Geronimo Stilton
Spacemice
ALIEN ESCAPE
My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I’ve always wanted to write incredible adventures set in another dimension, but I’ve never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That’s because my good friend Professor Paws von Volt, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are many different dimensions in time and space, where anything could be possible.

The professor’s work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I travel through space in search of new worlds. We’re a fabumouse crew: the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this intergalactic adventure!

Geronimo Stilton

Professor Paws von Volt
THE SPACEMICE

GERONIMO STILTONIX

TRAP STILTONIX

THEA STILTONIX

GRANDFATHER WILLIAM STILTONIX

ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN STILTONIX AND BUGSY WUGSY
In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

This fabumouse vessel is called the MouseStar 1, and I am its captain!

I am Geronimo Stiltonix, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy traveling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

THIS IS THE LATEST ADVENTURE OF THE SPAcemice!
Galactic Gorgonzola!

It was a calm morning in space aboard the MouseStar 1, the most Fabumouse spaceship in the universe.

We were traveling at super-warp speeds in the far-off Cheddar Galaxy.

I was still asleep in my cabin, snoring blissfully, when Someone appeared behind me, sneakily took hold of my blanket, and shouted in a robotic voice:

"Yellow alert! Yellow alert! Yellow alerrrrrrrt!"
My eyes flew open as if I’d been stung by a swarm of **space bees**.

It was **Assistatrilx**, my personal-assistant robot.

“**Galactic Gorgonzola!**” I squeaked. “What is it? What’s wrong? Have **aliens** invaded? Did a meteorite hit the spaceship?”
“Good morning, Captain Stiltonix,” Assistatrix announced in his metallic voice. “It’s seven o’clock, intergalactic time. It’s time to get up. Time to get up. Time to get up!”

“Assistatrix, how many times have I told you not to wake me up with the yellow alert?” I grumbled. “ Couldn’t you use a more relaxing alarm, like the Symphony of the Galaxies?”

“Negative, Captain,” he replied. “The yellow alert is the only one that works with you. Now, get up, get up, get up!”

A long mechanical arm extended from a compartment in Assistatrix’s back. The arm grabbed me by the tail and lifted me up like a fish on a hook!

“Help!” I squeaked. “Put me down!
Put me down!

Get up!
Get up!
Get up!
I’ll get ready at the **Speed of Light**— I promise!”

I should have kept my snout shut. A second later, he released me suddenly, and **bam!** I crashed to the ground, smacking my snout against the floor and crushing my whiskers. **OUCH!**

Sometimes I really wish that the **MouseStar 1** didn’t have artificial gravity. In zero gravity, I would have just floated away instead of crashing to the floor!

I rubbed my sore whiskers as Assistatricht continued to squeak at me.

“Captain Stiltonix, you’re late. Late, late, late! **It's time to wash, time to wash, time to wash!**”

**Martian Mozzarella!** He can’t treat me that way — I’m the captain of this ship!
OOPS! I haven’t introduced myself yet. My name is Stiltonix, Geronimo Stiltonix. I’m the captain of the MouseStar 1, the most fabumouse spaceship in the entire universe!

Assistatrix grabbed me by the tail and pushed me into the Wash-O-Mouse, the ship’s space-age shower. As soon as the doors closed, I was hit with a powerful jet of icy water!

“Assistatrix!” I cried, my teeth chattering.
“This shower is **f-f-freezing**!”

But three **rotating** brushes had already grabbed me, **squeezed** me, scrubbed me, polished me, and buffed me.

Finally, I was hit with a **blast** of hot air to fluff up my fur.

“Yeow!” I squeaked. “Assistatrix! This air is **boiling hot**!”

Why, oh, why was I being subjected to such **terrible** treatment? I never wanted to be a spaceship captain! My greatest dream in life is actually to become an **author**. I’ve always wanted to write a novel about the **adventures** of the spacemice. But I never seem to have the time! I’m always too busy **zipping** around the galaxy as captain of the **MouseStar 1**.

I stumbled out of the Wash-O-Mouse
and shook out my fur. Then Assistatrix opened the door to my closet for me.

“Captain Stiltonix, today I recommend you wear your dress uniform,” Assistatrix said.

“There’s a control room visit scheduled with the former captain of the ship, the retired admiral, His Excellency, the great William Stiltonix.”

“What? What? What?” I squeaked. “Grandfather William is coming to the control room? Today? Why am I always the last to know? HELP!”
“GET DRESSED, GET DRESSED, GET DRESSED!” Assistatrix continued, handing me my super-fancy special dress uniform.

I tried to put it on, but I had gained a little weight since the last time I wore it. Holey space cheese, I couldn’t fasten my belt!

“Don’t worry, Captain,” Assistatrix assured me. “I’ve got it!”

And with that he grabbed me, spun me around, Crushed me, bashed me, smushed me, and tugged on me until finally . . . CLICK! My belt was fastened!

I was finally dressed, but I couldn’t relax yet.
CAPTAIN STILTONIX’S
SUPER-FANCY SPECIAL
DRESS UNIFORM

- Wristwatch with phone
- Anti-space-wind collar
- Multifunctional belt, able to instantaneously translate all intergalactic languages
- Wedge of golden cheese, the badge of the spacemice
- Spacewalk boots
- Suction cups on soles, in case of a loss of gravity
“Hurry!” Assistatrix shouted at me. “The **ASTROTAXI** is waiting for you!” And he dragged me by the tail to one of the waiting **mini-ships** that transport the spacemice around the **MouseStar 1**.

“Take Captain Stiltonix to the liftrix elevator to the **CONTROL ROOM**,” he ordered the driver. “And do it at **TOP SPEED**!”


**I ALWAYS GET SPACESICK!**
But it was too late. The astrotaxi zoomed off and I felt my stomach lurch. Mousey meteorites — I hoped I wouldn’t toss my cheese!

Finally, the astrotaxi stopped. I climbed out and wobbled toward the liftrix, which is the special elevator that goes to the Control Room. Suddenly, I felt someone — or something — pinch my tail.

It was Robotix!

Robotix is a mischievous little robot. He is autoprogrammed, autoregulated, free-floating, and, to be honest, a little annoying. He’s convinced he knows everything and that he’s always right. He never admits his mistakes, and he always wants to have the last word in every argument!

“What’s the problem, Captain Stiltonix?” Robotix asked with a giggle. “Are you lost?
Maybe you’re looking for the liftrix to get to the control room?”

