Geronimo Stilton

MOUSE HOUSE HUNTER
Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of

Geronimo Stilton
Geronimo Stilton
A learned and brainy mouse; editor of
*The Rodent's Gazette*

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

Trap Stilton
An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store
Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew
One winter morning, I woke up in MY cozy bed. Ah! How soft MY mattress was! And how nice to see the first rays of sunlight shining through the window of MY room.
I opened the window as I sipped hot tea from my favorite mug. It was cold outside but so nice and warm in my house.

Oh, excuse me! I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton, and I run The Rodent’s Gazette, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

As I was squeaking, I was listening to my favorite music and eating breakfast in my kitchen. In fact, I was stuffing my snout with cheese croissants. Yum!
Then I took a **shower** and brushed my teeth in **my** bathroom before I headed into **my** bedroom. There, I opened **my** closet and picked out an **outfit** to wear.

Finally, I quickly but carefully dusted **my** antique cheese rind collection, which I keep in a glass showcase in **my** living room.

**Ah, home sweet home!**
Oh, how I loved my house!

I knew every corner, every nook, and every detail. I had lived there for so many years, it was as if the house were a part of me.

My home gave me a sense of security. For example, when I had a particularly hard day at the office, it was comforting to know that in the evening, I would return to my home! There, the walls would protect me, just like a turtle's shell.
And whenever I’m on a dangerous or exciting adventure somewhere in the world, I always dream of coming home.

I’ve made so many happy memories in my house over the years! From holidays to birthdays to special occasions — I’ve spent them all in my house, with my friends and family.

How I love my house!
As I dusted my antique cheese rind collection that morning, I turned on the news. I was stunned to see a reporter interviewing Sally Ratmousen, the editor of The Daily Rat, which is my newspaper’s biggest competitor! Moldy mozzarella! She seemed very pleased as she showed the reporter a copy of her newspaper.
“Can you confirm your story about the famous newspaper The Rodent’s Gazette?” the reporter asked. “Is it true that it’s closing down? Are you really sure?”

Sally scowled. “Of course I’m sure!” she squeaked. “I’m super sure! Do I seem like the type of mouse who would publish news without checking the facts first? The manager of Ratley’s Bank, Ledger Moneymouse, is my exclusive source!”

When Moneymouse appeared on the screen, he seemed slightly shorter and a little chubbier than usual. How strange!
A Real Mouse Has to Make Sacrifices . . .

To my surprise, Moneymouse confirmed the story.

"I'm afraid it's TRUE!" he squeaked to the reporter. "It's very sad for The Rodent's Gazette, but we've just informed William Shortpaws that because of his grandson, Geronimo Stilton, The Rodent's Gazette's accounts are in the RED. The paper will have to close!"

Huh? What did he mean? How could the accounts be in the RED? And how was it MY fault? I had to find out what was going on right away. I really hoped Sally had invented the entire story to sell more
copies of her newspaper!

And yet Moneymouse had confirmed the story... **how very strange**!

I said good-bye to my pet fish, Hannibal, and left the house at once. My whiskers trembled with anxiety as I headed toward 17 Swiss Cheese Center. As soon as I got to The Rodent’s Gazette, I headed straight to my office.

**Un fortunately** for me, a mouse with short gray fur, steel-rimmed glasses, and a determined look on his snout was waiting for me there. It was my GRANDFATHER, William Shortpaws, who is also known as Cheap Mouse Willy. He confirmed the news in his own way...
“Grandson!” he thundered. “I have some terrible news. But don’t worry — I’ll fix everything!”

“How can you tell me not to worry if you’re saying you have terrible news?!” I squeaked anxiously. “What is it?”

He put a paw on my shoulder and stared at me closely.

“This morning, Ledger Moneymouse called me and told me that we are short on money. The Rodent’s Gazette’s account is in the red! The newspaper is bankrupt! That means hard times are coming — I mean really, really hard! We must all make sacrifices, especially you!”

“What?” I squeaked. “The account is in the red? We’re bankrupt? What sacrifices? And why me?”

My grandfather continued. “Grandson,
when things get **DIFFICULT**, a real mouse knows how to make sacrifices for the common good. Are you a **real** mouse? Or are you just a **silly-willy**? Or a **cheesebrain**? Or a **cheddarhead**?

“Of course I’m a **real** mouse!” I replied proudly. “I’m no **silly-willy**, or **cheesebrain**, or **cheddarhead**!”

Grandfather took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped a tear from his **eye**.

“Grandson, this is very **SERIOUS**!” he squeaked. “*The Rodent’s Gazette* is in danger of closing!”
“I’m sorry, Grandfather,” I said. “I didn’t know anything about it!”

I really hadn’t known a thing about this crisis. How strange!

Suddenly, Grandfather began to sob.

“Geronimo, we’re really in trouble!” he said. “We might have to shut down at any moment! Think of your colleagues — they will be jobless!”
“W-well what can I do?” I stammered. He clapped me on the shoulder with his paw.

“Well, you finally asked the RIGHT QUESTION!” he thundered, his eyes suddenly dry. “I guess you’re not such a cheesehead after all! You see, Grandson, if you would just make a small sacrifice, then maybe everything might be okay!”

“But what is this small sacrifice I would have to make?” I asked, perplexed.

“It’s simple,” he replied. “You must sell your house. With the money you make, I can get The Rodent’s Gazette back on its feet!”

“What?!” I yelled. “Sell my house? Cheese and crackers! But where will I live?”

“How can you be so SELFISH, Geronimo?” he barked. “Doesn’t it matter to you that so
many rodents will be out of a **job**? Doesn’t it matter that *The Rodent’s Gazette* — the newspaper that I founded — will be **ruined**? Huh? Huh? Huh?”

I was so **confused**! What did my **house** have to do with any of this?

“Please, let me think a second,” I squeaked. “If it’s really necessary that I make this sacrifice, then maybe . . . perhaps . . . I guess I will.”
He dried his **TEARS** on my sleeve (How rude!), blew his nose on my new tie (How very rude!), and took my wallet out of my pocket (How very, very rude!).

“So, you’ll sell your house to save the newspaper, then?” my grandfather asked.

