

Geronimo Stilton



LOST TREASURE
OF THE
EMERALD
EYE

WELCOME TO THE WORLD
OF
Geronimo Stilton







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www.geronimostilton.com/uk

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Geronimo Stilton

LOST TREASURE OF THE
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Sweet Cherry
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LATE AGAIN!

“PUTRID CHEESE PUFFS!” It was nine o’clock and I, **Geronimo Stilton**, was late for work — again! I rolled out of bed in a minute and was dressed in two. Pretty fast, considering I am really not a morning mouse.

“CHEESE SLICES! I hate Monday mornings,” I grumbled while brushing my teeth with Cheddar-flavoured toothpaste. Then I hurried downstairs, stumbled over my tail, and tumbled all the way down to the door.





THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

So much for being as quiet as a mouse.

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

“**TAXI!**” I shouted, jumping into a cab. “Seventeen Swiss Cheese Centre.”

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

I took the stairs two at a time and burst inside. What a workout! I was shattered. Maybe I shouldn’t have cancelled my membership at **Rats La Lanne** after all.

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

“Mr. Stilton, finally!” she cried, her glasses dangling off one ear. “There is a crowd of rodents waiting to see you: the designers, the printers, the mouse who works



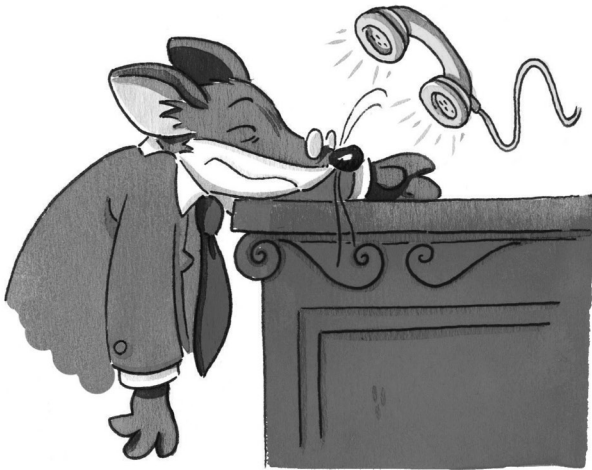


the water cooler ... and the editor-in-chief wants to speak with you immediately.”

I headed to my desk. Mousella followed.

“The photocopier is jammed,” she continued. “Another mailroom mouse quit. And, Boss, don’t forget you promised me a raise!”

My head felt like it was about to explode. Even my whiskers hurt. **I wouldn’t wish this day on the meanest cat ever!**





THEA'S SECRET

At lunchtime, my sister, Thea, who is a special correspondent for *The Rodent's Gazette*, came by on her motorcycle.

"I am taking you out to lunch," she said. "We've got reservations at *The Mouse House*." She grabbed my paw and whispered, "I have to tell you a very important secret."



