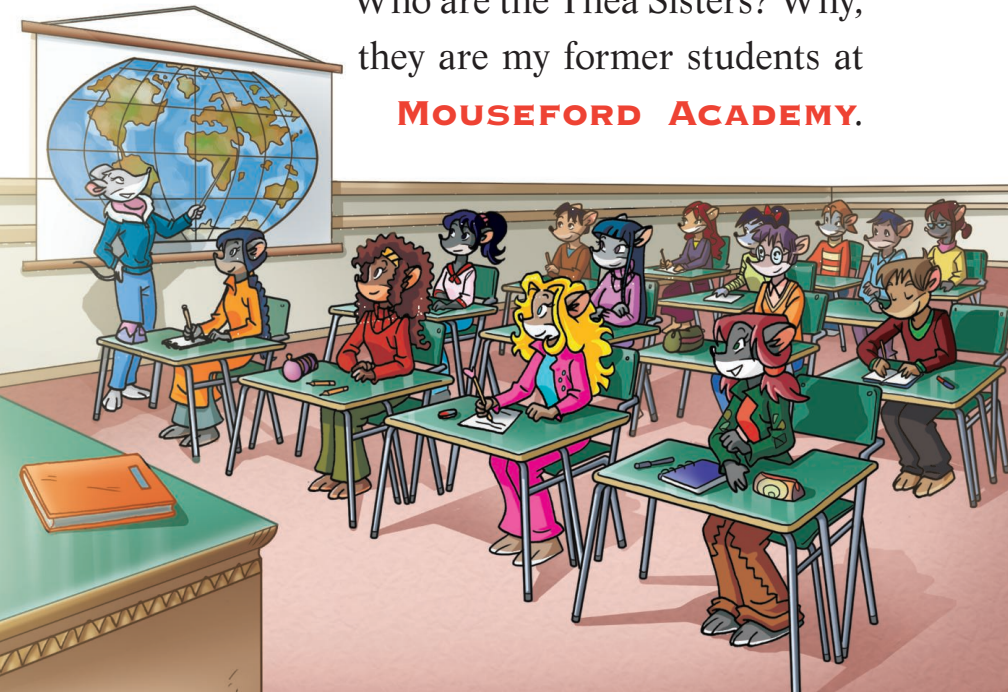
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THEA SISTERS NOW MORE THAN EVER!

Just a few months ago, I would never have dreamed that my friends the **THEA SISTERS** would *surpass* me as investigative journalists. But it's happened, and I am **prouder** than a porcupine!

Who are the Thea Sisters? Why, they are my former students at **MOUSEFORD ACADEMY.**





You see, a little while back, I was invited to teach a class in adventure journalism at my old school. *Colette*, *Nicky*, **PAMELA**, **PAULINA**, and **Violet** — the Thea Sisters — were in my class. Without a doubt, they are the five most **brilliant** mouselets I've ever met.

In fact, they are such good detectives that they've solved almost as many **mysteries** as my old friend Hercule Poirat!

But I'm putting the **CHEESE** before the cracker. Let me slow down and begin at the *beginning*.

A few days ago, my brother, *Geronimo*, called me into his office at *The Rodent's Gazette*. (He is the publisher, and I am a special correspondent.) As soon as I scampered in, he pawed me a hot-off-the-press copy of the newspaper.



“Congratulations, sis! Those mouselets of yours have gotten a **REAL SCOOP!**”

I took the newspaper and immediately spotted a photo of my young **friends** on the front page.

“The Thea Sisters!” I exclaimed in surprise. Geronimo nodded in satisfaction.

I began to read out loud: “Five Mouseford Academy **students** perform heroic rescue atop **Hawaii's** biggest **Volcano!**”

“You did a fabumouse job training those mouselets. Great work!” my brother said.





“What do you say to a trip to **WHALE ISLAND**? I want your pals to give you an exclusive interview so we can publish a **special** edition of *The Rodent’s Gazette*.”

He didn’t have to ask twice. I grabbed the **ferry** ticket he’d bought me, slapped a kiss on his snout, and scurried home to pack my **bags**.

When the ferry pulled into port, Colette, Nicky, Pamela, Paulina, and Violet were standing on the pier, waving **eagerly**. They couldn’t wait to tell me about the **INCREDIBLE** adventure that had splashed their snouts across **NEWSPAPERS** all over the world!

We hugged and hurried up to the school. Violet fixed us a pot of **PIPING-HOT** tea, and the mouselets began to tell me their tale, starting with the moment they arrived in **Hawaii**. . . .