

Geronimo Stilton

**IT'S HALLOWEEN,
YOU 'FRAIDY MOUSE!**



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ISBN 0-439-55973-1

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Original title: *Halloween...che fifa felina!*

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Original cover by Matt Wolf; revised by Larry Keys

Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse and Marina Bonanni

Special thanks to Kathryn Cristaldi

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Cover design by Ursula Albano

Interior layout by Kay Petronio

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in the U.S.A.

4 5 6 7 8 9/0

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First printing, September 2004



SEE, THERE'S NOTHING THERE . . .

It was a **rainy** October night. I was working late at the office.

The only sound was coming from the rain outside my window.

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP . . .

It was so peaceful. So soothing. Smiling, I casually glanced out the window. Cheese niblets! A **GHOST** was staring right back at me!



I **JUMPED** to my paws. **Squeak!!** My

whiskers began trembling with fear. *Get a grip, Geronimo*, I told myself.

I cleaned my glasses. When I looked again, the ghost was gone.

“See, there’s nothing there,” I said out loud.

I stared down at the book I had been reading. The words swam before my eyes. *I must be tired*, I decided. Maybe it was time to go home.

But just then, the lights went out! What was going on? I yanked open my desk drawer. I had to find my flashlight. Suddenly, I spotted something glowing at the bottom of the drawer. What was it?

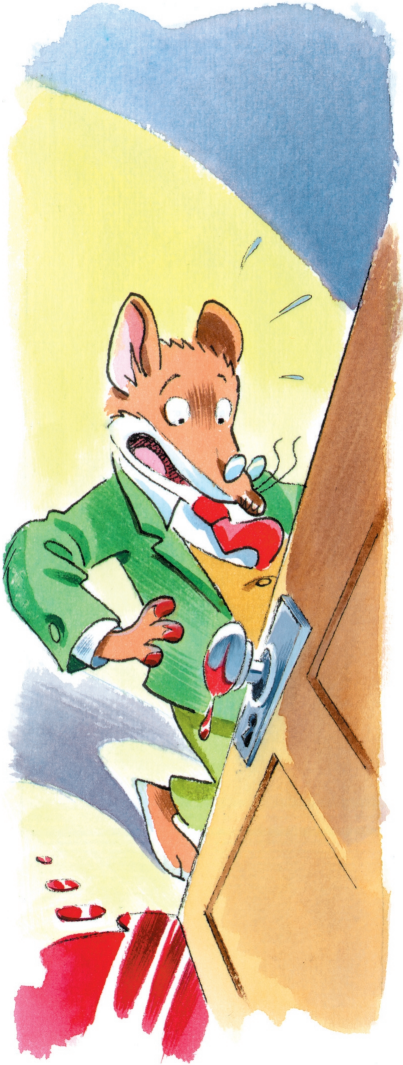
I stretched out my paw and touched . . . a skull! **RANCID rat hairs!** I jumped so high, my fur touched the ceiling.

I raced to the door. I grabbed the doorknob. It felt **STICKY**. How strange.



.....

I opened my desk drawer and . . .



The cleaning mice were usually so careful. Maybe I should squeak with them.

But there was no time to worry about it now. I raised my paw up to the moonlight to get a better look. What was that dripping from my fur? It was sticky. It was red. It was **BLOOD!**

I felt faint. The sight of blood does that to me. My heart was racing like a speed skater at the Mouse Olympics.

I ran down the **DARK HALL**, squeaking at the top of my lungs.

All of a sudden, a white shape peeped out from around the corner. “**Boo!**” it howled.

My jaw hit the ground. I started to sweat. I was so scared, I could hardly breathe. I felt like I was starring in a terrifying horror-mouse movie! Do you like horror movies? I hate them. Especially the ones where the mouse is home alone and the phone rings. The caller says he’s coming after the mouse. Then the mouse runs around in circles, squeaking and pulling





out his fur. They're the worst. I spend half the movie with my paws covering my eyes.

I chewed my whiskers. Just thinking about those movies made me shake. I rushed toward the office lobby. I had to get out. I had to get away.

At last, I reached the front door. But it was locked. Someone or something had locked me in!

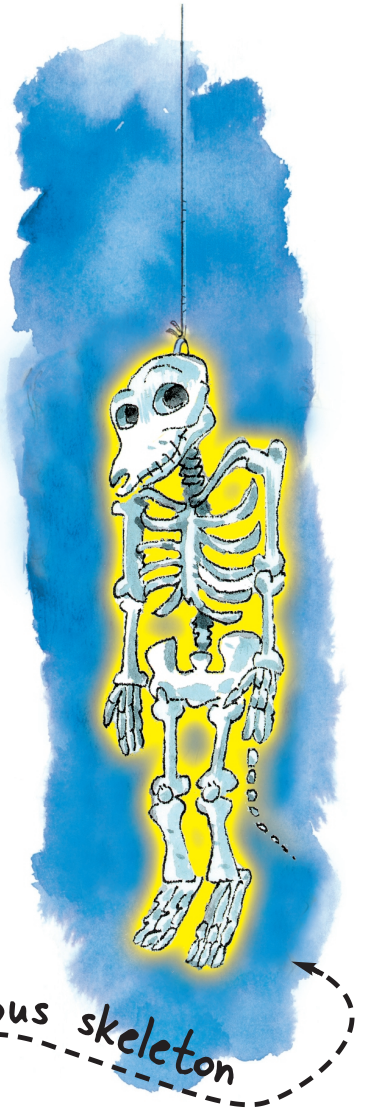
"HELP!" I squeaked, rattling the knob.

At first, there was

Meooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwww!!!


silence. Then I heard a sound. Yes, someone was on the other side of the door. Cheesecake! I was saved! Maybe it was Fuzzy, the night watchmouse. Fuzzy was an older rodent. His eyes were kind of going. And his ears were shot. But I just couldn't bring myself to fire him. How could I? He was such a sweet, kind, gentle rodent. Yes, they just don't make them like Fuzzy anymore. Now I couldn't wait to see his friendly snout.

But instead of seeing good, old



Fuzzy, I heard a horrifying sound.

“Meooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!”

It was a  **CAT**! Terrified, I turned around and ran. I had to reach the emergency exit. I could just make out the glow-in-the-dark sign up ahead. But something else was glowing next to it. What was it? I squinted my eyes to see better. That’s when my paws screeched to a halt. A hideous, gleaming white skeleton stared back at me.

“Hi, Gerrybaby! **Trick** or **treat**?” the skeleton sneered.

I blinked. I knew that voice. Yes, I knew it very well. It was my annoying cousin Trap.

At that moment, the lights flicked back on. A familiar snout appeared before me.

“Gerrykins, my mouse!” Trap smirked. “You’re so easy to

SCARE.”