“I know exactly where I’m going, thank you —” I began, but Robotix cut me off.

“It’s okay, Captain Stiltonix!” Robotix squeaked. “I’ve always known that you need a lot of help with directions! Follow me!”

I didn’t even have time to reply before
he grabbed me by the **tail** and dragged me toward a **clear** tube.

“Go ahead, get on the liftrix!” he said bossily as he shoved me inside. “Just press the **red** button for the control room.”

“I know, I know!” I replied in exasperation. “I’m the captain of the ship, remember?”

Of course I knew what the **red button** was for!

Suddenly, a powerful **BLAST** of air lifted
me and hurled me upward like a meteor heading straight for the moon. **Galactic Gorgonzola!** Would I ever get used to the liftrix? I always seemed to get spacesick!

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

**Liftrix**

The liftrix is the fastest and most comfortable way to move around inside a spaceship. It's a glass tube that sucks up the passenger in a strong blast of air, carrying the spacemouse to the requested level of the ship.
A few moments later, I popped out of the **liftrix** and into the ship’s **control room**.

My tummy rumbled and I licked my whiskers at the thought of the **lunar cheese shake** that would be waiting for me at the command chair, as it is every morning. It’s my daily breakfast! I hoped my grandfather hadn’t arrived yet so I could enjoy my shake in **peace**.

But before I could even make my way to the command chair, my cousin **Trap** appeared out of **nowhere**.

“Geronimo, did you bring some cheese and crackers and a few bottles of **fizzy**..."
feta-flavored sodas to celebrate our new mission?”

“What NEW MISSION?” I asked. “No one told me we were going on a new mission.”

Why am I always the last to know? Trap shook his head, disappointed.

“Geronimo, I expected you to be PREPARED,” he said. “What kind of captain are you?”

PREPARED?! How could I be prepared when I was always the last to know what was HAPPENING?! To show him that I was a real captain, I sat down in the COMMAND CHAIR. And to show him that I knew exactly what I was doing, I pressed a bunch of buttons on the arm of the chair. I’d never done that before, but it seemed like the right move.
Whoops! Big mistake.

**zip! Zap! Zop!**

A set of mechanical arms appeared from beneath the chair. One arm sprayed me with a fire extinguisher! Another twisted my tail into a knot! One arm splashed my feet with water! And another offered me a cheese sandwich!

Just then, the door to the control room flew open.
“What in the universe is going on in here?” boomed a voice I knew well. Martian Mozzarella!

My grandfather William — retired captain of the MouseStar 1 — had arrived! I jumped out of my chair to greet him.

Before he even said hello, he pressed a button on the chair that made all the mechanical arms retract. Then he flopped
down in my chair, put his **paws** on my pawrests, and started to sip **my lunar cheese shake** as if he had never retired!

“H-hi, Grandfather!” I squeaked. “To what do I owe this, um, **friendly** visit?”

“What do you mean, **friendly** visit?” he yelled, glaring at me. “I’m not just stopping by to say hi. Can’t you see that I’m in my high-command **uniform**? I took the trouble to come down here from my **super-luxurious** cabin because of an extremely serious matter: The **MouseStar 1** is about to explode!”

What? What?! What?!? The **MouseStar 1**, our fabumouse spaceship, was about to **explode**? This was extremely **serious**!

“Why am I always the last to know?” I squeaked.
Grandfather William took three gulps of my shake and **shook** his head with disapproval. “Because you should **already** know!” he barked. “But you’ve always got your head in the **stars**, reading and writing science fiction books! I’m beginning to wonder if I should turn the **command** of this ship over to your sister, Thea —”

“Is the **MouseStar 1** really going to **explode**?” I interrupted. I may not be the **best** captain, but I didn’t want to lose command of my ship!

“Oh, Grandson, do I need to explain everything to you?” he replied **impatiently**. “Do you know how the **engine** of the ship works?”

“Of course!” I replied **indignantly**. “Er, the, um, tetrastellar batteries, er, they collect stellar energy and —”
“And what happens when the stellar energy batteries **OVERHEAT**?” Grandfather prompted me.

I hesitated. “Um . . . well, let’s see . . . maybe . . . the engine **explodes**?”

“Of course!” He sniffed. “And we’ll all burn up like a meteor entering the Earth’s atmosphere!”

I **shuddered**. I didn’t like the idea of **burning up** one bit!

“Luckily, I’m here, and I’ve already

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**From the Encyclopedia Galactica**

**TETRASTELLULUM**

The *MouseStar I* speeds along quickly through the galaxy thanks to powerful batteries made of tetrastellium, an element that is able to last for thousands of centuries. Unfortunately, though, tetrastellium is also very rare. When a long voyage is planned, it’s important to have a good supply in case the batteries run low!
found a solution,” Grandfather boasted. “We need new batteries so we can stabilize the engine. Unfortunately, though, the \textit{tetrastellium} that powers the batteries is a very rare element, and it exists only on a few planets. But we will find it!”

“Okay, Grandfather, but what do you mean ‘we’?” I asked. “Aren’t you retired?”

“Geronimo, I gave you command of this ship, and I can also take it away if I want to,” he replied.

“But, Grandfather, if you take away my
command, what will all my friends, all the crew, and all the captains of all the other ships in the universe think of me?”

“Grandson, there must be a black hole in your head if you think you can solve a problem this enormous without some help! While you were sleeping, I had already identified a planet only three-point-seven light-years away from us that may have tetrastellium: the planet Rattos. We’re going there immediately!”

“But, Grandfather, I was just about to begin writing my novel —” I began, but he cut me off.

“Orders are orders, Grandson!” he commanded. “And I am ordering you to do what I say!”
Once in a Blue Cheese Moon

Just then, the door of the control room opened again.

This time, it was my beloved nephew Benjamin and his best friend, Bugsy Wugsy. Benjamin rushed toward me.

"Hi, Uncle Geronimo!" he squeaked. "Can we stay with you in the control room today?"

I was just about to reply when a green...
creature covered in leaves from the tips of his ears to the end of his tail entered the room.

It looked like a walking bush, but I knew it was Professor Greenfur!

Professor Greenfur comes from the planet Photosyntheson, and he is our official onboard scientist. He knows all the species of plants and animals in the entire galaxy! I shook his paw.

"Welcome, Professor," I greeted him. "We could use your help finding the tetrastellium that we need to power the MouseStar 1's batteries."

