



A MOUSERIFIC BIRTHDAY

My dear rodent friends, before I begin my tale, let me introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

What a story I have for you today! It all began on a Saturday morning. But not just any Saturday – it was my birthday!

I absolutely **adore** my birthday. I like to celebrate with my friends and receive cards and gifts. But most of all, I like to give **presents!** So I put on my best suit and got ready to go out.

**It all began
like this...**





I was planning a fabumouse party, and I wanted to get loads of surprises for all my friends.

The doorbell **RANG**. My heart leaped as I scurried to open it. Someone had come to wish me a **happy birthday!**

It was my cousin Trap, who tore through my mousehole like a tornado. “Germeister, aren’t you going to wish me a happy birthday? You’ve forgotten all about my birthday, haven’t you?”

“Wh-what?” I stuttered. “Today is *your* birthday? I was sure it was next week!”





Trap began to sob like a mouseling, spraying **TEARS** everywhere. Within moments, I was soaked to the fur.

“Waaaah! You forgot about my birthdaaaay! **Gerry Berry**, how could you? I never expected this from yooooou! No one cares about meeee!” He wiped his eyes on the sleeve of my jacket and **BLEW HIS NOSE** on my tie.

I tried to comfort him. “Trap, I am so sorry. I thought it was next week ... Let me make it up to you. Let’s celebrate together! You know, today is *my* birthday,



TO-DO LIST FOR MY TRAP'S BIRTHDAY



* Reserve a restaurant for ~~my~~ Trap's party
*The fanciest restaurant
in New Mouse City! No
pinching pennies!*

* Buy party favours
for the guests
*Something classy!
Don't get all cheap on
me, you misermouse!*



* Think about the
decorations
*Think fancy! I want
beautiful streamers!
Nothing shoddy, you
cheapskate!*



* Buy a gift for the
birthday mouse - that's
me, Trap Stilton! And
I expect an expensive,
tasteful gift! *Nothing
cut-price!*

*Remember, it's not the thought
that counts, it's the price tag!*

too. I was just about to go out and do a little shopping. Here's the list!"

Trap immediately stopped crying. He **RIPPED** the list out of my paws and started marking it up with a red pen. Then he snatched my wallet and all my credit cards.

"I'll take these! No cheaping it up today, okay, **Gerry Berry?** Remember, it's my birthday. Pinching pennies is prohibited!"

"I am not a penny-pincher!" I protested, offended. "Why, I'm



downright famous for my **generosity!**"

For a second, I thought I saw a sly smile under Trap's whiskers. **"Humph! Let me be the judge of that, Cousinkins!"**





A DEAL THAT CAN'T BE MISSED!

As soon as we hit the streets, Trap raced ahead of me, waving my credit cards in the air. I trudged behind him, shouting, “Trap, give them back!”

Trap scampered into the first store. I noticed there were **TONS** of sales (fortunately for me!).





In the window, colourful banners announced a ten percent discount on shirts, a twenty percent discount on jackets, a thirty percent discount on jeans, a forty percent discount on ties, and a fifty percent discount on boots.



“See, I’m doing you a favour,” Trap told me.

“Check out these sales! Think about how much you’ll save on my present. This is your lucky day, Cousinkins! Now you can give me **lots** of presents instead of just one. Just don’t be a **cheapskate**, okay?”

I tried to remind him that I am a generous rodent (sometimes even a little *too* generous).

But before I could squeak a word, he shoved a pair of **ridiculous green boots** into my paws. “Here, why don’t you buy these for yourself? After all, it’s your birthday, too! Never say that I’m not generous, Cousin!



Why, these are fifty percent off. Just think about how much money you'll save!"

I wanted to say that it was easy for him to be generous with *my* money! Besides, I really didn't need a pair of tacky green boots. But the salesmouse was already *cooing* in my ears.

"Oh, Mr. Stilton, these boots are **absolutely fabumouse!** They are just perfect with your outfit! You simply can't let this opportunity pass you by! Look, they're made of very shiny leather, with soft padding and a nonslip sole. The style is so sophisticated, all sewn by paw ... with silver spurs and real gold toes!"

It was too bad they weren't my size. But the **Green boots?** salesmouse convinced me that a smaller size would be fine.

"You'll see how they stretch after a little wearing! You ab-so-lute-ly can't miss an opportunity like this!"

The salesmouse made me try them on,





even though I could tell they'd be too tight. And then I couldn't remove them – they were stuck on my paws! I tried everything I could think of to get them off, but nothing worked ...

