

Geronimo Stilton

THE HUNT FOR THE GOLDEN BOOK



**PLUS a bonus
Mini Mystery and
cheesy jokes!**

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A MOUNTAIN OF BOOKS!

It all started one peaceful evening. . . .

I was **dusting** my bookcase at home, happy as a mouse in a vat of fondue. I had finally decided to tidy up the shelves where I keep the special **FIRST EDITIONS** of all the books I've written. But I hadn't cleaned in such a long time that a thick cloud of **dust** formed around my head. Rats! I began to sneeze like crazy.

**"ACHOO!
ACHOO!
AAAAAAACHOO!"**

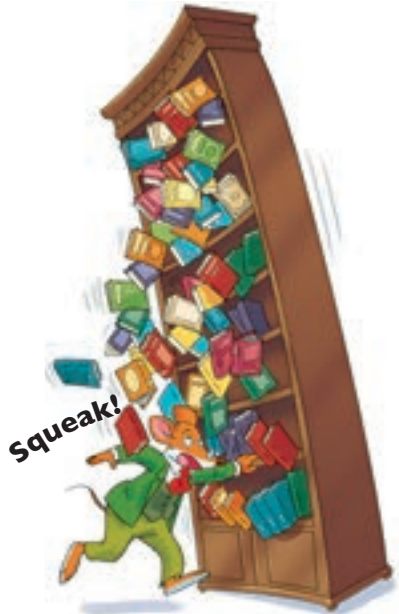
Achoo!





Oops, I'm sorry — I haven't introduced myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island, but the thing that makes me squeak with joy is writing **ADVENTURE** stories!

Now, where was I? Oh, right — I was getting rid of the **dust** on the bookcase when I began to sneeze so hard that I lost my balance. Holy cheese! I grabbed on to the bookcase to steady myself, and it **toppled** forward. **EVERY** book, and I mean **every** single book on **EVERY** shelf, fell smack on my head.



YOUGH! THAT HURT!



As I climbed out from under the **MOUNTAIN** of books, something suddenly struck me. (And it wasn't another book!) I realized that exactly **TEN YEARS** had



passed since I started publishing my adventures! After my first book, I just kept writing **more** and **more** and **more** . . .

During those **TEN YEARS**, I published more than **seventy-five books** . . . and all **seventy-five** of them had just fallen right on top of me. Moldy mozzarella!

Even though my head was throbbing, I looked at the **MOUNTAIN** of books and sighed happily. I have to confess, I'm a very **sentimental** rodent!





Just then, the phone **RANG**. It was my cousin Trap.

“Hey there, Gerrykins! Where’s the **PARTY?**”

Maybe I’d been hit on the head harder than I’d thought — I had **NO IDEA** what he was squeaking about. “What party?” I asked.

“Germeister, you’re a real **CHEESEHEAD** sometimes! The party at *The Rodent’s Gazette*, of course! I invited all my friends!”

I frowned. “First of all, my name is not Gerrykins or Germeister. And second, I’m not throwing a party for your **friends!**”

“Gerry Berry, you’re such a **PARTY POOPER!** Just let me know when you figure it out. I’m already **DROOLING** just thinking about all the fabumouse food!” He hung up.

Just as I put the phone down, it **RANG AGAIN**.
Squeak!

This time, it was Sally Ratmousen, one of



my least favorite mice. She grumbled, “Stilton, I heard you’re having a **PARTY** at *The Rodent’s Gazette*. **SHOWING OFF**, huh?”

I tried to stay as cool as a mozzarella milkshake. “I’m not having a party, Sally.”

“You’d better not be, Stilton, **OR ELSE**. . . .” She hung up without another word.

My whiskers **TREMLED**. Putrid cheese puffs, Sally is one mean mouse!

The phone **RANG AGAIN**. Cheese and crackers, this was getting ridiculous! My sister, Thea, was on the line. “Geronimo, you’ve taken care of everything for next week’s **PARTY**, right?”



SALLY RATMOUSEN
Editor of
The Daily Rat



EMBARRASSED, I answered, “Well, actually . . . no! What are we celebrating?”

Thea groaned. “Come on, Geronimo! It’s been **TEN YEARS** since you started writing your adventures. We’re throwing an enormous **PARTY** to celebrate. Just about everyone in New Mouse City is invited!”

I had to admit, I liked the idea of **CELEBRATING** all my books — but I’m not a mouse who likes to

be the center of attention. I promised Thea I’d **think** about it and headed to bed.

Swiss cheese on rye, I was **exhausted!** Little did I know that it would be my last peaceful night for a long time. . . .

To party . . .
or not to party?





ZZZZZZZZ