“Y-yes, I will,” I agreed reluctantly.

“**GREAT!**” my grandfather squeaked happily. “Meanwhile, if you don’t mind, I’ll keep all the money you have. I might need it for *The Rodent’s Gazette.*”
Then he took from my pocket my **gold** watch (a **gift** from Aunt Sweetfur that I really cared about!) and my **platinum** pen (a souvenir from the **FIRST** journalism contest I won!).

“And I’ll take these things, too,” he thundered. “I’m going to sell them to get some **cash**, if you don’t mind.”

I minded very much, but with **tears** in my eyes I agreed.

“Okay, Grandfather. If you need money to save *The Rodent’s Gazette*, go ahead and take them.

Then Grandfather made me **sign** a piece of paper (I was so upset I didn’t even ask why), before he left me alone in my office.

I was **sad**. I was **so, so sad** — I was the **saddest** mouse in the world! The idea of going back home that night didn’t
make me feel good anymore, because soon it would no longer be **my home**.

But somehow I gathered my strength. I had to go back to my house and get busy **packing up** my things and finding a place to **stay**.

As soon as I left my office and entered the newsroom, all of my colleagues at *The Rodent's Gazette* became very **quiet**.

“Oh, Geronimo, we heard the news,” they muttered sadly. “We’re so **sorry**! It won’t be easy for you! Thank you for the **sacrifice** you’re making for us.”

I gestured with my **paw** as if to say, “It was nothing,” but I couldn’t utter those words. How could I say that it was okay even though my **heart** was breaking at having to sell the house that held my **dearest** memories?

Instead, I burst into **tears.**
Poor Geronimo!
Good-bye, Mr. Stilton!

I gathered my strength and left The Rodent’s Gazette with my spirits low but my snout high. I would get through this!

Then I headed home. The florist on the corner ran to meet me and offered me a rose with tears in her eyes.
“This is for you,” she said. “You are a kind and sensitive rodent, which is so rare these days! I’m sorry to hear the sad news!”

I began to sob, and we cried for a while together. But then I had to stop because my bus was coming.

Three stops later, I got off in front of my house. As the bus pulled away, the driver turned and yelled: “I’ll be sorry not to see you every morning! Good-bye, Mr. Stilton!”

When I arrived in front of my favorite
pastry shop, the baker ran out and offered me a **free** pastry.

“I heard you are moving away.” he squeaked sadly. “I’m so sorry. Here’s one last hot cheesy pastry before you go . . . **Good-bye.**”

Finally, I **arrived** at home. I was about to open the front door when someone slapped me on the back and **flicked** my ear.

“So, have you sold the shack yet?” someone squeaked. “Do you have the cash? Come on, Grandfather is in a **hurry**!”

It was my cousin Trap. Do you know him? No? Lucky you!

“Trap, I haven’t had time to **sell** it yet,” I muttered, still feeling so **sad**.

“Don’t worry!” he said. “I’ll take care of it!”

“You?!” I protested. “I didn’t
know you were a **real estate agent.**”

“I’m not,” he squeaked. “But I am the best **PROBLEM SOLVER** in New Mouse City! I can do it all! And when I say all, I really mean **EVERYTHING**! I’ll sell this **SHACK** for you in no time.”

Then he opened an enormous **suitcase**.

“Check it out, Cuz: Here’s all my problem-solver equipment! Take a **GAZÉ** and be **AMAZED!**”
**PROBLEM-SOLVER SUITCASE**

- Down jacket and pants for winter problems
- Reinforced gloves for thorny problems
- Sneakers to help get places quickly
- Pocket planner
- Business cards
- Portable refrigerator with extra food
- Instant ice pack
- Portable air conditioner
- A fan to refresh ideas
- Tool belt
- Computer
- Compass
- Camera
- Binoculars to examine the situation from afar
- Magnifying glass to examine the situation up close
- Gardening kit to solve problems from the roots up
- Hammer to beat down difficult problems
- Measuring tape to size up big problems
I was confused: How would all that stuff help Trap sell my house?

“Well, if you feel up for it, and you’re really sure you can do it, that’s fine with me,” I told my cousin. “I suppose someone has to do it, and maybe it’s better if it’s a relative. Maybe that will make it easier for me to give it up . . .”

**SIGH! SNIFF, SNIFF.**

I took a moment to blow my nose and dry my tears. Once I had composed myself, I continued.

“Listen, Trap,” I told my cousin. “This is a very important job. Try to sell it for the best price you can. I have to save The
Rodent’s Gazette — and everyone’s **JOBS**!”

“Well, let me take a look around,” Trap replied. “I’ll **see** how much we can get for this place!”

He **GRABBED** his binoculars and examined the **roof**.

“Hmm . . . this roof definitely isn’t **NEW**. Look, you can see that it needs to be redone.”

He **tapped** the exterior walls with his hammer and squeaked, “Hmm . . . this house is very **old**. See these
cracks here? That’s bad! And that gutter is about to collapse!”

He examined the dirt and flowers in my garden.

“Look at this sad little thing!” he muttered. “This garden needs help.”

Then he went inside and dashed from one room to another, peering at everything with his magnifying glass and huffing and sighing.

“This furniture is nothing special,” he
squeaked. “And these fixtures are ancient!
“The only thing valuable in this house is your collection of *antique cheese rinds* from the 1700s,” Trap grumbled. “That’s definitely *worth* something!”

“Oh, no you don’t!” I said quickly. “My cheese rinds are *not included* with the house. They are my *private*, personal collection, and I’m taking them with me!”

Trap began snapping lots of *photos*. **Click!**

“I’ll do my best, Cuz, but this place is in *bad* shape,” he said.

**Click! Click!**

“I don’t think we’ll get much for this *sad* little shack.”

“How dare you!” I squeaked, *exasperated.* “It’s not a shack! This is — I mean, *was* — my home!”
I burst into tears.

“Come on now, Cousin, why are you crying?” Trap asked. “Do you want to sell this house or not?”

I explained that I really didn’t want to sell my house, but I had to! The Rodent’s Gazette was in trouble, and I had promised Grandfather I would help.

