



GRANDSON! GRAAAANDSON!

It was hotter than a **SCORCHING** bowl of cheese soup that July afternoon. I was in my office at the Rodent's Gazette, trying to start my new **BOOK**. But I couldn't think of **ANYTHING** to write about!





Usually, I like to write about my real-life experiences. Lately, however, nothing at all **INTERESTING** has happened to me. So my mind was as **BLANK** as a slice of mozzarella.

I'm sorry — I just realized that I haven't introduced myself! You may have already guessed who I am. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I'm the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, I haven't had an adventure in a long time. I thought about my trip to Japan with Wild Willie.* And the time I **SAVED** a beached white whale on a faraway shore.**

Those were great adventures!

Then it hit me. Both of those adventures took place in nature!

Suddenly, I had an **IDEA**: I could write

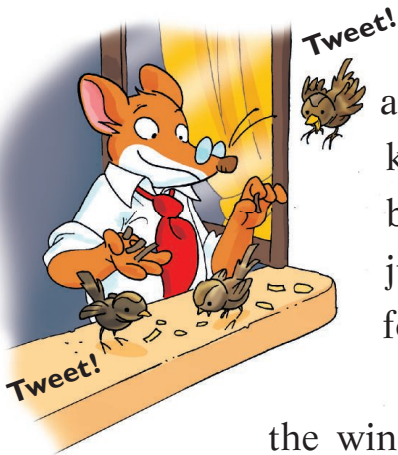
* Read all about it in my book *The Way of the Samurai*.

** Read all about it in my book *Save the White Whale!*



What an
adventure!





about nature! But what kind of nature? Sandy beaches? **LEAFY** jungles? **PEACEFUL** forests?

I **LOOKED** outside the window and sighed. Holed up in my office in New Mouse City, the only nature I could see were the **sparrows** that pecked at my **cheese** crusts on the windowsill. They were cute, but I didn't think they would make a very interesting book.

I needed something **exciting** to write about. And to do that, I needed to go on a really good **adventure!** (But nothing too dangerous, because I am really a **SCAREDY-MOUSE** at heart!)

I was lost in my thoughts when I heard a

GRANDSON!



GRAAAANDSON!

loud **bang!** A mouse pushed open my office door. **Can you guess who it was?**

I'll give you some clues: He's a tall, muscled mouse with thick silvery **fur**. He wears steel-framed eyeglasses, and he always has a **STERN** look on his face — a very stern look. **Now can you guess?**





I FIND MY INSPIRATION!

You guessed it! That rodent was none other than my grandfather William Shortpaws, also known as Cheap Mouse Willie.

“Graaaaandson!” his voice boomed out. It looked like he was in a bad mood, as always.



I noticed that he was wearing his favorite **hat**: a vintage **cowboy** hat. A red bandanna was wrapped around it, and a falcon's **feather** was stuck in it.

My grandfather loves hats almost as much as he



loves cheese. He has a big collection of hats, but he wears his **cowboy** hat all the time.

Grandfather took off his hat and showed me a **HOLE** in the top.

“Know why this hole is here?” he asked. “Because I’ve been wearing this hat for thirty years. Know something else? I need a **new** one. Want to know one more thing? I need **someone** to go get it for me.”

I knew that he meant me, of course, but I didn’t have time to go hat shopping.

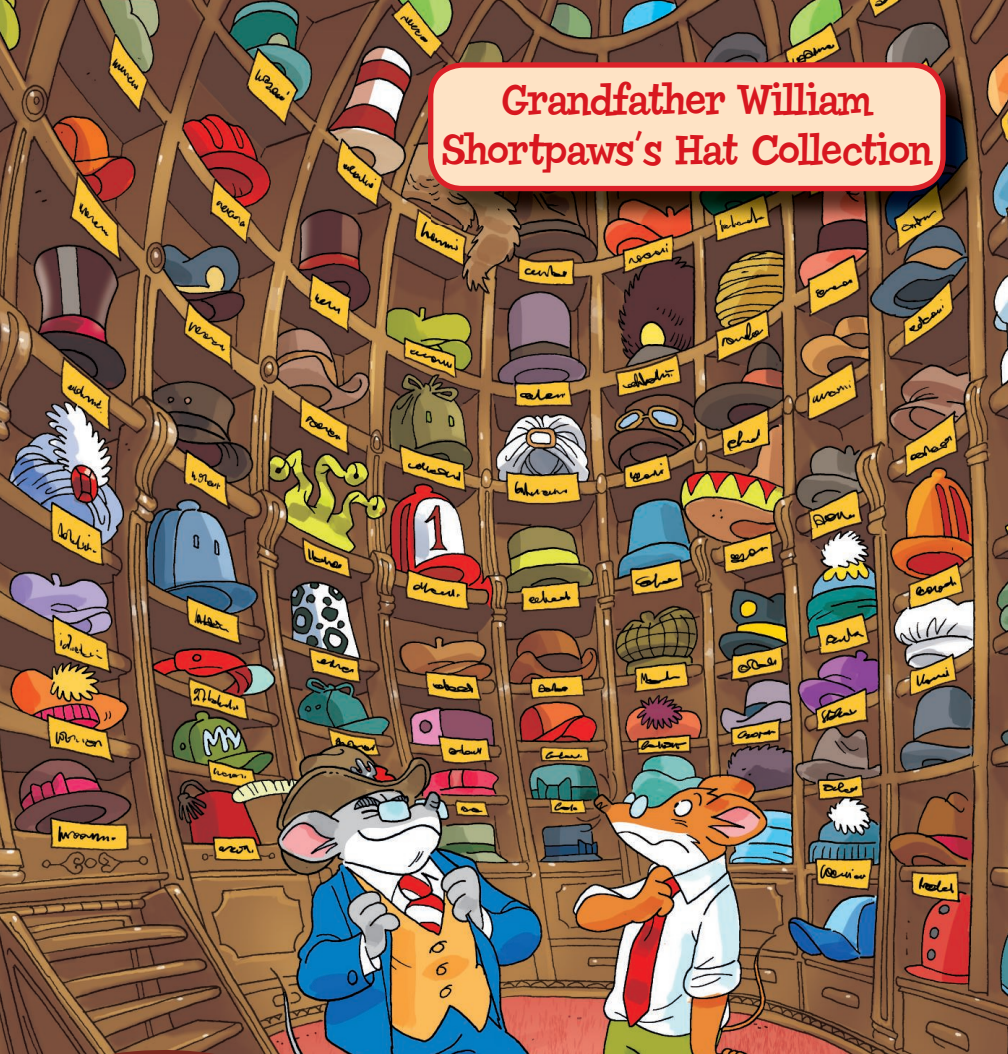
“**Excuse me**, Grandfather,” I said **politely**. “But I have a book to write, and I need to find some inspiration.”

“I’ll give you some inspiration!” he **THUNDERED**.

“You will?” I asked nervously.

“That’s right!” Grandfather replied. “I bought my hat years ago in a **little shop**

Grandfather William Shortpaws's Hat Collection



Cowboy Hat
Style: Silver Cactus Deluxe
Made in: Sedona, Arizona, USA