

# Geronimo Stilton



I'M TOO FOND  
OF MY FUR!

**WELCOME TO THE WORLD**  
**OF**  
**Geronimo Stilton**







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[www.geronimostilton.com/uk](http://www.geronimostilton.com/uk)

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Geronimo Stilton

*IM TOO FOND  
OF MY FUR!*



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# I'M TOO YOUNG TO GO BALD!

Let's see, it all began like this – it really did!

One evening, I was happily sprawled out on my sofa, changing channels on my TV, when a strange advert caught my eye.

A female rodent with blonde fur was **SHOUTING** like a madmouse. “Are you going bald? Has your fur lost its fluff?” Then she stuck her snout right up to the camera. “That’s right, I’m talking to you, couch mouse!” she shrieked.

I jumped. Her beady little eyes seemed to be staring right at **me!** “Now, do as I say and





put your paw on your head,” she ordered. “I bet you have a bald patch. Am I right?”

I gulped. With a shaking paw, I patted the top of my head. **HOLEY CHEESE!** My fur *did* seem to be getting a little thin on top! Could I really be losing my fur?

The mouse on TV kept squeaking at me. “Listen, **CHEDDARFACE**, you need to do something to strengthen your fur! If you don’t, you’re going to be as bald as a bowling ball down at Lucky Paw Lanes!”

She wound up her arm like a professional bowler rat. **“STRIIIKE!”** she yelled, glaring at me.

I turned pale ...

Now I was really getting worried. I was too young to go bald. I was still in my prime. Yes, I think you could even call me a spring mouse. I still had a twitch in my tail, and my bones hadn’t started creaking yet.

More **SHOUTING** from the TV interrupted my thoughts. “Wake up, Noodlebrain, because today is your lucky day! That’s right. I have right here the cure for that great-looking bald spot! But you’d better order







now, you silly mouse, or you'll be left with your tail between your legs!"

I grabbed a pen and paper to take notes. The mouse on TV held up a helmet and a big bottle of **GREEN LOTION**.

"This is a special kind of helmet that uses micro-macro-eeny-meany-miney-magnetic-waves. First you spread the miracle lotion all over your head," she explained. "Keep the helmet on for at least two or three hours. The helmet squeezes your head to wake up those lazy hair roots. Got it?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, what are you waiting for, Baldy?!" the TV mouse squeaked at me. "Order now, before they're all gone!"

As if in a trance I reached for the phone and dialed the number on the screen: **1-555-GROW-FUR.**





“Yes, I’d like to order one helmet,” I began, patting my fur.

The operator at the other end coughed. “I take it you must be tuned into our special supertelethon, **BALDIES UNITE!**” she said.

I choked. *I’m not bald yet!* I tried to say. But I had lost my squeak!

“Don’t be embarrassed, Furless,” the operator babbled on. “I’ll send off your helmet right away! You want the **MIRACLE LOTION**, too, don’t you? How many bottles? They are on special offer, you know.”

I cleared my throat. “Um, well, I guess I could use two,” I decided.

The operator lowered her voice and began to whisper confidentially. “You sound like a very nice mouse,” she began. “So I’m going to let you in on a *secret* ... there are only a few bottles left!!!”

I gasped. **Were there really that many bald rodents scampering around out there?**

“We’ve received so many calls,” the operator continued knowingly. “The lotion is selling like hot



cheese sticks at a winter carnival! I would order a few more if I were you. I think we're going to sell out!"

I chewed my whiskers **nervously**. I couldn't wear my new helmet without the lotion. What if I ran out? I would be in big trouble then. I'd be one sorry, bald mouse. "I'd better order **3**, no **4**, no **5**, no make that **8**, or even **10**, yes, I'll take **10** ... no, how about **12** bottles?" I stammered.

"Good choice," the operator murmured. "I'll put you down for twelve bottles. We'll deliver them right away. **Have your money ready!!!**"



# BALDIES UNITE!

Minutes later, the doorbell rang. **DING ...**  
**DONG ...**

It was a mouse with lots of thick, curly fur on his head. He was wearing rollerblades and holding a package.

“Are you **GERONIMO STILTON**?” he asked.

I nodded. “Yes, that’s me.”

He flashed all of his sixteen teeth at me. Then he stuck the package in my left paw and a bill in my right.

“Will that be cash or cheque?” he smiled.

“Um, cheque,” I mumbled. I stared at the bill and turned white. I shrieked: “**I could buy a whole year’s worth of cheese for this kind of money!**”

Quick as an alley cat, he snatched back the box.

“Does this mean you’re not paying? Did you change your mind?” he demanded.



“Um ... well, it’s just that it’s a little **PRICEY**,” I stammered.

The delivery mouse peered closely at my fur. “Wow, did you know you already have a bald spot?” He whipped out a mirror to show me.