“I’m sorry about your house, Geronimo, but if you need to do it, just do it!” Trap advised me. “I’ll help you, but the sooner we do it, the better, don’t you agree?”

As much as I hated to admit it, I knew Trap was right. I might as well sell the house quickly and try to move on.

At that moment, my cell phone rang.
So, have you sold the house yet?” my grandfather squeaked anxiously. “When will I get that money? Hmm? Hurry up, because the situation is really, really serious!”

“Calm down, Grandfather,” I replied. “I found someone who’s helping me.”

“Good job!” he said gruffly.

I hung up and turned around.

Trap was already on my house phone, frantically making calls.

“I have a house that’s just right for you, Doctor Hurtmouse,” he squeaked. “Please hold . . .”

Then, “Hi, Mrs. Busymouse! Guess what? I found the perfect home for you — it’s a real gem! Please hold . . .”

Then, “Countess de Snobberella, what a pleasure to hear from you! I have a beautiful house that would be just the thing for your
noble niece. Please hold . . .”

Then, “Mr. Gorgonzola, you’ll never believe what just popped up. This little house is exactly what you asked for. Please hold . . .”

It looked like Trap had things under control, so I sat down in my PAWCHAIR next to my fireplace and gave a bit of food to my little fish, HANNIBAL. He peered at me SADLY from inside his fishbowl.
“I’m afraid we need to move soon,” I tried to explain to him. “I don’t know where you and I will live yet, but I’ll look for another house right away.”

Suddenly, Trap pinched my tail.

“Oh!” I yelled. “Shhh!” he whispered. “I might have a buyer for your little shack!”

He returned to the phone.

“Good day, miss,” he said in a very professional voice. “Yes, of course it’s for sale. Yes, yes, yes! I guarantee it! What? Is it available right away? Of course it is! As soon as you need it, we’ll kick out the current owner. Yes, his name is Geronimo Stilton: G-e-r-o-n-i-m-o S-t-i-t-o-n. Yes, you understood correctly.

“He runs The Rodent’s Gazette. When
Please Hold . . .

did you say you need the house? In an hour? Okay, I’ll clear it out immediately, but you’ll need to pay in cash. Right away! Do we have a deal?”

I was stunned. I tried to interrupt him to say that I couldn’t even think of moving within the hour. But he waved me away and whispered, “Am I the best problem solver in New Mouse City or what?”

Trap, wait!

Leave it to me!
Trap continued squeaking a mile a minute to
the mouse on the phone. Then he smiled
as wide as a cat who just trapped a rat.

“Okay, it’s a deal!” he said proudly. “You
come with a SUITCASE full of money, and
I’ll make sure the current owner is gone. Yes,
of course the sale includes all the furniture.
Absolutely! I’ll throw in everything except
the antique cheese rind collection from the
1700s. The owner will be keeping that.”

“Wait!” I shouted. “I care about my
furniture, too, not just the cheese rinds! You
can’t ask me to leave everything behind!”

“Shh!” Trap hissed, shushing me. “Let me
work!”

Then he turned back to the phone.
“Okay, see you in one hour. Good-bye!”

Then he hung up, his eyes sparkling.

“I sold your house in exactly **THREE** hours, **EIGHT** minutes, and **twenty** seconds,” he bragged. “I’m good, huh? Grandfather will be very **happy**!”

Then he **pushed** me toward the door to my room.

“Now start packing!” he ordered. “You don’t have much **time**. Come on, hurry up!”

“But I can’t leave all this behind so **quickly**!” I protested.
“Come on now, what do you need aside from a **toothbrush** toothpaste, and an extra pair of underwear?” Trap asked. “I mean, maybe you’ll want to take a blanket for those **extra-cold** nights . . .”

I sighed. I usually curl up by my **fireplace** on extra-cold nights. But not anymore!

Hannibal peered out at me from his fishbowl with wide eyes, as if to say, “**Ghub, ghub!** Hurry up, Geronimo, an hour goes by **very** quickly!”

So I went to find my suitcase. Then I put a toothbrush, toothpaste, a change of underwear, and my **favorite** blanket (knitted by my dear aunt Sweetfur) inside. Finally, I **packed up** my precious antique cheese rind collection while Trap timed me with his **stopwatch**.

“Hurry, Geronimo,” Trap squeaked. “You
What? An Hour?!

still have three minutes — well, two and a half . . . two . . . one and a half . . . one . . . thirty seconds . . .”

I grabbed Hannibal’s fishbowl and headed toward the door, shuffling my paws sadly as Trap shoved me from behind.

“There’s no need to push me,” I complained. “I can leave on my own.”

As I stepped outside, I suddenly had a realization.
"You never told me who bought the house!" I told Trap. "Who is it?"

Trap backed away from me, shrugging his shoulders.

“Well, I didn’t tell you because I can’t,” he explained. “This mouse bought the house on the condition that you don’t know who she — or he — is. Otherwise, no deal! Now go find someplace to sleep tonight! Don’t worry — I’ll collect the cash and bring it to Grandfather. Good-bye!”

And he slammed the door in my snout.

I stood in the street in front of my (well, not anymore!) house with Hannibal’s fishbowl under my arm. I felt so sad and alone. The sun was setting and the air was getting colder and colder until a freezing wind began to blow. Snow began to fall.
in large flakes, covering the ground with a soft white carpet.

“Poor Hannibal!” I exclaimed, looking down at my pet fish. His fins were shivering in the chilly air. “I’d better find a hotel room before you freeze!”

Then I remembered that grandfather had taken my wallet and I didn’t have any money! What was I going to do? I would have to ask my friends for help.

So I took out my phone and began making calls. Unfortunately, no one was home. Strange! I tried everyone’s cell phones, too, but no one answered. How very strange!

Suddenly, I remembered what day it was. Tomorrow was a New Mouse City holiday. All of my friends and relatives had left to go on vacation in the mountains! Only Trap
and Grandfather had stayed in the city.

I remembered *quite well*, because I was the one who had organized the vacation (and *paid* for the whole thing) just a few days earlier!

