

Geronimo Stilton



**FOUR' MICE
DEEP IN THE
JUNGLE**

WELCOME TO THE WORLD
OF
Geronimo Stilton







Published by Sweet Cherry Publishing Limited
Unit 36, Vulcan House,
Vulcan Road,
Leicester, LE5 3EF,
United Kingdom

First published in the UK in 2017
2017 edition

ISBN: 978-1-78226-360-9

Geronimo Stilton names, characters and related indicia are copyright, trademark and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All Rights Reserved.
The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Text by Geronimo Stilton
Art Director: Iacopo Bruno

Original cover Illustration by Roberto Ronchi and Christian Aliprandi
Concept of Illustration by Larry Keys, produced by Chiara Sacchi, Flavio Ferron and Silvia Bigolin
Initial and final page illustrations by Roberto Ronchi and Ennio Bufi MAD5, Studio Parlapan` and
Andrea Cavallini. Map illustration Andrea Da Rold and Andrea Cavallini

Cover layout and typography by Elena Distefano

Interior layout and typography by Cecilia Bennett and Rhiannon Izard
Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse, Bafshiro Toposawa and Soia Topiunchi
© 2000 Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Palazzo Mondadori – Via Mondadori, 1 – 20090 Segrate

© 2017 English edition, Sweet Cherry Publishing

International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A. – via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milano, Italy

Translation © 2000, 2004, Edizioni Piemme S.p.A.

Original title: *Quattro topi nella giungla nera*
Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami

www.geronimostilton.com

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information go to www.stiltoncheese.com

No part of this book may be stored, reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the copyright holder. For information regarding permissions, contact
Atlantyca S.p.A. – foreignrights@atlantyca.it – www.atlantyca.com

www.sweetcherrypublishing.com

Printed and bound by Replika Press Pvt Ltd

Geronimo Stilton

FOUR MICE
DEEP IN THE
JUNGLE



Sweet Cherry
Publishing



HOW SERIOUS IS IT, DR. SHRINKFUR?

I was lying on the psychiatrist's sofa. It was made of soft, fluffy **CAT** fur. But I wasn't very comfortable. **I was worried.**

"How serious is it, Dr. Shrinkfur?" I murmured, chewing my whiskers.

The doctor leaned back in his chair. "Ach, first I haff to know more," he squeaked in his funny accent. "Vhen did zis thing start?"

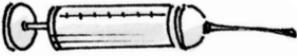
I sighed. I was never the bravest mouse on the block. In fact, I guess you could say I've always been a bit of a **'FRAIDY mouse.**

I've never enjoyed spooky holidays like **HALLOWEEN.** I hide in my mouse hole on Bonfire Night. Fireworks make me





nervous. But lately, it seemed like everything was making me jumpy.



“Well, at first I was only afraid to go to the **dentist**, but then I suddenly became afraid of **lifts**. Then came the fear of flying. That was followed by a fear of **spiders, snakes, enclosed spaces**, and **crowds**. After that I became afraid of heights and the **dark**.” I took a deep breath.

Just talking about all of my fears was making afraid!

“Oh, yes, I almost forgot, Doctor,” I added. “I’m also afraid of **CATS!**”

Dr. Shrinkfur waved his paw.

“You are a mouse, you haff to be afraid of **CATS!**” he said.

I twirled my tail nervously. Then I sat up. “Please, Dr. Shrinkfur,” I squeaked. “Give it to me straight.”

He shook his head solemnly. “Vell, zis could be serious,” he began. “Or it could not be. Zis is up to you!”



I scratched my head. "Well, is the cure going to take long?" I asked.

"Vell, it could be long," he said. "Or it could not be long. Zis is up to you!"

Now I was **CONFUSED**. If everything was up to me, what was I paying the most famous psychoanalyst in New Mouse City to do?

"Will this treatment be expensive?" I asked.

The doctor stood up. "Vell, it could be expensive," he said. "Or it could not be. Zis is up to you!"

This rodent was beginning to sound like a broken record. Just then, he put his paw on my shoulder.





“Remember, zis is all up to you!” he repeated. “You must **face your fears**. Otherwise you will never get vell. I vill see you next Wednesday. For now, it vill be vone hundred pounds. Thank you.”

