

MINI MISSION #4

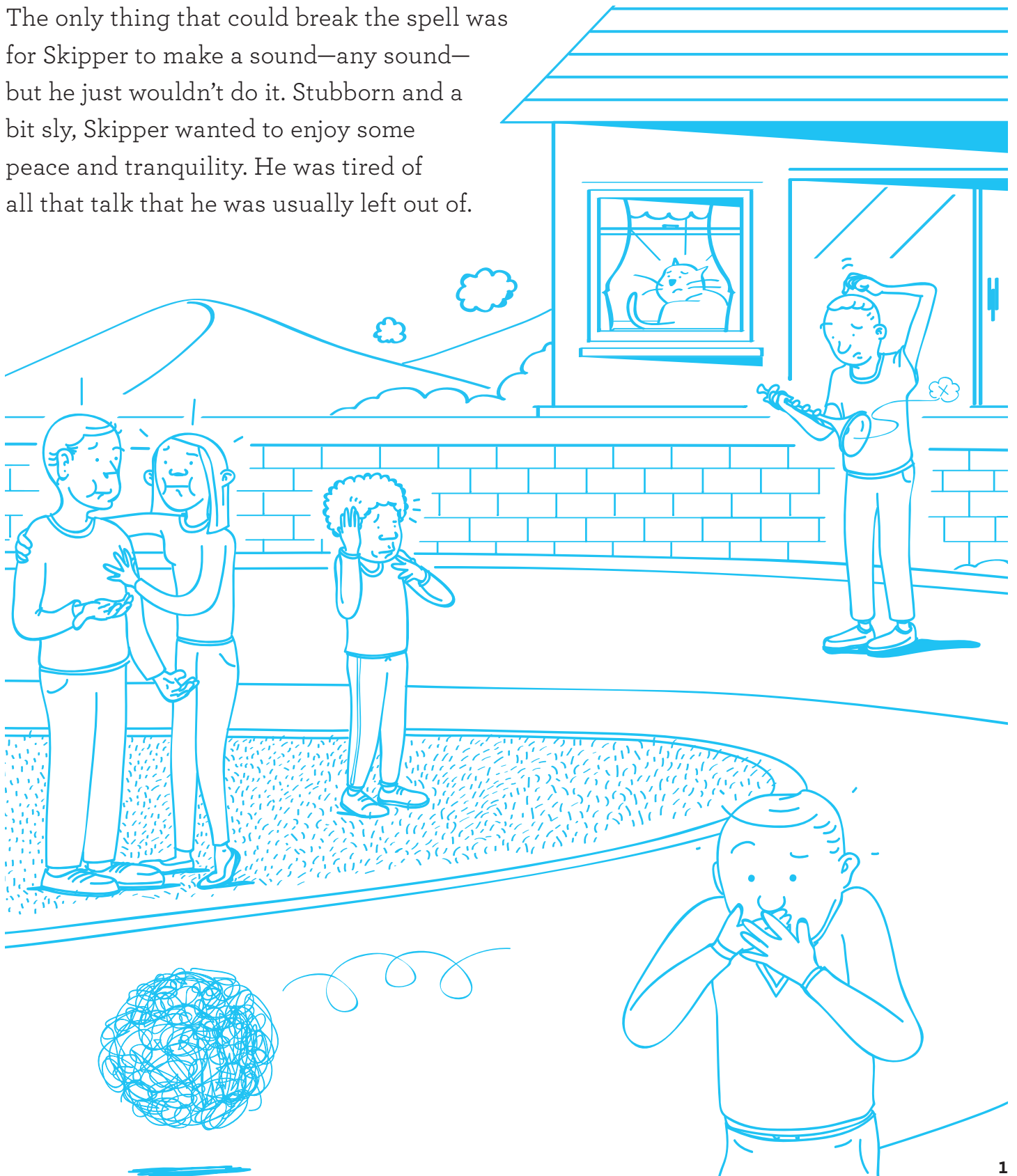
the case of the Silent City

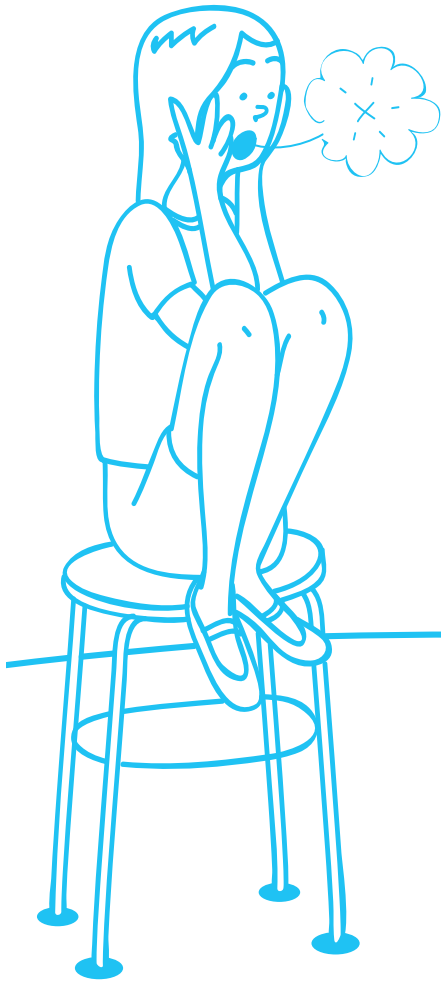


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It was a quiet morning in Mini™ City. Very quiet! No one in the town could speak because the sneaky Skipper had cast a spell of silence. It was a stifling scene. No one could talk and the sad truth could not even be told. People