I had chosen an isolated, *remote* location where there was no cell phone reception because I wanted to spend a few days with my friends and family without *anyone* disturbing me with work! I was supposed to meet them there that *evening*.

I really didn’t want to ask Trap for more *help*: He had already done so much for me. And I didn’t want to ask my grandfather for *help*, either: He had a way of making every problem I had seem like it was entirely *my fault*! I decided I would find a place to stay on my own, like a *real* mouse.

I wandered around the city for hours,
trying to come up with a plan. Just as I was about to give up hope, I found myself near a small green space by the botanical gardens called Parmesan Park. I knew the spot well: I used to go there as a young mouse with Aunt Sweetfur!

I entered the park and walked down the path that used to lead to a small playground. There it was! The playground was still there. There was a slide, a seesaw, and even a small wooden house, where I had often played with my sister, Thea. It was all very run-down, but I had such fond memories of that little spot.

I hurried inside the tiny house, out of the snow and wind. Then I curled up on the ground, hugging Hannibal's fishbowl as I drifted off to sleep, the snow falling silently outside.
The Secret Drawer in My Desk

The next morning, I awoke at dawn because of the honking of the geese in the pond. The ground outside the little house was covered in a beautiful carpet of sparkling snow . . . how lovely! Other than the geese, there wasn’t a soul around, and for a moment, I felt like the happiest and richest mouse in the world. But then I remembered that I had a serious problem to solve. I needed to find a new home for myself and Hannibal!

I hid my suitcase in a corner of the little house and headed to my office on foot, carrying Hannibal. I didn’t have my wallet or any money, so I couldn’t pay to take a taxi, bus, or subway.
“Geronimo!” my coworkers greeted me, looking worried. “Is everything okay? You look so disheveled! Are you feeling all right?”

I didn’t want anyone to know that I had slept in the playground, curled up in a tiny wooden house. And I didn’t want anyone to worry about me. So I put on my best snout.

“I’m f-fine!” I stuttered, turning red. “Umm, I’m great — I mean, I’m okay, given the situation. I can’t
I headed straight to the bathroom, where I tidied myself up. I really didn’t want my coworkers to be worried about me.

I closed myself in my office and called the BANK right away. The bank manager, Ledger Moneymouse, answered the phone.

“Good morning, this is Geronimo Stilton,” I began. “I need to come in right away to

**complain**, even if things really could be **better**!”
withdraw some money from my account.”

Ledger began to **squeak** back, but his voice sounded **strange** — not at all like it usually does.

“I’m very sorry, Mr. Stilton, but that won’t be possible,” he told me.

“But why not?” I asked in surprise.

“Yesterday your grandfather stopped by and took out **all** your money,” he replied. “He said you two had an agreement! He even showed me a piece of paper you **signed**. He said the money was for something important, maybe for *The Rodent’s Gazette*?”

I turned as **pale** as mozzarella as I remembered the sheet that my grandfather had made me sign.

Then I said good-bye and hung up the phone.

**Holey Swiss cheese!** The situation
It's better than nothing!
was more **serious** than I had imagined. I absolutely had to find another place to live, but I had very little **money**! All I had left were a few dollars that I had hidden in the bottom of my desk drawer in case of an emergency. You never knew when something **unexpected** might happen! (But, **SHHH**! Please don’t tell anyone about it . . . it’s a **secret**!)

I never thought I’d have to use it, but this really was an **emergency**!

I counted the money. It wasn’t much, but it was better than **nothing**.
I needed to begin my house hunt, so I turned on the computer and went to the MouseHouse website. As I scrolled through listings for apartments, condos, and houses, I thought about how I needed someone who specialized in solving difficult problems.
Wouldn’t you know it, a second later, an intriguing ad **Popped up** on my screen. It was for a company called **Problem Solvers**. The ad said they “solved problems of all kinds, from A to Z: from alligator attacks to zit-covered zebras!”

**EXPERIENCE! EFFICIENCY! PROFESSIONALISM!**

Do you have a problem that is small, medium, large, or enormous?

**LET US HANDLE IT!**

- It doesn’t matter how much money you have — call us!
- There’s a solution for every problem, and we will find it (sooner or later)!
- We’re so sure we can solve your problem, we’ll give you your money back if we don’t succeed!

It seemed like the perfect solution. The ad even said it didn’t matter how much **money** I had. How **fabumouse**!

Full of hope, I picked up the phone and dialed the **Problem Solvers**.
“Heeeeello!” answered a male voice. “Problem Solvers! What’s your problem?”

I couldn’t place it, but the voice sounded very familiar.

“Well, I’m looking for a new place to live, but I’m a bit short on cash,” I explained.

“Don’t worry about it!” the voice replied. “I can fix that for you! That’s why I’m called the Problem Solver!”

How did I know that voice? It really seemed so familiar to me . . .

“I’ll fix that for you right away—as quick as can be! Just yesterday I fixed an enormous problem in just three hours, eight minutes, and twenty seconds . . .”

Holey cheese! That sounded like something I had heard before. But who was it on the other end of the phone?

“Let’s meet in front of my office,” he
continued. “The address is eleven Brie Boulevard.”

I walked there right away, and when I arrived, the door burst open and a *chubby* rodent came out. He was wearing a yellow shirt with palm trees on it, and he had an earring in his left ear.

“You again?” he yelled.

“*you* again?” I replied with a groan.
**Cheese and crackers!** It was my cousin Trap, of course!

“So you were the mouse on the phone!” he said with a chuckle. “I thought it sounded like you. Don’t worry, I’ll give you a special price! Now hop into my car and I’ll show you everything for sale here in New Mouse City and the surrounding areas.”

He showed me the following:

A) an ancient castle with museumlike furniture and solid gold faucets . . .

B) a modern apartment downtown
designed by famous architects . . .

C) a **nice house** in the suburbs that seemed cute and cozy, and . . .

D) a **simple little cottage** outside the city, in the middle of some farms.

Each time Trap told me the price I would begin to **sob**. Everything was much **too expensive!**

Finally, he showed me a shabby shack with a **drippy** roof and a view of a toilet factory. It was right near a **construction** site, and the constant sound of jackhammers was deafening. Plus it smelled **terrible**
because it was next to a nature preserve specifically for skunks!

