

# Geronimo Stilton

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

**RIDE FOR  
YOUR LIFE!**



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ISBN 978-0-545-64659-8

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Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

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Original title *Brividi sull'ottovolante*

Cover by Giuseppe Ferrario (pencils and inks) and

Giulia Zaffaroni (color)

Illustrations by Danilo Barozzi (pencils and inks) and

Giulia Zaffaroni (color)

Graphics by Yuko Egusa

Special thanks to Beth Dunfey

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Interior design by Becky James

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

14 15 16 17 18 19/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First printing, August 2014



# FEAR OF THE BARBER

It was a beautiful **spring** morning in New Mouse City. The sun felt nice and warm on my fur as I ambled over to the **barber** for a furchut.

Oh, pardon me, I almost forgot to introduce myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

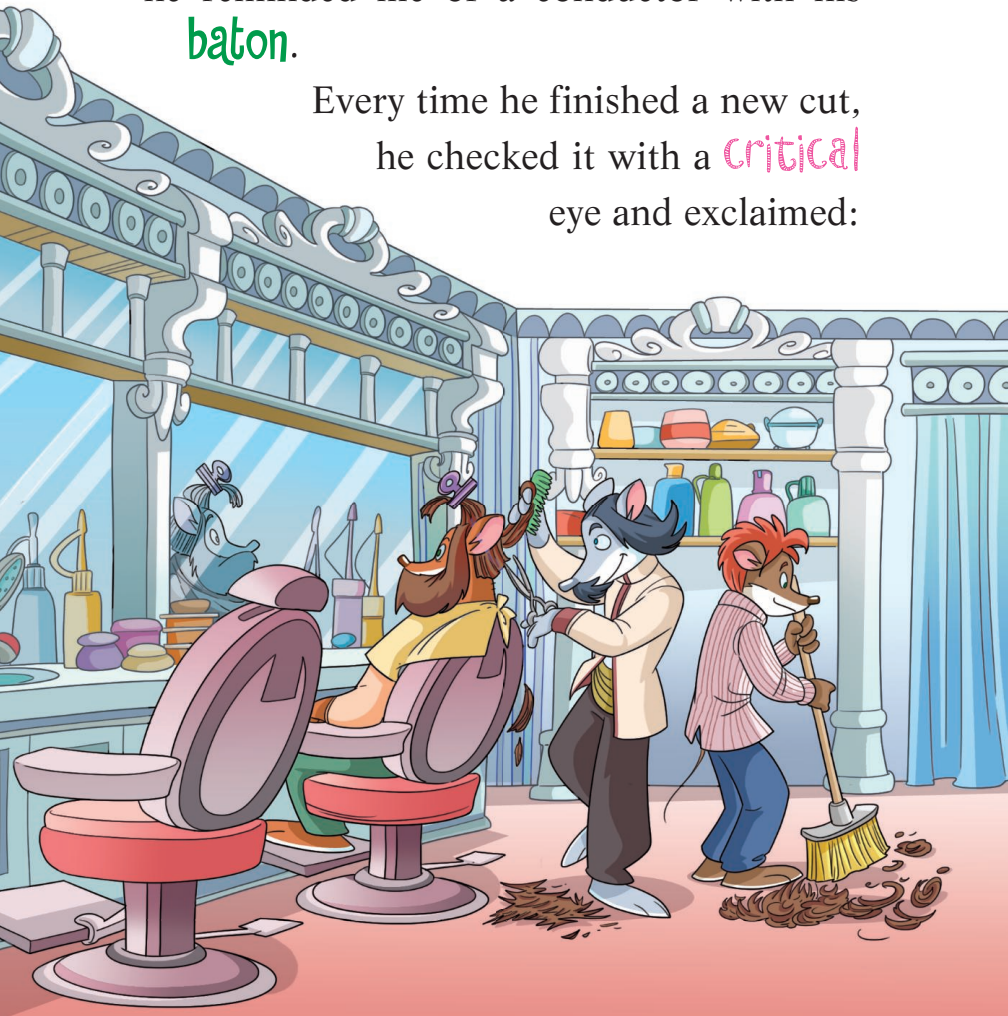
Anyway, as I was squeaking, that morning I looked at myself in the mirror and realized my **WHISKERS** needed a little trim. So I scurried over to see Harry Barberello, my furdresser.

When I arrived, there was only one free



seat in the waiting area. I took it and waited my turn. I sat **admiring** Harry, who wielded his **SCISSORS** so masterfully, he reminded me of a conductor with his **baton**.