But before I could check, the delivery mouse stretched out his paw and **YANKED** a tuft of fur from my ear.

“Just as I thought!” he cried. “Your fur is already falling out! Look at this clump!”

I stared down at my fur in his paw. **My precious, fluffy brown fur!** This was more serious than I’d thought.

“But does the helmet really work?” I asked, still not convinced.

The delivery mouse flashed his teeth again.

Then he patted his own head of thick, curly fur.



GERONIMO



STILTON

“I’m not just a delivery mouse,” he grinned. “I’m also a client! I was as bald as a fresh ball of **MOZZARELLA** before I started using this product!”

**I paid the bill with a sigh of envy.**







FRRRR ... FRRRR ...  
Zzzzz ... Zzzzz

Back in my house, I smeared the **MIRACLE LOTION** onto my head. I put on the helmet and plugged it into the wall. Immediately, the helmet began massaging my scalp.

*Frrrrrrrrrrr ... frrrrrrr ... zzzzzz ...*

I plopped down in front of the TV. Right then, the phone rang.

“Hello?” I said.

I could just make out a voice. “I would like to speak with Geronimo Stilton, the editor of *The Rodent’s Gazette*,” it said.

“I am Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*,” I answered. I turned down the TV, but my helmet was still buzzing away.

“It’s Professor Paws von Volt,” the voice continued. “Geronimo, I need your **HELP!**”



I jumped to my paws. Professor von Volt was a brilliant scientist. He was a dear old friend. We had met a long time ago on one of my many **ADVENTURES**. I would do anything for him. Now I strained to hear the professor's words. It sounded like he was in some sort of trouble.

"Where are you, Professor von Volt?" I cried.

My friend's voice seemed to be growing weaker and weaker. "Geronimo, I'm calling from my **SECRET LAB** in the Himalayas. I need your help!" he squeaked! "You are the only one I trust! Please go to my house. You'll find the keys under the welcome rat mat. I need you to find my secret diary and bring it to me. It's very important."



I began to twirl my whiskers nervously. The professor's voice was growing fainter by the minute. What had happened? Why did he need my help?



“Professor please speak up,” I cried. “I can’t hear you.” But it was no use. His voice was fading away. “The diary ... it’s very important ... found the **YETI’S** pawprints ... life in danger ...”

Then the line went dead.

I put down the receiver. I knew I absolutely had to help the professor. **After all, that’s what friends are for!**



# YOU POOR CHEESEBRAIN!

## **DING ... DONG ...**

The doorbell rang again. I went to open it, still wearing my helmet. It was my sister, Thea. She works as a special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*.

"What on earth are you wearing on your head?" she exclaimed.

I touched my head. I guess I did look a little *silly* in the helmet. Still, my sister never missed a chance to make fun of me. It was probably her favourite hobby – after going on dates!

"This helmet is going to make my fur grow thicker," I tried to explain.

My sister just snickered.

"The mouse on TV said it **REALLY WORKS!**" I insisted.



Thea didn't seem convinced. In fact she began to giggle.

Just then, I remembered the phone call. I grabbed my sister's tail. "Listen, I've got the most unbelievable news!" I squeaked. "I just got a call from Professor von Volt. He said something about a **YETI!** You know, the hairy beast that is supposed to live in the Himalayas. Maybe he spotted one!"

Now Thea was really rolling. Rolling with laughter, that is. She was roaring so hard she could barely squeak. "You poor **CHEESEBRAIN!**" she choked out. "How did you get to be such a dimwit? First a helmet that makes your fur grow. Now a **YETI!** It's amazing that we are related!"

I stamped my paw. "But I'm telling you, Thea, it was the professor. He said his life was in **DANGER!**" I shrieked.

Thea shook her head. "Really, Gerry Berry. Everybody knows the yeti is just some silly made-up monster," she sighed. "You need to get out more. You know, get your face out of your encyclopedia once in a while." She stroked her fur absent-mindedly.



Now I was getting mad. It was one thing to pick on me. But my encyclopedia was priceless!

“Listen, Thea,” I insisted. “If Professor von Volt really did find a yeti, it would be a great scoop for the paper. You wouldn’t want **The Daily Rat** to get it first, would you?”

My sister rolled her eyes. “I’m telling you, someone is pulling your paw,” she said. “Speaking of jokesters, have you seen our cousin Trap lately?”

Just then, a familiar mouse strolled through my front door. Yes, it was the king of pranks himself, my annoying

cousin **TRAP STILTON**.



“What’s shakin’, Cousinkins?” he grinned, jabbing me in the arm. “I heard my name and came scampering.” He danced over to my fridge. Then he helped himself to a huge block of Cheddar.



