

# Geronimo Stilton

## **MOUSE VS WILD**



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# FRIED LIKE A MOZZARELLA STICK

One windy late summer morning, I sat back and admired the leaves **swirling** outside my office window.

**WHOOOSH**





What a pleasant background for a **calm, peaceful** day of work!

Ah! But I haven't introduced myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I'm editor in chief of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper on Mouse Island!

In the newsroom, there's always lots to do — and I have my paws in every single thing! There are meetings to attend, photos to check, articles to write . . . It never ends!

Sometimes my whiskers **twitch** with all the **STRESS!**

That morning, however, I was feeling pretty **great**. I had my favorite **cheddar** smoothie to sip, and the sound of birds outside my window. The whole day **stretched** ahead of me — just me and my trusty old laptop!

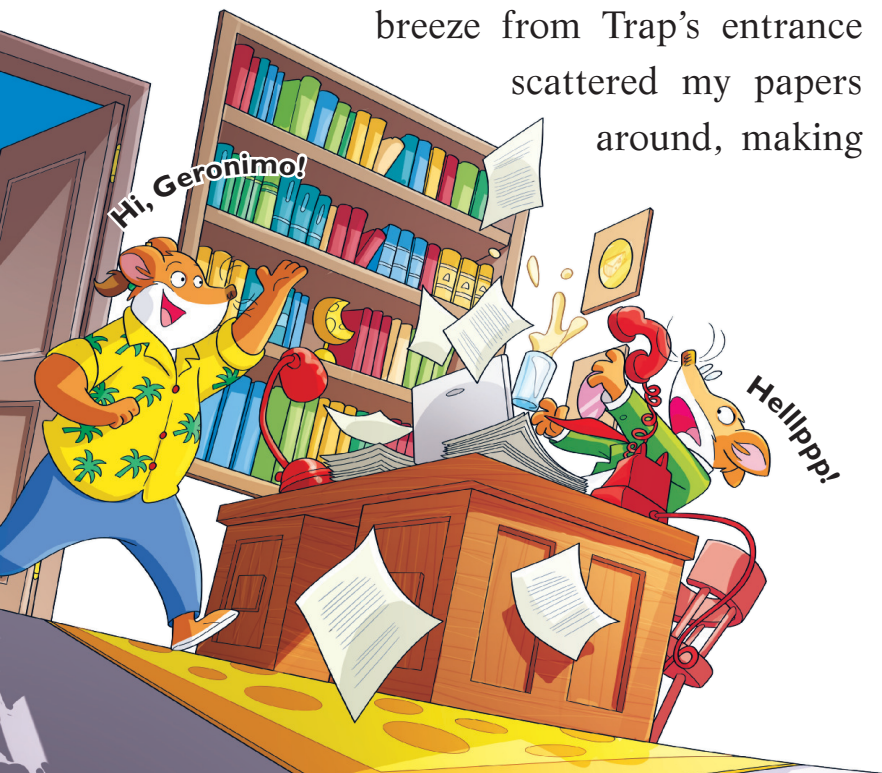


But my **calm** moment did not last very long . . . **CRASH, SLAM!**

The door to my office suddenly **BURST** open.

“Hi, Geronimo!” shouted my cousin Trap.  
**Squeak!**

I was so surprised that I accidentally spilled my **Smoothie** all over my desk. The breeze from Trap’s entrance scattered my papers around, making





a **gigantic** mess.

Why did things like this always happen to me?!

I quickly tried to mop up the **MESS** with some nearby tissues. My snout wrinkled in **annoyance**.

“Why do you look like you’re smelling **moldy** old cheese, Cousin?” Trap cried. “You seem **jumpy**. Did you sleep okay last night?”

“I slept just fine!” I muttered. “You need to learn to **knock** before you barge into a rodent’s office!” I knelt down and reached under my desk to get the smoothie cup that had **rolled** away.

When I tried to stand back up . . .

★ ★ **BAM!** ★ ★



I smacked my head on the desk.

“**OWWW!** That hurt!!!” I yelled.

“See? You’re **wobblier** than a slice of American cheese!” my cousin commented.

I went to sit back down at my desk, but the chair shifted and . . . **Boom!**

I fell to the floor, right on my tail!

“You’re completely **OUT OF SORTS!**”

Trap continued.

Then he came over and started muttering, “**PUFFY** eyes . . . **dull** fur . . . **slow** reflexes . . . Yes, yes, yes, I hate to say it,





Geronimo, but you look as tired as a three-day-old cheese sandwich that's been through the washing machine.”

I sat up and **wiggled** my ears. “You don't know what you're talking about. I feel **great**. Well, I did until you showed up, anyway!”

“Geronimo, Geronimo, Geronimo.” Trap shook his snout. “I know the look of a **STRESSED-OUT** mouse when I see one. You're fried like a mozzarella stick. But don't be a **worryrat**! I have just the solution for you!”

I sighed. Whatever Trap had up his **FURRY** sleeves was sure to stress me out even more!