

Geronimo Stilton



**ATTACK OF
THE PIRATE
CATS**

WELCOME TO THE WORLD
OF
Geronimo Stilton







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www.geronimostilton.com/uk

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Geronimo Stilton

ATTACK OF THE PIRATE CATS



Sweet Cherry
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WE WANT STIL-TON!

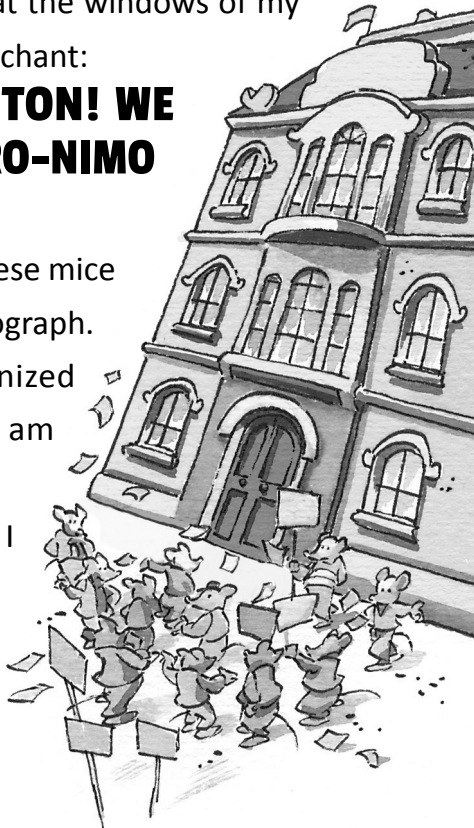
What a rat's nest this morning in front of my office! When I came up from the tube, I saw mice of all shapes and sizes packing the street. All their snouts were in the air. They were staring at the windows of my office! The crowd began to chant:

“STIL-TON! STIL-TON! WE WANT STIL-TON! GERO-NIMO STIL-TON!”

Uh-oh. I had a feeling these mice weren't looking for my autograph.

Luckily, no one recognized me. Because, you see, I am **GERONIMO STILTON!**

Quiet as a mouse, I wriggled through the crowd and sneaked up the back





stairs. I dashed into my office, huffing and puffing for air. I really needed to get back to my gym, **RATS LA LANNE**. My secretary, Mousella, ran to me. “Mr. Stilton! Horrible news!” she squeaked, waving the phone book we had just printed. “New Mouse City’s yellow pages are a disaster! There isn’t one correct phone number! Not one!”

Pale as a slice of mozzarella cheese, I leafed through the book. “Addresses ... telephone numbers ... they’re all wrong? *I am ruuuuuined!*” I shrieked, pulling at my whiskers.

I heard the crowd yelling and leaned out my window. They had lit a huge bonfire right in the middle of the street. **They were burning my directories!!!**

A fierce-looking mouse pointed at me with his paw. “That’s him! That’s Geronimo Stilton! The one who published the Yellow Pages! He’s the one who’s turned New Mouse City on its tail!”



The crowd began chanting again. **“STIL-TON! STIL-TON! WE WANT STIL-TON!”**

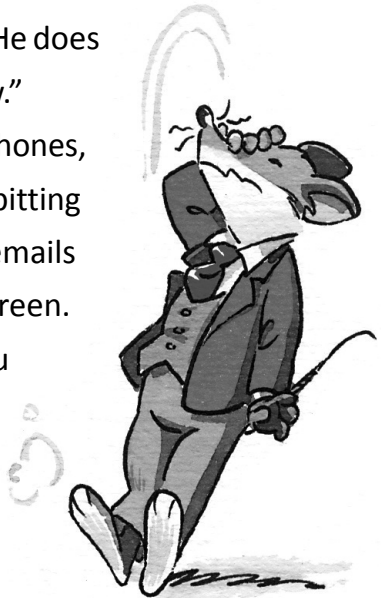
Suddenly, all the telephones in my office started ringing. I answered the phone on my desk.

“I need to speak with that **CHEDDARFACE**, Mr. Stilton!” an angry voice snarled on the other end.

“Um, Mr. Stilton isn’t here,” I squeaked in a high-pitched voice. Hopefully, the caller wouldn’t know it was me. “I don’t know where he is,” I continued. “He might be in the hospital with an ingrown toenail. Or maybe he’s helping out down at the Creaky Mouse Nursing Home. He does a lot of charity work, you know.”

