

Geronimo Stilton

THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME



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IT WAS A COLD OCTOBER AFTERNOON . . .

It was a cold October afternoon. Outside, the wind whipped the leaves around in swirls of red and gold. I was glad I wasn't a field mouse. I'd be **freezing** my tail off! Luckily, I was nice and warm, snuggled inside my comfy home doing one of my favorite things . . . reading.



I was lazily reading a book ...



Sipping a cup of hot cocoa ...

Munching on cheese puffs ...



when my cell phone rang.



I received a text message:

STILTON, I NEED YOUR HELP
ON A MYSTERIOUS CASE!
SIGNED PROFESSOR
CYRIL T. SANDSNOUT

Do you know Professor Sandsnout? He is an expert on everything there is to know about Egypt. He is also the director of the Egyptian Museum in New Mouse City. And he is one of my dearest friends.

Oops! I think I forgot to introduce myself. Silly me! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*.



W-W-WHO ARE Y-Y-YOU?

I wondered why Professor Sandsnout needed my help. I decided to go visit him at the museum and find out. Of course, a trip to the museum is always a lot more fun with my favorite little nephew, Benjamin.

I quickly called my aunt Sweetfur's mouse hole. That's where Benjamin lives.

"Would you like to come with me to the Egyptian Mouseum?" I asked my nephew. "You can bring a friend if you'd like."

There was an excited squeak on the other end of the phone.



I took off for Aunt Sweetfur's right away. I knocked on the front door, then strolled inside. That's when I was hit with a big surprise. And I mean **hit**. With a **whoosh**, the kitchen door crashed open and slammed me right in the whiskers!

“AAAHH!” I screeched before I passed out.

As soon as I came to, I saw a little female mouse standing over me. She had black hair that she wore in lots of tiny braids.





BANG!

A green **BANDANNA** with little hearts on it covered the top of her head. And an expensive camera hung around her neck.

She grabbed my paw and squeezed it hard. Holy cheese! Who taught this mouse how to shake paws? **Mad Mouse Max**, the bone-crushing rodent wrestler? I wondered if I'd ever be able to write again.

“W-w-who are y-y-you?” I stammered, massaging my sore paw. The **STRANGE** little mouse broke into a **wide** grin. “I’m **BUGSY WUGSY!** That’s **B-U-G-S-Y W-U-G-S-Y!**” she shrieked. My ear started ringing. I wondered if I’d ever hear out of it again. First my **paw**, then my **ear**. Who was this mouselet, and what would she do **NEXT**? I was afraid to find out.

BUGSY WUGSY

FIRST NAME: BUGSY

LAST NAME: WUGSY

NICKNAME: LITTLE TORNADO

WHO SHE IS: PETUNIA PRETTY PAWS'S NIECE

HER INTERESTS: LIKE HER AUNT PETUNIA,
SHE LOVES EVERYTHING ABOUT NATURE,
ANIMALS, AND PLANTS.

HER FAVORITE SPORT:
CLIMBING TREES

HER SECRET: SHE HAS
A CRUSH ON
BENJAMIN!



BUGSY WUGSY