The store manager told me, “This happened once before, in 1928. There's only one solution: freeze your paws!”

I've had lots of **humiliating** moments in my life. But putting my paws into an ice cream shop's freezer ranks among the worst!

When she saw that I couldn't take off the boots, the salesmouse shrieked, **“So, are you going to buy them or not?”**

My ears drooped with embarrassment. But what could I do? I had to say yes! “Um, well ... I guess I'll buy them. How much are they?”

When she told me the price, I thought I needed to scrape the cheese out of my ears.



I TRIED EVERYTHING TO GET THE BOOTS OFF MY PAWS!

Maybe this
will work ...



I tried jumping ...

Like this?



I tried a shoehorn ...

A little
baby
powder ...

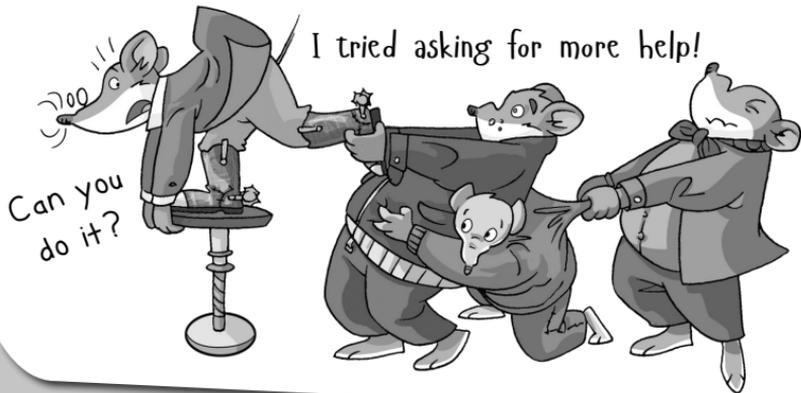


I tried baby powder ...

Pull hard!



I tried asking for help ...



Can you do it?

I tried asking for more help!



Argh!

I tried kicking my paws in the air, but that just made the baby powder fall onto my snout!

I tried rotating my ankles, but I almost sprained them!



By the way, this whole time, the boots were pinching my toes!



The store manager told me to freeze my paws. How humiliating!



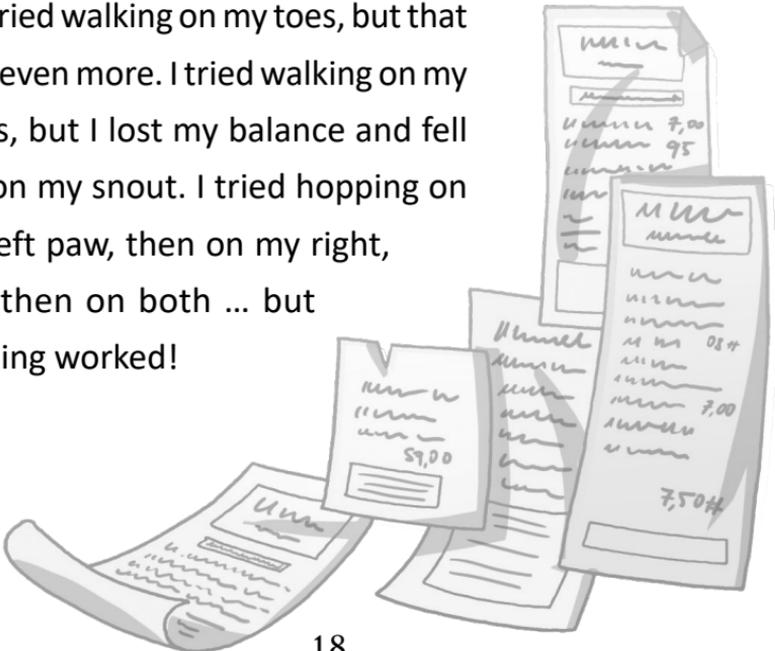
“Wh-what? That much?!”

But Trap squeaked up as if he were an official boot expert. “Listen to me! This is a real steal! These boots used to cost twice that much! Don’t you realise how much you’re saving?”

I had two choices: I could buy the boots, or I could cut off my paws. So I bought them, even though they were way too small!

Meanwhile, Trap was using my credit card to buy himself a mountain of presents. I didn’t have the strength to protest: **my paws hurt too much!**

I tried walking on my toes, but that hurt even more. I tried walking on my heels, but I lost my balance and fell flat on my snout. I tried hopping on my left paw, then on my right, and then on both ... but nothing worked!