I decided to unplug the telephones, but the fax machines were all spitting out nasty letters. Threatening emails popped up on my computer screen. “We know where you live! You can’t hide! No hole is safe!”

Mousella wrung her paws. Tears rolled down her





snout. “Mr. Stilton, this is a total **DISASTER!** Even our own telephone number is wrong!” she squeaked. “We are now the Furry Tails Toilet Paper Company!”

“Don’t worry, Mousella. I have everything under control,” I cried, closing my eyes. Maybe I was just having a bad dream. **It was a living nightmare!**





WHAT A FURBRAIN!

Just then, Blunders, my editor-in-chief, knocked at the door.

“Mr. Stilton, your cousin Trap is here,” he announced, tripping over his tail.

“I am not in for anyone!” I shouted.

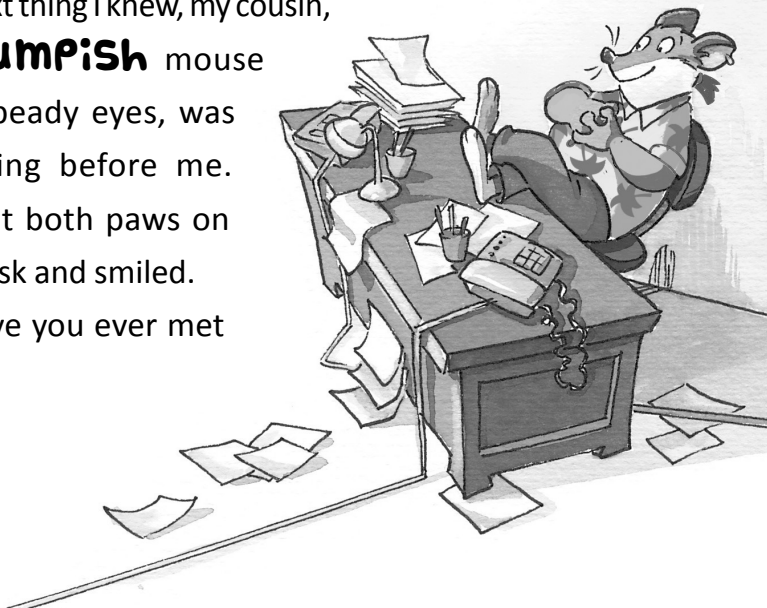
Blunders jumped, spilling his mug of Cheddar tea.

“Um, well, he says it’s urgent!”

“I – am – not – in!” I repeated.

Next thing I knew, my cousin, a **plumpish** mouse with beady eyes, was standing before me. He put both paws on my desk and smiled.

Have you ever met





my cousin? He owns a shop in downtown New Mouse City – **CHEAP JUNK FOR LESS**. He’s a terrible prankster. And his favourite hobby is teasing me! Another thing you should know about Trap, he’s like a refrigerator magnet for trouble. Sometimes you can’t tear those two apart!

“What do you want? Can’t you see I am busy?” I yelled. “And please, take your paws off my desk!”

“Hello, there, Cousinkins! What’s up?” he squeaked, picking his teeth with my letter opener.

I took off my glasses so that I could cry freely. “Can’t you see I am in **BIG TROUBLE** here?” I choked. “Oh, why did I choose this? I could have been a lifeguard down at WaterRat Park or a waiter at The Cheese Garden ...”

Trap smirked. “Are you kidding? A furbrain like you couldn’t do those jobs!”

“I am not a **FURBRAIN!**” I squeaked, fuming.

Just then, the phone rang.





In a flash, Trap had his paw on the receiver.

"If it's for me, please tell them I am not in," I begged.

