



The Editorial Staff of The Rodent's Gazette

- 1. Linda Thinslice
- 2. Sweetie Cheesetriangle
- 3. Ratella Redfur
- 4. Soya Mousehao
- 5. Cheesita de la Pampa
- 6. Mouseanna Mousetti
- 7. Yale Youngmouse
- 8. Toni Tinypaw
- 9. Tina Spicytail
- 10. Maximilian Mousemower
- 11. Valerie Vole
- 12. Trap Stilton
- 13. Branwen Musclemouse
- 14. Zeppola Zap
- 15. Merenguita Gingermouse
- 16. Ratsy O'Shea
- 17. Rodentrick Roundrat
- 18. Tillie von Muffler
- 19. Thea Stilton
- 20. Erronea Misprint
- 21. Pinky Pick
- 22. Ya-ya O'Cheddar
- 23. Mousella Mac Mouser
- 24. Kreamy O'Cheddar
- 25. Blasco Tabasco
- 26. Toffie Sugarsweet
- 27. Tylerat Truemouse
- 28. Larry Keys
- 29. Michael Mouse
- 30. Geronimo Stilton
- 31. Benjamin Stilton
- 32. Briette Finerat
- 33. Raclette Finerat









Thea Stilton Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at The Rodent's Gazette

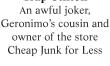














Benjamin Stilton A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse. Geronimo's favorite nephew



















LATE AGAIN!

"Putrid cheese puffs!" It was nine o'clock and I, Geronimo Stilton, was late for work — again! I rolled out of bed in a minute and was dressed in two. Pretty fast, considering I am really not a morning mouse.

"CHEESE SLICES! I hate Monday mornings," I grumbled while brushing my teeth with @@@@@r-flavored toothpaste. Then I hurried downstairs, stumbled over my tail, and tumbled all the way down to the door.





Thump! Thump! Thump! So much for being quiet as a mouse.

The streets of New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, were as noisy as ever. I guess everyone was late just like me. Cheese delivery trucks were everywhere, horns blasting. Mice, rats, and rodents of every size and shape *raced by* in cars, taxis, and Mouse Jordan sneakers.

"Taxi!" I shouted, jumping into a cab. "Seventeen Swiss Cheese Center."

Minutes later, we pulled up to my editorial office. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that I run a newspaper. It's called *The Rodent's Gazette*.

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I took the stairs two

and burst inside. What a workout! I was pooped. Maybe I shouldn't have canceled my membership at Rats La Lanne after all.



But before I could think about it, Mousella, my secretary, tackled me.

"Mr. Stilton, FINALLY," she cried, her glasses dangling off one ear. "There is a crowd of rodents waiting to see you: the designers, the printers, the mouse who works the water cooler . . . and the editor in chief wants to speak with you immediatelv."

I headed to my desk. Mousella followed.

"The copy machine is jammed," she continued. "Another mailroom mouse quit. And, Boss,

don't forget you promised me a raise!"

1 hate Mondays. My head felt like it was about to explode. Even my whiskers hurt. I wouldn't wish this day on the