"At your service, Captain Stiltonix," Professor Greenfur replied. "Though I'm surprised to hear that we're running low on tetrastellium — it lasts for centuries! It only needs to be replaced once in a
PROFESSOR GREENFUR
Scientist on the MouseStar 1

Species: Vegetal mousoid, with fur covered in leaves
Origin: From the planet Photosyntheson, in the Geranium Nebula, a planet covered in leaves, and inhabited entirely by vegetal mousoids.
Specialty: Onboard scientist and expert in alien life-forms.
Habits: Sleeps in a large vase full of soil!

BLUE CHEESE MOON. In other words, almost never!”

I nodded. “I know, Professor, but it’s true.” I explained, trying to sound like a responsible captain. “And if we don’t find more tetrastellium soon, the MouseStar 1 will explode!”
“What?!?” Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy exclaimed in unison.

Benjamin looked up at me with wide eyes.

“Uncle, is it true?” he asked, a worried look on his snout. “Are we in danger?”

I hugged my little nephew closely. “Of course not!” I told him. “We can leave the MouseStar 1 in our space pods if necessary. But we won’t have to do that. I won’t be satisfied until our mission to find more tetrastellium is complete!”

“Hooray!” Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy cheered.

Now I just had to make good on my promise.
At that moment, I heard a lovely, melodious voice.

“Captain Stiltonix, the engines are ready for hyperspeed,” the voice said.

I looked up and saw a rodent with long, curly purple hair; eyes as blue as a lunar lake; and an irresistible smile. It was Sally de Wrench, the ship’s expert in photon circuitry, hyperspace engines, stellar energy — and the loveliest rodent on the MouseStar 1!

“Captain, did you hear me?” she asked. “I need your order to go into hyperspeed.”

“Um . . . yes, of course, of course!” I
SALLY DE WRENCH
Official mechanic of the *MouseStar 1*

Species: Rodent  
Origin: Mouse Planet  
Specialty: Circuits and engines  
Characteristics: Excellent at repairing any kind of machine  
Defining Features: She wears a hairpin in the shape of a wrench that she occasionally uses to tighten bolts.

babbled. “Go ahead and fire it up. I mean, **LET’S GO!**” I tried to sound official and captain-like, but I’m pretty sure I had failed miserably.

The engines started with an ultrasonic **BANG**.

A moment later, the *MouseStar 1* was heading toward the planet Rattos! We **sailed** for hours before Sally finally
signaled that we were almost there.

“We’ve arrived in the area near RATTOS!” she said. “DECREASE SPEED!”

We had arrived! Rattos was a large planet with an enormous pink splotch in the middle of it. The splotch sparkled on our main screen like a gigantic splat of
strawberry ice cream.

I didn’t have time to celebrate our arrival, though, because suddenly a hideous beast appeared next to my chair. It was all teeth, antennae, and tentacles.

“AAAAHHH!” I squeaked. “Code red! Alien invasion!”
Suddenly, the beast started laughing. Then it took off its **mask** and I saw that it was my cousin Trap.

“**Ha, ha, ha!**” Trap laughed. “I really got you that time, Geronimo! Oh, how I love playing **jokes** on you! I gave you a **real scare,** didn’t I, Cuz?”

“You did,” I replied. “But **why** would you do that to me?”

I should have been able to guess Trap’s response.

“Isn’t it obvious?” he asked. “I’m just trying to keep you on the **tips** of your paws! Our grandfather, **Admiral William,** told me to keep an eye on you. I’m supposed to make sure you’re always **awake, alert,** and **ready** for anything, and I’m carrying
out his **ORDERS!**

**Mousey meteorites!**

Why me?

“After all, I’m your second-in-command!” Trap continued. “Don’t you see the **yellow** uniform I’m wearing? It’s the uniform of a **lieutenant**. **Lieutenant Trap Stiltonix.**

Sounds good, doesn’t it?”

Then he gave me a giant **clap** on the shoulder.
“Come on, Cousin!” he said. “Before we land on this planet, let’s have a snack together in the cafeteria. Your treat, naturally!”

My stomach grumbled. Since Grandfather William had stolen my lunar cheese shake, I had skipped breakfast. I was really, really hungry.

We arrived at the Space Yum Café, and I looked over the day’s menu. I was squeakless! The specials were plutonian stone soup with lichens, toasted moss from sprinx, and spicy seaweed pie à la croz.

“Black holey galaxies!” I squeaked. “This food isn’t for mice. . . . It’s for space rocks!”

“Shhh!” Trap said. “Don’t let the new cook hear you. He’s very sensitive!”
The new cook was an orange creature with tentacles, claws, arms, three eyes, and an apron speckled with mysterious fluorescent stains.

“Hello, Captain. I’m SQuizzy, the ship’s new cook,” he introduced himself. “Please make yourself comfortable. I can’t wait for you to taste all the fantastic alien specialties that I can make!”

“Um, actually, I’m not very hungry today,” I said.

But Cook SQuizzy wouldn’t back down. “I insist, Captain!” he said. “Please sit down. I’ll serve you in a moment!”

“But he didn’t even take our orders!” I whispered to Trap. “How does he know what I want?”

“It’s obvious, Cuz!” Trap replied. “He
doesn’t! But our grandfather, **ADMIRAL WILLIAM**, told him you haven’t been eating enough healthy foods lately. So you’re on a seaweed-only meal plan! I, on the other hand, will have a nice **CHEDDAR** shake with **CHOCOLATE** space sprinkles, as usual.”

**COOK SQUIZZY**
*MouseStar 1’s onboard cook*

- **Species:** Alien
- **Origin:** Comes from the planet Brie
- **Specialties:** Experimental fine cuisine
- **Characteristics:** He believes he’s a great chef.
- **Defining Features:** He has two arms, two claws, two tentacles, two wings, and three eyes!
“Martian Mozzarella!” I squeaked. “I want a Cheddar shake with chocolate space sprinkles, too!”

But the cook interrupted me.

“Here you are!” Squizzy said. “I’ve made you a soup out of blue seaweed from Vega. It’s very healthy! Admiral William’s orders!”
SPACE YUM CAFÉ

The Space Yum Café, MouseStar I’s restaurant, is the perfect spot for a spacemouse who wants to relax with a tasty snack or a fine dinner! Squizzy, the cook, specializes in delicacies such as blue seaweed soup, moondust pasta, and cheddar shakes with chocolate space sprinkles.
Blue seaweed soup!

Ugh!
Suddenly, a siren went off and a robotic voice shouted:

"Yellow alert! Yellow alert! Yellow alerrrrrt!"

