



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

**PIRATE SPACECAT
ATTACK**



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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!**





SUPER-MEGA- COSMICALLY LATE!

It all started one quiet morning aboard the **Mousestar 1**, the most mouserific spaceship in the universe. I was asleep, dreaming a wonderful dream: My book, *The Spacemouse's Guide to the Galaxy*, was receiving the prestigious *Intergalactic Literature Award!*

I stood on the stage as aliens from every corner of the solar system clapped and **SHOOK** their antennae in my **honor** . . .

Galactic Gorgonzola, my whiskers were **TREMBLING** with happiness!

The head judge was walking toward me with the award. I extended my paw to accept it, when —



Beep! Beep! Beep!
Beep! Beep! Beep!
Beep! Beep! Beep!
Beep! Beep! Beep!

I woke to the sound of my blaring alarm clock. Unfortunately, it wasn't the head judge standing in front of me. Instead, it was **Assistatrix**, my personal assistant robot.

“Good morning, Captain!” Assistatrix

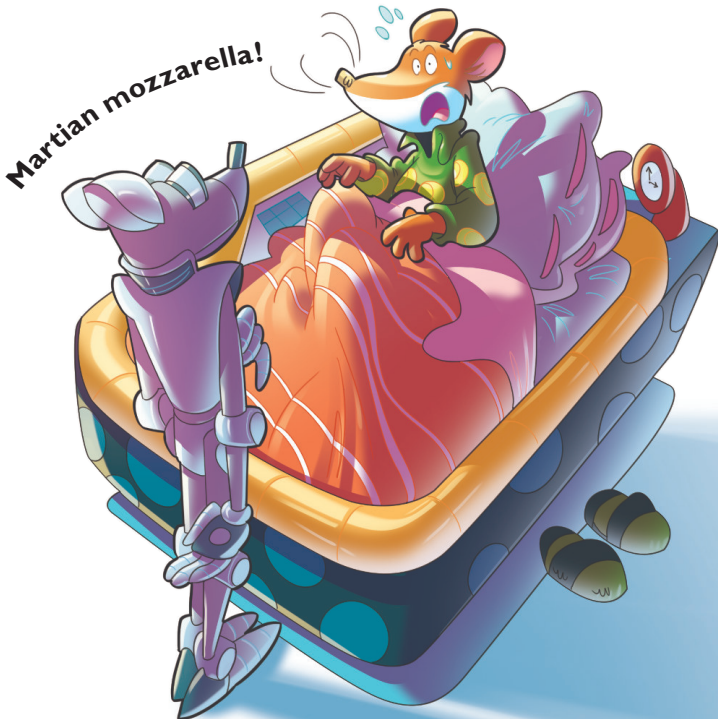


SUPER-MEGA-COSMICALLY LATE!

exclaimed. It is time to get up! “It is ten twenty-seven **INTERGALACTIC TIME.**”

“You couldn’t have waited five more minutes?” I mumbled irritably. “I was in the middle of the **BEST** dream . . . **Martian mozzarella!** It’s already ten twenty-seven ?!”

“Well, it is now ten twenty-eight, to be





exact,” Assistatrix replied. “It’s time to —”

“**Get up!**” I squeaked. “I know! But you were supposed to wake me at eight! What happened?”

“Hologramix gave me the order to **reset** your alarm clock,” Assistatrix replied.

“**HOLOGRAMIX** gave you an order?” I asked, surprised. “Since when is the ship’s computer giving you orders?! The last time I checked, I was the captain.”

Oops, I almost forgot to introduce myself! My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**, and I am the captain of the *MouseStar 1*. And that morning I was **SUPER-MEGA-COSMICALLY** late!

“Assistatrix, get my breakfast, please.”

I **ran** to my closet. I had to get dressed!



WHERE'S MY UNIFORM?

My automated **STYLIST** greeted me when I opened my closet door.

“Good morning, Trap!”

Mousey meteorites, had I heard that correctly?

“Um . . . **EXCUSE ME**,” I said. “What did you call me?”

“Trap Stiltonix!” the stylist replied.

“But my name isn’t Trap!” I squeaked, **confused**. “Trap is my cousin!”

“**Ha, ha, ha!**” my stylist chuckled. “You’re so funny. You always want to joke around!”

Joke around? What was my stylist **SQUEAKING** about?

“But I’m the captain of this ship,” I



protested. “My name is Geron —”

Before I could finish, the stylist handed me a **uniform**.

“Enough **JOKING!**” my stylist ordered. “Here is your uniform. Now get dressed!”

I was **SUPER-MEGA-COSMICALLY** late, so I didn’t have time to argue. Instead, I slipped one paw in one leg of the uniform and





another in the arm . . . but the uniform was **ENORMOUSE!**

HOLEY CRATERS, it wasn't my uniform. It was my cousin Trap's!

"This isn't mine," I said quickly. "Where's my captain's uniform?"

"You would **love** to be the captain, wouldn't you?" my stylist replied, sounding annoyed.

"I am the captain!" I squeaked in frustration. What in the name of **space cheese** was going on?

"Ha, ha, ha!" the stylist chuckled. "You're such a jokester, Trap. But enough now. It's time to get dressed!"

At that moment, Assisatrix returned with my **breakfast**.

"Here you are, Captain!"

"Finally, good news!" I cheered. But a



second later I **smelled** a strange odor. “What is this?” I asked as I stirred the **STRANGE** greenish liquid in the bowl Assistatrix had delivered.

“It’s your **MOTOR OIL**, Captain!” the robot replied.

“M-motor oil?!” I exclaimed. “What are you squeaking about? I *always* have a cup of hot cheese in the morning!”

“**Not today, Captain!**” Assistatrix said.

“Oh, I get it!” I said with a laugh. “This is all a big joke. You’re **kidding** me, right? Is today Furry Fool’s Day?”

“No, this is not a **joke**,” Assistatrix





WHERE'S MY UNIFORM?

replied. “The menu I received today from Hologramix is quite clear: Your breakfast is **motor oil.**”

GALACTIC GORGONZOLA! What was going on? Since when did Hologramix choose my breakfast?

“Please excuse me, but I really have to **GO** now,” Assistatrix said. Before I could squeak a word, my **PERSONAL ASSISTANT ROBOT** turned around and left.