Finally, I gave up. I was just destined to have sore paws.

Trap dragged me from one store to another. He just bought and bought and bought. Then he tried to hide how much of my money he'd spent by **THROWING AWAY ALL THE RECEIPTS!**

TRAP'S PURCHASES



MousePod, MousePad,
MousePhone - including
cases and battery
chargers!

Pillows made of
fake cat fur!



Flowered
swimming trunks!



MousePhone
stand shaped
like a werecat.
Scary!



Portable fridge
in the shape of
a mouse. It
squeaks when
you open it!

Pure gold, dishwasher-safe
sunglasses!



Toothbrush
holders for
him and
her!



Golden egg cup,
studded with
crystals. Comes
with a silver
spoon!



Set of porcelain plates with silver
forks, designed by Louis Mouson!

Special cheese-
scented, organic
toilet paper!



SALE
10%

SALE
20%

SALE
30%

SALE
40%

**SALE
50%**

**SALE
20%**

**SALE
10%**

**SALE
30%**

**SALE
40%**



Watch with built-in satellite feed!



Gold leisure suit ... because Trap is worth it!

Tissue box cover made from Persian cat fur!



Umbrella that turns into a shower!



Dress shirt with diamond buttons!

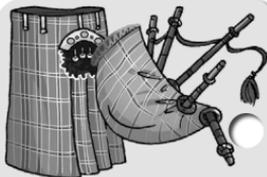
Cat-shaped USB drive!



Lunch box that plays the Mouse Island national anthem!



Elegant hat guaranteed to give the wearer a distinguished air!



Scottish kilt and bagpipes!

Pyjamas for every day of the week!



**SALE
50%**

**SALE
20%**

**SALE
10%**

**SALE
30%**

**SALE
40%**



DINNER AT LE SQUEAKERY

Clinging to the excuse that it was his birthday, Trap kept on buying, buying, buying. Everything was on sale! Unfortunately, that meant I kept on **PAYING, PAYING, PAYING.**

Soon my cash was all gone, but Trap had conveniently remembered to bring my chequebook. Then I used up all my cheques and was forced to use my emergency



**This is the last
of my cash.**

Here you go!



**What a
cat-astrophe!**



credit card – the only one Trap hadn't already snatched!

All of a sudden, the sun was setting, and I realised I was late for my birthday dinner!

I gathered all of Trap's *lit+le* packages, **medium**-sized packages, and **BIG** packages. There were so many of them that I had to call not one, not two, but *three* taxis to pick them up.

Then I rushed to the restaurant, where I had a reservation for dinner.





Because it was my special day, I had invited my whole family, all my friends, and all my colleagues to the most famous, expensive, and delicious restaurant in New Mouse City: *Le Squeakery*.

Still claiming that it was really his birthday, Trap had invited a bunch of friends, too. This dinner was going to cost me a tail and a paw! But a birthday comes only once a year, right? And it's so wonderful to celebrate together!

When we entered the restaurant, everyone was already sitting at the table, waiting for us. Everyone we invited had come, and everyone cheered: "Happy birthday, Geronimo! Happy birthday, Trap!"

The restaurant's famous chef, Saucy Le Paws, came to greet us in the fur. He was a **CHUBBY** mouse with a smiley snout and a joke always at the ready. Wiping his paws on his apron, he squeaked, "Good





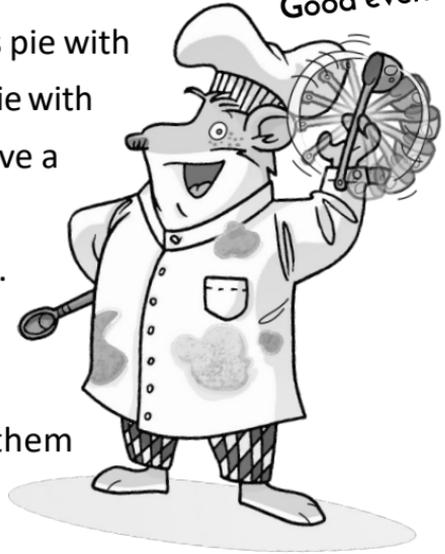
evening, Mr. Stilton. What can I cook for you tonight? Spicy Swiss pie with **black truffles**, Parmesan pie with *Russian caviar*, or I also have a fresh mozzarella pie ...”