I was sure I’d be able to afford the shack, but I was wrong. It was still too expensive!

“What a difficult client you are!” Trap grumbled. “But I do have one more place...”
Would you believe it? He led me right to that little house in the playground in **Parmesan Park**!

"Here you go," he exclaimed proudly. "A house that's free to stay in! Am I the best problem solver in New Mouse City or what?"

My whiskers drooped in defeat.

"Can't you at least be GRATEFUL?" Trap grumbled.

I didn't want him to feel bad, so I didn't tell him that I had already discovered the little house the NIGHT before.

"Um, thanks," I squeaked. "This will be just fine for now."

As I settled in again to my TEMPORARY home, I made a plan. As soon as my friends and relatives returned from vacation, I would ask for their help!
THIS IS HOW I ORGANIZED THE LITTLE WOODEN HOUSE IN PARMESAN PARK!
1. Mattress made of dried oak leaves (the softest material for when it's very cold!)

2. Braided willow curtains, so the wind doesn’t come in!

3. A simple cardboard-box nightstand

4. Pine resin to shine my whiskers

5. A maple branch to comb my fur

6. Storage spot for Hannibal’s food

7. Camping pans and plates for meals

8. Upside-down planter to use as a stool

9. Fireplace for cooking and keeping warm

10. Photos of Benjamin and Thea so I’d feel more at home!
It’s Party Time!

The next morning, I washed my whiskers in the park’s fountain, **BRUSHED** my fur really well, and headed to *The Rodent’s Gazette*. I was ready to face a hard day of work. But when I **entered** the office I was speechless. It was like a big **Party** in there!

Everyone was laughing, joking, and toasting with cheddar smoothies.

My coworker Priscilla Prettywhiskers gave
me an **ENORMOUSE** hug.

“We’re saved!” she squeaked happily. “The **crisis** at *The Rodent’s Gazette* is over!”

“Really? But how is that **possible**?” I asked, stunned.

“It’s simple,” Grandfather Shortpaws explained. “The crisis is **OVER** because there never really was a crisis!”

“What do you mean, there was **NO CRISIS**?” I asked, my whiskers twisting in confusion.
“It was on the news,” Priscilla said. “Sally made up the story about being in financial trouble! The paper has really never done better!”

I turned on the television. The news reporter confirmed it: The crisis at The Rodent’s Gazette had been a hoax. It wasn’t TRUE! And Sally Ratmousen was denying any responsibility for the story.

A moment later, Sally appeared on the screen in the fur.

“It’s not my fault Ledger Moneymouse messed up the accounts, is it?” she squeaked defiantly. “So what if I ended up selling a few more copies of The Daily Rat as a result?”
What a dishonest rodent! That sly mouse had clearly invented the whole story to sell more copies of her **newspaper**. And because of her, I had to sell my **house**!

Grandfather clapped his paw on my shoulder **sympathetically**. Then he gave me back my **gold** watch, my **platinum** pen, and my **wallet**.

“Here you go, Grandson!” he boomed. “But don’t spend all your money in one place. You **never know** what might happen in the future . . .”

“But, Grandfather, what about my **house**?” I asked in dismay. “What will I do now?”

“What do you mean?” he barked gruffly.
“Grandfather, I don’t have a home,” I reminded him impatiently. “Remember? You made me sell it so that you could have some extra cash to save the newspaper!”

“Oh, yes, yes, of course I remember,” he mumbled under his whiskers. Honestly, I think he had forgotten!

“Well, there’s no need for you to make sacrifices anymore, Grandson,” he said. “I’ll give back the money you gave me to save The Rodent’s Gazette.”

And he handed me a check.

I dashed out the door, calling, “Thanks! See you later! I have something very urgent to do!”

I ran right to Trap’s new office. He was sitting at his desk with his paws up. When he saw me, he raised his eyebrow.

“You again?” he said. “What can I do for
you now, Cousin? More problems? Just tell me what you need and I’ll handle it! I’m not one to brag, but I’m the best!”

I gasped, trying to catch my breath. I had just as fast as I could all the way from *The Rodent’s Gazette*!

“The **CRISIS** is over,” I explained. “I mean, there never was a crisis! Grandfather gave me back my money, and now I want my house back.”

Trap knocked on my head with his paw.

“**Knock, knock! Anybody home?**” he joked. “You forgot one **minor** detail, Cuz: When you sold your house, you sold it! There’s nothing to be done. The only thing you can do is try to buy it back!”

“Then **TELL ME** who bought it!” I demanded.

He shook his head.
“No can do,” he said stubbornly.
“I promised the buyer I wouldn’t tell.”

He sat back in his chair. But as he spoke, I noticed that he shuffled some of the folders on his desk. He grabbed one and pushed it in front of me casually, as though it wasn’t important.

I couldn’t help seeing the writing on the front of the folder:

**Buyer: Sally Ratmousen**
**Seller: Geronimo Stilton**
**Address: 8 Mouseford Lane**

I immediately understood.

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to break your promise,” I told him. “I get it!”

He winked at me. “Good luck, Cuz!”
I headed to *The Daily Rat* to talk to Sally Ratmousen. She calls herself my “enemy number one,” but I just refer to her as the editor of *The Rodent’s Gazette’s* biggest competitor. She’ll do *whatever it takes* to try to get ahead of my newspaper. And this time she almost destroyed *The Rodent’s Gazette* for **GOOD**!

Sally is very, very **AMBITION**US. Sometimes I feel sorry for her because it really isn’t worth it! There’s room in New Mouse City for **TWO** newspapers and **TWO** opinions, but
Sally doesn’t **SEE** it that way.

When I arrived at the offices of *The Daily Rat*, the newsroom staff was **shocked** to see me.

“Geronimo Stilton?” someone squeaked. “But aren’t you the publisher of *The Rodent’s Gazette*? What are you doing here?”

I ran up the stairs to Sally’s office.

“No need to let her know I’m here!” I yelled. “I’ll do it **MYSELF**!”

I entered Sally’s office. It was **HUGE**, with elegant steel and glass furniture that sparkled in a **SINISTER** way. It may have been **fancy**, but it was **cold** and unwelcoming.

