

Geronimo Stilton

**I'M NOT A
SUPERMOUSE!**



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www.geronimostilton.com

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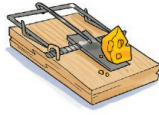
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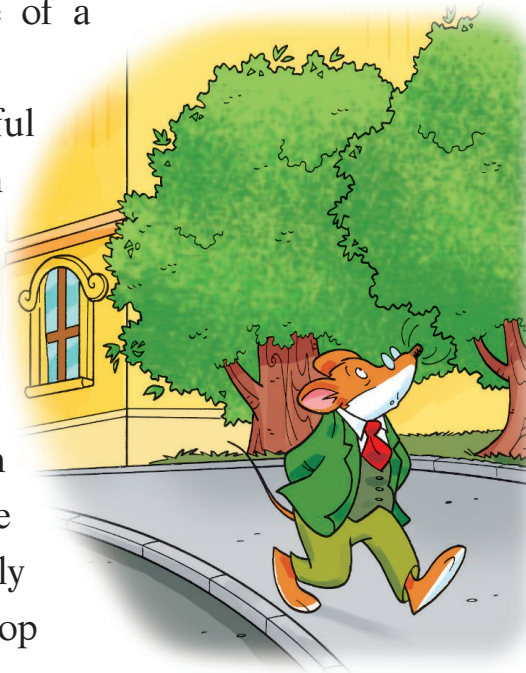
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A MOUSE TRAP

Hello! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. What you're about to read is one of my favorite **ADVENTURES**. You see, I just love reading. In fact, this particular story began because of a **book**....

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon in *spring*, and I was whistling **HAPPILY** as I strolled along the streets of New Mouse City. I was in a good mood because I'd planned a really nice day. First, I'd shop





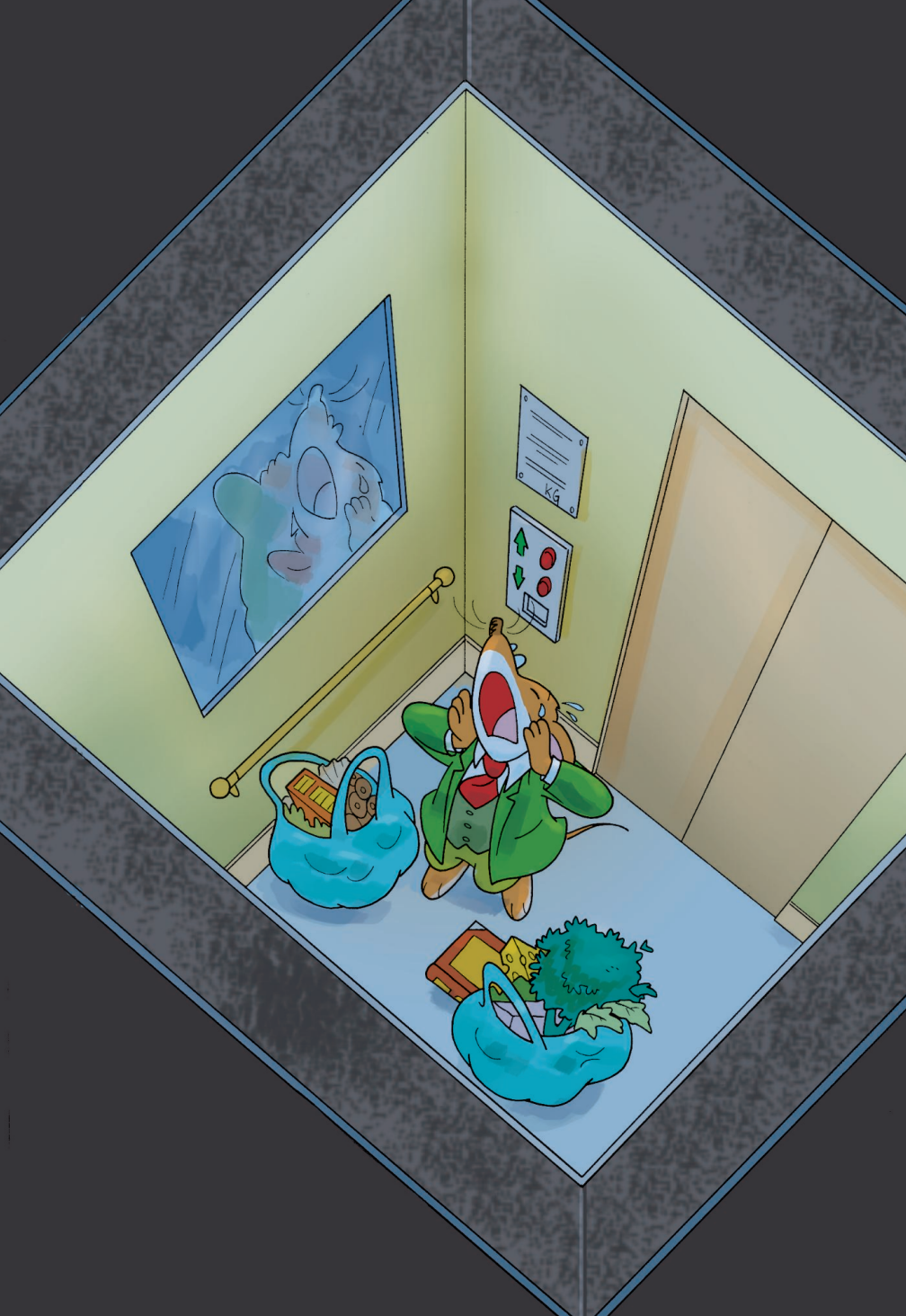
for some fresh cheese, then I'd head over to **New Mouse City's library**, where the library mouse was holding a **book** for me. It was something I'd wanted to read for a **LONG** time.

When I was done with my shopping, I scurried over to the library. After chatting with the library mouse, I checked out the book.

The security guard shouted, "**The library is closing!** All rodents are kindly asked to get their books and leave the premises!"

I scampered onto the elevator and pushed the **DOWN button**. The elevator began going down. But suddenly, between the third and second floors, I heard a **screech**, and the elevator came to a dead **stop**. The lights went out, and I was plunged into **DARKNESS**.

I waited for a moment, then squeaked at the





top of my lungs: “Help! The **elevator** is stuck!”

There was no response. A **chill** ran down my tail as a **TERRIFYING** thought struck me: “I’m stuck in an elevator on a Saturday afternoon and no one has a clue I’m here!”

Cold **sweat** dripped from my whiskers. My head was spinning like a **mousey-go-round** at an amusement park. My heart was racing **FASTER** than a gerbil on a treadmill. I banged my paws on the steel doors, screaming, “**HELP**, I’m traaaapppped!”

Despite the **darkness**, I saw something move. “**AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGHH!**” I screeched.

Then I looked closer: It was only my own **REFLECTION** in the elevator’s mirror!