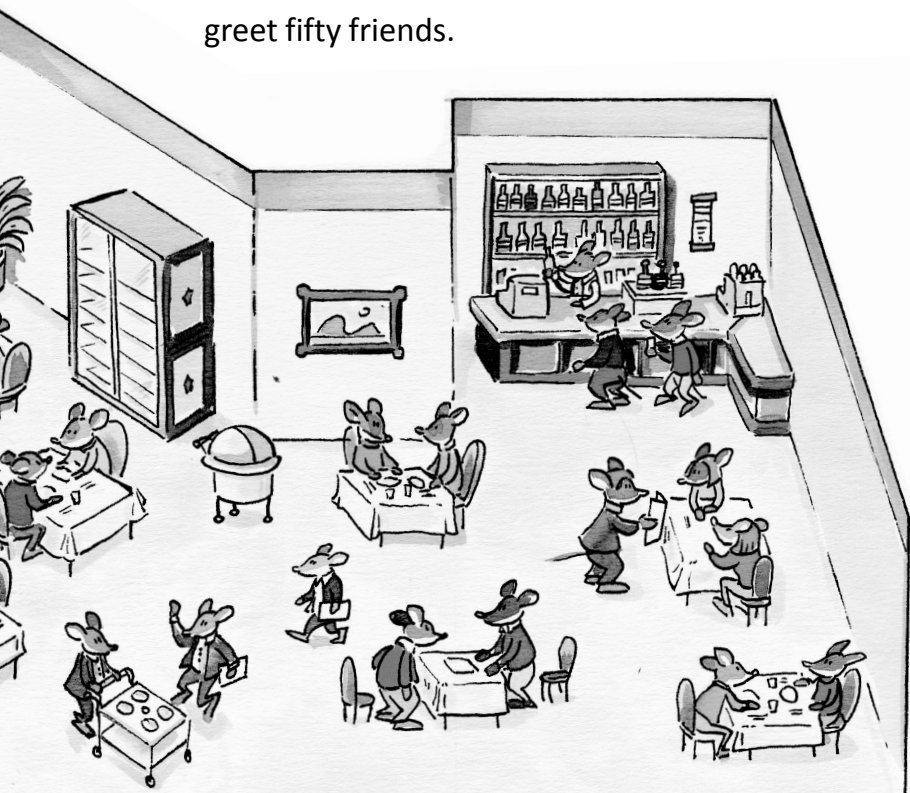


Twenty minutes later, I peeled myself off Thea's motorcycle. My teeth were still **CHATTERING**.

"Are you trying to give me a heart attack?" I shrieked, tugging my whiskers back into shape. "Why, why, why do you have to go so fast? **It's dangerous!** One day, we're going to end up sipping cheese through straws at Mouse General!!"

"Tsk, tsk ... still the same old 'fraidy mouse." My sister laughed, slipping into the restaurant.

Of course, before we could sit down, Thea had to greet fifty friends.





“Hi, Ratsy! How you doing, **SWISSITA?**”

I rolled my eyes. Thea had more friends than the cheese delivery man!

Finally, we were seated.

“So what is it?” I asked impatiently.

But my sister was busy looking at the menu. “Why don’t we order first,” she said. “Cheddar ravioli for two!” she told the waiter. “With extra-spicy tomato sauce.”

“Spicy?” I groaned. “You know I get heartburn.” Did I mention my sister can be incredibly annoying at times?

Thea waved her paw. “Oh, please. You could use a little spice in your life. Besides, you’ll have to get used to eating all sorts of food on our trip,” she whispered, winking at me.

“Trip? What trip?” I asked.

“Ssssssh! Ssssssh!” Do you want everybody to know?” she said, pinching my tail.

“Well, what are you talking about?” I hissed.

Thea glanced around. “Hold your whiskers. I think the waiter may be spying on us. He looks a little suspicious,” she said.



“Who on earth would want to spy on us?” I cried. My head started to pound.

“If you only knew ...” my sister replied, looking very mysterious.

I clenched my fists. I couldn’t take it anymore. I climbed onto my chair and screamed, **“WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!”**

Everyone stared.

“SLIMY SWISS BALLS! Someone got up on the wrong side of the hole today,” said Thea. But she began talking anyway. “I found a map of an island showing the spot where treasure is buried,” she squeaked. “The Emerald Eye!”

From under the table she pulled out a yellowed piece of paper.

“I found this map at the flea market,” she continued. “Oh, **Gerrykins**, you must come with me. This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance!” she finished excitedly.

“First of all, don’t call me **Gerrykins**. My name is **GERONIMO!**” I cried. “Second, I will be too busy at work. We are about to publish the next volume of