My office, on the other paw, was **warm** and inviting. It was furnished with antique furniture, books, and cozy lighting. It was **simple** but **welcoming**!
Sally was seated at a triangular glass table. She sneered when she saw me.

“Oh, hello, Geronimo,” she said coldly. “What can I do for you?”

I gulped, trying to gather my courage.

“Um, well, I learned today that you are the mouse who bought my house . . .”

“That sad little shack?” she asked with a laugh. “That place is a real rat trap. Yes, I bought it. Why?”

“Because I would like to buy it back!” I repliedboldly.

She broke out in an enormous laugh.

“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! You want to buy back the house?” she asked, incredulous. “Don’t even think about it! Do you have any IDEA what I plan to do with that house?”

“No,” I whispered. “I don’t.”
My head was spinning with fear. What if Sally wouldn’t sell my house back to me? I grabbed the edge of the desk to steady myself.

She waved my house keys in front of my snout.

"Your house will be knocked down"
and destroyed to make way for something new and AMAZING!”

She wagged her finger at me, delighting in my shocked expression.

“What would you rather, Geronimo?” she taunted me. “A fish food factory? A gloomy cemetery? Or maybe a stinky landfill?”

My whiskers trembled at the thought of a fish food factory standing where my beautiful little house had been!

“Please, Sally,” I begged, getting down on my knees. “Please sell MY HOUSE back. I’m lost without it! I left my heart in that house, and I would do anything to get it back!”

She snickered, happy to see me so humiliated.

“I’ll give you your house back,” she agreed
A fish food factory...

A gloomy cemetery...

Or a stinky landfill!
"But only if the sun rises in the west instead of the east. Or if the color of the sea turns from blue to red!"

She laughed again. Then she pointed to a poster on the wall behind her. It showed a tall and thin rodent playing basketball.

“Or . . .” she began thoughtfully. “If you can get an interview with Bounce Ballmouse.”

My jaw dropped. “You mean that Bounce Ballmouse?” I asked, pointing to the poster. “The extremely famous basketball player? The one who is extra famous because he has never, ever, ever given even one interview in his whole life?”

“Yes, that’s the one!” Sally said smugly. “If you can get an interview with him in the next twelve hours, I’ll give your house back, and you can even keep my money!”
“But if **YOU LOSE**,“ Sally continued. “I will keep your house. And you will work for me for the rest of your life . . . for **FREE**!”

**FIRST NAME:** Bounce  
**LAST NAME:** Ballmouse  
**WHO HE IS:** A super-famous basketball player.  
**HIS PASSION:** Basketball! But he also loves to read, listen to classical music, and cook.  
**HIS SECRET DREAM:** To play (and win!) the game of the century against the Catburg Lakers.  
**HIS MOTTO:** A game a day keeps the doctor away.
What a challenge! I was very worried. The chances of me getting an interview with Bounce were terrible! But I had to at least try. I wanted to go home to my cozy, warm mouse hole, so I had to get that interview.

“I’ll do it!” I told Sally. She grabbed a stopwatch.

“Okay, you have exactly twelve hours,” she ordered me. “That’s until ten tonight!”

I ran outside, stopping by my office to drop off HANNIBAL. Then I headed toward Bounce Ballmouse’s house: It was a super-luxurious villa at the top of a hill on the edge of the city.
I thought of all I knew about Bounce: He was very tall, very good at playing basketball, and he held the RECORD for the most baskets ever scored on Mouse Island. But I didn’t know anything about his childhood or his family because he had never given an interview!

The odds were DEFINITELY against me, but I had less than twelve hours to make an interview happen.
So I positioned myself in front of his house with a notebook in my paw, and waited for my **CHANCE**. Finally, his car drove through the gates. “Mr. Ballmouse!” I shouted. “May I please have an interview?” The car **WHIZZED** by without even stopping. I heaved a big sigh. I’d just have to wait until he got back.
Later that afternoon, Bounce returned to his house on foot, surrounded by bodyguards. They were all carrying lots of shopping bags, but they still looked threatening.

I tried to approach Bounce, but one of the bodyguards stepped in front of me. “Please back away,” he said seriously. “Do not disturb Mr. Ballmouse. He doesn’t give
interviews — ever!”

That fact was becoming painfully clear to me. What was I going to do?! The twelve hours were almost up. If I failed, not only would I not get my house back but I would also have to work for Sally for the rest of my life!

It was getting dark, and I was starting to lose hope. Suddenly, the gates
opened again — and Bounce Ballmouse came out!

I ran up to him.

“I beg you, Mr. Ballmouse,” I asked desperately. “May I please have an interview?”

He jogged right past me without even stopping, dribbling a basketball to the rhythm of his steps.
His guards ran along with him. I ran after them, trying to **keep up**, but they were all **so fast**!

Now I knew why he was the most **famous** basketball player on Mouse Island: He was in exceptional shape! He ran like a **train** that never slowed or stopped. I was left far behind.
I was about to turn back when the **unthinkable** happened. I noticed an old lady rodent at the corner of the street. She was about to cross, but she wasn’t in the **CROSSWALK** — and headed straight for her was an **ENORMOUSE** truck whose driver wasn’t paying attention to what he was doing!

She stepped off the sidewalk and into the street.

**"STOOOOOOOOOOP!"** I shouted as I raced toward her.

Luckily, she heard me and stopped. The truck **swerved** around her.

Unluckily for me, I **TRIPPED** on the
sidewalk, **HIT** my head on the asphalt, and fainted.

A moment later, I came to.

“M-ma’am, are you **okay**?” I asked the rodent.

She looked at me gratefully.

“Thank you, young mouse,” she squeaked.

“You **saved** me!”

The truck driver ran up to us.

“I’m so sorry,” he said seriously. “I didn’t **see** you there!”
“It’s okay,” she said with a smile. “This rodent came by at just the right moment.”

“At your service,” I said, kissing her paw.

“You are a true Gentlemouse,” she said gratefully. “Your kind doesn’t exist anymore!”

