

# WELCOME TO THE ANCIENT FAR NORTH . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE MICEKINGS!

**WHERE THEY LIVE:** Miceking Island

**CAPITAL:** Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonord family

**OTHER VILLAGES:** Oofadale, village of the Oofa Oofas, and Feargard, village of the vilekings

**CLIMATE:** Cold, cold, cold, especially when the icy north wind blows!

**TYPICAL FOOD:** Gloog, a superstinky but fabumouse stew. The secret recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the miceking chief.

**NATIONAL DRINK:** Finnbrew, made of equal parts codfish juice and herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

**MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION:** The drekar, a light but very fast ship

**GREATEST HONOR:** The miceking helmet. It is only earned when a mouse performs an act of courage or wins a Miceking Challenge.

**UNIT OF MEASUREMENT:** A mouseking tail (full tail, half tail, third tail, quarter tail)

**ENEMIES:** The terrible dragons who live in Beastgard



# MEET THE STILTONORD FAMILY . . .



**GERONIMO**  
Advisor to the  
miceking chief



**THEA**  
A horse trainer who  
works well with all kinds  
of animals



**TRAP**  
The most famous  
inventor in Mouseborg



**BUGSILDA**  
Benjamin's best  
friend

**BENJAMIN**  
Geronimo's nephew





# ... AND THE EVIL DRAGONS!

## GOBBLER THE PUTRID

The fierce king of the dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are divided into 5 clans, all of which are terrifying!

### 1. Devourers

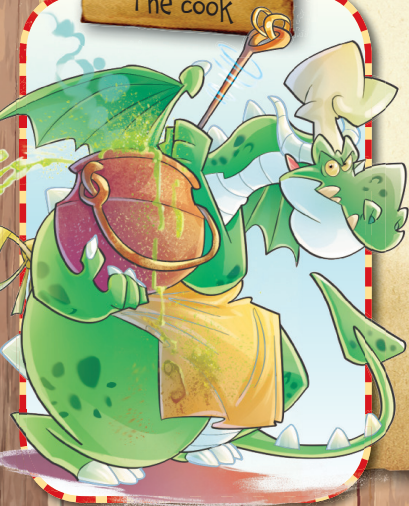
They love to eat micekings raw — no cooking necessary.

### 2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over volcanoes so the steam and smoke make them taste good.

## SIZZLE

The cook



### 3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

### 4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

### 5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.





Geronimo Stilton

# MICEKINGS

## THE FAMOUSE FJORD RACE



Scholastic Inc.

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

Copyright © 2014 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Palazzo Mondadori, Via Mondadori 1, 20090 Segrate, Italy. International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A. English translation © 2016 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted. Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami. [www.geronimostilton.com](http://www.geronimostilton.com)

Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

*Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to [www.stiltoncheese.com](http://www.stiltoncheese.com).*

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the copyright holder. For information regarding permission, please contact: Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail [foreignrights@atlantyca.it](mailto:foreignrights@atlantyca.it), [www.atlantyca.com](http://www.atlantyca.com).

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-0-545-87239-3

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Scattare scattare... Geronimord!*

Cover by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and Flavio Ferron (ink and color)

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and Alessandro Costa (ink and color)

Graphics by Chiara Cebraro

Special thanks to AnnMarie Anderson

Translated by Julia Heim

Interior design by Kay Petronio

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

16 17 18 19 20

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First printing 2016



# GERONIMO, OUR HERO!

It was a splendid summer afternoon in Mouseborg, the capital of Miceking Island. The sun was **shining** high in the sky, the clouds were rushing past, and a light breeze was making the **flowers** wave in the fields.

Oh, I'm such a **scatterbrain**! I haven't introduced myself: My name is **GERONIMO STILTONORD**, and I am a mouseking. I live in the ancient far north, where it's cold for most of the year — except in the summer! As I was saying, it was a very **HOT** afternoon. It was so hot that I decided to take a little **nap**.



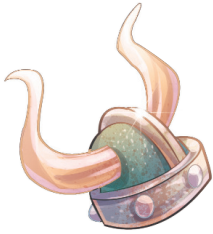




## GERONIMO, OUR HERO!



When I woke, I was in the **best mood**.  
I headed straight toward the town square.



That afternoon the entire village  
was celebrating a very **special**  
occasion in honor of *yours*  
*truly*. I was about to receive  
my first **miceking helmet**, our  
highest honor!

On the street, rodents greeted me with huge  
smiles and **PAWSHAKES**. When I arrived in  
the square, I heard mice cheering my name:

**“Geronimo! Our hero has arrived!”**

**“Cheesy catapults, there he is!”**

**“It’s Geronimo!”**

A stage was set up for the ceremony, and it  
was decorated with crests and **COLORED**  
flags.

The village chief, **SVEN THE**  
**SHOUTER**, stepped forward and lifted



his arms with a solemn gesture.

All the micekings quieted down.

“**MICEKINGS** of Mouseborg!” Sven exclaimed. “This is a **SPECIAL** day that will be remembered for generations and generations!”

Then he looked my way.

“Come up here, **VALIANT** Geronimo!” Sven said.

My whiskers **trembling** with emotion, I greeted the crowd and headed for the



## GERONIMO, OUR HERO!

stage. Sven the Shouter lifted a **shiny** miceking helmet over my head. Then, in a **thundering** voice, he proclaimed:

“I, Sven the Shouter, award the highest honor to **Geronimo the Smarty-mouseking!**”

“**Hip, hip, hooray!**” the crowd answered, shouting as one.

“For his incredible heroism!” Sven shouted.

“**Hip, hip, hooray!**” everyone replied.

“For his amazing courage!” Sven cried.

“**Hip, hip, hooray!**” said the crowd.

“And for his fabumouse athletic skills,” Sven concluded as he placed the helmet over my snout. “**SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!**”

As is customary in Mouseborg, the crowd echoed back:

**“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”**





Hip, hip,  
hooray!

My hero ...

Yay!

You're a legend!

Well done!





## GERONIMO, OUR HERO!

I looked out into the audience to see my sister, Thea, my sweet nephew Benjamin, and my cousin Trap *smiling* at me.

Then someone came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to face a mouse with eyes as **blue** as the water of a fjord and hair as **RED** as the sunset.

**Helmets and herring!** It was **Thora**, Sven's daughter. She is the most courageous and fascinating mouseking in the entire village!



My heart began to pound so loudly I was sure Thora could hear it. As

I stared at her *foolishly*, she gave me a **HUG** and *whispered*



in my ear: “You look like a true **hero** in that helmet, Geronimo!”

“**Uuuuncle! Uuuuncle!**” a little voice suddenly shrieked loudly.

“H-huh?” I stammered, confused. “Who’s that? What’s going on?”

“Uncle!” the voice **squeaked** again.







## GERONIMO, OUR HERO!

I opened my eyes and finally understood. The rejoicing crowd . . . my first miceking helmet . . . the courageous Thora: It had all been *just a dream!*

The little voice at my door belonged to my nephew **BENJAMIN!** And that meant I was still at home, half-asleep and in my pajamas.

**FJORDS AND FIDDLESTICKS!** That also meant I was late for my runes lesson with Benjamin and his friend Bugsilda!



Benjamin and his best friend, Bugsilda, often visit me to learn to read and write. I'm the official village scholar, so I know runes, which are characters that make up the miceking alphabet. I hold our lessons in the yard behind my hut.