**HOLEY CRATERS!** That wasn’t Assistatrix’s alarm clock — it was a real live **yellow alert**!

“What’s going on?” I shouted.

A tiny yellow light started to **spin** around me. It **grew** and **grew** and **grew**, until a hologram* of a rodent’s face appeared right in front of my snout. And it was completely **YELLOW**!

It was **Hologramix**, our trusty onboard

* A hologram is a three-dimensional image projected by a light source.
Yellow alert!

Yellow alert!

Yellow alerrrrrt!
computer! Its hologram is programmed to appear wherever it’s needed.

“There’s an emergency, Captain Stiltonix,” Hologramix told me. “You must go to the control room immediately!”

“But what’s going on?” I asked again. “Can’t you tell me before we get to the control room?”

HOLOGRAMIX

MouseStar 1’s onboard computer

Species: Ultra-advanced artificial intelligence
Specialty: Controls all functions on the ship, including the autopilot function
Characteristics: Considers itself to be indispensable
Defining Features: Appears wherever and whenever it’s needed
Hologramix shook its head. “I am authorized to communicate secret information only in the control room!”

So I hurried toward the liftrix and hopped inside. Then I pushed the red button as quickly as I could, but nothing happened!

“In the case of a yellow alert, the liftrix is shut down,” Hologramix reminded me. “You must use physical energy to transport yourself.”

I was confused. “Physical energy?” I asked.

“Use the stairs!” it explained, rolling its eyes.

Then it disappeared like a puff of moondust in the wind.
Getting to the control room using physical energy was more exhausting than I thought it would be.

I went up stairs, stairs, and more stairs, until I finally arrived in the control room. I was drenched in sweat, short of breath, and my tongue was hanging out.

Trap didn’t lose the chance to make a joke at my expense.

“Cousin, you’ve got to work out more!” he chided me. “You’re slower than a super-lazy astroslug. On the other paw, I’m in great shape. I exercise in the ship’s technogym every morning!”
“Be quiet, you two!” Thea squeaked. “Hologramix needs to communicate with us!”

Hologramix’s bright yellow face floated in the center of the control room.

“Captain, we’ve received an alien communication!” Hologramix said.

Galactic gorgonzola! My whiskers trembled with fright.

“The message came from the planet Rattos,” Hologramix continued. “Speaking of Rattos, I’ve made a few calculations to determine
the size of the planet’s orbit. According to the proton velocity, the size in quantum photons is —”

Robotix snorted under his breath.

“What a planetary pain,” he grumbled. “Hologramix thinks it knows everything just because it’s a supercomputer!”

Unfortunately, Hologramix heard him.

“How dare you insult me, you hunk of scrap metal!” Hologramix replied. “I am the most advanced form of electronic
intelligence ever produced, and I have the most sophisticated **programming** of all time."

At that point, I jumped in. "Um, excuse me, Hologramix, but we don't have time for arguments!" I explained. "Now, please give us the **message** from Rattos."

Hologramix transmitted the video message and three strange **creatures** appeared on the control room's computer screen.

"Greetings, intrepid space travelers!" the figures said. "We are **pink mousoids** from the planet Rattos!"

The creatures had a mousoid shape, meaning they looked like mice — but they were completely **pink**!

**Professor Greenfur** scratched the leaves on his head thoughtfully. "Hmm,"
Salutations, rodents!
We come in peace.
he muttered. “Very strange. I’m not familiar with this alien population.”

One of the pink mousoids waved a hand in greeting.

“Salutations!” she said. “We come in peace, honorable rodents of the MouseStar 1! We know that your spaceship is in danger, and we are here to help. We can give you the precious tetrastellium that you need.”

“This is a real stroke of luck, Geronimo!” Trap exclaimed. “If they help us, the mission to find more tetrastellium will be completed before it’s even started. We should organize a galactic banquet to celebrate!”

Hmm. It sounded like we were saved, but there was something strange about those pink mousoids. It all seemed too easy!
We invited our new mousoid friends onto the MouseStar 1.

I was practically jumping out of my fur with nerves. How should we welcome our guests? I didn’t want to be rude!

“We could give them a gift of a can of precious super-concentrated oil,” Sally suggested. “It’s great for space motors!”

“No, we should give them a nice clump of rotting manure that they can use in their greenhouses!” Professor Greenfur said.

“No, no, no!” Trap countered.
“I know just what they’ll want! I’ll tell **COOK SQUIZZY** to make one of his specialties. But no seaweed! And no moss. Just high-quality **cheese**.”

“The **pink mousoids’ ship has just entered our hangar!”** Hologramix announced.

I **HURRIED** to receive them, and everyone followed me.

The pink mousoids made a formal bow. Then the **tallest** one, who seemed to be the leader, pointed to a floating sphere.

“This **gift** of tetrastellium is a sign of intergalactic friendship,” he said.

The sphere opened and a **MysteRIous Box** appeared right in front of us. It was filled to the brim with a shining **pink** substance!
I cleared my throat.

“Er, thank you friends, but maybe you’re mistaken,” I said. “I’m afraid this isn’t *tetrastellium*.

Tetrastellium isn’t pink — it’s **blue**!”

The tallest pink mousoid stepped forward.

“My rodent friend, you’re right,” he explained.

“Tetrastellium is usually blue, but this is a very rare pink **variety**. Don’t worry: It’s absolutely the same as blue tetrastellium! It works **GREAT**!”

The tall pink mousoid stepped closer to me and narrowed his eyes.

“You’ll see that this **pink** tetrastellium
will be very good for your spaceship,” he said. “In fact, it will be perfect!”

I turned to Professor Greenfur, who was examining the contents of the box with his portable super-detector.

“The sensors have confirmed it with ninety-nine-point-nine-nine-nine-nine-percent certainty,” the professor announced to us. “This is tetrastellium!”

Then he shook his head and whispered softly under his breath: “It’s so strange, though. I never knew there was a pink variety!”
“We’re happy to be able to help you!” the tallest pink mousoid said solemnly. “If you stay in orbit around our planet TONIGHT, we’ll give you another box full of tetrastellium tomorrow! For free!”

I couldn't believe my ears! They were being so generous!

“Thank you so much, honorable pink mousoids from the planet Rattos,” I replied ceremoniously. “Our — ahem — very talented cook Squizzy has prepared one of his cheese specialties for you. Would you like to join us for a banquet?”
“Yeah!” Trap added. “We even have a tasting **menu**!”