*There goes breakfast, lunch, and dinner, I fumed to myself.*

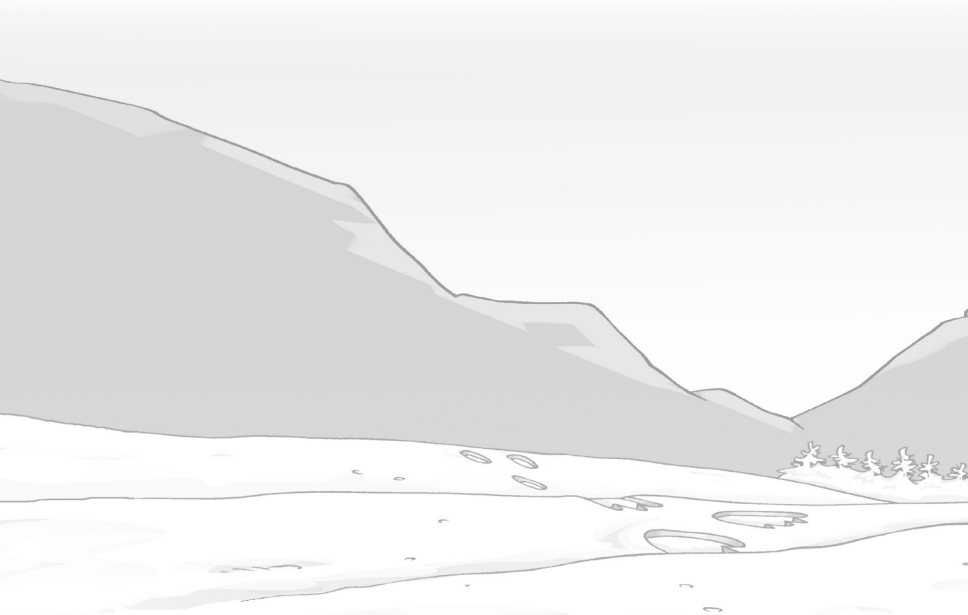
Thea giggled. “Trap!” she cried. “Did you just play a joke on Geronimo?”



# THE ABOMINABLE SNOWRAT

My cousin chuckled. “A joke? Which one? I’ve played so many jokes on Geronimo, I’ve lost count,” he declared. “After all, he’s the perfect target. He always falls for it!”

Thea nodded impatiently. “Well, yes. But I’m talking about a new joke. Someone just called Geronimo and told him he has seen a **YETI**.”



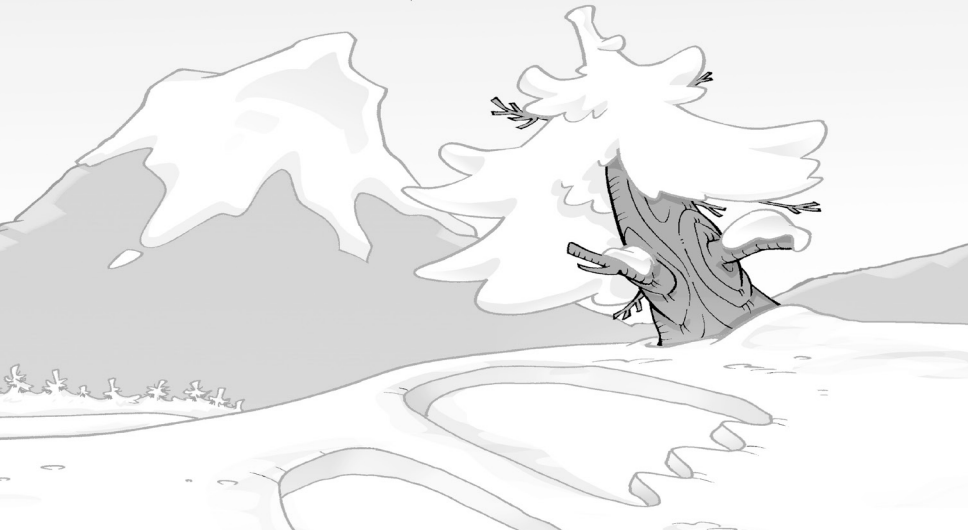




Trap snickered under his whiskers. “A **YETI?**” he squeaked. “Um, interesting ... you mean, one of those hairy beasts who live in the mountains?”

I nodded.

“Cousinkins!” Trap shrieked. “I’ll let you in on a secret. The yeti does not exist! It’s all made up. Like the **ABOMINABLE SNOWRAT**. Just a story.” For the first time, he seemed to notice the helmet on my head. “What’s that thingy covering your peabrain? Are you playing spacemouse? You’re a little old for dress-up, don’t you think, **GERMIESTER?**”





“Well, I don’t care who believes me!” I squeaked. “Professor von Volt needs my help. I’m going off to find him and the **YETI**. At least this mouse knows the true value of friendship!”

For once, my sister and Trap did not let out one squeak. Their jaws hit the ground.

And do you know why?

Because any mouse who knows me knows that **I hate travelling ...**