desperately missed their “Good morning!” greetings, their breakfast banter, and their comforting conversations.

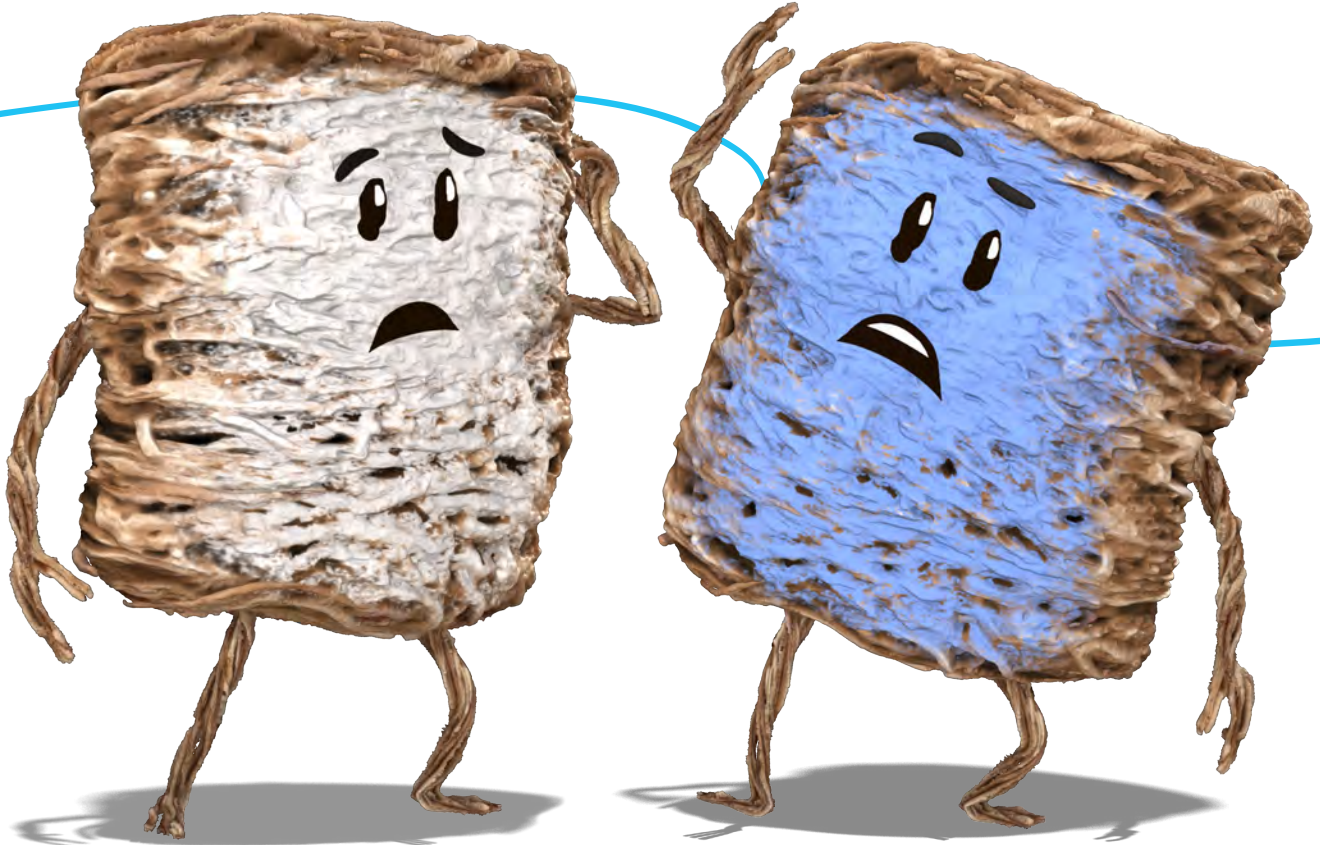
The only thing that could break the spell was for Skipper to make a sound—any sound—but he just wouldn’t do it. Stubborn and a bit sly, Skipper wanted to enjoy some peace and tranquility. He was tired of all that talk that he was usually left out of.