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that my sister, Thea, was strangely **silent**. She was watching the pink mousoids **suspiciously**, as if she didn’t trust them.

The **pink mousoids** refused our invitation. “Thank you, dear friends, but we would like to return to our planet as soon as possible,” the tall mousoid replied. “We have, um . . . certain **business** to attend to.”

They were just starting to board their ship when **Thea** stopped them.

“It’s very generous of you to give us this precious **tetrastellium** without receiving anything in return,” she said.
“We are happy to **help,**” the tallest pink mousoid replied.

“That’s very nice,” Thea said, still eyeing them suspiciously. “But are you sure you don’t want anything at all in exchange for the tetrastellium?”

The pink mousoids looked offended.

“For us, tetrastellium has no **value** other than friendship!” the tall mousoid replied.

“Yes, we just want to be your **friends**!” the other two mousoids exclaimed in **unison.**

“It’s getting late and we really need to go!” the tall mousoid said. “Don’t go away, though. We’ll bring you **more** tetrastellium tomorrow!”

With that, they threw open the doors to their pink spaceship in a **rush.** A moment later, they **took off.**

“Such strange pink mousoids,” I murmured.
“It’s really **true** what Grandfather William always says: **Different planet, different customs.**”

Thea remained **silent**, which was very unlike her.

Meanwhile, Trap was muttering to himself through a mouthful of cheese.

“**It’s a real shame that those pink mousoids didn’t taste this cheese,**” he mumbled. “**Oh well, seeing as they’ve left, I’ll take one for the team and eat it. **Yum!**”
Professor Greenfur continued to scratch the leaves on his head in **confusion**. 

“The data on the tetrastellium is correct, but there’s still something **weird** going on!” he muttered. “I’ve never heard of pink tetrastellium before, and I’ve studied it for years!”

I also had a strange feeling, but I brushed it off and congratulated myself on how well everything had gone. Our mission was basically **complete**! I couldn’t wait to return to my cabin and start writing my **novel**.
During dinner, I told Grandfather William what had happened. Once he learned that we had already found the tetrastellium, he actually complimented me. I couldn’t believe my ears!

“Nice work, Grandson!” he said. “Since the mission is complete, we’ll leave tomorrow morning.”

I went to sleep that night feeling great. But a little after midnight, there was a knock at my door. It was my sister, Thea.

“Psst, Geronimo!” she whispered. “Wake up! We need to get to the hangar right away!”

“No questions. Just hurry!” she said.

When my sister gets something in her head, there’s no way to change her mind. So I got up quickly and went out into the hallway.

“Hey!” a voice squeaked in the dark.

“Who’s stepping on my roots?”

“Oops!” I replied. “Sorry! Is that you, Professor Greenfur? I can’t see as far as my whiskers!”

“I turned off the lights in this area so that the crew can continue to sleep peacefully,” Thea explained.

“Yeah, and dream of cheese, like I was doing before you woke me,” Trap grumbled.

He was here, too! But why?

“Shhh!” Thea whispered. “We have a mission to complete.”

“B-but I’m a scientist, not a hero!”
Professor Greenfur protested. “I’m not trained to go on a mission to an unknown planet! What if I get attacked by aphids, or the climate dries out my leaves?”

But Thea wasn’t swayed.

“We can use a scientist on our team,” she said. “And you could stand to see a little action!”

“Unknown planet?!” I squeaked. “Thea, what in the galaxy is going on?”

But my sister just pushed me into a space pod and started the engine.

“Batteries at full charge, engine in hyperdrive, all rotors working,” Thea announced. “Let’s go!”

“But where are we going, Thea?” I asked again. “And why?”

“Oh, stop your squeaking, Geronimo!” Thea replied. “It’s no big deal.
Ready to go for mission to Rattos!
We’re just taking a little reconnaissance trip to the **planet Rattos**. I have some **suspicions** about those **pink mousoids**.”

Professor Greensfur nodded.

“There **is** something odd about them,” he agreed. “Even their tetrastellium is strange. I studied it closely and it seems authentic, but there’s still something **off** about that pink variety.”

“Shouldn’t we let Grandfather know our plan?” I squeaked, **worried**. “Or tell someone else what we’re doing?”

“Too late, Geronimo!” Thea replied. “In three . . . two . . . one, we’re landing on the **planet Rattos**, right next to that pink **blob** of a lake!”
Meanwhile, Benjamin was tossing and turning in his bed.

A glass of milk would help! he thought.

With his wrist phone, he called Bugsy Wugsy. Maybe she couldn’t sleep, either.

“Bugsy Wugsy,” he whispered. “Are you still up?”

“Yes!” she replied. “I’ve counted all the constellations, but I still can’t fall asleep!”

“What do you say we go find some milk?” Benjamin suggested.

“Yesss!” his friend cried. “Meet you in the hallway in two minutes!”

Benjamin padded out of his room, trying not to make any noise. The MouseStar 1 was
From the Encyclopedia Galactica

WRIST PHONE

The wrist phone is the best method of communicating quickly and across great distances in space.

Bugsy Wugsy?
Are you still up?
completely silent. Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy headed toward the **kitchen** together.

“Wait!” Bugsy Wugsy said suddenly. “Did you hear that?”

Benjamin shook his head. “No, I didn’t hear anything,” he replied. “Come on, the refrigerator is right over here. We need to carry out our **milk mission**!”

**Bam! Bam! Bam! Clang! Clang! Clang!**

Benjamin had knocked into an entire pile of pots and pans! He and Bugsy Wugsy froze in their tracks.

They heard a sleepy voice grumbling.

“**Zzzzzzz** . . . less salt in that space-ant pie . . .”

It was **Squizzy**, the cook. He had fallen asleep right in front of the fridge!
“Now what do we do?” Bugsy Wugsy asked, **disappointed**. “We’ll never get the **milk** out of the fridge without him hearing us.”

“What about the **pantry**?” Benjamin suggested. “There’s extra cheese there!”

The two friends walked on the tips of their **paws** so that they wouldn’t wake Squizzy. They headed toward the pantry, which was full of supplies from the most **remote** galaxies.

“Oh, look!” Bugsy Wugsy exclaimed. “There’s gorgonzola from Sirius over **here**.”
“And there are spicy cheeses from Pluto over here!” Benjamin replied.

Suddenly, Benjamin noticed something else in the pantry.

“Look!” he whispered. “There’s someone over there.”

He pointed to a dark corner.

