

# Geronimo Stilton

## **TREASURES OF THE MAYA**



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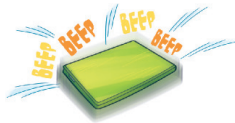
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# BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!

I remember that Sunday morning **very** well.

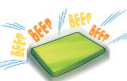
There I was, happily **snoring** under my blankets, just like I do every Sunday morning, when the *strangest* thing happened —

But wait! 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 **famouse** newspaper on Mouse Island.

Like I was saying, I was sleeping **peacefully** until a sudden **shrieking** sound woke me up!



BEEP, BEEP,

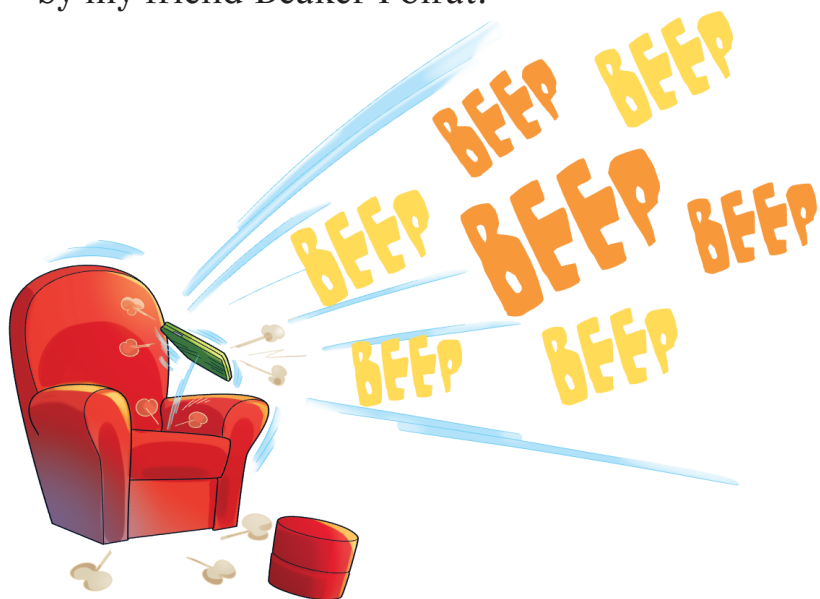


BEEP!

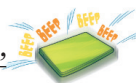
## BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!

It was the sound of some kind of **ALARM!** “**Squeak!**” I shouted. I sat up in bed, looking everywhere for the source of the **noise**. It wasn’t my regular **ALARM** clock or my phone. “What could it be?”

Suddenly, I remembered. That **LOUD** sound was coming from my **fancy** new computer. It had been specially built for me by my friend Beaker Poirat.



BEEP, BEEP,



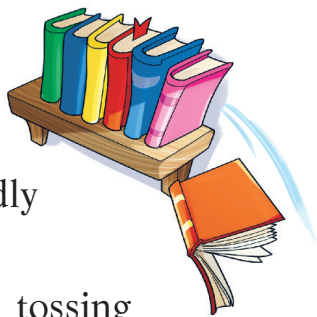
BEEP!

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I needed to turn it off quickly. The sound was so loud the windows were shaking like **mozzarella pudding!**

I threw off my blankets and struggled to get out of bed. But the **ALARM** shook the walls so much, the bookcase above my head started to come free from the wall.

A **heavy** book toppled over and landed right on my snout. “Rancid ricotta!” I cried, rubbing the spot where a bump was rapidly forming.



I lurched off the bed, tossing blankets and books to the ground. Now if I could only remember how to silence that **ALARM**. I stepped forward, determined to have quiet.

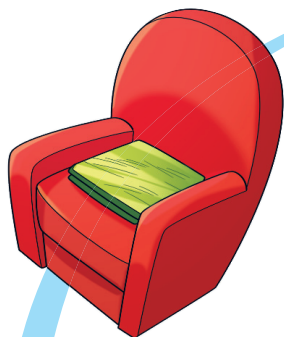
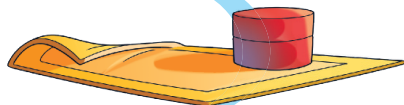
Just then a **GUST** of wind rattled the

side of the house. My bedroom window flew open. The curtains swirled all around me. I couldn't see anything!