I turned as red as a tomato. You see, I’m really very shy! I was about to turn to leave when I heard a voice call out: “Mom!”

I turned to see a mouse running toward us. It was none other than Bounce Ballmouse! He hugged the old rodent tightly.

“Are you all right, Mom?” he asked, worried.

“Don’t worry, Bouncy, everything is okay,” she squeaked softly to her son. “This kind young rodent saved my life!”

Bounce turned toward me and shook my paw gratefully.

“How can I ever thank you?” he asked.
“I will give you anything you want!”

“Well, there is one thing I could really use,” I replied EXCITEDLY. “Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton. I’m the publisher of The Rodent’s Gazette.”

He gave me a friendly smile.

“That’s my favorite newspaper. I read it every morning!” he replied.

“Well, the thing is . . .” I began.
“Say no more!” Bounce said with a chuckle. “You want an interview, don’t you? Well, please join me for dinner, and I will happily give you an interview! I’ll tell you a secret: I’ve never given an interview before because I’m really very shy! But I’ll make an exception for you, because I can tell you’re a rodent with good intentions, especially after what happened today!”

“I’m also very shy,” I confessed. “So I truly understand!”

When he heard that, we laughed together. As we headed back to his house, we shared stories about all the times that we stammered and blushed for no reason. As I interviewed him, I learned we had a lot of other things in common, too.

We both shared a passion for reading and for classical music, for example! And I
discovered that he had a little **goldfish** for a pet, too. Her name was Charlotte, and I couldn’t **wait** to introduce her to Hannibal!

Bounce’s mom was an **excellent** cook, and prepared **incredibly** tasty cheese for us. Then Bounce showed me all his **trophies** and awards, and told me stories about his childhood.

When I told him that I was really **uncoordinated** when it came to sports, he took me to his private **basketball** court.
and taught me how to shoot a basket! By the end of the evening, it felt as though we had known each other forever.

It was almost ten o’clock when I looked down at my watch.

“Oh, no!” I squeaked. “I’m sorry, but I have to go, or I’ll lose my house!”

I hurried to Sally’s office with the notes and photos from my fabulous interview.

I was thrilled not only to have gotten the interview but also to have made an incredible new friend!
Now Give Me Back My House!

I checked the time: I had just ten minutes to get back to Sally and win back my house! I reached The Daily Rat with only three minutes to spare . . .

I saw that Sally’s office was lit up. She was waiting for me! I ran inside, breathless, just as the stopwatch went off. Beep! Beep!
Before I could squeak, Sally waved the keys to my house in front of my snout.

"So, Stilton, do you give up?" she taunted me. "It was impossible to interview Bounce Ballmouse, wasn't it? I was sure it would be, or I never would have given you the chance to get your house back for free!"

She threw back her snout and laughed.

"Ha, ha, ha, haaa! Are you prepared to work for me for the rest of your life?"

Once she was done squeaking, I could finally get a word in. I proudly pulled from my jacket pocket the notebook with the interview.

"You'll be surprised to know, Sally, that Bounce did give me the interview," I said calmly.

Her jaw hit the floor.

"Bounce Ballmouse?" she asked, incredulous.
“An interview? I don’t believe you!”

So I pulled out my camera and showed her the photos I had taken with Bounce.

Before she could squeak another word, Sally fainted. Her colleagues had to wake her up by waving some aged cheese under her snout.

“S-so, that’s it ... you win,” she stammered. “I must give you back your house, and you’ll even get to keep my money.”

“Exactly, Sally,” I agreed.
“But that’s not fair!” she howled.

“It is fair, Sally,” I replied decisively. “You proposed the challenge, and I won! So please give me the Keys.”

She handed me the keys halfheartedly, and I raced out of the offices of The Daily Rat, my Heart full of happiness. I had my home back!

On my way home, I passed by the house of Ledger Moneymouse, the manager of Ratley’s Bank.

I’ve known Ledger for many years, which is why I thought it was okay to stop by his house at that time of night.

“I’m so sorry for the
misunderstanding, Mr. Stilton!” he said as soon as he saw me. “Please tell your grandfather how bad I feel about the mistake. He’s been a client of ours for so long! You see, someone — I don’t know who! — locked me in the bank’s broom closet and took my place at the bank for a day. Then that person spread those false rumors about *The Rodent’s Gazette*! As soon as I got out of the closet, I called the TV station and explained that there was no financial crisis at your newspaper. But I couldn’t tell them that someone came into the **BANK** and managed to lock me up, now could I? I’m sure you understand how **bad** that would make the bank look. We have to maintain our reputation! Please don’t tell anyone what happened!”

“Don’t **worry**, I won’t reveal your secret,”
I reassured him.

Then he showed me the rubber **mask** and some clothes that were identical to his that he’d found at the bank.

“Look at these!” he exclaimed. “Whoever impersonated me is certainly very **envious** of the success of your newspaper. I have an **idea** or two about who it might have been . . . Do you?”

I was pretty certain I knew **exactly** who it had been, but I didn’t have any **proof**!
Welcome Back, Mr. Stilton!

Since everything had been cleared up, I said good-bye to Ledger and headed to The Rodent’s Gazette to get Hannibal. He and I could finally go home!

When I left my house the next morning, my
neighbors all crowded around me, hugging me.

“Welcome home, Mr. Stilton! We missed you so much!”

As soon as I got to The Rodent’s Gazette, all of my colleagues stopped by my office to celebrate as well.

“We heard the news, Geronimo!” Priscilla said. “Thanks for everything you did for us. You’re a real mouse . . . no, a real HERO!”

Then they carried me triumphantly around the office.

When my friends and family heard what happened, they became upset.

“Why didn’t you ask for our help, Geronimo?” my sister, Thea, asked.

“Yeah, Uncle G!” my nephew Benjamin agreed. “We would have been there for you!”

“I knew I could count on you,” I replied,
moved at their generosity. “But when I tried to call you, no one answered their phones! You were all on vacation!”

“I was here, though!” Trap boasted, stepping forward. “And I helped you! But are you even grateful?”

I hugged him tightly.

“Of course I am, Trap!” I said. “And to
show you my gratitude, you’re invited to my house for a fabumouse dinner. In fact, everyone is invited! Now that it’s my house again, we must have a party to celebrate!”

