

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE EDITORIAL STAFF



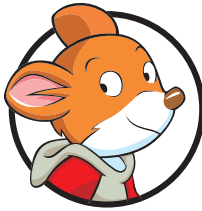


Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

HUG A TREE, GERONIMO



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THIS IS HOW IT ALL BEGAN . . .

The story you are about to read is an **incredible** tale of nature, love, and friendship. But wait! First let me introduce myself: **my** name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the publisher of **The Rodent's Gazette**, the most famous **newspaper** on Mouse Island!

This is the story of an **adventure** that changed my life **forever** . . .



It was the first day of spring, and I was riding my bike to work . . .

What a beautiful day!

I love spring!





Birds!

They're singing!

The trees
are blooming!

SUBWAY



As I pedaled through the streets of New Mouse City, I looked up at the beautiful blue sky peeking between the tall buildings, and I began to **daydream**.

Oh, how I wished I could head straight to

the **park**! There, I would lie in the

grass, looking at the

clouds. I would

listen to the birds

CHIRPING,

and I would smell the

sweet spring flowers as I

thought of ideas for my

next novel . . .

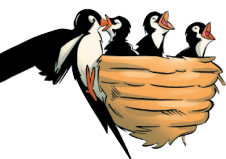
Ring! Ring!

My cell phone interrupted my reverie.

I answered the call.

“**Grandson!**” shouted my grandfather.

“I know you’re thinking of skipping





WORK today! I know you very well: **every** year when spring comes, your snout is **UP**, looking at the clouds, and you neglect your work at the paper! But I know how to get you **back on track!**”

“B-but, Grandfather, I’m riding my bike to work at *The Rodent’s Gazette* right now!” I argued.

“Aha, see?!” **Grandfather** barked back. “I was right! You’re tooling around town on your bicycle instead of buckling down at the office to **WORK, WORK, WORK!** This is what happens to you every **SPRING!** Come on, Grandson!”



**Grandfather
William Shortpaws**



“Get to the office right away! Chop, chop! I want you here in **ten seconds!**”

“Ten seconds?!” I protested. “But that’s imposs —”

He started counting down: “**Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . .**”

MOLDY MOZZARELLA! All I could do was pedal as quickly as possible. My grandfather could be so **annoying!**





I arrived at the entrance to *The Rodent's Gazette*, panting. My tongue was hanging out.

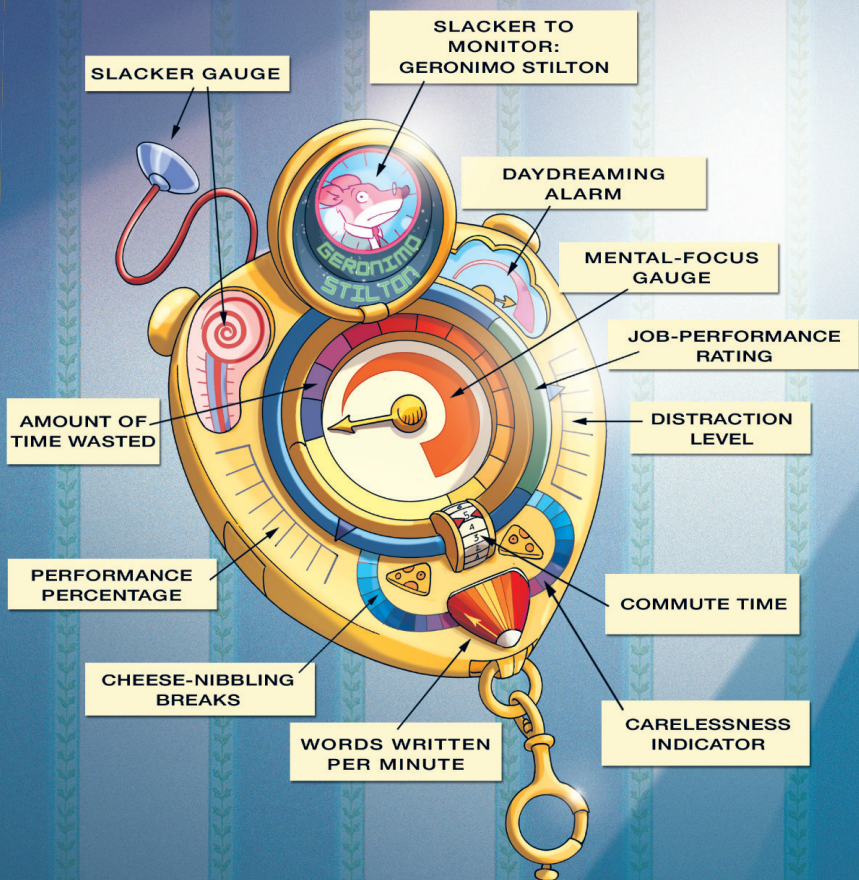
“**Three . . . two . . . one . . . zero!**” Grandfather exclaimed. “Ah, there you are! From now on, no more **slacking off!** Thanks to this **slacker alarm**, I can keep track of everyone, especially you, Grandson!”

I groaned. Not the **slacker alarm!**



THE SLACKER ALARM

The slacker alarm is a very complicated tool that Grandfather William invented to keep track of slackers at *The Rodent's Gazette* (especially his grandson, Geronimo Stilton!).





“What a **mouserific** tool!” my grandfather muttered under his breath, smiling to himself. “Now let’s talk about you, Geronimo. I know you haven’t started **writing** your new book yet.”

“B-but, Grandfather,” I squeaked, “I can’t write **on command**. I need inspiration! I need a fabumouse idea! I can’t just write **meaningless words**.”

“Stop making excuses!” my grandfather grumbled. “Sit down and start writing instead of daydreaming. And remember: that **slacker alarm** is monitoring you!”

Oh, how annoying!

Argh!

