

Geronimo Stilton

FIELD TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS



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This edition includes revised text to reflect the changing terminology used by some Indigenous peoples of the Americas to describe themselves. However, we acknowledge that as Indigenous people and communities are diverse, there is no consensus on such terminology.

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OH, HOW I HATE BEING LATE!

“Rain, rain, go away.” It was the middle of the night. I was in my comfy, cozy bed, trying to sleep. But the rain was beating on my window like a crazed woodpecker.

I fell asleep dreaming about birds and pounding ocean waves and huge crashing **waterfalls.**

It rained the whole night. The next morning, I woke up exhausted. I stared at





the clock on my bedside table. Holey cheese! I was **late**! Oh, how I hate being **late**!

I hurled myself into the bathroom. I turned on the shower while brushing my teeth. I combed my whiskers while pulling on my pants. I chugged down my coffee while racing out the door. Rats!

I ran at **BREAKNECK SPEED** to my aunt Sweetfur's house. That is where my little nephew Benjamin lives. I had promised to take him to school today.

Benjamin giggled when he saw me. I had forgotten to button my pants. And my fur was sticking up all over the place.

On the way to school, we passed by my office. I run the most **FAMOUSE** daily newspaper on Mouse Island. It is called *The Rodent's Gazette*.



I turned on
the shower
while
brushing
my teeth!



I combed my whiskers
while pulling on
my pants!

I chugged down
my coffee while
racing out
the door!

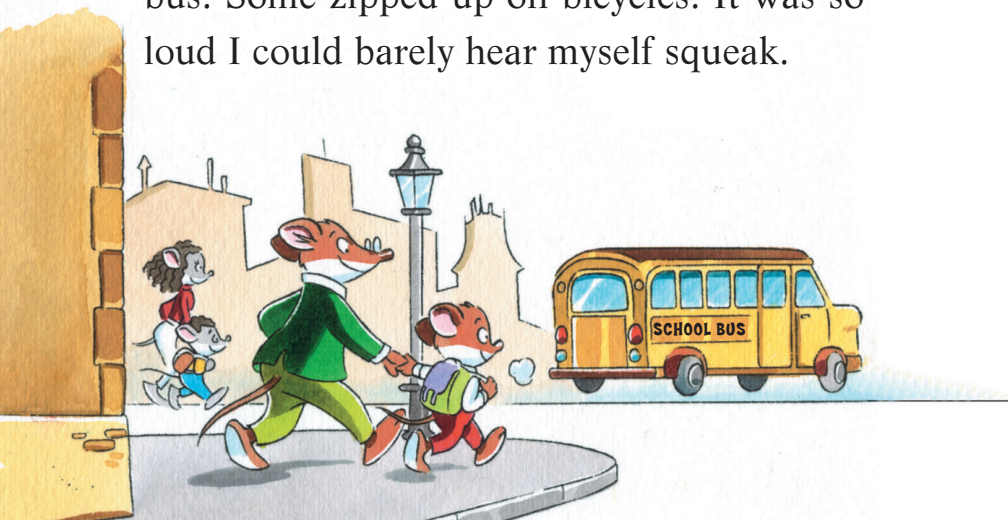


Benjamin tugged on my paw. “Uncle, may I take my friends to visit you at the *Gazette* sometime?” he asked.

I **s** **m** **i** **l** **e** **d**. My nephew was such a sweet and smart little mouse. Maybe someday he would follow in my pawsteps and run a newspaper, too.

“Of course, dear nephew,” I said.

Finally, we arrived at Benjamin’s school. **WHAT A ZOO!** Little rodents were running everywhere. Some held on to their parents’ paws. Others tumbled off the school bus. Some zipped up on bicycles. It was so loud I could barely hear myself squeak.



OH, HOW I HATE



BEING LATE!

Just then, the school bell rang.
Rrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiinnnnnnnnnnnnngggg!

I nearly jumped out of my fur. And that was when I spotted a **blonde** rodent. No, she wasn't just any blonde rodent. She had **GORGEOUS** fur. She had a **SWEET** smile. And she had **blue** eyes the color of a clear summer sky.

“Good morning, I am **Miss Angel Paws**, Benjamin's teacher,” she said.

I took a step toward her. But before I could shake her paw, I tripped over my tail. I landed snout first in the dirt.



BENJAMIN'S FRIENDS

Liza



Punk Rat



Kenny



Kay



Mohamed



Scampers



Sam



Carmen



Shannon



Malcolm



David



Esmeralda



Lucy



Beth



Laura



Susan



Steven



Antonia



Tim



Sakura



Benjamin



Oliver