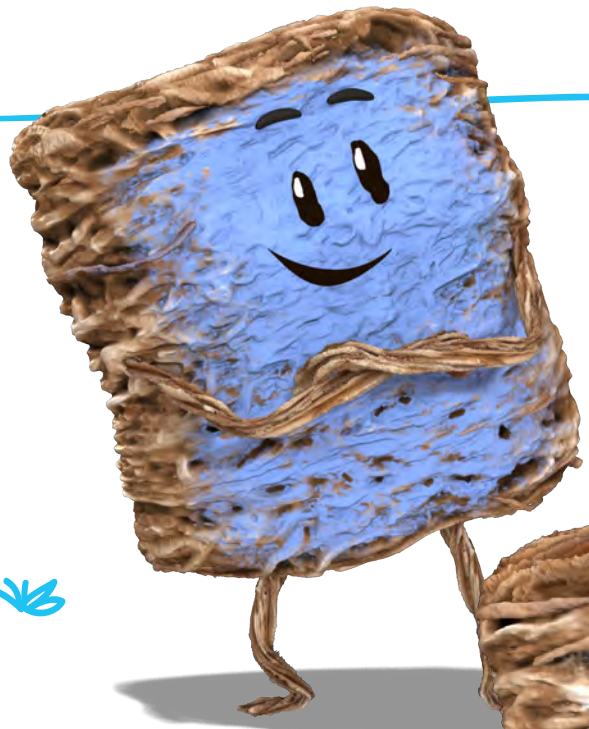
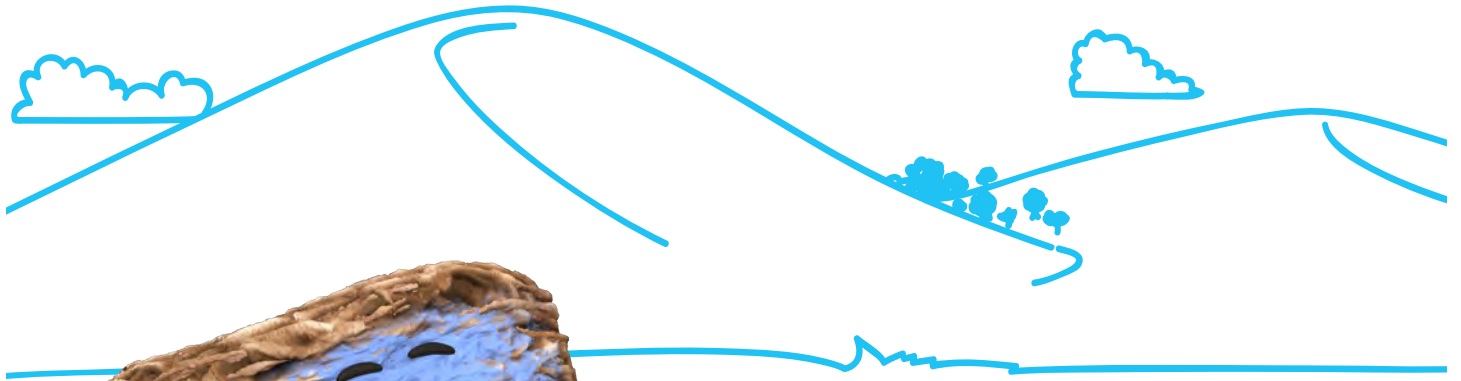




At the very moment when Skipper cast his spell, Mini™ and Blueberry had been in the middle of a wonderful conversation that they were eager to continue.

Mini™ tried to speak, but nothing came out. Blueberry couldn't make a noise—not even a weak one. A mouse tried a squeak, but the outcome was bleak. The girl on the stool couldn't manage a shriek!





Blueberry thought that the silent treatment might just be a game.



But Mini™ knew that Skipper must be to blame.