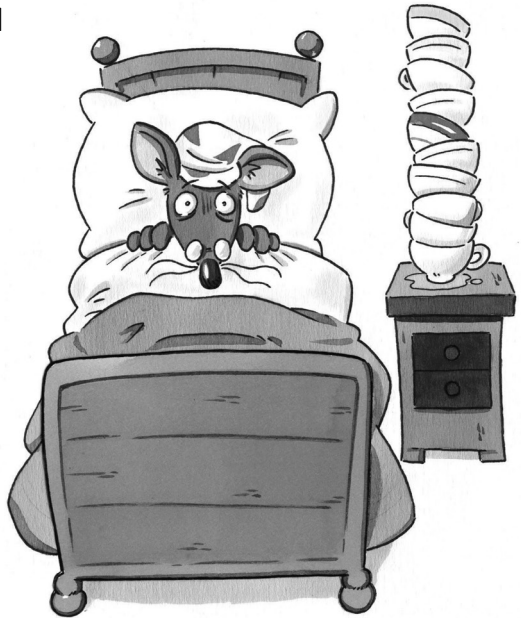


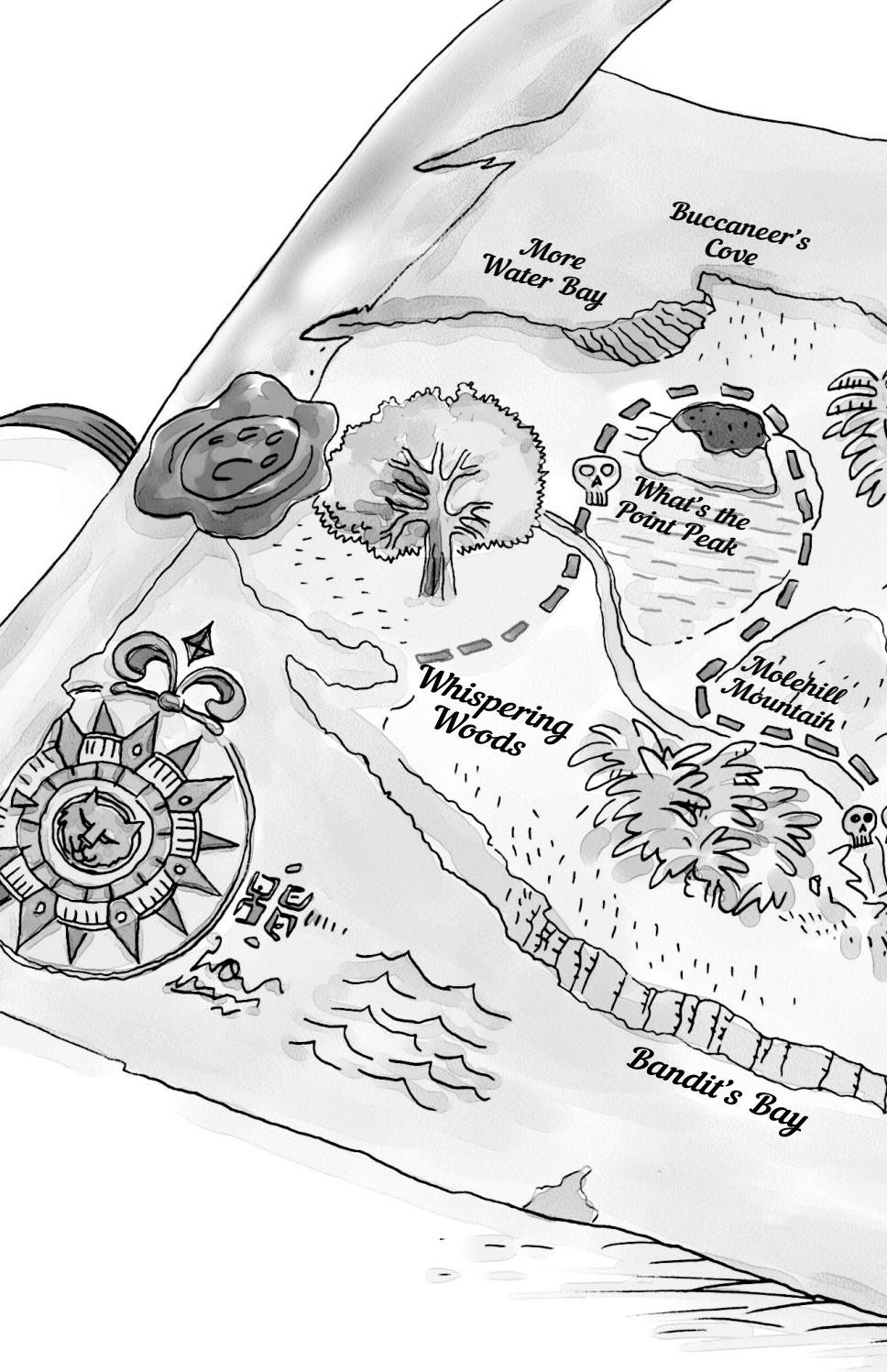
Rodent Rules for Dummies. And besides, who ever heard of an Emerald Eye? **It's ridiculous!**"

