

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton

THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

THE HUNT FOR THE COLOSSEUM GHOST

PLUS a bonus
Mini Mystery and
cheesy jokes!



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THE HUNT FOR THE COLOSSEUM GHOST





A STRANGE, CHEESE-COLORED ENVELOPE . . .

I had just arrived at my office for the day when my assistant, *Mourella Mac Mouser*, dumped a **HUGE** pile of mail on my desk.

Here you go!



So much mail!



Oh, I'm sorry! I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

As I was saying, I had a lot of mail: one envelope contained a **contract** to sign, another held a *manuscript* by a promising new writer, and one was a **postcard** my aunt Sweetfur had sent from her vacation on Furflung Island. There were also bills to pay: the office's gas bill, a bill from my architect friend Mousilina Straightedge (she had recently installed **solar panels** on my house), and a bill from the mechanic who had just fixed my car. Finally, there was a *purple, perfumed envelope*.

Squeak! I immediately recognized the scent: it was **Ratell No. 5**, my friend Creepella von Cacklefur's favorite perfume!

One thing you should know is that Creepella



tells everyone she is my **girlfriend**, but it's not true. We're just friends, rodent's honor! I **opened** the envelope:

Gerrykins, next week is our anniversary! I have planned a cheese stew dinner at Cacklefur Castle with the whole family. Don't forget!

-Your beloved Creepella



“**What anniversary?**” I squeaked aloud. “We aren't even dating!”

Crusty kitty litter, a dinner at Cacklefur Castle with the whole family? **I can't stand cheese stew!** And Creepella's family can be incredibly . . . well, creepy!





I was about to call Creepella to let her know once and for all that I only like her as a friend. I also planned to tell her I couldn't attend an anniversary party with her entire family. But then I caught sight of an official-looking yellow letter in the stack of mail . . .

What a strange, **Cheese-colored** envelope!

I opened it immediately and almost jumped out of my fur in surprise.

Holey cheese, it was a letter from the principal at my little nephew Benjamin's school! I remembered Mr. Strictfur well; he had been my teacher long ago.

For a moment, I took a trip down **memory lane**: Mr. Strictfur had been my history teacher at Little Tails Academy. My fellow students and I were always so **nervous** whenever there was a quiz; it's no coincidence that his name is **Strictfur**!



Little Tails Academy
New Mouse City

Dear Mr. Stilton,

I am writing to inform you that your nephew Benjamin Stilton is struggling to keep his grades up this semester. His history grade is especially problematic. In fact, his teacher recently quizzed him on ancient Rome and he was not able to answer a single question correctly! Let me know when we can meet to discuss this issue. Benjamin is a very bright young mouselet, and I would like to give him a chance to improve his grades before it's too late. I don't want to have to hold him back at the end of the school year!

Best regards,

Stuart Strictfur

Principal



He was one of the toughest teachers in the school, but years later, I understand that it was because he cared about us. It's thanks to him that I learned so many things about **history** that have been useful in my job at *The Rodent's Gazette*. And now history was the very subject that seemed to be causing Benjamin the most **trouble!**