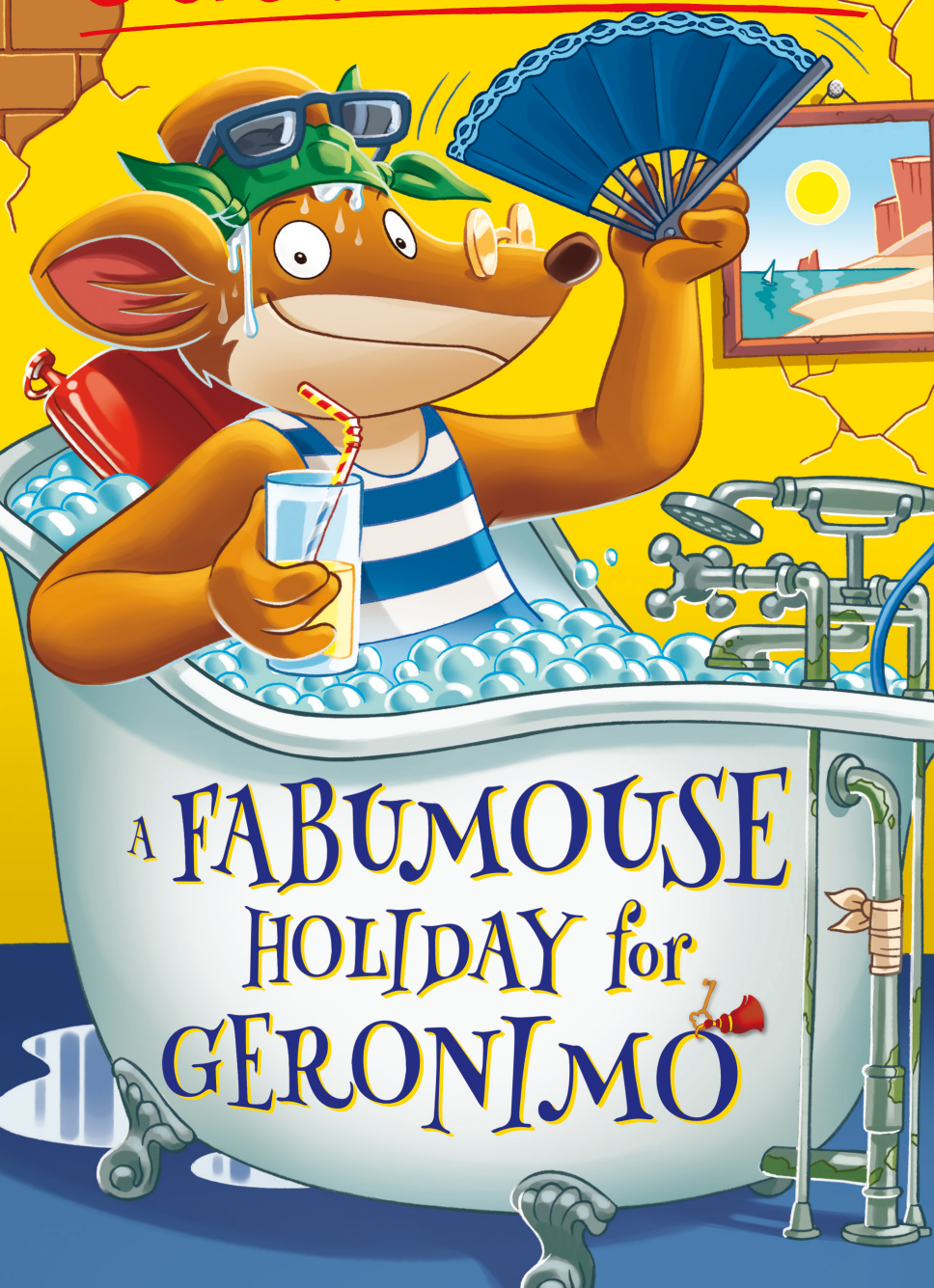


Geronimo Stilton



A FABUMOUSE
HOLIDAY for
GERONIMO

WELCOME TO THE WORLD
OF
Geronimo Stilton







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www.geronimostilton.com/uk

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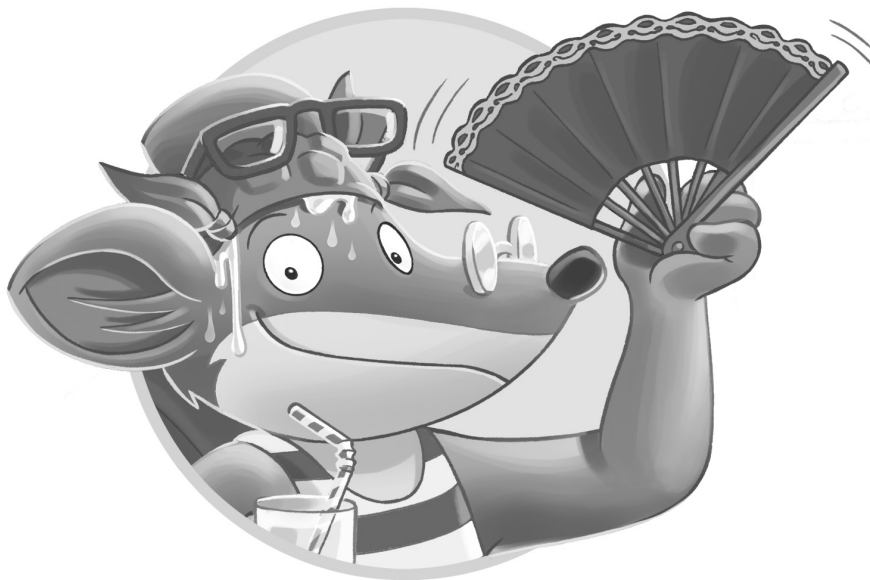
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THE NAME IS STILTON, GERONIMO STILTON ...

One morning, I woke up sweating like a mouse in a cat parade. August is always hot in New Mouse City. But this year was the worst. The air was so heavy, it was hard to breathe. And the sun was scorching. It made my fur feel like it was on fire.



CHEESE NIBLETS! I couldn't wait for my holiday ...

I turned the shower on ice-cold. Then I jumped in. Ah! There's nothing like a cold shower on a hot summer day. I began to sing one of my **FAVOURITE** tunes.



"If you're happy and you know it, clap your paws!"

After my shower, I decided to make myself a whisker-licking-good breakfast. I trotted towards my **MEGAHUGE** fridge. It was filled with lots of yummy foods – cheese, cheese, and more cheese!

Should I chomp on a Cheddar biscuit? Or spread some jam on a slice of Swiss cheese? At last, I settled on a vitamin-packed mozzarella milkshake. It was delicious. I patted my tummy. What a perfect way to start my day.

I left my mouse hole and headed for my office. *Maybe the heat won't be so bad today*, I thought.

I was wrong. The ground was so hot, smoke rose from my paws. The air was so stuffy, I felt faint.

CHEESE NIBLETS! I couldn't wait for my holiday ...

I decided to take the tube. The train was about to leave. I jumped on just before the doors slammed shut. Phew! One second later and I would have lost my tail! I plopped down into an empty seat. At that moment, I realised the mouse sitting next to me was a rodent



GERONIMO



STILTON

I knew very well. It was **Pinky Pick**. Do you know her? She's my very young assistant editor.