Bugsy Wugsy turned, but she didn’t see anyone.
“Where?” Bugsy Wugsy asked. “There’s no one there, Benjamin. You must have just seen a Shadow.”

“No, I’m sure,” Benjamin replied. “Look! There’s something pink moving back there.” Bugsy Wugsy gasped.

“You’re right!” she replied. “What could it be?”

“We should tell Uncle Geronimo,” Benjamin said. “Quick, let’s go!”
Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy ran to my cabin.

**KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!**

There was no response. They tried knocking harder, but there was still **NO ANSWER**! Then they knocked on Thea’s cabin door.

**KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!**

But there was **NO RESPONSE** there, either! Finally, they knocked on Trap’s cabin door.

**KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!**

There was **NO REPLY**! Where was everyone? It was very, very **strange**!

Benjamin tried to contact each of us using
his **wrist phone**. But he just heard an electronic voice:

**“Unreachable, unreachable, unreachable!”**

“Rat-munching robots!” Benjamin exclaimed. “What’s going on?
He and Bugsy Wugsy went up to the control room.

As soon as they entered, **Robotix** woke up.

“Good morning, everyone!” he exclaimed **LOUDLY**.

“Shhh!” Benjamin whispered. “It’s still nighttime!”

“So why did you wake me up?” Robotix replied. “I was **dreaming** about
an exciting, top secret mission in spa —"

“We need your help!” Benjamin explained, interrupting him. “Can you **contact** my uncle Geronimo? Or my aunt Thea?”

“Of course I can!” Robotix scoffed. “That’s so **easy** for me! Wait just two astroseconds.”

Robotix began to **fiddle** with dozens of colorful buttons until the large screen in the center of the control room turned on. Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy watched as our space pod landed on the **pink** planet. A second later, I climbed out, followed by Thea, Trap, and Professor Greenfur.

“Uncle Geronimo, Aunt Thea, **where are you**?” Benjamin asked.

“Benjamin?” Thea replied. “We’re . . . *bip* *bip* *bip* . . . landing on the surface . . . *bip* *bip* *bip* . . . of the **planet Rattos**.”
There are . . . *bip bip bip* —”

But the transmission was *interrupted* before she could finish her sentence.

A huge mass of *pink* goo had suddenly appeared in the control room.
The blob of goo oozed onto the control panel, shutting the screen down.

“Not another word, you little *troublemakers*!” the enormous pink blob gurgled *evilly*. 
Meanwhile, on the **pink** surface of the planet Rattos, Thea repeatedly tried to call the *MouseStar 1*.

“Come in, *MouseStar 1*,” she said. “Come in!”

But there was **NO REPLY**.

“Someone has interrupted our communication feed,” Thea said, looking **CONCERNED**.

“We’re heading back to the ship immediately!” I told my sister. “Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy could be in **DANGER**! And we may be in danger, too!”
But Trap didn’t want to hear it.

“Relax, Cousin,” he said. “You worry too much! And you grumble more than a Grumbloid tragicus! Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy are smart mouselets. They’ll be fine. And as for us, what dangerous thing do you think is happening on this planet? There’s nothing here but rocks, bushes, and that weird pink lake.”

Trap had barely finished speaking when the pink water suddenly came to life!

“Out of my way, you balls of fur!” it said. 

**Galactic Gorgonzola!**
Had the lake really just talked? Before I could figure out what was going on, the lake began slithering right toward us!
My whiskers trembled with fright!
The pink lake came closer and spoke again. “What are you doing on my planet, you scrawny little furballs?”

Trap, Professor Greenfur, and I fearfully backed up.

Only Thea stood her ground.

“See, Geronimo?” she said. “I knew there was something strange about this planet!”

“But . . . but . . . what kind of creature are you?” Professor Greenfur asked in a voice that trembled like a leaf.

The gooey mass laughed wildly.

“Ha, ha, ha!” he said gleefully. “I am the Great Blob! I bet you didn’t know what was happening, right? I’ll explain it to
W. what?

Ha, ha, ha!
you, you silly mice! There’s no such thing as pink mousoids! The ones you met on your spaceship were parts of me! **HA, HA, HA!** I, the Great Blob, have the power to transform myself into anything. I can even separate pieces of my immense body, and they may look different, but they are still part of me!”

Mousey meteorites? I was squeakless with fright.

“Of course!” exclaimed Professor Greenfur as he slapped his forehead in disbelief. Unlike me, he understood everything. “You are a fluid and shape-shifting life-form!”

“Ha, ha, ha!” The Great Blob bragged, “Exactly! I sent pieces of myself up to your spaceship in the form of
I am the Great Blob!
pink tetrastellium. Then in the middle of the night, the tetrastellium morphed and escaped, and now it’s taken control of your ship! Oh, I am so, so wicked!”

“But how is that possible?!” I exclaimed. “You don’t believe me?” he replied.

“Look, cheesebrain! See how I transformed into pink mousoids!”

With that, the Great Blob momentarily took the shape of the pink mousoids who had brought the pink tetrastellium to the MouseStar 1. Then, just as quickly, he turned back into a pink puddle.

“But why do you want to take control of our spaceship?” Thea asked.

“Because this planet is boring, boring, boring!” The Great Blob
gurgled. “I want a powerful spaceship like yours so I can get out of here. I’ll invade every **galaxy** in the **universe**, and I’ll continue to transform myself until the whole universe is populated only by **ME**!”

I **shuddered**. What a horrible thought! “**You’ll never do it!**” Thea cried. “We’ll stop you!”

“And how do you plan to stop me, you miserable little rodents?”

“Don’t underestimate us!” my sister replied. “The universe is full of danger, but there are lots of **good** creatures out there, too — and many are our **friends**!”

The Great Blob just laughed. “Perhaps these **friends** of yours exist, but they’ll **never** find you,” he cackled. “And do you know why? Because you will stay imprisoned here forever!”
Meanwhile, on the *MouseStar 1*, the gooey pink monster grabbed Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy by their tails.

"**I am the Great Blob!**" he shouted. "No more questions, you nosy little mouselets!"

Hologramix suddenly appeared in the control room. "**What's going on here?**"

Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy used the distraction to **free** themselves from the pink blob.

"Let's get out here!" Bugsy Wugsy yelled. The Great Blob **chased** them through the hallways of the *MouseStar 1*. 
“Quick, let’s squeeze into the air ducts!” Benjamin suggested.

Robotix helped them unscrew the air vent. Then Benjamin, Bugsy Wugsy, and the little robot squeezed into the spaceship’s slippery metal pipes. **Whoosh! Whoosh! Boing!**

“Wow!” Benjamin squeaked. “This is better than the **slides** at Astral Park!”

