

Geronimo Stilton

THE HAWAIIAN HEIST



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YOU NEED A VACATION!

In August, the air on Mouse Island is as hot and sticky as a **melting** cheese stick. Sweat dripped off my whiskers and **splat** onto the asphalt under my bicycle wheels.

“I’m **FRYING** like a feta fritter under this sun!” I cried, panting as I pedaled slowly up a hill.



All around me, New Mouse City **rodents** were beating the heat any way they could: some mice walked close to the walls to get some **shade**, others waved fans, and some **POURED** cold water from street fountains right over their ears!

To keep myself **cool!**, I was wearing a special helmet with a built-in umbrella. I had also installed a fan on my handlebars, which was powered by my pedaling. It was **HARD WORK!**

But it was nothing compared to the work I'd have to do when I got home. Oh, I forgot to introduce myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the editor in chief of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.



Most of *The Rodent's Gazette* employees had already left for their summer vacations, but not me. When you're the big cheese, like I am, you have to keep your whiskers to the grindstone!

As I rounded the corner to my house, a huge billboard came into view. It showed a marvemouse-looking beach with white sand, bright blue sky, and crystal clear **water**. A surfer mouse perched on a perfect **WAVE**.

It said:



**YOU NEED A VACATION!
COME TO HAWAII!**

Crusty cheddar muffins, did I ever!

“**I have work to do!**” I huffed to the billboard. The news waits for no mouse! I **SCREECHED** to a halt outside my house.



Hmmph!

YOU NEED A VACATION!
COME TO HAWAII!

Do you recognize this mouse?

I locked up my bicycle and struggled through the door with all my **books** and papers.

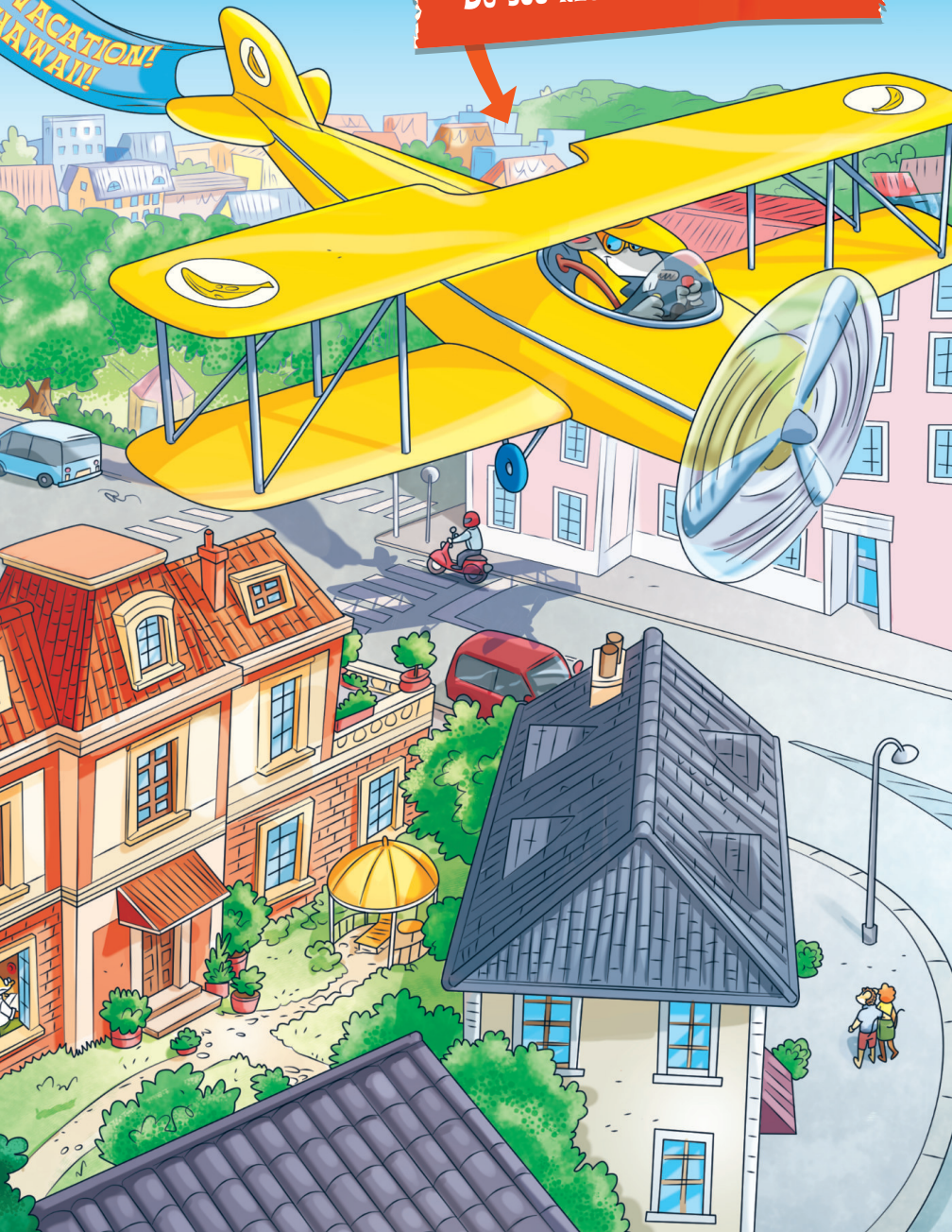
Inside, my office was barely cooler than the **outside** had been. You could have fried a slice of provolone on my computer!

I set up a **fan** in the window and pointed it right at my desk. I tied an **ice** pack to my head like a hat and set out a bucket of **ice** to rest my sweaty paws in. Then I prepared a refreshing **tropical** juice drink with a colorful little umbrella. Even if I didn't have time for an actual Hawaiian vacation, I could **pretend** like I was on a Hawaiian vacation!



VACATION!
HAWAII!

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS MOUSE?



Suddenly, the fan sputtered and died. Grumbling, I marched over to the window to fix it. I banged on it with my paw and it started working again. But then I realized the roar was actually coming from outside!

A bright yellow **AIRPLANE** zoomed very low past my window. The plane pulled an ocean-blue banner behind it that read:



**YOU NEED A VACATION!
COME TO HAWAII!**

“Moldy mozzarella, there’s no time for that!” I said, sitting back down at my desk. “My paws are tied! I have to get this issue out!”

I worked for a long time, until the boiling sun finally sank behind the clouds like a pat of butter on a pile of cheesy pasta.

“Mmm, that reminds me — I’m hungry! Time for a break!” I rose and **STRETCHED** my paws above my head.

I sat in front of the **TV** to watch the news and eat some **CHEESE AND CRACKERS**. When I turned on the TV, a program I’d never seen before was starting.

A mouselet wearing a **YELLOW** flowered shirt stood on a white sand beach.

