

Geronimo Stilton

ATTACK OF THE BANDIT CATS



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WE WANT STIL-TON!

What a rat's nest this morning in front of my office! When I came up from the subway, I saw **mice** of all **shapes and sizes** packing the street. All their snouts were in the air. They were staring at the windows of my office! The crowd began to chant:

**“STIL-TON! STIL-TON!
WE WANT STIL-TON!
GERO-NIMO STIL-TON!”**

Uh-oh. I had a feeling these mice weren't looking for my autograph.

Luckily, no one recognized me.





Because, you see, *I* am Geronimo Stilton!

Quiet as a mouse, I **wriggled** through the crowd and sneaked up the back stairs. I dashed into my office, huffing and puffing for air. I really needed to get back to my gym, Rats La Lanne. My secretary, Mousella, ran to meet me. “*Mr. Stilton!*

Horrible news!” she squ**EAK**ed, waving the phone book we had just printed. “New Mouse City’s

YELLOW PAGES are a

disaster! There isn’t one correct phone number! Not one!”

Pale as a slice of mozzarella cheese, I leafed through the book. “Addresses . . . telephone numbers . . .





they're all wrong? *I am ruuuuuined!*" I SHRIEKED, pulling at my whiskers.

I heard the crowd yelling and leaned out my window. They had lit a huge bonfire right in the middle of the street. They were **BURNING** my directories!!!

A fierce-looking mouse pointed at me with his paw. "That's him! That's Geronimo Stilton! The one who published the Yellow Pages! He's the one who's turned New Mouse City on its tail!"

The crowd began chanting again. "**STIL-TON! STIL-TON! WE WANT STIL-TON!**"

Suddenly, all the telephones in my office started **RINGING**. I answered the phone on my desk.





“I need to speak with that cheddarface, *Mr. Stilton!*”
an angry voice snarled on
the other end.

“Um, Mr. Stilton isn’t
here,” I squeaked in a high-
pitched voice. Hopefully, the
caller wouldn’t know it was
me. “I don’t know where he is,”
I continued. “He might be in the hospital
with an ingrown toenail. Or maybe he’s
helping out down at the Creaky Mouse
Nursing Home. He does a lot of charity
work, you know.”



I decided to unplug the
telephones, but the fax
machines were all spitting
out nasty letters.
Threatening e-mails popped up on my



computer screen: **“We know where you live!
You can’t hide! No hole is safe!”**

Mousella wrung her paws. Tears rolled down her snout. “*Mr. Stilton*, this is a total disaster! Even our own telephone number is wrong!” she squeaked. “We are now the **Furry Tails** Toilet Paper Company!”

“Don’t worry, Mousella. I have everything under control,” I cried, closing my eyes. Maybe I was just having a **bad dream**. I waited a few seconds, then opened my eyes. The rodents outside were throwing moldy cheese balls at my window.

No, this wasn’t a **bad dream**. It was a living **NIGHTMARE!**