

Geronimo Stilton

Hang on to Your
WHISKERS

WELCOME TO THE WORLD
OF
Geronimo Stilton







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www.geronimostilton.com/uk

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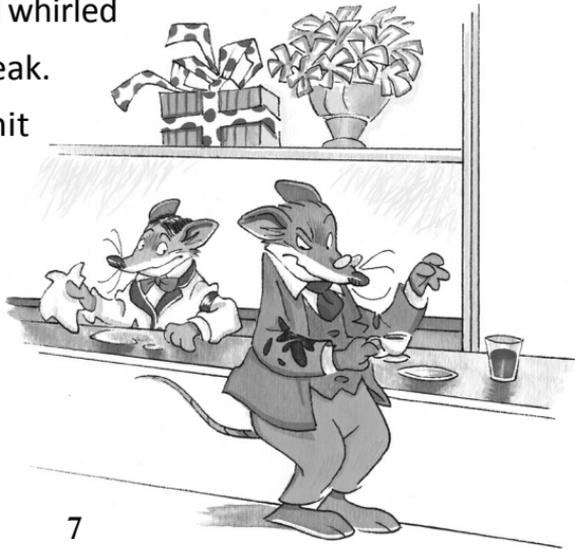
ALL BECAUSE OF A CUP OF COFFEE

A cup of coffee? What's a cup of coffee got to do with it?

Everything! But let me explain. See, that morning I was having breakfast at the **Tail Trap Diner**. They have the best hot cheese buns. But stay away from the Spanish omelette. It's so spicy, it will curl your whiskers! Anyway, I was happily munching away when some mouse spilled **COFFEE** on me. My jacket was soaked! I was fuming! I whirled around, ready to squeak.

Instead, my jaw hit the ground.

A female mouse stood in front of me. No, she wasn't just any mouse. She was





the most beautiful mouse in the world! She stared at her empty cup. Then she stared at my jacket. “So sorry,” she whispered in a sweet voice.

I tried to speak but it felt like my tongue was tied in a knot. What do you say to such a stunning rodent? She was so charming. She was so **sophisticated**. She could have been on the cover of *Glamour Mouse!*

“Um, my Stilton is name; I mean, my Geronimo is Stilton; I mean, my name is *Geronimo Stilton!*” I stammered.



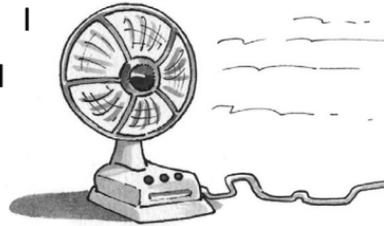


I tried to shake her paw, but I **slipped** on the spilled coffee. I crashed into a table of rats having breakfast. I landed snout down in a plate of waffles and whipped cream.

“Do you mind?” sniffed the rats. “This is a business breakfast.”

I staggered off. But I couldn’t see. I had whipped cream in my eyes. I bumped into another table. This time, two bottles of Tabasco sauce got stuck in my nostrils. “**CHEESE NIBLETS!**” I cried, stumbling away. Next thing I knew, my tail was stuck in a fan.

“**OWWW!**” I shrieked. Then I hit a wall. A big, furry wall.



“Watch it, furbrain!” the wall growled. Uh-oh. That wasn’t a wall. It was Burt Bruiser Mouse. He was the biggest and meanest rodent on Mouse Island. I tried to run, but I was frozen with fear.

Suddenly, Burt lifted me up and tossed me out the door. I landed on the tramline. I tried to get up, but my tail was stuck in the rails.



Just then, I heard the tram whistle. Rotten rats' teeth! A tram was headed right for me.

"HELP!" I squeaked at the top of my lungs.

The owner of the Furever Green Garden Centre ran towards me. "Don't panic, Mr. Stilton!" he shouted. "I'll save you! I'll just chop your tail off with my hedge clippers!" He waved the sharp scissors in the air.

Chop-chop!

"Paws off my tail!" I shrieked. "I'd rather be run over by a tram!"

And that's exactly what happened.

