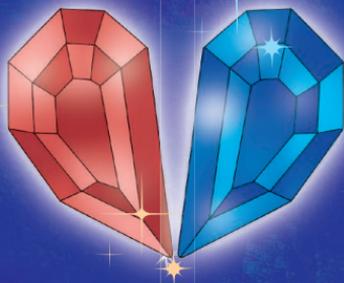




Geronimo Stilton

THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE

THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



Scholastic Inc.



TRY NOT TO DROWN!

That morning started out just like any other.

I jumped in the shower and got dressed. Then I made myself a **GOURMET** breakfast. Well, okay, it wasn't anything too fancy — just a flaky **cheese croissant** and a cup of **hot cheddar**. Still, it was delicious!

Finally, I headed off to the office. As I walked, I tried to think of an idea for my next *book* . . .

Oh, I'm sorry, I haven't introduced myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.





Anyway, as I was saying, as I got in to work, I was still thinking of ideas for the *book* I wanted

to write. But I was having trouble concentrating. A **RAGING**

wind had kicked up outside!

The wind **SLAMMED** the branches of the old tree growing right outside my office against the

window panes. In the distance I

could see the harbor of New Mouse City. I used my **BINOCULARS** to scan the sea shining

on the horizon. The waves were **HUGE** and **FEROCIOUS!**

I shivered. Did I mention I'm afraid of wild weather?

Just then, I had another frightening thought. Today was the day of the ***Mouse Island Family Regatta***, an annual sailing competition. The winner would take home the

TRY NOT



TO DROWN!

Family Cup. Then I remembered that *The Silver Squeaker*, my grandfather William Shortpaws's boat, would be **racing** against *The Sure Whisker*, my archenemy Sally Ratmousen's boat.

Holey cheese, I felt sorry for anyone who had to brave the **sea** that day! I was feeling lucky to be **WARM** and safe in my office when suddenly the phone rang.

Riiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnnng!

I picked up the receiver and a squeaky female voice demanded, "Hey, **sailor mouse**, I need to get you a pair of rain boots. What's your **PAW** size?"





I blinked. “Well, I’m a size ten and a half,” I answered. “But I’m not a sailor mouse, I’m a **NEWSPAPER** mouse. Who are —”

“How **tall** are you, sailor mouse?” she interrupted me. “I need to get you a **RAINCOAT**.”

I scratched my head. “I’m three and a half tails tall. But who is this?” I demanded.

“Are you **allergic** to anything, sailor mouse?” the voice went on, **ignoring** my question.



By now I’d had it with this obnoxious mouse, but for some reason I found myself answering her.



“Well, I’m not really allergic to anything, but one time I —”

The voice interrupted me again. “Okay, listen, sailor mouse, don’t have all day to **squeak** it up. You’ve got to get on board that ship, cast off, and hope you don’t

CAPSIZ! That north wind is **BLOWING**



TRY NOT



TO DROWN!

strong today! But don't you worry, I've got it all under control. I'll pack everything up and get it to you faster than a speedboat at full throttle. I'll even put in our super-heavy-duty **Everything for the Water Rat** brand life preserver.



On a day like today you're gonna need it!"

Now I was really confused.

“Everything for the Water Rat?” I mumbled.

“We're the best sailing supply store in all of New Mouse City!” exclaimed the voice.

I wanted to ask why a newspaper mouse would

capsize: when a boat loses stability and turns over or on its side

cast off: to untie a boat from the dock in order to leave

full throttle: full speed

life preserver: a device used to keep you afloat in the water

speedboat: any variety of engine-powered boat designed to go very fast



need **sailing** supplies, but the voice kept on squeaking.

“Anyway, beats me why you sailor mice like to go out in the middle of a **storm**, but that’s none of my business, I just work here. Good luck, and ***try not to drown!***” the mouse added before hanging up.

I blinked. Huh?

Just then, my office door **BURST** open and a rodent dressed in a sailor suit rushed in. He dumped a **pile** of packages containing a





raincoat, boots, ropes, sails, oars, a life preserver, and a bunch of other stuff on my desk!

I wanted to run after him, but at that moment my phone **RANG** again. It was Grandfather William. **ACK!** He was probably calling to yell at me for not working hard enough!

“Sorry, Grandfather, **I’M BUSY**. Call you later!” I squeaked, quickly hanging up on him.

But before I could go anywhere, Freddy Fanfur, the **sports** reporter for *The Rodent’s Gazette*, strode into my office. He ran toward me, **waving** the sports page in the air.

“Geronimo, this is too **DANGEROUS!**” he shrieked. “If only you had asked me earlier . . . I would have warned you!”

“Warned me about what?”

I asked.





But before I could get to the bottom of things, my aunt Sweetfur arrived, **SOBBING** hysterically into her lace hanky.

“Oh, my poor nephew!” Why did you agree to do this?” she wailed.

Before I could reply, my cell phone rang again.

I stared at the number.

RATS! It was Grandfather William again. I let it go to voice mail.

At that moment, **Daniel E. Deadfur**, owner of the local funeral parlor, arrived.

“Don’t worry, Geronimo. I’ll take care of your burial,” he said, smiling.

“Um, well, that’s nice of you,” I said. Then I shook my head. What was

My poor nephew!



Don't worry....





going on around here? What burial?

A minute later my entire staff barged in.

“Mr. Stilton! Please don’t go!”

they squeaked, waving their paws in the air.

Why was everyone so worried about me?

“Will someone please tell me what is going on?!” I squeaked, feeling a **HEADACHE** coming.

My secretary Mousella turned on the TV . . . and that’s when my headache turned into a full-blown ***panic attack!***

