

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

THE CHOCOLATE CHASE



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READY FOR ANYTHING!



I stood on the roof of the **Rodent's Gazette** office building and admired the view. **Little** birds chirped from **flowered** branches, the breeze blew softly through my whiskers, and the **SUN** was shining brightly.

What a perfect day for New Mouse City's

annual Spring Festival!

Everymouse looked forward

to celebrating the end

of winter and spending

time with friends and

family. There were

fun activities

scheduled all

over town.

What a mouserific day!





But first, it was my turn to take care of our newspaper's **vegetable garden**.

I was watering the plants, when a sudden loud voice scared the cheddar out of me.

“Mr. Stilton!” my assistant, Mousella, cried. “What are you still doing up here? It’s very late!”

“Moldy mozzarella!” I squeaked. “Don’t sneak up on me like that!” I leaned over to **GRAB** the rake I’d left on the ground. But I stepped on the end and —

Mr. Stilton! It's late!





BAAAAANG!

The handle hit me smack in the middle of my snout! *Ouch!*

I saw cheese stars! I stumbled across the roof, holding my head in my paws.

“Mr. Stilton, watch out for the fertilizer . . .”

Mousella cried.

But it was too late! I fell tail first right into the smelly fertilizer.





This was not a good look for me. I am *Geronimo Stilton*, editor in chief of the **Rodent's Gazette**, the most famous **NEWSPAPER** on Mouse Island!

At least the *Rodent's Gazette's* garden looked fabumouse. We're very proud of it. We grow **flowers**, **VEGETABLES**, and a few small citrus trees. We even have some beehives to produce delicious honey.

"I hope you have a change of clothing, Mr. Stilton." Mousella sighed. "That fertilizer smells like **rotten Gorgonzola!**"

"Of course! Today I am ready for **anything!**"

"Are you sure?" Mousella asked.

"Today is the Spring Festival. The **Rodent's Gazette** needs all paws on deck to cover every moment for our readers! Are you coming? Do you have your flyer?"



Oh no!

I hope you have a change of clothing!



“But that’s why I **came up** here, Mr. Stilton. You’re late for your staff meeting!”

Squeak, what a disaster!

“I tried calling. Is your cell phone off?”

“**Holey Swiss cheese**, you’re right!” I cried, pulling my phone out of my



In New Mouse City, everyone celebrates spring by giving one another yummy chocolate eggs.



I tried calling.



My cell phone is off!



pocket. It had been off the whole morning! I tried dusting some of the fertilizer from my dirty clothes. “I’ll just have to go like this. Come on!”

It was my meeting—they couldn’t start without me!