

Geronimo Stilton

Thea Stilton AND THE MYSTERY IN PARIS



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Text by Thea Stilton

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A ROSE FOR THEA

It was one of those **HOT** spring mornings when you can tell summer's about to begin. I was out on my balcony, watering my **flowers** and enjoying the **SUN**. My garden was blooming beautifully! I have quite the **GREEN** paw, if I do say so myself.

Oh, I almost forgot to introduce myself. My name is **THEA STILTON**. My brother is *Geronimo Stilton*, the famous publisher of **THE RODENT'S GAZETTE**. I am a special correspondent for his **newspaper**.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a **DELIVERY TRUCK**





stopping on the street outside my building. A moment later . . .

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

The doorbell started to ring.

“Is **anyone** home?” someone shouted **SHRILLY**. “Open up! I can’t wait here all day!”

It was the unmistakable squeak of **Mercury Whale, Mouseford Academy’s** mailmouse. Mouseford is a famous school on Whale Island. I studied there as a mouseling, and had recently worked there as a visiting professor.

I scurried to open the door. But when I flung it open, instead of Mercury I saw a **splendid** bunch of roses!

“Where should I put it?” came a muffled squeak from inside the rosebush. “Hello? I’m getting **pricked** by thorns here! Where should I put it?”

A ROSE



FOR THEA

I noticed that the bush had two SKINNY legs sticking out from under it. I could barely see the tip of Mercury's snout peeking out between the flowers.

"Come in, Mercury!" I said, opening the door wide. "Right this way."

I led him out to the balcony. There was an empty corner that was just perfect for the wonderful rosebush.

But who was it from? Before I had a chance



A ROSE



FOR THEA

to ask Mercury, he was **scampering** off to catch the ferry back to **Whale Island**. He was out the door faster than a hungry cat at feeding time.

It was then that I noticed a **YELLOW** card sticking out of the bush.

Sweets for the sweet. Roses for our beloved Thea! xoxo, the Thea sisters

“What kind mouselings!” I exclaimed. The bush was a **GIFT** from my favorite students, five mouselings I had gotten to know at Mouseford when I had returned to teach there. They had excelled in my course on investigative journalism and had even helped me solve a mystery. They’d decided to name themselves after me: the **THEA SISTERS**.

I **turned** the card over to see if there was anything written on the back, and I found



this message: *Check your e-mail. We've sent you the story and photos from our latest adventure—in Paris!*

I hurried over to my **LAPTOP** and turned it on. Sure enough, there was a long, juicy **e-mail** from **Colette**, **Nickey**, **Pamela**, **PAULINA**, and **Violet**!

So I made myself **comfortable** in my lawn chair, propped up my laptop on my knees, and began to read.

The five mouselings' latest adventure had started over school break.

As I read the first paragraph, I knew that I had found the perfect story for a new book. The title?

**THE MYSTERY IN
PARIS!**

