



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*

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**SPACEMICE**

**WE'LL BITE  
YOUR TAIL,  
GERONIMO!**



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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!**





# A QUIET AFTERNOON . . . OR WAS IT?

It all started on a quiet Sunday afternoon. I had promised my nephew Benjamin I would take him to the premier of **the Fleeing Spaceships**, the last movie in the **Lord of the Asteroids** trilogy. This episode would finally end the epic **search** for the lost asteroid!

Oops! I'm so sorry . . . I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I am the captain of the legendary *MouseStar 1*, the most mousestastic spaceship in the whole universe, though honestly, my real dream is to become a **writer**. But that's another story!

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

## 5-D MEGA MOUSERIFIC MOVIE

This five-dimensional movie takes place in a special circular screening room. Moviegoers strap themselves into special extra-comfy moving seats. Then holograms seem to emerge from the screen and float around the room while the superstellar surround-sound system kicks into high gear. **Warning:** 5-D mega mouserific movies are not recommended for anyone who is a jittery scaredy-mouse!



Now, what was I squeaking about? Oh, right! My nephew and I were so excited to see the new 5-D **Lord of the Asteroids** movie, we got to the theater early.

“Look, Uncle G!” Benjamin exclaimed. “There’s Trap, **Bugsy Wugsy**, Thea, Grandfather William, and **SALLY**. Let’s sit with them!”



*Mousey meteorites!* Sally de Wrench was the most fabumouse rodent in the **CHEDDAR Galaxy**, and there was an empty seat right next to her! I quickly headed for that seat, but as I got closer, my paws became **mushier than melted cheese**, my mouth dried up, and I heard a strange **buzzing** in my ears. I was galactically nervous! Luckily, by the time I got to the seat, the lights had dimmed and the first **hologram** had come shooting out of the screen. I was about to relax when . . .

**AAAAAAHHH!!!**

We heard a fur-raising scream that made the room **tremble**.

“W-what was that?” I stammered.

“It sounded like it came from Professor Greenfur’s cabin next door!” Sally exclaimed.





We rushed out of the movie and went to check on the professor. When he opened his door, we were **stunned**.

“Professor Greenfur, w-what happened?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” he replied **sadly**. “When I looked in the mirror, this is what I saw!”

“You’re orange!” squeaked Benjamin.

*Shooting stars!* In case you don’t know, true to his name, the professor’s fur is usually **green!** But now he was more **ORANGE** than an apricot from Uranus.

“Did you eat an **ALIEN DISH**





at the Space Yum Café?” Trap asked. “Sometimes Cook Squizzly puts in too many space spices . . .”

“Are you **WORKING TOO HARD?**” bellowed Grandfather William. “Lack of sleep can make you sick!”

“Maybe you used a new soap or cream?” Thea suggested. “One time, my fur got the **craziest pink spots . . .**”

Professor Greenfur shook his head.

“Nope,” he replied, dejected. “I haven’t done anything out of the ordinary.”

**HOLEY CRATERS!** We had to figure out what was causing his **STRANGE** condition!