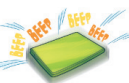
“Holey Swiss cheese!” I yelled, while batting the curtains all around.



“This is worse than that time I fell into the vat of **FONDUE!**”



I finally escaped the curtains . . . only to trip on the carpet and **SPLAT** on the floor like a cheesy



meatball rolling off a table.

I had landed on my tail, exactly in front of my computer!



Finally, something was going right. I looked for a button to turn off the **noise**, but it stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The screen flickered to life by itself. A strange **blue** light glowed, and a mysterimouse voice chuckled.

“Geronimo, you **stinky** cheese — how did you like my trick?”



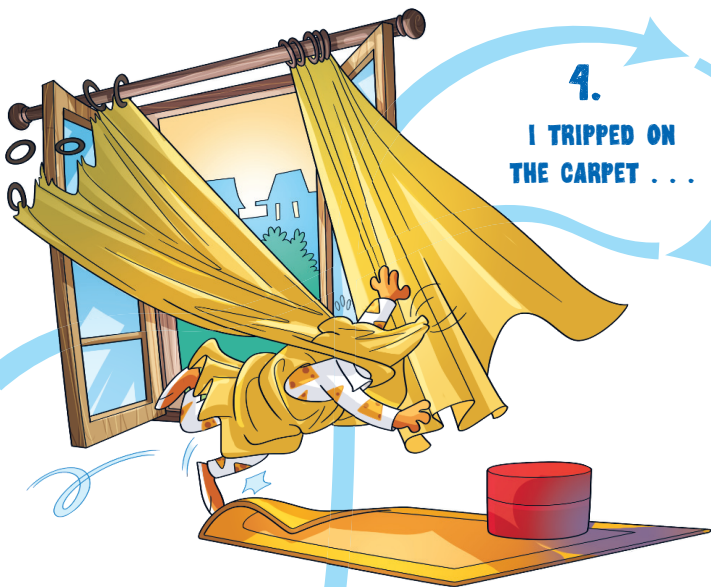
**1. A LOUD SOUND  
WOKE ME UP!**

**2. THE VIBRATIONS  
CAUSED A BOOK TO  
FALL ON MY SNOUT!**



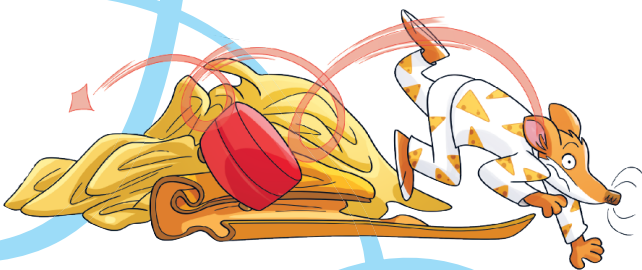
**3.  
THE WINDOW OPENED  
AND THE WIND BLEW  
THE CURTAINS ALL  
AROUND ME!**



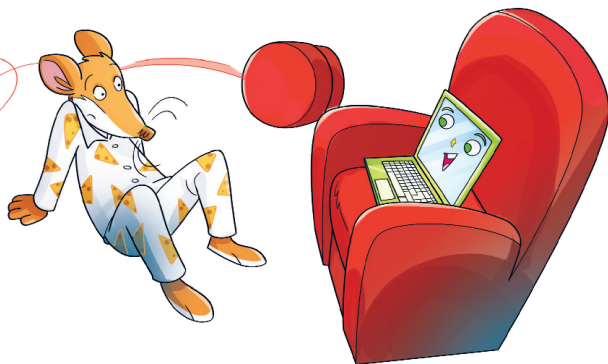


**4.**  
**I TRIPPED ON  
THE CARPET . . .**

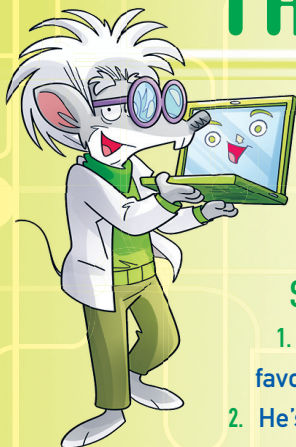
**5.**  
**AND TOOK  
A SCARY  
TUMBLE . . .**