I licked my whiskers. “Saucy, please make us all those wonderful pies. My friends and I will gobble them up!”

“Yes, Saucy!” my friends cried. “Bring us the first piiiiiee!”

We stuffed ourselves with exquisite, exclusive, and very expensive food all night long. At the end of the evening, Saucy brought out an enormous cake covered with whipped cream, melted cheese, and tiny candles.

Good evening!



Saucy Le Paws





Trap and I blew out the candles as our friends shouted
“Happy birthday!”

When the bill arrived, I tried to use my credit card.
But it didn’t work.

How very, very strange!

“Don’t worry, Mr. Stilton. You can pay me next time!”

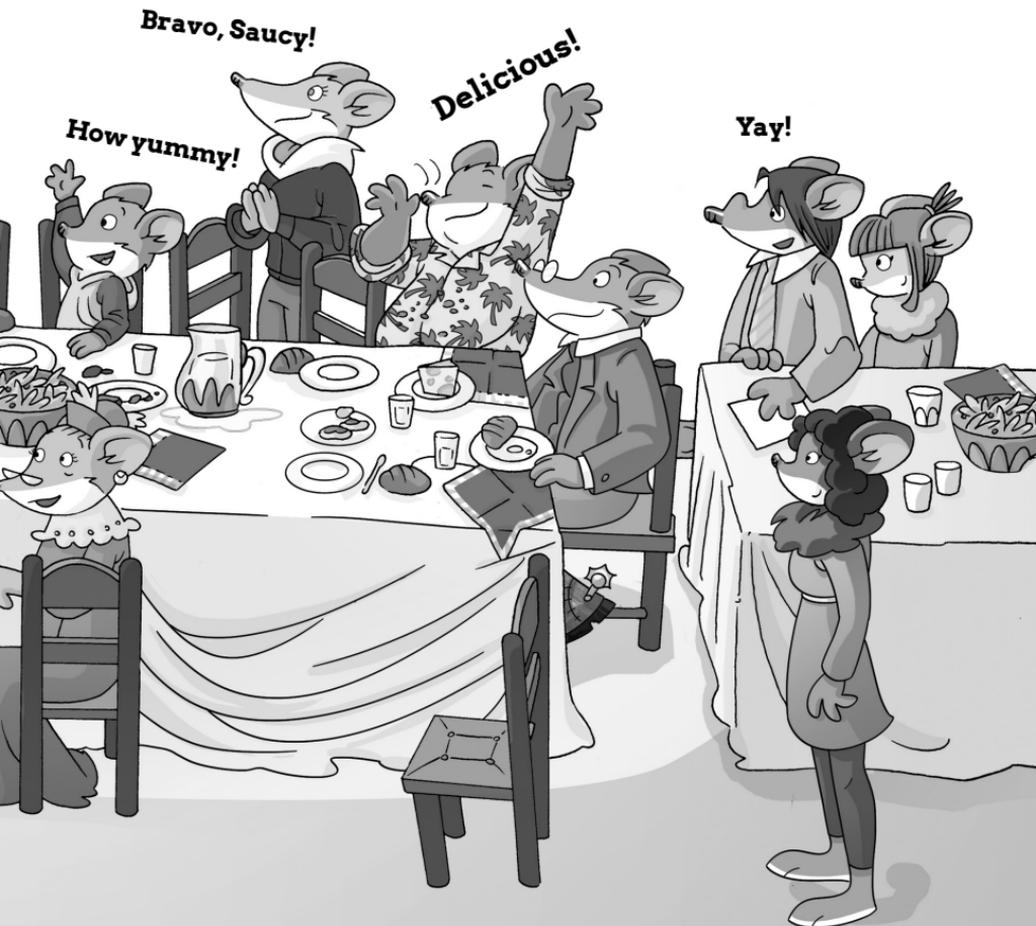
Saucy assured me. I appreciated his kindness, but I was





still very embarrassed. A Stilton always pays his debts!

Just then my grandfather ^oWilliam Shortpaws (also known as **Cheap Mouse Willy**) took me aside. “Grandson, why didn’t your credit card work? And why did you need three taxis to carry all your packages? And why did you invite everyone you’ve ever met to the most expensive restaurant in New Mouse City? And





why did you let Trap bring all his friends? Today isn't his birthday – *it's next week, you silly mouse!* He's always playing jokes on you. You've spent a **FORTUNE!** You've turned into a huge spender! Your success has gone straight to your snout! **Now it's up to me to put you in your place!"**