GERONIMO



STILTON





THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

Luckily, I survived. So did my tail. After the tram hit, I yanked my tail from the rails. Then I stumbled to my paws. I had a huge grin on my face. **IFELT SO HAPPY.** So carefree. So alive. Oh, yes, I was happy to be alive. And I was happy for another reason, too. I had





fallen in love! Getting knocked in the head by that tram had made me realise something. The **beautiful** mouse in the café was the one for me. I just knew she was my soul mouse. Now all I had to do was tell her.



I reached my office in a daze. Oops, I forgot to tell you. I run a daily newspaper. It's called *The Rodent's Gazette*.

As soon as I walked into the editorial room, my sister, Thea, *attacked* me.





“Geronimooo! Where have you been?”

she shrieked. “The meeting has already started!”

I just grinned from ear to ear. “Meeting? What meeting?” I murmured absent-mindedly.

My sister stared at me. “What’s with the bottles in your nose? And what happened to your jacket? You look like you just got run over by a tram!” she declared.

I smiled. “Yes, it was a tram. It ran right over me,” I giggled. I was still dreaming about the mouse from the café. “Such gorgeous fur,” I mumbled. “And that **smile** could light up the darkest mouse hole.”

My sister stamped her paw. Then she grabbed me by the whiskers. “**Hello in there! Is anybody home?**” she shouted in my ear. “What are you talking about?

You are not making any sense. Did you drink too much coffee this morning?”

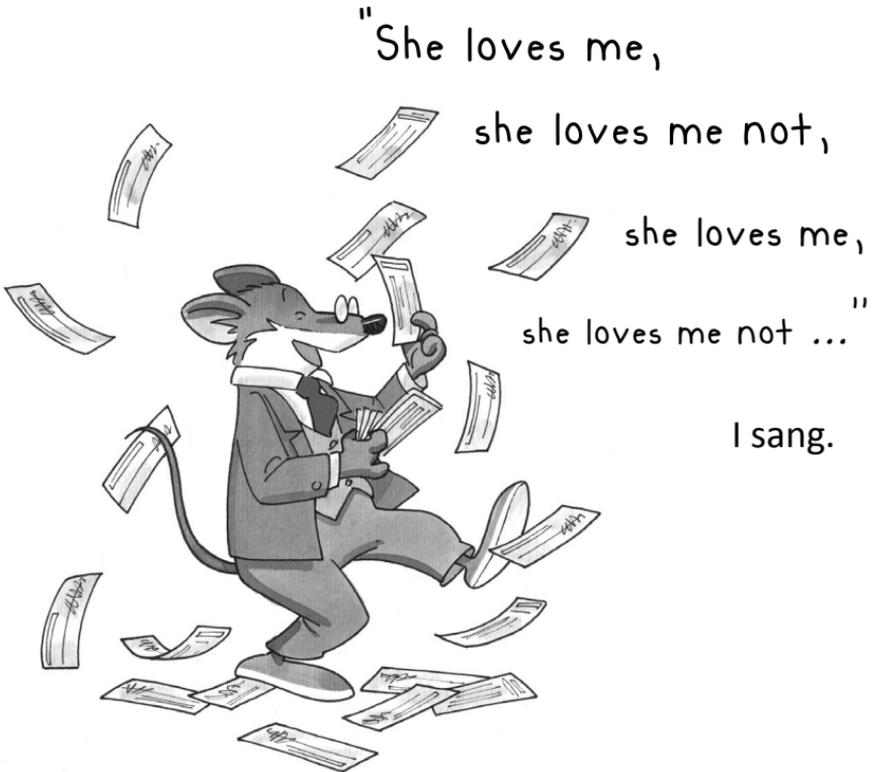
I blinked. *That’s right, coffee*, I thought. That’s how it all began. With a cup of coffee ... A silly grin spread over my face. Just thinking about the mouse you love can make you do that.





Meanwhile, Thea was staring at me like I was some kind of rodent science experiment. Suddenly, she groaned. **“DID YOU FALL IN LOVE?”** she squeaked. “Is that why you’re acting so strange?”

I sighed happily. “Love, isn’t it wonderful?” I beamed. Then I pulled a wad of bills out of my pocket. I began counting them as if they were petals on a flower.





Thea rolled her eyes in disgust. “You’d better get your act together, big brother,” she advised. “In case you’ve forgotten, you are the **PUBLISHER** of a newspaper. There’s a tonne of work to be done!”

