Geronimo Stilton

FOUR MICE DEEP IN THE JUNGLE



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Text by Geronimo Stilton
Original cover by Matt Wolf; revised by Larry Keys
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How Serious Is It, Dr. Shrinkfur?

I was lying out the psychiatrist's COUCH. It was made of soft, fluffy cat fur. But I wasn't very comfortable. I was worried.

"How serious is it, Dr. Shrinkfur?" I murmured, chewing my whiskers.

The doctor leaned back in his chair. "Ach, first I haff to know more," he squeaked in his funny accent. "Vhen did zis thing start?"

I sighed. I was never the bravest mouse on the block. In fact, I guess you could say

I've always been a bit of a 'fraidy mouse. I've never enjoyed spooky holidays like Halloween. I hide in my mouse hole on the Fourth of July. Fireworks make me nervous. But lately, it seemed like everything was making me jumpy. "Well, at first I was only afraid to go to the dentist, but then I suddenly became afraid of **ELEVATORS**.

Then came the fear of flying. That was followed by a fear of spiders,

snakes, closed spaces, and crowds.

After that I became afraid of heights and the dark." I took a deep breath. Just talking about all of my fears was making me afraid! "Oh, yes, I almost forgot, Doctor," I added. "I'm also afraid of cats!"

Dr. Shrinkfur waved his paw.

"You are a mouse, you haff to be afraid of cats!" he said.

TWIRLED MY TAIL NERVOUSLY. Then I sat up. "Please, Dr. Shrinkfur," I squeaked. "Give it to me straight."



The doctor stood up. "Vell, it could be expensive," he said. "Or it could not be. Zis is up to you!"

This rodent was beginning to sound like a broken record. Just then, he put his paw on my shoulder. "Remember, zis is all up to you!" he repeated. "You must FACE YOUR FEARS. Othervise you vill never get vell. I vill see you next Vednesday. For now, it vill be vone hundred dollars. Thank you."

I left Dr. Shrinkfur's office feeling much lighter. That's because my wallet was completely empty!

t left Dr. Shrinkfur's office Well, if the most famous

PSYCHOANALYST in NEW MOUSE CITY said it was up to me to get well, then I guess it was!

He shook his head solemnly. "Vell, zis could be serious," he began. "Or it could not be. Zis is up to you!"

I scratched my head. "Well, is the cure going to take long?" I asked.

The doctor jotted down some notes on a pad. "Vell, it could be long," he said. "Or it could not be long. Zis is up to you!"

Now I was confused. If everything was up to me, what was I paying the most famous psychoanalyst in New Mouse City to do? "Will this treatment be expensive?" I asked.