Thea grabbed my paw and stared straight into my eyes. "But you're my big brother—you can't let me go on my own, **Gerry Berry!**" she squeaked in her sweetest voice. My sister could convince a cat to cook dinner for her.

"The name is **GE-RO-NI-MO!**" I shouted.

That night, I drank about ten cups of snoozytime tea, listened to my squeaky-sounds sleep tape, and counted grilled cheese sandwiches. Still, I didn't sleep one wink!





More Water Bay

Buccaneer's Cove

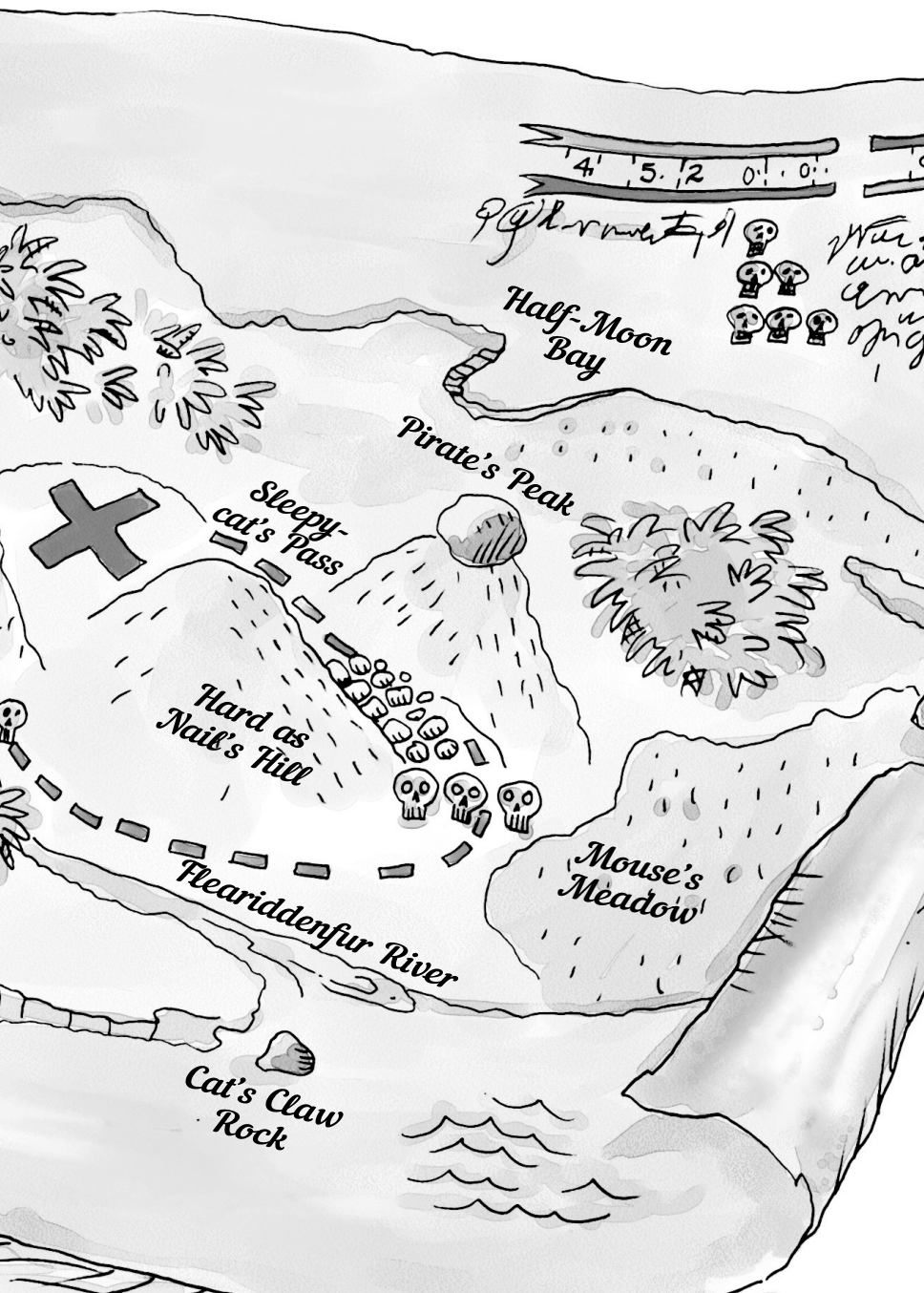
What's the Point Peak

Whispering Woods

Molehill Mountain

Bandit's Bay

X marks the spot of the Emerald Eye