Oh, how rude. I completely forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am an author and a publisher. I run the most popular newspaper here on Mouse Island. It's called *The Rodent's Gazette*.



I KNOW A SONG ...

As soon as she saw me, Pinky grinned. Then she began to sing in a *high-pitched* squeak.

"I know a song that drives mice wild,
But I don't care 'cause it makes me smile!
Yeah, yeah, yeah ..."

Her squeak got louder and louder.

It sounded like **CAT**
claws on a chalkboard.

I shot her a murderous
look. But she just kept on
squeaking. One thing you

should know about
Pinky: she loves to
get under my fur.





"I know a song that drives mice wild,
But I don't care 'cause it makes me smile!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah ...
I know a song that drives mice wild,
But I don't care 'cause it makes me smile!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah ..."

Pinky's screech filled the tube car. By now, every rodent was staring at us. Well, they were doing more than just staring. They were **GLARING!** I gulped.





The crowd was getting ugly. Some gnashed their teeth. Others stamped their paws. They looked like they wanted to put a muzzle on little Pinky.

“PUT A LID ON IT!” one mouse demanded.

“Stuff a sock in it!” another added.

Just then, a lady mouse wagged a paw in my face.

“What kind of a *father* are you?” she scolded. “Tell your daughter to stop that awful squeaking!”

I chewed my whiskers. “But, um, see, she isn’t my daughter,” I tried to explain.

Suddenly, Pinky broke into a crazy dance number.





She whirled and twirled around me. Her ear-piercing squeak was enough to make a grown mouse cry. "What do you think, Daddy dearest, **Popsy Wopsy**," she shrieked. "Do I sound like one of the Three Squeaks?" Pinky loved the **THREE SQUEAKS**. They were the most popular female mouse band on Mouse Island.

