

*Geronimo Stilton*

**SPACEMICE**

**YOU'RE MINE,  
CAPTAIN!**



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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 STRANGE, STRANGE NOISE . . .

It all started one stellar afternoon on my spaceship, the **MOUSESTAR 1**. I was in my cabin working on my *book* . . . when suddenly, I heard a strange, strange noise: **Grumble!**

“Holey craters! What was that?” I squeaked. “A Martian **invader**? An alien **slug** slipping in through a porthole? A carnivorous **bloboid** that escaped from Pluto?”

My whiskers **trembled** in fright!

I looked under the bed . . . **NOTHING!**

I checked behind the curtains . . . **NOTHING!**

I looked all around my desk . . . **NOTHING** there, either! Just the notes for the book

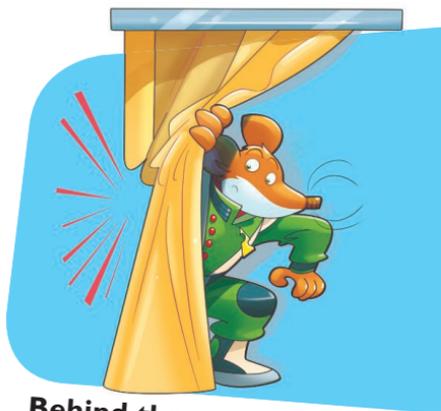
that I was writing: *The Amazing Adventures of the Spacemice*.

Oh, pardon me — I haven't introduced myself! My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I am the captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the most mouserific *spaceship* in the universe. It's a fabumouse job, but my **SECRET** dream is to be an author!

As I was saying, I **looked** everywhere to see what could have made that noise — behind the door, under the carpet,



Under the bed ...



Behind the curtains ...



All around the desk ...



on the bookshelf. But I couldn't find anything unusual. **NOT A SINGLE THING!**

I thought that maybe I had just imagined the noise. But suddenly . . . there it was again! Stellar Swiss cheese!

**Grumble!**

And again . . .

**Grumble! Grumble!**

And then again . . .

**Grumble! Grumble! Grumble!**

This time I was **SURE** I had heard something . . . and I realized it was coming from my stomach!

Oh, for the love of cheese — I was **cosmically hungry!** That's why my stomach was **growling**.

I needed a quick snack. Some **cheese** would really hit the spot!

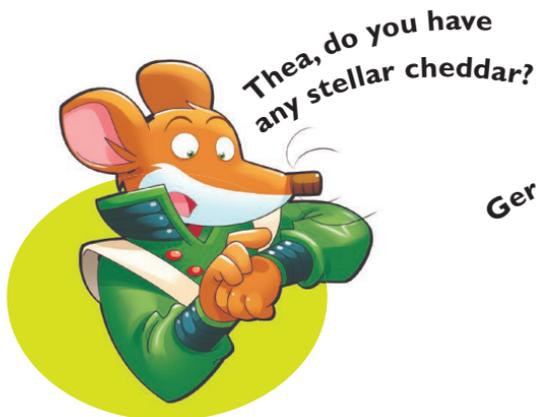


I headed toward the refrigerator in my room, but when I opened it, I was in for a terrible surprise. **IT WAS EMPTY!**

Leaping light-years! This was truly an **emERgency**.

I didn't have a crumb of cheese rind left! There was only one thing to do. I activated my **wrist phone** and called my sister, Thea.

"Thea, I have a problem. I'm out of cheese!" I exclaimed. "Do you have any **STELLAR CHEDDAR**? Or maybe a slice of **MARTIAN MOZZARELLA**? Even some **solar smoked Gouda** would do! I'm



## **COSMICALLY HUNGRY!**

Right on cue, my poor stomach made the loudest sound yet.

*Grumble! Grumble! Grumble!*

“Sorry, Geronimo,” Thea said. “I finished my last piece of Plutonian Parmesan just a few minutes ago. But why don’t you run over to the





**SPACE YUM CAFÉ**, Squizzy’s restaurant?”

**CHEESY COMETS**, why didn’t I think of that? I thanked Thea for her advice and **SCURRIED** out the door.

Squizzy was the cook on the *MouseStar 1*, and his restaurant was just a few hallways over from my cabin. I scampered at the *speed of light*, but by the time I turned the last corner, I found myself facing a long line of **GROWLING SPACE RODENTS**.





“That’s just **NOT POSSIBLE!**” one grumbled.

“You can’t make us all wait!” another joined in.

“I’m **extra-galactically hungry!**” squeaked a third.

Black holey cheese, what was going on? I turned to the nearest rodent. “Excuse me, why hasn’t Squizzy opened the restaurant yet?”

But at that moment, Squizzy appeared in the doorway holding a **big sign** in his claws:





## COSMIC CHEESE RAYS!

Squizzly had run out of cheese reserves?! This was a disaster of galactic proportions!

Thinking fast, I ran straight to **GALAXY MART**, but that was **closed**, too!

Getting desperate, I tried the Cosmic Bakery, the Supernova Grill, and the Planetary Pizza Parlor.

They were all closed — because they had **run out** of cheese!

Was it possible that there wasn't a single **cheese rind** on the whole spaceship?!