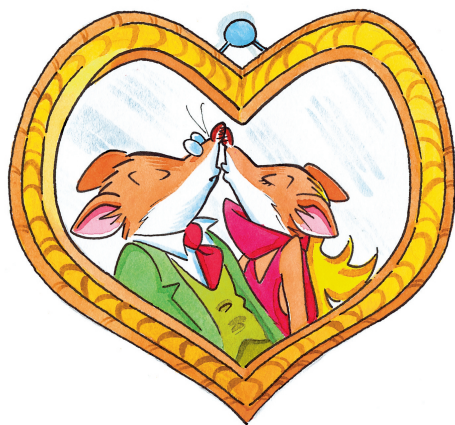


Geronimo Stilton

ALL BECAUSE OF A CUP OF COFFEE



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www.geronimostilton.com

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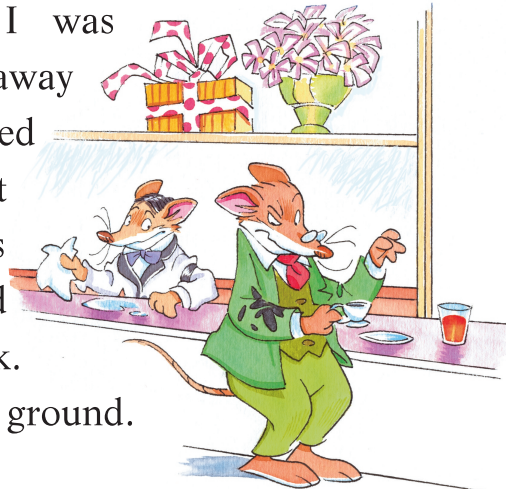
ALL BECAUSE OF A CUP OF COFFEE

A cup of coffee? What's a cup of coffee got to do with it?

Everything! But let me explain. See, that morning I was having breakfast at the Tail Trap Diner. They have the best hot cheese buns. But stay away from the Spanish omelet! It's so spicy, it will curl your whiskers! Anyway, I was happily **munching** away

when some mouse spilled coffee on me. My jacket was soaked! I was **fuming!** I whirled around, ready to squeak.

Instead, my jaw hit the ground.





A female mouse stood in front of me. No, she wasn't just any mouse. She was the most **BEAUTIFUL MOUSE** in the world! She stared at her **EMPTY** cup. Then she stared at my jacket. "*So sorry,*" she whispered in a sweet voice.

I tried to speak but it felt like my tongue was tied in a knot. What do you say to such a stunning rodent? She was so *charming*. She was so *sophisticated*. She could have been on the cover of *Glamour Mouse!*





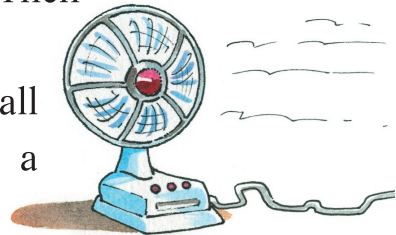
“Um, my Stilton is name; I mean, my Geronimo is Stilton; I mean, my name is *Geronimo Stilton!*” I stammered.

I tried to shake her paw, but I slipped on the spilled coffee. I **CRASHED** into a table of rats having breakfast. I landed snoutdown in a plate of waffles and whipped cream.

“Do you mind?” sniffed the rats. “This is a business breakfast.”

I staggered off. But I couldn’t see. I had whipped cream in my eyes. I bumped into another table. This time, two bottles of Tabasco sauce got stuck in my nostrils. “Cheese niblets!” I cried, stumbling away. Next thing I knew, my tail was stuck in a fan. “**owww!**” I shrieked. Then I hit a wall. A big, furry wall.

“Watch it, furbrain!” the wall growled. Uh-oh. That wasn’t a





wall. It was Burt Bruiser Mouse. He was the biggest and meanest rodent on Mouse Island. I tried to run, but I was **FROZEN** with fear.

Suddenly, Burt lifted me up and tossed me out the door. I landed on the trolley tracks. I tried to get up, but my tail was stuck in the rails.

Just then, I heard the train whistle. Rotten rats' teeth! A trolley was headed right for me.

"HELP!" I squeaked at the top of my lungs.

The owner of the Furever Green Garden Center ran toward me. "Don't panic, Mr. Stilton!" he shouted. "I'll save you! I'll just chop your tail off with my hedge clippers!" He waved the sharp scissors in the air.

chop-chop!

"Paws off my tail!" I shrieked. "I'd rather be run over by a trolley!"

And that's exactly what happened.



My tail was stuck in the rails.