CHEAP JUNK FOR LESS

The next day, we went to the harbour.

“So, **Gerrykins**, promise you’ll come with me. You are not going to let me sail off all on my own!” insisted Thea.

“Don’t call me **Gerrykins**,” I cried. “The name is **GE-RO-NI-MO!**”

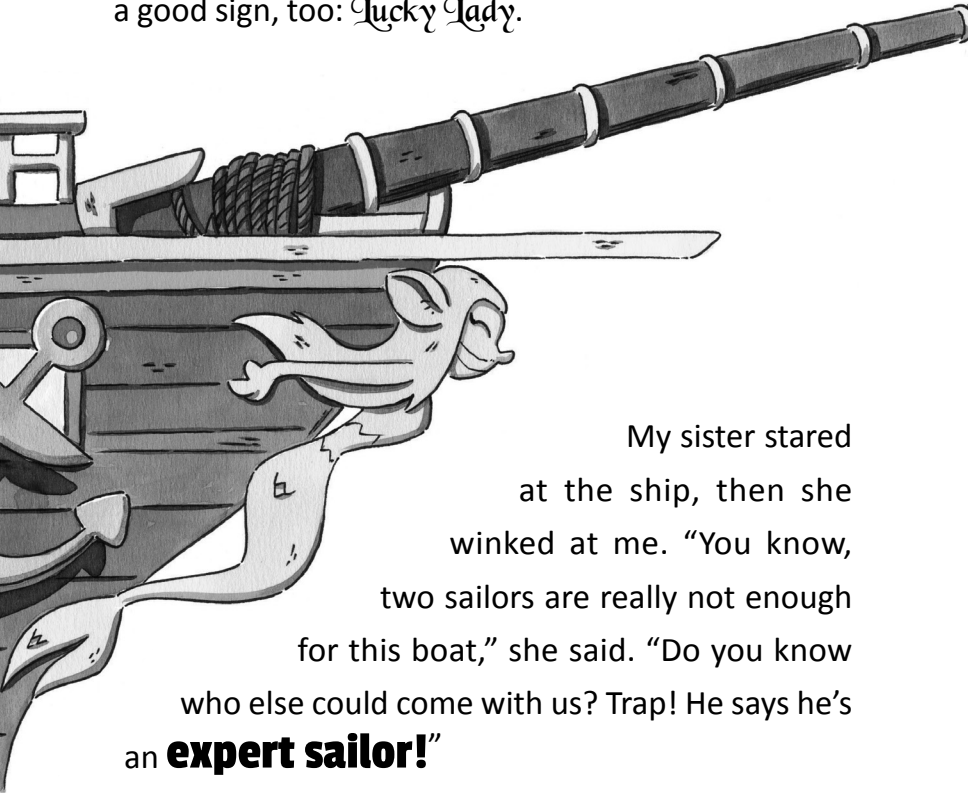
Here’s one thing you should know about my sister. When she gets an idea in her head, it sticks like a mouse in a glue trap.

Before I knew it, I had promised to go with her on her ridiculous treasure-hunting trip. And as every respectable mouse knows, a rodent’s promise is nothing to joke about.