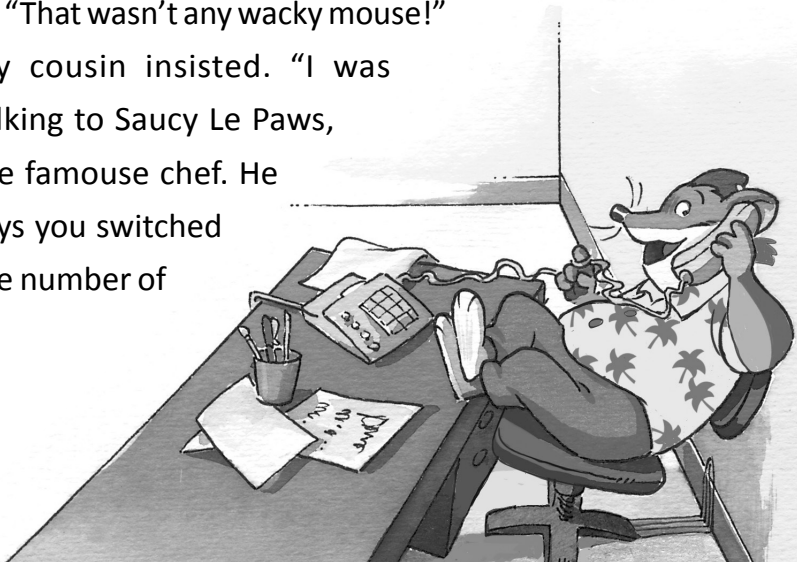
He picked up the phone and straightened his tie. "Hello, this is The Stilton Publishing Company. No, Mr. Stilton is not in. Yes, yes, I agree that he is a hopeless **CHEDDARFACE**, a total nincompoop!" my cousin nodded. "Well, of course I will tell him. He is a complete furbrain! Thank you for calling!" he added before hanging up. I twisted my whiskers in rage. Steam poured out from my ears. I felt like a Cheddar cheese marshmallow left in a microwave too long.

"I asked you to say I was not in,"

I shrieked. "I didn't say make friends with any wacky mouse who calls!"

"That wasn't any wacky mouse!"

my cousin insisted. "I was talking to Saucy Le Paws, the famouse chef. He says you switched the number of





his restaurant with the one for the city dump! I'd better not tell you where he said he wanted to send you."

All of a sudden, my cousin's eyes lit up. "Hey, that reminds me. Do you know why I'm here?"

I put my head in my paws. "Yes, I do," I mumbled. "You are here to drive me nuts! And it's working. I'm packing my bags for the Mad Mouse Centre. I'll leave tonight."

"Not so fast," Trap said, giggling. "I am here to get you out of this mess! Just listen to my **BRILLIANT IDEA ...**"

I groaned. Not another one of my cousin's brilliant ideas! The last time I'd got involved in one of his crazy schemes, I'd ended up stuck **in a spooky castle in Transratania!**





THE MOST WANTED MOUSE

Trap's latest brilliant idea came from a television show.

"I saw this great show last night. It was one of those real-life mysteries," he began. "It took place in the southern seas, near the **CLAW ISLANDS**. Someone had spotted an island all covered in silver! And unlike most islands, this one seems to be moving! We should go looking for it!"

"Not on your life!" I shrieked. "You know I hate travelling."

Trap gave me a sly smile. "Just think about it. A little disappearing act might be good for you," he advised. "Did you know the **VIKING RATS** football team is lined up outside? They haven't looked this angry since they lost the Premier Mouse League. Plus, the mayor has put you on the Most Wanted list. I passed



ten policemen on my way here. One was sharpening his teeth with a cheese shredder!

“Besides, think about the mysterious islands,” he murmured. “My whiskers are standing on end just thinking about all that silver! Thea and Benjamin have already agreed to come.”

Just then, the door flew open. It was my sister, Thea.

“Do you know that the yellow pages are all wrong?” she squeaked. “I just called the **GRAND CHEDDAR HOTEL** to book a weekend with my new sweetie pie. I got **RATCATRAZ PRISON** instead. They offered me two rooms with a view of the barbed wire fence!”

I couldn’t help but giggle. My sister goes through sweetie pies the way a starving rat goes through a plate of nachos!

“It’s not funny, **FURBRAIN!**” my sister scolded me.

Suddenly, a messenger mouse rushed in with the six cups of warm milk and





the soothing yoga tape I had just ordered.

“Um, Mr. Stilton,” he interrupted. “Did you know you’ve switched the number for **PIZZA MOUSE** with

the one for **Bent Whiskers Memorial Hospital?** Last night, I ordered a pizza and got an ambulance instead. The hospital wants to sue you for damages!”

Just then, my young nephew Benjamin raced through the door. “Uncle, Uncle, I have to tell you something very important!” he cried. “I checked your phone book, and it’s full of mistakes! My school is getting lots of calls asking for a tattoo parlour. Uncle, do you think I should get a tattoo? By the way, the principal said he wants to speak with you.”

