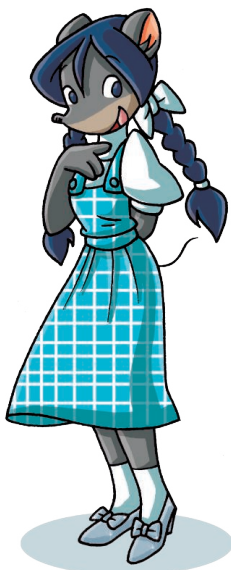


Thea Stilton

MOUSEFORD ACADEMY

**A MOUSEFORD
MUSICAL**



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WHAT WILL IT BE?

It was a sunny morning, and the students at Mouseford Academy were **busier** than ever. School would be ending soon, and everyone was talking about the same thing: what would the end-of-the-year **show** be?

This year was especially exciting, because it was the first year of the **DEPARTMENT OF ARTS, MUSIC, and DRAMA**. Headed by Professor Camille Ratyshnikov, the department was popular with many of the students — including the five **THEA SISTERS**.

“The show is only a month away!” said Paulina excitedly.

Paulina and the other Thea Sisters were



headed across campus to clean up the old **greenhouse**.

“Well, I heard that the professors are being very **secretive** about what show we’re doing,” said blond-haired Colette, who carried a box of small rosebushes.

“But we do know that it will be a **MUSICAL**,” said Violet, who played the violin. “Won’t that be amazing? There will be **singing, dancing, DRAMA . . .**”

“Tryouts will be **INTENSE!**” said Pam.

“Definitely,” agreed Nicky. “I need to practice my dance moves. But first, we need to **clean up** this greenhouse for Professor Rattcliff.”

“It will look so **fabumouse** when we’re done,” said Colette. “I can’t wait to plant these **ROSES**.”



“These **LIGHTS** will look beautiful,” said Violet.

“And so will these **Flags**, if I can get them apart,” added Pam, looking at the **tangled** decorations she was carrying.

“The decorations are a **great idea**,”





Nicky said. “We’re going to bring that old greenhouse back to life!”

Just then, Professor Rosalyn Plié came walking down the path toward them. The professor of **DANCE** at the academy, she was part of the team involved in planning the musical. She had a **worried** look

on her snout and did not seem to notice the Thea Sisters.

“Good morning, Professor!”

Nicky said.

“Oh, **good morning!**” replied Professor Plié, stopping in front of them. “I didn’t mean to ignore you. I’m on my way to a meeting for the big year-end show, and I have a lot on my mind.”

“Is it true that it will be a **MUSICAL?**” asked Violet.





“And if it is, can you give us a hint what it is?” Pam asked. “*The Sound of Cheddar? Phantom of the Cheese Factory?*”

“Yes, please tell us the title!”

Colette joined in.

Professor Plié sighed. How could she confess to these **excited** students that she did not have the faintest idea?