



GERONIMO, OUR HERO!

It was a splendid summer afternoon in Mouseborg, the capital of Miceking Island. The sun was **shining** high in the sky, the clouds were rushing past, and a light breeze was making the **flowers** wave in the fields.

Oh, I'm such a **scatterbrain!** I haven't introduced myself: My name is **GERONIMO STILTONORD**, and I am a mouseking. I live in the ancient far north, where it's cold for most of the year — except in the summer! As I was saying, it was a very **HOT** afternoon. It was so hot that I decided to take a little **nap**.

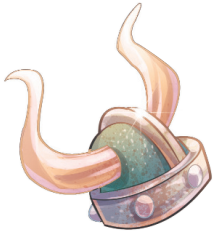




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When I woke, I was in the **best mood**.
I headed straight toward the town square.



That afternoon the entire village
was celebrating a very **special**
occasion in honor of *yours*
truly. I was about to receive
my first **miceking helmet**, our
highest honor!

On the street, rodents greeted me with huge
smiles and **PAWSHAKES**. When I arrived in
the square, I heard mice cheering my name:

“Geronimo! Our hero has arrived!”

“Cheesy catapults, there he is!”

“It’s Geronimo!”

A stage was set up for the ceremony, and it
was decorated with crests and **COLORED**
flags.

The village chief, **SVEN THE**
SHOUTER, stepped forward and lifted



his arms with a solemn gesture.

All the micekings quieted down.

“**MICEKINGS** of Mouseborg!” Sven exclaimed. “This is a **SPECIAL** day that will be remembered for generations and generations!”

Then he looked my way.

“Come up here, **VALIANT** Geronimo!” Sven said.

My whiskers **trembling** with emotion, I greeted the crowd and headed for the



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stage. Sven the Shouter lifted a **shiny** miceking helmet over my head. Then, in a **thundering** voice, he proclaimed:

“I, Sven the Shouter, award the highest honor to **Geronimo the Smarty-mouseking!**”

“**Hip, hip, hooray!**” the crowd answered, shouting as one.

“For his incredible heroism!” Sven shouted.

“**Hip, hip, hooray!**” everyone replied.

“For his amazing courage!” Sven cried.

“**Hip, hip, hooray!**” said the crowd.

“And for his fabumouse athletic skills,” Sven concluded as he placed the helmet over my snout. “**SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!**”

As is customary in Mouseborg, the crowd echoed back:

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”



Hip, hip,
hooray!

My hero ...

Yay!

You're a legend!

Well done!





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I looked out into the audience to see my sister, Thea, my sweet nephew Benjamin, and my cousin Trap *smiling* at me.

Then someone came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to face a mouse with eyes as **blue** as the water of a fjord and hair as **RED** as the sunset.

Helmets and herring! It was **Thora**, Sven's daughter. She is the most courageous and fascinating mouseking in the entire village!



My heart began to pound so loudly I was sure Thora could hear it. As I stared at her *foolishly*, she gave me a **HUG** and *whispered*



in my ear: “You look like a true **hero** in that helmet, Geronimo!”

“**Uuuuncle! Uuuuncle!**” a little voice suddenly shrieked loudly.

“H-huh?” I stammered, confused. “Who’s that? What’s going on?”

“Uncle!” the voice **squeaked** again.





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I opened my eyes and finally understood. The rejoicing crowd . . . my first miceking helmet . . . the courageous Thora: It had all been *just a dream!*

The little voice at my door belonged to my nephew **BENJAMIN!** And that meant I was still at home, half-asleep and in my pajamas.

FJORDS AND FIDDLESTICKS! That also meant I was late for my runes lesson with Benjamin and his friend Bugsilda!



Benjamin and his best friend, Bugsilda, often visit me to learn to read and write. I'm the official village scholar, so I know runes, which are characters that make up the miceking alphabet. I hold our lessons in the yard behind my hut.