



A PEACEFUL EVENING FOR GERONIMO!

It was a *peaceful* spring evening in Mouseborg, the capital city of Mouseking Island. The *stars* shone brightly in the sky. A gentle *breeze* blew in from the sea. *Crickets* chirped a soothing song.

Sorry, I should introduce myself: I am *GERONIMO STILTONORD*, and I am a mouseking. Not a very fierce, fighting mouseking, but a scholarly one.





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Ow, my back!



And that **night**
I had returned
home after a
terrible day!

1 During
morning exercises,
Sven the Shouter, our **Village chief**,
had forced me to do 333 sit-ups!

2 At noon, dragons had attacked our
village! They were looking to lunch on
FRESH MICEKING MEAT. I fought

Narrow escape!



bravely (well, as bravely as I could. I have **WEAK** muscles for a mouseking).

3 And after that, my sister, Thea, had asked me to help her **rearrange** all the furniture in her house!

I was so tired that my **WHISKERS WERE DROOPING!**

So I was very happy to retreat to my house for a *peaceful*, quiet night. My plans included:

A light dinner of aged **miceking cheese** and herring soup . . .





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Reading a book of **LEGENDS** about the famous miceking **EXPLORER** Erik the Furry . . .

Ending with a **SOOTHING** cup of tea before bed . . .

I had just finished setting the table when I heard a knock at the door.





Bam! Bam! Bam!

Why, oh why, did someone always have to **INTERRUPT** me when I was eating?

As I **peered** through the peephole, I heard the **deep voice** of our village chief.

“**OPEN UP**, you smarty-mouseking! So says Sven!” he shouted.

A chorus of micekings behind him cried out,

"SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!"

Clattering cuttlefish! How many of them were out there? And what did they want from me?

“Well, **lazy bones**?” Sven yelled. “Are you going to open up?”

You should know that Sven is known as **THE SHOUTER** because he shouts very



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loudly! And when he's angry, his **shouts** could make the walls of your house shake. So I hurried and opened the door before the chief could shout again.

A crowd of miceking warriors pushed into the house. They took seats in my chairs, on my tables, on my bed, and even in the rafters. Shivering squids, Sven had called a meeting of the Miceking Assembly in my house!

The warriors whispered to one another, "What could it be?" They were excited for a mystery to solve!

Then Sven spoke, "**MICEKINGS OF MOUSEBORG**, I have gathered you here for a matter of great importance."

The micekings listened in **SILENCE**, leaning forward in their seats.

Sven turned toward the foreman of the



Shhh!

Silence!

Listen to me!

STOCKER



Stocker is the foreman of the factory that makes finnbrew, the most popular miceking drink. He guards the barrels of finished finnbrew. He's a very slow-moving mouseking. When you ask him a question, he stares at you like a frozen codfish!

finnbrew

factory. "Stocker! Tell us what you found."

Stocker looked **surprised**.

"Me? Found? What?"

Great salty sardines, what kind of mystery was this?