"I know a song that drives mice wild,
But I don't care 'cause it makes me smile!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah ...

I know a song that drives
mice wild,

But I don't
care 'cause
it makes me
smile!

Yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah,
yeah ..."





The lady mouse shot me a dirty look. “Popsy Wopsy,” I heard her mutter.

Pinky winked at me. She kept singing at the top of her lungs. I closed my eyes. I pictured myself firing Pinky. **Stilton Fires Singing Mouse!** the headline would read. No, I couldn’t do it. You can’t fire a mouse for singing.

Angry voices interrupted my thoughts.

“MAKE HER STOP!” a rodent cried.

“Enough already!” called another.

“For heaven’s sake!”

“I CAN’T STAND IT ANYMORE!”

“SQUEEEAK!!”

Luckily, we had reached our stop. I grabbed Pinky by a paw and scampered off the train. I had never been so humiliated in my life.

CHEESE NIBLETS! I couldn’t wait for my holiday...

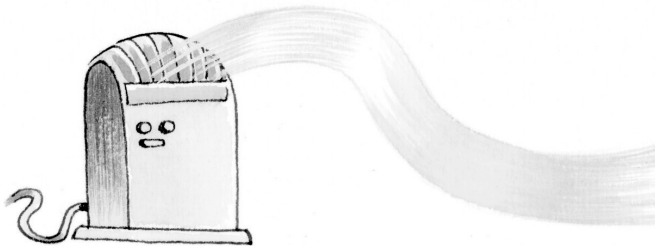


WHAT A HEATWAVE!

When we reached the office, Pinky took off. “Catch you later, **Popsicle!**” she called out before she disappeared.

I hung my head. What did I do to deserve that mouse? She was so irritating. She was so **obnoxious**. She could drive a perfectly normal rodent to eat rat poison!

Of course, you are probably wondering why I put up with Pinky. After all, I am her boss. But there is one





thing I didn't tell you about Pinky. She is a genius. Yes, an honest-to-goodmouse genius!

Last year, Pinky came up with an idea for a magazine for young mice. She called it **FUR KIDS ONLY**. Now it is the most popular magazine for mouslets in New Mouse City. Pinky's just a teenager, but she's one of the brainiest rodents I know!

After Pinky left, I pushed open the door to my office. What a **HEATWAVE!** I could hardly breathe. Even my whiskers were sweating. I turned the dial on the air conditioner. But it must have got stuck. A blast of icy air hit me in the snout. Within minutes, I was freezing my tail off.





The wall thermometer read thirty degrees below zero! It was colder than the time I tried skiing on the slopes of **Ratrun Mountain**. At least then, I was able to take breaks at the Cosytail Lodge.

My secretary, Mousella, found me shivering in a corner of the room. She shook her head. “Mr. Stilton, you’ll catch your death in here,” she scolded.

I switched off the air conditioner. I wasn’t about to freeze to death right before my holiday. Five minutes later, it was boiling again. The heat **MELTED** the icicles on my whiskers. I groaned. My good silk tie was soaked.

I was a mess. Upset, I called the air-conditioner rat. “There must be something wrong with this machine,” I explained.

“What’s the problem?” he smirked. “If you’re hot, you switch it on. If you’re cold, just switch it off!”

I chewed my whiskers to keep from screaming.

CHEESE NIBLETS! I couldn’t wait for my holiday...

I switched on an old copper fan my grandfather **William Shortpaws** had hung from the ceiling.



Grandfather was the founder of *The Rodent's Gazette*. Years ago, he ran the business with an iron paw. He was known for being the cheapest mouse in the pack, which is why he was nicknamed **Cheap Mouse Willy!** He only brushed his teeth once a week to save money on toothpaste.

As soon as I switched on the fan, papers began to fly all over the place.

“Mousella! HEEEEELP!” I squeaked in a panic.

My secretary ran into the office. Paper rained down like giant snowflakes. Mousella shook her head. “How did you manage to make such a mess?” she yelled. But she helped me put the place back in order.



By now, I was really sweating. It was hotter than the kitchen of the Greasy Rat Café in the summertime.

CHEESE NIBLETS! I couldn't wait for my holiday.

Just then, I remembered something. My grandfather always kept a small personal-sized fan in the cellar. I raced down to find it. Back in my office, I set it up away from the papers on my desk. Then I switched it on. Ah, relief!

I was as cool as a **Cheddar cheese log** in my megahuge fridge!