I twirled my tail, lost in thought. Work, I thought dreamily. I wonder what kind of work the most beautiful mouse in the world does. She looked so smart. **So polished.** Maybe she was the head of her own advertising agency. Or perhaps she was an international supermodel.

I was so busy thinking about my soul mouse that I barely heard the **KNOCK** on my door.

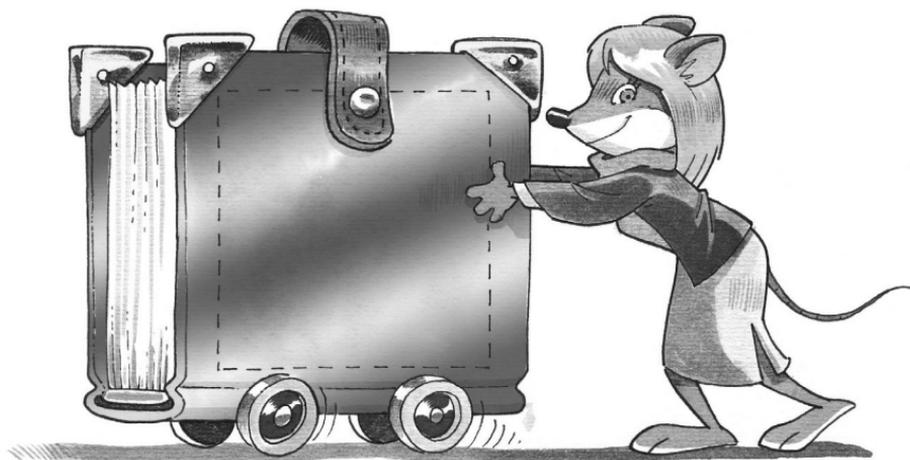


I'M IN L-O-V-E!

My secretary, Mousella Macmouser, came rushing in. She was pushing an enormous dictionary on wheels.

“Mr. Stilton! We’ve got to call the printer! I just found five **misspelled words** in tomorrow’s edition!” she squeaked.

I nodded at Mousella. “Yes, call the printer. Call the radio station. Call every mouse in the city,” I announced gleefully. “I want everyone to know. I’m in **L-O-V-E!**”





Mousella gave me a strange look. Then she took the dictionary and scurried out of the office. “Crazy, lovesick mouse,” I heard her mumble before she left.

Just then, I heard **music** blasting in the hallway. I left my desk to see what was going on. It looked like a wild mouse party. Mice were laughing and hanging out at the water cooler. Two mice danced by me doing the Tango. Another mouse was making paper aeroplanes. No one was doing any work.



Normally, I would be upset. I would tell everyone to get back to their desks. But today I didn't care. I was too happy. I was too excited. I was in **Love** with a capital “L.”



Thea shook her head. “When the boss is away, the mice will play,” she snorted.

Two minutes later, an **elegant** female mouse tapped me on the shoulder. She was dressed in a very expensive-looking cat-fur jacket and matching skirt.

“Who are you? What do you want?” I mumbled distractedly. I was busy doodling tiny hearts in my notebook.

“Who am I? Don’t you recognise me? I’m Creamy O’Cheddar, your editor-in-chief! **I’ve been working for you for the past twenty years!!!**”

she squeaked, sounding annoyed.

I looked up at her. “Ah, yes, you do look sort of familiar,” I nodded. I glanced at her outfit. “She wears expensive clothes, too,” I murmured, lost in thought. “I bet she looks fabumouse in **CAT FUR ...**”

By now, the whole office was staring at me. I heard them whispering among themselves. *Buzz, buzz ...*





“He’s lost it,” someone mumbled.

“Talk about **dizzy** with love,” someone else commented.

Suddenly, I noticed a picture on the front page of the paper.

“THAT’S HER! THAT’S HER!” I shouted. I was so excited, I could hardly breathe. I read the caption under the picture: “The young countess **Stephanie von Sugarfur**, the daughter of the renowned count Chester Cheesenip, arrived in town yesterday. The countess, who is staying at the **GRAND CHEDDAR HOTEL**, will be a guest at the embassy ball this coming Saturday.”





I drew hearts around the picture. I was grinning from ear to ear. "**Stephanie! Ah, Stephanie!**" I murmured.

My sister shook her head. "Geronimo, you're hopeless!" she smirked. "**Absolutely hopeless!**"