“Maybe, but I’m getting covered in **dents**!”
the robot grumbled.

The three found themselves in a dark storage room.

“Where are we?” Bugsy Wugsy asked. “I can’t see anything.”

Robotix quickly rearranged his bolts. “I’ve got it!” he replied. A moment later, the robot’s eyes lit up like two lamps.

“What is this place?” Benjamin asked, looking around.

The storage room was full of large crates.
“We’re in the storeroom for the spaceship’s **Spare Parts**,” Robotix explained.

Suddenly, they heard a strange sound coming from one of the large crates: **Tock! Tock! Tock!**

Robotix tapped the crate with his robotic arm: **Tick! Tick! Tick!**

Immediately, there was a response: **Tock! Tock! Tock! Tock!**

Bugsy Wugsy grew impatient. “Robotix, please, stop all that
tick, tick, ticking and tock, tock, tocking: The Great Blob will find us!”

“I’m not the one going tock, tock, tock!” Robotix replied.

Suddenly, there was a voice from inside the crate.

“Help!” the voice squeaked. “Get me out of here!”

It was Sally de Wrench!

Robotix extended his robotic hammer and chisel, and a moment later, he had opened the crate.

Sally jumped out. “Finally!” she shouted.

“What happened?” Benjamin asked, shocked.
“I’ve been shut in there for hours,” Sally explained. “After dinner, I was in my cabin getting ready for bed when an enormous pink gooey blob attacked me and shut me up in this crate.”

But before she could finish her story, the storeroom door was suddenly flung open.
PRISONERS OF THE GREAT BLOB!

It was the Great Blob!

“Surrender!” the gooey pink monster exclaimed. “You are prisoners of the Great Blob!”

Sally turned to Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy. “Quick!” she said. “Over there is some superglue that I use to fix the spaceship. Maybe we can use it to glue down the monster and immobilize him!”

“Ha, ha, ha!” the Great Blob gurgled. “It’s not that easy to capture me!”

Suddenly, the pink blob spread out, growing larger and larger until
it finally divided into hundreds of tiny identical parts that slid around the spaceship’s floor and disappeared in an instant.

“Where did he go?” Benjamin asked, confused. “He couldn’t have dissolved into nothing!”

Robotix floated around, inspecting every corner of the room. Then he gasped.

“Look!” he cried. “The fire extinguisher is moving... and it’s pink!”

Suddenly, the pink fire extinguisher started to quickly bounce out into the hallway.

**Boing! Boing! Boing!**

“Doesn’t that control panel seem a little pink, too?” Benjamin asked.
A second later, the control panel melted into a pink puddle and slid away.

“The Great Blob has divided into many small parts and then transformed into the objects in this room!” Bugsy Wugsy exclaimed.

Sally didn’t waste a second. “It will be difficult to capture all the Blob parts, but we have to try,” she said. “Come on, let’s search every corner of this spaceship! When you see a piece of the Great Blob, squirt it with superglue to immobilize it!”

And so the group armed themselves with superglue and started to search the ship for every piece of the Great Blob.

In the bathroom, a strangely pink sink made a face at Benjamin and quickly escaped right before his eyes.

In the hallway, a pink doorknob grabbed Bugsy Wugsy by the tail. Luckily, Benjamin
sprayed the doorknob with superglue, saving Bugsy from being captured by the Great Blob.

In the control room, a pink chair tried to bite poor Robotix. The Great Blob also transformed into buttons, monitors, and cables that cried out all together: “This ship belongs to the Great Blob!”

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

SUPERGLUE

Superglue is an indispensable tool for every spacemouse and should always be kept at close paw’s reach. It can fix (almost) anything, from broken vases to cracked spaceship windows to Robotix’s metal parts to the holographic screen in the control room. It can also be used to immobilize blobby pink aliens from the planet Rattos!
Don't get any closer!

Ha, ha, ha!
Meanwhile, on the planet Rattos, the Great Blob had claimed victory over me, Thea, Trap, and Professor Greenfur.

“I WIN!” the Great Blob cackled. “Your spaceship is already mine!”

“How do you know that?” I asked. “Communication with the MouseStar 1 is down.”

The Great Blob burst out laughing. “Ha, ha, ha!” he cackled. “I am here, but I am also there. I am wherever there’s a drop of my pink goo. Soon I will leave you four behind on this boring planet and take your spaceship to conquer the universe!”
I felt like the **WORST** captain in intergalactic history! I had failed my mission and I was about to lose the *MouseStar 1*.

Professor Greensfur was sweating rivers of sap from nerves.

Thea was **shaking** with anger.

Trap, on the other paw, had come up with a shrewd plan.

“So, Great Blob, would you say that you’re a **CHAMPION** at transformation?” Trap asked the glob of goo.

“Of course!” the Great Blob proclaimed **Proudly**, puffing up his blobby pink chest.

“No one in the universe is better than me!”

**Then I challenge you!**” Trap exclaimed.

I was shocked. What in space was my cousin up to?

The **Great Blob** also seemed surprised.
But Trap continued. “Let’s really see what kind of transformation you can do,” he said. Then he grinned sneakily. “You say you’re so good, Great Blob, but you haven’t shown us anything truly impressive yet! What do you say? Do you accept my challenge, or are you afraid to fail?”
“Just watch, you impertinent mouse!” the Great Blob thundered, insulted.

A moment later, he showed us a series of transformations. He became:

1. a strange alien plant . . .
2. a comet with a long tail, and . . .
3. a gigantic dinosaur!

3. Dinosaur from the Cretacix Galaxy
“So?!” the Great Blob asked proudly. “Is that impressive enough for you?”

Trap yawned. “Is that it?”

“What do you mean, ‘Is that it?’!” the Great Blob replied angrily.

“That was nothing!” Trap explained. “You’re the one who chose what you transformed into! But to show us that you’re truly great, you must transform into what I choose!”

I had no idea what Trap was up to, but I hoped it was something good!
A Superstellar Contest

The Great Blob seemed to be on the brink of losing his patience.

“Miserable mice, now you’ve really annoyed me!” he thundered threateningly.

My whiskers trembled with fear! But Trap stood his ground.

“Impertinent mouse, how dare you challenge me?” the Great Blob said to Trap. “Tell me what shape you want me to take! Then you’ll see that there’s nothing I can’t imitate, because I am the Great Blob!”

