



My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where **anything could be possible**.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:
the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this
intergalactic adventure!

Geronimo Stilton



**PROFESSOR
PAWS VON VOLT**

THE SPACEMICE

GERONIMO
STILTONIX



TRAP
STILTONIX



THEA
STILTONIX



GRANDFATHER
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN
STILTONIX
AND BUGSY
WUGSY



Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

**SLURP MONSTER
SHOWDOWN**



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In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!

I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy traveling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

**THIS IS THE
LATEST ADVENTURE
OF THE SPACEMICE!**





AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

Everything was cosmically **calm** when I woke up on my spaceship that morning. I left my cabin, whistling as I headed to the control room. I couldn't wait to **sink** into my captain's chair and munch on some **GORGONZOLA GRANOLA**, but when I got there . . .

Oh, excuse me—I haven't introduced myself. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**, and I am captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the most mouserific spaceship in the universe!

As I was saying, as soon as I entered the control room, a **THUNDEROUS** voice hit my ears.



“Look lively, you **limp lunar cheese sticks!**” yelled my grandfather William Stiltonix. He was sitting in my chair, **SHOUTING** orders at the whole crew.

“Grandfather, how nice to **SEE** you,” I said. “What brings you to the control room?”





AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

“My feet, Grandson—and they’re a lot **FASTER** than yours!” he snapped. “You’re **late** for work!”

I stammered. “B-b-but we didn’t have any **missions** planned today!”

“What a lazybones!” Grandfather said. “If it were up to you, this spaceship would stay in **orbit** forever.”



Before I could defend myself, **Robotix**, the ship’s robot, floated over to Grandfather.

“Admiral Stiltonix, we’re ready!” he said.

“We have locked in the **coordinates** for our launch into hyperspace.”

Launch into hyperspace?

HOLEY CRATERS!



Hearing those words made my whiskers tremble in fright.

Entering hyperspace meant *accelerating* faster than the speed of light—which really does a number on my stomach!

“Er, Grandfather, why exactly do we need to **LAUNCH** into hyperspace?” I asked.

“Because we’re **explorers**, Grandson!” he replied. “I recently identified a planet all the way at the end of the universe. It’s named **Mozzarellon**, and no spacemouse has ever set paw on it. We will be the first to explore it!”

I gulped. “The end of the universe?” That sounded awfully **Far away**.

But Grandfather had his mind made up. “**Full speed ahead!**” he commanded.

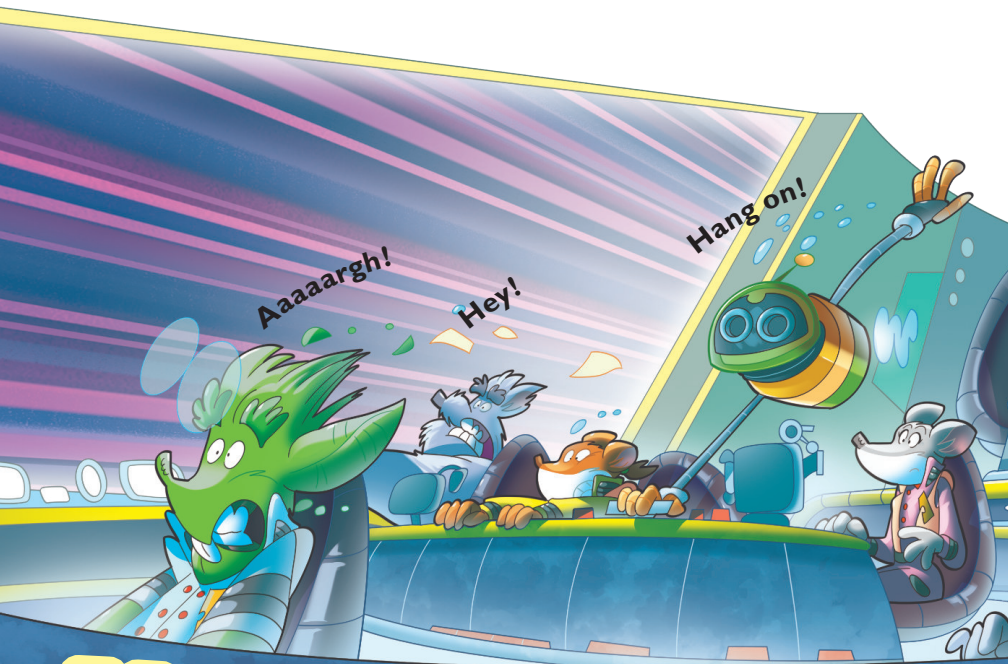
The ship lurched forward, and the



AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

acceleration was so strong that I flew backward! I **BUMPED** my head on the floor, fainted, and began having the most **wonderful** dream . . .

In my dream, I was on the beaches of the planet **Tropicalix**. Walking next to me



V

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O



was **Sally de Wrench**, the talented technician of the *MouseStar 1*—and also the most **FASCINATING** rodent in the galaxy . . .

A pull on my whiskers **JOLTED** me awake. I opened my eyes and gasped. I wasn't





AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

looking at the kind face of Sally de Wrench—I was looking at the **goofy** face of my cousin Trap!

“Wake up, Geronimo!” he said, **shaking me** forcefully. “We’ve arrived at the planet Mozzarellon. It’s a **mousetastic** place! We’ve got to get out there and explore! Come with me right now!”

A mousetastic place?
Go with him?
But why?