

# Geronimo Stilton

## THE MYSTERY IN VENICE



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# I'M DRAGGING FROM JET LAG

It was a *hot* summer day and I was exhausted. I had just returned from a trip to the Restful Tails Resort in the *Swiss Alps* and I was dragging from jet lag.

So much for feeling restful! I could barely keep my eyes *open*!





Don't get me wrong — I love visiting Switzerland. I mean, who wouldn't love the place where they invented **Swiss cheese**? But flying back and forth between time zones had left me with a terrible case of jet lag.

Do you know what **JET LAG** is?

It's something that happens to rodents when they travel by plane and cross from one time zone into another. Your body clock feels like it's one time, but the local clock says it's another. It makes your insides feel like curdled cheese!

First your head gets **heavy**, then your eyes begin to **close**,

### TIME ZONES

The Earth is divided into twenty-four sections called time zones.

Every section corresponds to an hour. When you travel across continents, your watch must be adjusted an hour for every section you cross. If you go east, the hour is added, and if you go west, the hour is subtracted. So if it is eight p.m. in London, it is three p.m. in New York.



then your stomach gets **upset**, and then your tail **droops**. Plus, the worst part is that at night, your body thinks it's still morning, so you can't fall asleep!

**Cheese niblets!** I hate jet lag!

This is one of the many reasons that I have never loved to travel. In fact, I guess you could say my two most favorite places in the world are my cozy **mouse hole** and my **office** at *The Rodent's Gazette*.

Oh, how rude. I haven't even introduced myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, what was I saying?

Ah, yes, I was telling you how much **I WAS DRAGGING FROM JET LAG!**

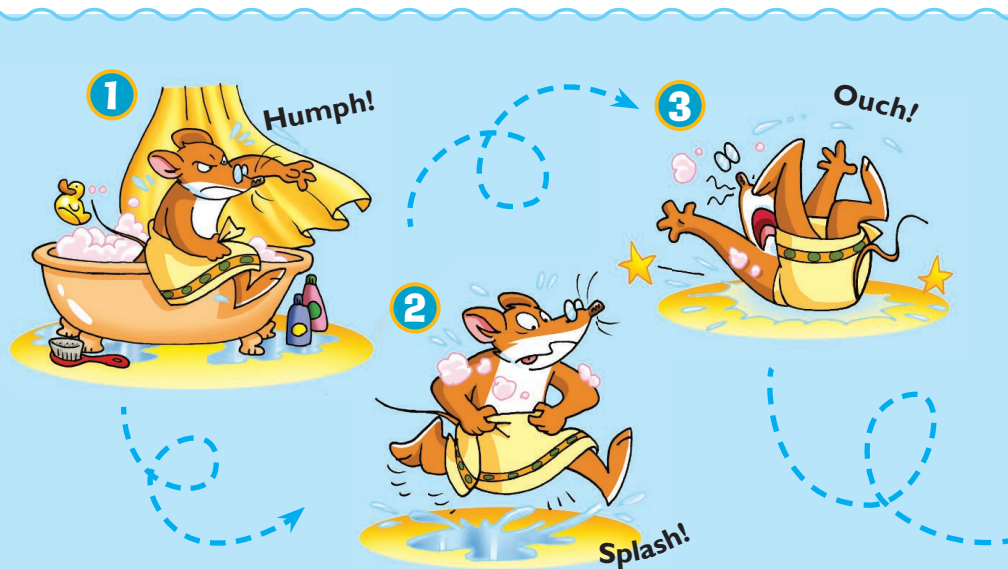
But luckily I had a plan.



I was going to put my anti-jet lag **remedy** into action: a warm bath, pajamas, slippers, a cup of tea, and right to bed!

But as soon as I started to relax, the telephone **rang**.

I got out of the tub grumbling. **1** First, I couldn't find my bath towel, so I grabbed one that was **way too small**. **2** Next, I headed toward the living room **dripping** soapy water everywhere. Meanwhile, the telephone





kept ringing and ringing. Rats! It was giving me a **mouse-sized headache!** ③ As I raced for the phone, I slipped on a puddle and fell on my tail. **Cuch!** ④ I tried to get up but lost my balance and fell forward right on my snout. **THUMP!** ⑤ Finally, I reached the phone and stammered,

“H-h-hello?”