The two quickly found Skipper, who was skipping breakfast, of course.
When he saw Mini™ and Blueberry, he wrote a note for them on the mirror:

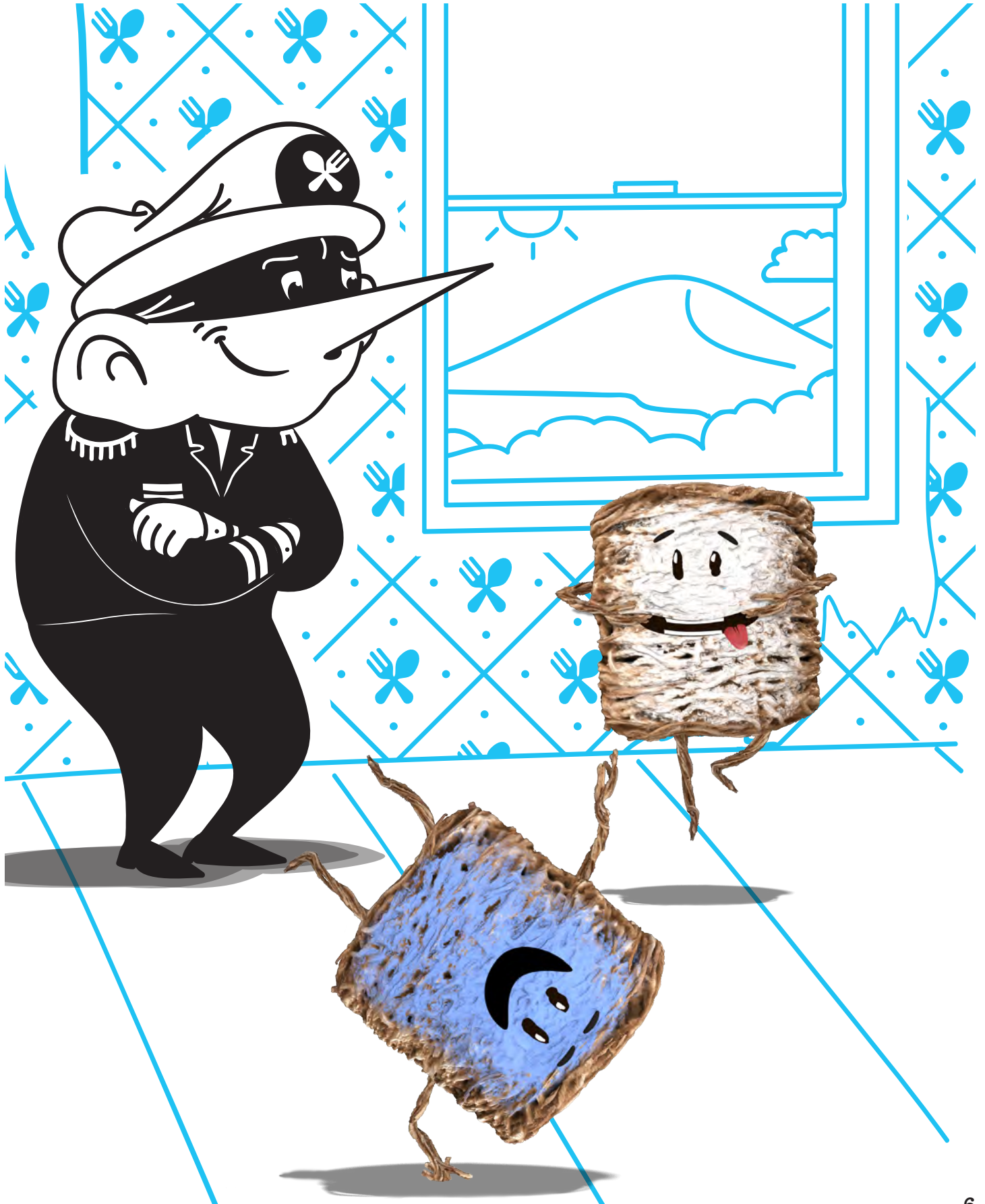




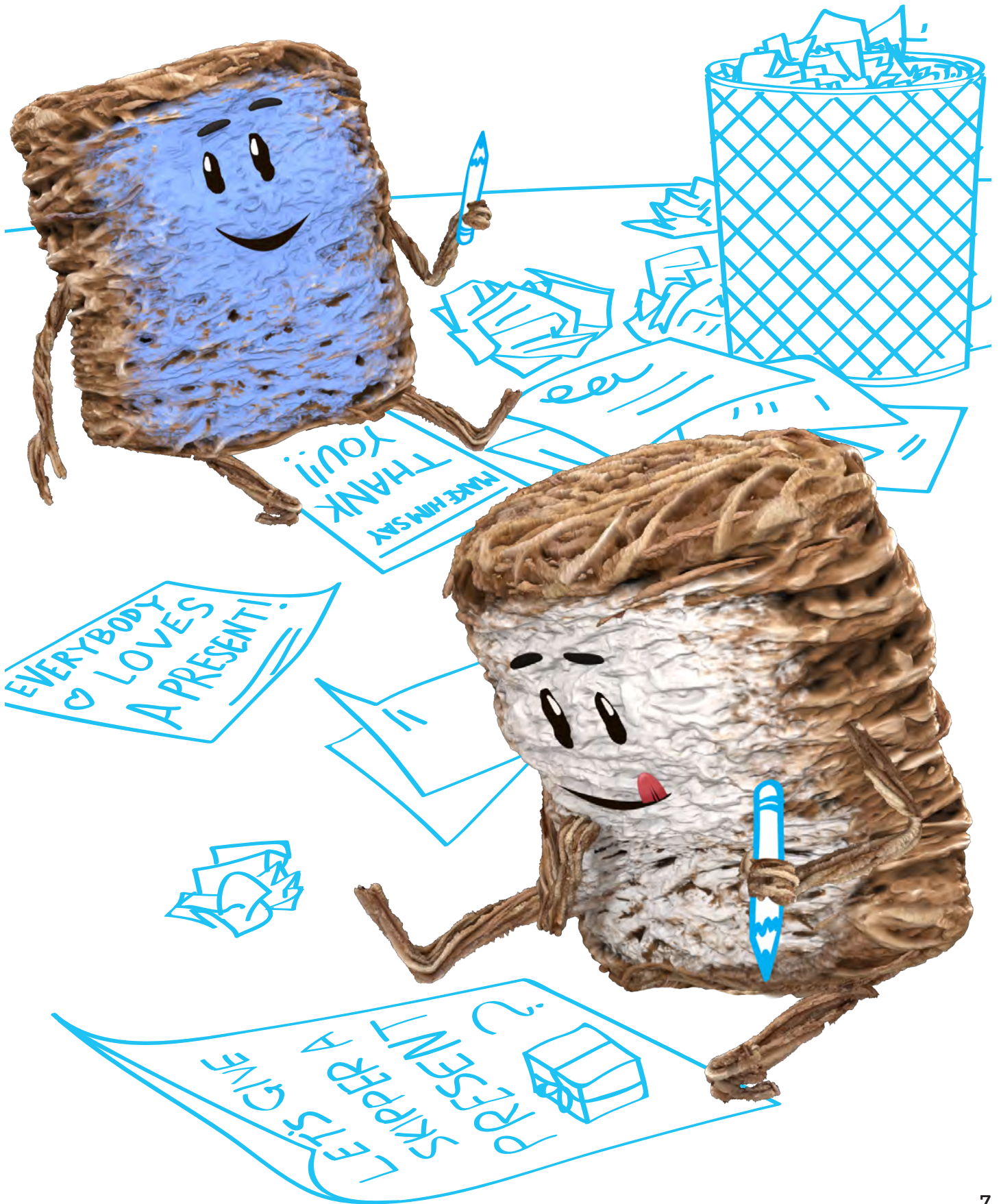
When they returned a few hours later, Mini™ and Blueberry were wearing the most frightening monster costumes they could find.

Mini™ thought that if they could startle Skipper, he would cry out and break the spell. Alas, when Skipper saw the monsters, he was simply scared sentence-less.

Next they tried to make Skipper laugh by making funny faces, doing crazy acrobatic moves, and even tickling him. Skipper grinned, but he didn't giggle or guffaw.



After their two failed attempts at coaxing Skipper to converse, they weren't sure what to do. They shared ideas by writing dozens and dozens of notes to each other, when suddenly a brilliant idea began to take shape.



And so Mini™ and Blueberry wrapped a big box with swirly paper and shimmery bows. They delivered it to Skipper with a card:



No one had EVER given Skipper a present before.
His emotions welled up inside and
when his heart was about to
burst; he uttered a
single syllable...



That was enough to break the spell. Skipper started talking non-stop and so did everyone else in Mini™ City. The breakfast banter was once again flowing like milk from a pitcher. And Skipper had learned that he could join in the conversations too. He began with a loud and clear, “Thank You!”



SAY NO TO SKIPPER!



EAT BREAKFAST EVERYDAY!!



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