

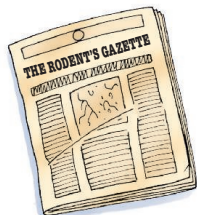




I HAVE A SECRET . . .

Hello, mouse friends! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. Yep, it's really me — your friend from New Mouse City!

You probably already know that I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island. But I am more than just a newspaper mouse. Let me tell you some **FACTS** about myself before we get started!



Let me tell
you about
myself!

LET ME TELL YOU SOME FACTS ABOUT MYSELF!

NUMBER 1

Home
sweet
home!



8

I live at
8 Mouseford Lane,
and I **love**
being home.



NUMBER 2

I **work** at
17 Swiss Cheese
Center, at
The Rodent's Gazette.



Puff...
puff!



THE
RODENT'S
GAZETTE



Oh, how I
like to read!

NUMBER 3

I am a
SCAREDY-MOUSE!

I'm not sporty or
adventurous at all.



NUMBER 4

But I still go on
exciting, fur-raising
adventures in a place
called the **KINGDOM**
of Fantasy!



A dragon? Ack!



book! It better be an amazing adventure!” he screamed.

Oh, why was he always screaming? I nodded, even though he couldn't see me, and **squeaked**, “Yes, I know, another fantasy adventure —” but before I could continue, Grandfather interrupted me.

Grandson!



“No, not just another fantasy adventure!” he thundered. “This one needs to be an **extra-special** book! It needs to be super-adventurous, super-scary, and super-fun! It needs to be **epic**! Now get started! I'll call you in a few hours to make sure you're not slacking off!”

I sighed and hung up the phone. I knew I had to get to work. Otherwise, Grandfather William would **NEVER** leave me alone!

Still, I decided a tasty cookie or two might give me inspiration. Ten minutes later . . .

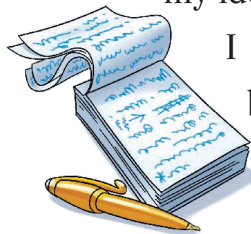


DING!

My cookies were done!

I made myself a cup of tea and put some **warm** cookies on a plate. Then I sat in my favorite pawchair in front of a cozy fire. Ah, how relaxing!

I wasn't really in the **MOOD** to write, but I knew I had to get cracking. Grandfather William would be calling me, demanding to know what my ideas were for the extra-special book.



I took my notebook and my pen and began scribbling away. "Let's see . . . **cheese, bananas, toilet paper, pizza bagels . . .**"

Oops! I was accidentally writing a shopping list!

I refocused, and before I knew it, hours had gone by. As I stared at the **BLAZE** in the fireplace, I noticed something strange. The flames looked like **EYES** in the dark . . .



**Geronimo Stilton's
notebook and
fountain pen**

Suddenly, I realized that those eyes
belonged to a fantastical creature . . .

the Phoenix of Destiny!