**6.**  
**BUT I LANDED  
ON MY TAIL RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF THE  
COMPUTER.**



# THE COMPUTER




It is a prototype put together for Geronimo by his friend Beaker Poirat. His real name is **C35829XTPQRIIO**, but it is much easier to just call him **COMPUTER**.

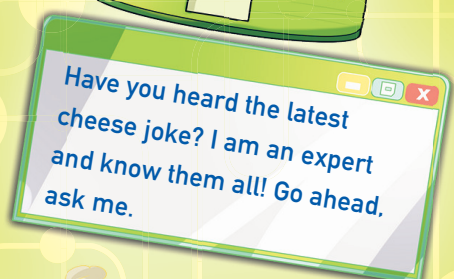
## STATS:

1. Computer is pistachio green, which is Beaker's favorite color.
2. He's completely eco-friendly, made of recycled plastic mixed with lots and lots of pistachio shells.
3. He is powered by a long-lasting battery made with fermented pistachio pulp — he can run for a year without being charged!
4. A special microchip allows Computer to behave like a real robot. For example, he can speak all the languages in the world, he can drive a car when properly connected to it, and he can even order pizza! He keeps track of Geronimo's to-do list and is very good at telling jokes. (He loves to play tricks on Geronimo.)
5. He has two mechanical arms.

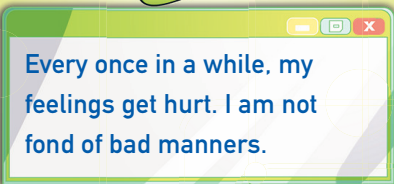
**WARNING:** Since Computer is only a prototype, he has not been perfected yet. His feelings are easily hurt, and when that happens, he pouts and shuts himself off.



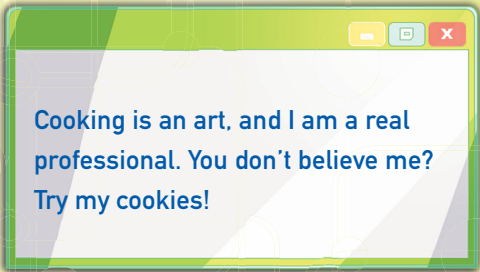
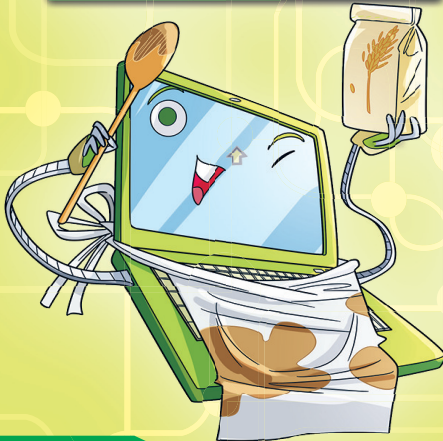
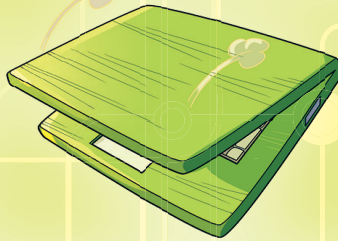
I have a lot of special functions: I can drive, order anything you want, remind you of tasks you need to accomplish, crack jokes, play tricks, and I also know all the recipes in the world.



Have you heard the latest cheese joke? I am an expert and know them all! Go ahead, ask me.



Every once in a while, my feelings get hurt. I am not fond of bad manners.



Cooking is an art, and I am a real professional. You don't believe me? Try my cookies!