My fur stood on end. The Great Blob
was really **FURIOUS**! How had I gotten into this **mess**? I never asked to become the **captain** of a spaceship. I never asked to go on a **MISSION** to an alien planet. I always wanted to be a quiet **novelist**! And why, oh, why did my cousin have to continue to annoy this gigantic, **scary** blob of a creature?

Meanwhile, Trap calmly took a box of cheesy mints out of his pocket. He emptied all but one mint into his mouth and polished them off with one giant **GULP**.

“**You’ve transformed** yourself into things that are huge, but can you change into something as **small** as this piece of candy?” Trap
asked the Great Blob, showing him the tiny mint.

The Great Blob seemed angrier than ever.

“Of course I can do that!” he shouted.

“But can you fit all of yourself — and I mean every last drop of you — in this box?” Trap asked. “I’m not sure you can!”

The Great Blob threw his gooey mouth open and laughed. “Ha, ha, ha!” he said. “Is that it? That’s such an easy challenge. In fact, that’s the easiest challenge in the entire universe!”

And with that he made himself smaller and smaller, till he was the smallest we had seen him yet. Then he called back all the little pieces of goo that were on the MouseStar 1 and made them so tiny that a moment later, he was just a minuscule pink dot. Finally,
he squeezed himself into the box!

“See? I win!” he said from inside the box. “All of me, and I mean every last drop of me, is in here!”

Then, faster than a shooting star, Trap closed the box. Snap!

Quick-thinking Thea took out a tube of superglue and glued the box shut so the Great Blob could never, ever get out.

We were saved!
Can you become as small as this tiny piece of candy?

Not bad...

Aha! You're trapped! SNAP!
“Hooray!” we shouted together. “We’ve defeated the Great Blob!”

We were preparing to return to the MouseStar 1 when Professor Greenfur noticed something in the bottom of the lake where the Great Blob had been just minutes before.

“Look!” the professor cried. He pointed to the empty lake. We could see a crack in the dry ground. And in the crack was a large deposit of tetrastellium!

Professor Greenfur analyzed the deposit with his portable super-detector.

“Captain Stiltonix, I can confirm that
this is tetrastellium, and it’s completely pure!” he finally concluded.

I let out a sigh of relief and thanked my lucky stars: We would be able to save the MouseStar 1 from destruction after all!

“Quick, to the spaceship!” I cried.

We flew back to the MouseStar 1 faster than the speed of light, taking

A deposit of pure tetrastellium!
a very precious and **HEAVY** load of *tetrastellium* with us!

We had to move quickly. We had no idea how much longer the tetrastellar batteries would last!

As soon as I got back to the control room, I gave Sally the tetrastellium and asked her to switch out the tetrastellar batteries.

Then I thanked Trap for his *quick* thinking.

“Cousin, that was truly amazing!” I told him.

“Thanks!” he replied proudly. “And now, how about we celebrate with an enormous cheese *banquet*?”

My cousin Trap never changes!

But this time he was truly a **HERO**. It was thanks to him that we had managed to defeat the Great Blob!

So we organized a big *party* for the whole crew.
Grandfather William made an official speech. “Thank you, Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy. You behaved like true space heroes. You both deserve space medals! And you, Sally: the idea to use superglue was brilliant!”

Then he turned to Thea. “My dear Thea, your courage and intelligence saved the MouseStar 1,” he said.

He walked over to Trap. “Well done, Grandson,” he said, patting him on the back. “Your candy trick was very impressive. You remind me of myself when I was young!”

He even had a compliment for Professor Greenfur. “A scientist is indispensable on a spaceship, and your expertise is valued highly!” he told the professor.
Finally, he turned to me. “Grandson, I didn’t think you had it in you!” he said. “You really came through this time.”

We toasted one another with Cook Squizzy’s famous cheddar shakes with chocolate space sprinkles as we recited the Creed of the Spacemice.

I, of course, couldn’t wait to return to my cabin so that I could finally start writing my very first book. I decided to write all about this adventure! I hope you enjoyed reading it. Until next time, my dear mouse friends, I am Geronimo Stiltonix... captain of the MouseStar 1!
THE CREED OF THE SPACEMICE

We are the spacemice, gentle and sure.
Our missions are good, and our hearts are pure.

Intergalactic adventure is the name of our game.
We’ll come to the rescue, and it’s not for the fame.

Our spaceship flies through the universe with ease.
Friendship, to us, is more precious than cheese.

The Cheddar Galaxy is our cosmic home.
With spacemice for friends, you’re never alone.
For the spacemice...

Hip hip...

Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray!
Long live the MouseStar!

Space mice, I am so proud of you!
Want to read the next adventure of the spacemice? I can’t wait to tell you all about it!

YOU’RE MINE, CAPTAIN!

The *MouseStar 1* is contacted by strange aliens whose ship has broken down! Geronimo Stiltonix is happy to help them out, and even accompanies them to their home planet, Flurkon. But during his visit, the alien queen becomes enchanted by Geronimo — and wants to marry him! Will he be forced to stay on Flurkon forever?
Be sure to read all my fabumouse adventures!
Meet Geronimo Stiltonoot!

He is a cavemouse—Geronimo Stilton’s ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!

#1 The Stone of Fire
#2 Watch Your Tail!
#3 Help, I’m in Hot Lava!

#4 The Fast and the Frozen
#5 The Great Mouse Race
#6 Don’t Wake the Dinosaur!
Don’t miss these exciting Thea Sisters adventures!
MouseStar I

The spaceship, home, and refuge of the spacemice!
1. Control room
2. Gigantic telescope
3. Greenhouse to grow plants and flowers
4. Library and reading room
5. Astral Park, an amusement park
6. Space Yum Café
7. Kitchen
8. Liftrix, the special elevator that moves between all floors of the spaceship
9. Computer room
10. Crew cabins
11. Theater for space shows
12. Warp-speed engines
13. Tennis court and swimming pool
14. Multipurpose technogym
15. Space pods for exploration
16. Cargo hold for food supply
17. Natural biosphere
Dear mouse friends,
thanks for reading,
and good-bye until the next book.
See you in outer space!
MEET
GERONIMO STILTONIX

He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship MouseStar 1. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!

ALIEN ESCAPE

Geronimo Stiltonix’s spaceship is in danger of exploding! The only solution is to replace the engine’s batteries by tracking down a rare element. When a group of mysterious aliens claim they can help, Geronimo is relieved. But are the aliens as friendly as they seem?

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