And that is how this adventure ends — with a delicious dinner of delectable cheeses, the company of dear friends, and lots and lots of joy and happiness!

As I was cleaning up after dinner, I felt truly content.

Cheese niblets! I thought. This really is a happy ending!

Later that night, I lay in my nice, warm bed with the covers pulled way up to my snout and HANNIGHL’S fishbowl on the nightstand beside me. I thought about the money Sally had paid for the house. What would I do with it? It was quite a bit of
money! I thought long and hard, because I wanted to make good use of it.

I remembered that when I had been without a home, there was a special place in New Mouse City where I had found some warmth and comfort. It was in Parmesan Park! How I would love to restore the park to its former splendor!

I also thought of all the rodents in New Mouse City who weren’t lucky enough to have their own homes. What if I used part of the money to restore Parmesan Park, and the rest to build a lovely, affordable residence for rodents who were down on their luck?

So that’s exactly what I did. By spring, Parmesan Park had newly planted trees, flowers, and flower beds; a modern
irrigation system; and newly restored **FOUNTAINS**, bridges, and pathways. It was more **BEAUTIFUL** than ever!

It was wonderful to see young mouselets playing between the flower beds and on the **slides** and **SEESAWS**. I was also delighted to see them playing in that cozy **WOODEN** house that had given me a place
of refuge on that cold winter’s night!

I reflected on what had just happened to me. My most recent adventure had taught me that in life, it’s important to react quickly, accept change, have faith in yourself, and never lose hope.

And above all else, it’s essential to know how to ask your friends for help! I thought warmly about my family and all my friends — old and new — and how they are always ready to help me. And I also thought about all the fearful, exciting, and mysterious adventures I’ve shared with them over the years. They’ve helped to shape who I am as a mouse. And I give you my word that this adventure won’t be my last. Mouse’s honor!
Be sure to read all my fabumouse adventures!
#21 The Wild, Wild West
#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle
#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster
#26 The Mummy with No Name
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory
#28 Wedding Crasher
#29 Down and Out Down Under
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon
#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief
#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons
#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent
#35 A Very Merry Christmas
#36 Geronimo's Valentine
#37 The Race Across America
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure
#39 Staging Sensation
#40 The Karate Mouse
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro
#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief
#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery
#45 Save the White Whale!
#46 The Haunted Castle
#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!
#48 The Mystery in Venice

#49 The Way of the Samurai
#50 This Hotel is Haunted!
#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist
#52 Mouse in Space!
#53 Rumble in the Jungle

#54 Get Into Gear, Stilton!
#55 The Golden Statue Plot
#56 Flight of the Red Bandit
The Hunt for the Golden Book

#58 The Super Chef Contest
#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor
The Hunt for the Curious Cheese
The Treasure of Easter Island

#60 The Treasure of Easter Island
#61 Mouse House Hunter

Up Next!

#62 Mouse Overboard!
Join me and my friends as we travel through time in these very special editions!

The Journey Through Time
Back in Time: The Second Journey Through Time
The Race Against Time: The Third Journey Through Time
Don’t miss any of these exciting Thea Sisters adventures!

Thea Stilton and the Ghost of the Shipwreck
Thea Stilton and the Secret City
Thea Stilton and the Mystery in Paris
Thea Stilton and the Cherry Blossom Adventure
Thea Stilton and the Star Castaways
Thea Stilton: Big Trouble in the Big Apple
Thea Stilton and the Ice Treasure
Thea Stilton and the Secret of the Old Castle
Thea Stilton and the Blue Scarab Hunt
Thea Stilton and the Prince’s Emerald
Thea Stilton and the Mystery on the Orient Express
Thea Stilton and the Dancing Shadows
Thea Stilton and the Legend of the Fire Flowers
Thea Stilton and the Spanish Dance Mission
Thea Stilton and the Journey to the Lion’s Den
Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist
Thea Stilton and the Chocolate Sabotage
Thea Stilton and theMissing Myth
Thea Stilton and the Last Letters
Thea Stilton and the Tropical Treasure
Be sure to read all of our magical special edition adventures!

- The Kingdom of Fantasy
- The Quest for Paradise: The Return to the Kingdom of Fantasy
- The Amazing Voyage: The Third Adventure in the Kingdom of Fantasy
- The Dragon Prophecy: The Fourth Adventure in the Kingdom of Fantasy
- The Volcano of Fire: The Fifth Adventure in the Kingdom of Fantasy
- The Search for Treasure: The Sixth Adventure in the Kingdom of Fantasy
- The Enchanted Charms: The Seventh Adventure in the Kingdom of Fantasy
- The Phoenix of Destiny: An Epic Kingdom of Fantasy Adventure
- Thea Stilton: The Journey to Atlantis
- Thea Stilton: The Secret of the Fairies
- Thea Stilton: The Secret of the Snow
- Thea Stilton: The Cloud Castle
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!

#1 Alien Escape
#2 You’re Mine, Captain!
#3 Ice Planet Adventure
#4 The Galactic Goal
#5 Rescue Rebellion
#6 The Underwater Planet
Meet
GERONIMO STILTONDOOT

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!
About the Author

Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, Geronimo Stilton is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running The Rodent’s Gazette, New Mouse City’s most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid and The Search for Sunken Treasure. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world’s best ratlings’ electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.
1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton’s office
6. Helicopter landing pad
# Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. The Daily Rat
25. The Rodent's Gazette
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House
This way to the Sea of Mice

This way to the Rodent Straits

✓ Hamster Islands.

This way to the Mousific Ocean.
Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell till the next book.
It’ll be another whisker-licking-good adventure, and that’s a promise!

Geronimo Stilton
Who is Geronimo Stilton?
That’s me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that’s a promise!

MOUSE HOUSE HUNTER
Sally Ratmousen broke some shocking news: The Rodent’s Gazette was out of money and in danger of closing. Then Grandfather William broke even worse news to me: I needed to sell my comfy, cozy house in order to save our paper! How terrible! But could I sell it — and find a new home — in time to help?