“**CHEWY CHEESE BITS!**” shouted Thea, breaking into a dance.



Then Thea showed me a boat belonging to an old retired sea captain. It was the colour of Cheddar, extra-mature, my favourite. The ship's name seemed to be a good sign, too: *Lucky Lady*.



My sister stared at the ship, then she winked at me. “You know, two sailors are really not enough for this boat,” she said. “Do you know who else could come with us? Trap! He says he’s an **expert sailor!**”

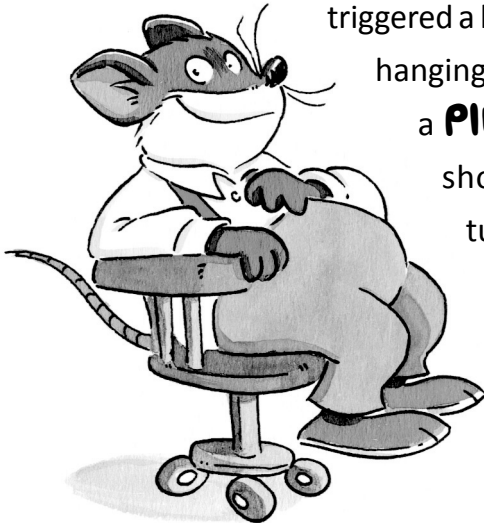
My memories of my cousin Trap Stilton, also known as Pushy Paws, were not very good. When he was young, he was a real nightmare.



“Trap?!” I sputtered. “But, Thea, don’t you remember when he tied my tail up in a knot? I had to wear the same trousers for a week! And what about the time he dyed my whiskers with that purple grape juice?”

But as I said, when my sister gets an idea in her head, there’s no stopping her. Minutes later, we stood in front of Trap’s thrift shop, **CHEAP JUNK FOR LESS**. The shop window was dusty and full of odd stuff: an old, yellowed photograph, a fake crystal that was supposed to ward off cats, a box of silver whisker curlers, a super-powered fur dryer.

We went in. As the door opened, it triggered a bunch of small brass bells hanging from the ceiling. Inside, a **plumpish** mouse with short paws and a pencil tucked behind his ear sat with his feet up on a comfy reclining chair. He wore baggy blue trousers and a pair of





bright-red suspenders. It was Trap. He leaped up and scurried towards us with surprising speed.

“Well, I’ll be a mouse’s uncle!” he shouted, crushing my paw in his. “Long time no see! You two are always together, huh? Like cream and cheese. So what’s up? Want to buy something? Let me tell you right up front: no discounts. Not even to relatives! **CASH ONLY!**” he shouted in our ears.

“Is there somewhere quiet we can talk?” asked Thea.

Trap led us into a library filled with books on every subject. **CATS**. Cheese. Cats who eat cheese and the mice who love them. The air smelled musty, as if the windows hadn’t been opened since Christopher Columouse discovered **MOUSE ISLAND**.

All of a sudden, we heard a horrifying sound.





MEEEOOWWWW!!!

Thea and I leaped up in the air.

"CAT!!!" we shrieked together.

Trap rolled around on the floor in a fit of laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he sputtered. "That's no cat. It's just a tape recording. It comes on automatically as soon as someone enters the library. Pretty cute, don't you think?"

"Adorable," squeaked Thea.

"Well, it does keep rat burglars away, and slimy sewer rats, too!" smirked Trap. "Hmm ... I wonder if I could take out a patent on it," he added. I could just hear the wheels turning in his tiny mouse-sized brain.

"I could make a bundle," he mumbled, his eyes shining. Then he turned back to us.

"So anyway, what are you two looking for? I don't have much time to shoot the cheese. I'm a very busy mouse, you know," he added with pride, puffing up his fur.

Trap listened to Thea's plans with half-closed eyes. But I could tell he was interested because his tail started



to twitch when she mentioned the Emerald Eye. “OK, I’ll join you,” he agreed. “But anyone who dares to lay a paw on my part of the treasure is a dead rat!”

We toasted to a successful trip, and twisting our tails together we squeaked: **“To our trip! Friends together! Mice forever!”**