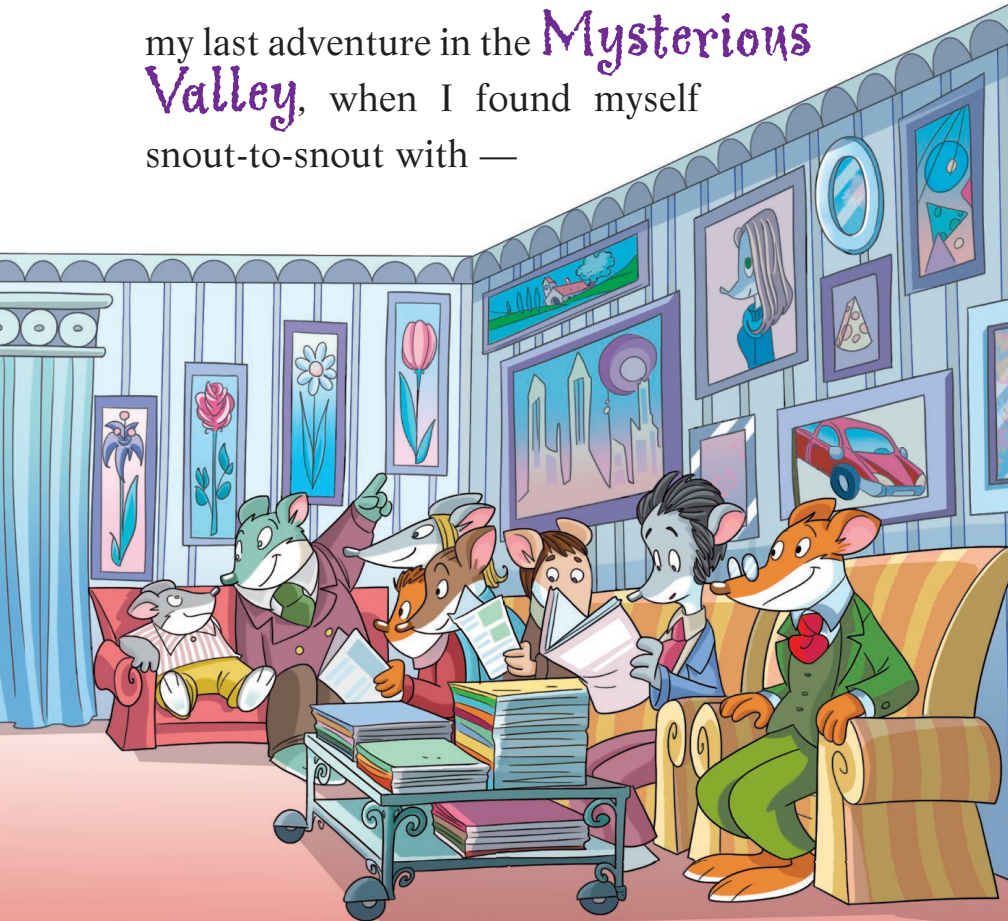
Every time he finished a new cut, he checked it with a **critical** eye and exclaimed:





“ABSOLUTELY  
FABUMOUSE!”

His skill with his shears reminded me of my last adventure in the **Mysterious Valley**, when I found myself snout-to-snout with —





My thoughts were interrupted by a long, skinny paw creeping out from the magazine rack next to me.

“AAAAAHHHHHHH!”

I shrieked, startled.

Two wings appeared next. That’s when I realized it was **Bitewing**, my friend Creepella von Cacklefur’s pet bat.

“Bitewing! Do you always have to **SCARE** the whiskers off me?” I muttered.



He giggled and tossed some **rolled-up** sheets of paper at my snout.

“**OUCHIE!** Watch where you’re throwing things — that hurt!” I whined.

Bitewing just ignored me and fluttered toward the door.





“What is this?” I called after him.

“What kind of question is that? It’s Creepella’s **newest** novel, of course!” Bitewing called as he took flight.

**“PUBLISH IT IMMEDIATELY!”**

Harry still had a few clients to see before me. I had plenty of time to read Creepella’s new **BOOK**.





When I turned to the first page, I realized it told the tale of the adventure I'd just been remembering. What a **crazy** coincidence!

"Why don't you read it aloud?" Harry asked me. "Then we can give Miss **CREPELLA** some feedback."

He didn't have to ask me twice. I read the title:

"It's called **'RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE!'**"

"Absolutely fabumouse!" Harry said approvingly.