I closed my eyes and counted the holes in a slice of Swiss cheese. Then I stood up. “All right! You win!” I told Trap. **“Let’s go! Now!”**





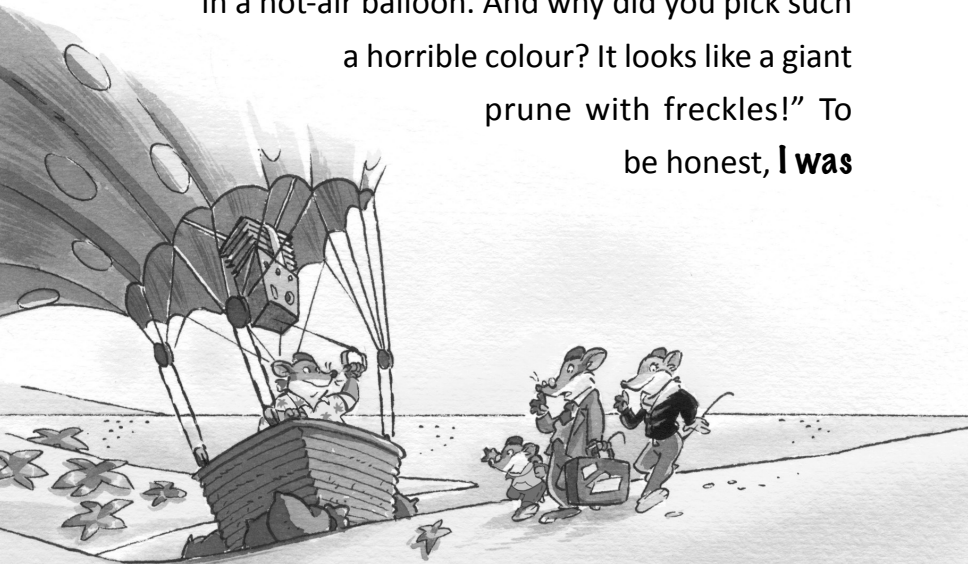
WE LEAVE AT DAWN

Next morning at dawn, I met everyone on the beach. Trap was bent over a pump trying to blow up a huge balloon. It was purple with yellow dots.

“What on earth is this? Where did you find it?” I shrieked.

“It’s a hot-air balloon. I got it real cheap at the **FLEA MARKET**,” my cousin replied cheerfully.

I rolled my eyes. “I don’t see why we have to travel in a hot-air balloon. And why did you pick such a horrible colour? It looks like a giant prune with freckles!” To be honest, **I was**

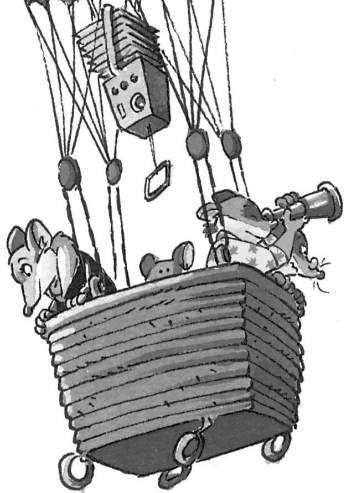


a little worried.

It didn't seem like the safest way to travel. But Thea was already busy fixing a hole in the basket.

Benjamin posed in front of the balloon. "Uncle, would you take my picture?" he asked, grinning from ear to ear.

Half an hour later, we took off in the balloon. I sat at the bottom of the basket and began writing in my diary.



6.25 A.M., we have just left the beach at New Mouse City. We are headed west for the Claw Islands.

Day after day, I wrote down everything that happened in my journal. I figured writing would take my mind off travelling. Did I mention how much I hate to travel?



Finally, at noon on the eleventh day, we caught sight of the **CLAW ISLANDS**. Trap jumped up and down as if he had just won the Mouse Lotto.

“The silver island should be somewhere around here! Keep your eyes peeled!” he shouted. “You, too, **Gerry Berry**. Although with your eyes you’d probably have trouble seeing Santa Mouse on his sleigh!”

“I have excellent eyesight with my glasses on!” I cried, glaring at my cousin.

Minutes later, I was the first to spot the island. So much for my bad eyes! I cleaned my glasses to get a clearer view. A dot of silver swayed back and forth with the waves. It was the island, all right!

“Look over there!” I shouted with excitement.

But then something totally strange happened. **ZING!** A cannonball flew by just above my ears!

ZINNNNG! ZINNNNG!

Two more cannonballs brushed by our balloon.

Somehow I had a sinking feeling things were about to get worse.

I really do hate travelling.