I left Dr. Shrinkfur’s feeling much **LIGHTER**. That’s because my wallet was completely empty! Well, if the most famous **PSYCHOANALYST** in New Mouse City said it was up to me to get well, then I guess it was!





WHAT'S UP, GERONIMO?

For the next few days, I couldn't leave the house. What if it rained? What if a giant **CAT** with two heads attacked me?

Yes, I had to face the fact that I was getting worse. I was **AFRAID** of everything.

Then one morning the phone rang.

"Hello, Stilton speaking, *Geronimo Stilton*," I murmured.

It was my sister, Thea. She is a special correspondent for the newspaper I run, *The Rodent's Gazette*. It is Mouse Island's most popular paper!

"GERONIMO!!! Where have you been?" squeaked my sister. "It's been days since you were in the office!" I could





tell she was annoyed. “Did you forget about the two television interviews? And what about the conference at the **Press Club**? Have you lost your calendar? Or maybe you’re just turning into a cheesebrain!”

I could hear her **thumping** her paw angrily on the desk. Uh-oh. When my sister gets mad, she’s like my uncle Cheesebelly when the deli runs out of mozzarella balls. There’s no calming her down.

“Um, well, you see,” I mumbled, “I wasn’t feeling too well. **But I’ll be there tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow, for sure ...**”





ALL IN THIRTY SECONDS FLAT!

The next day, I made a decision. It was time to get off my tail. I couldn't stay inside forever. I took a deep breath and forced myself to leave the house.

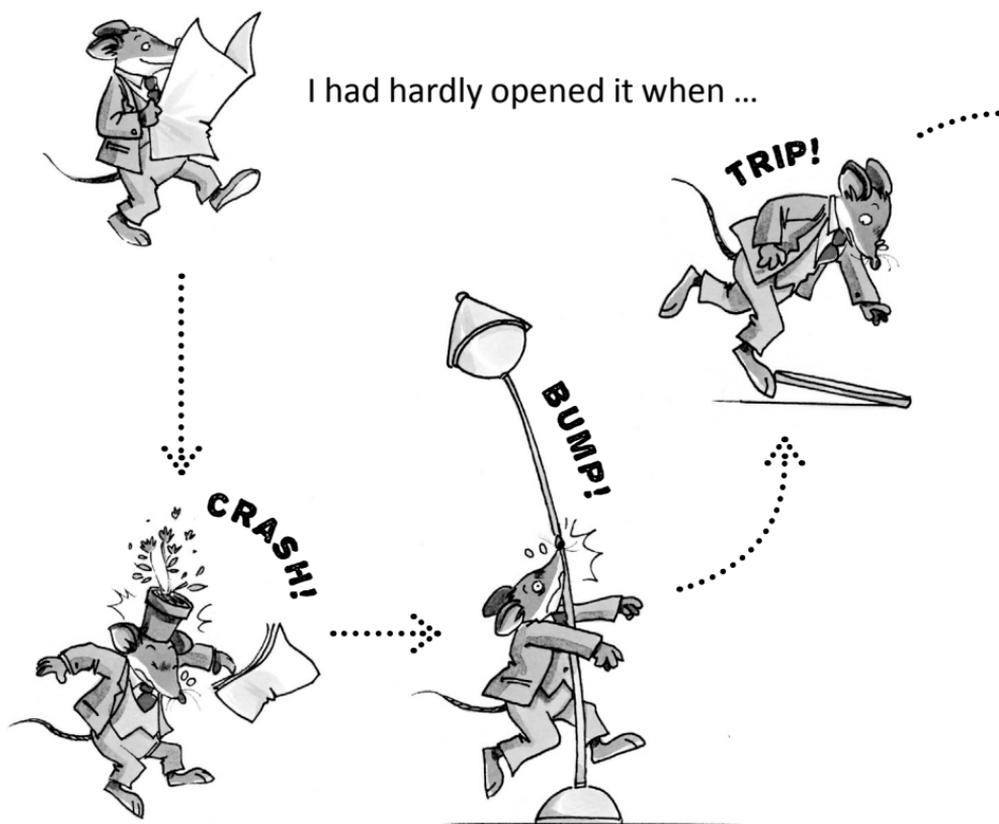
I took the stairs. No, I wasn't ready for the lift yet. (I was too **AFRAID** of **enclosed spaces**.) Then I opened the front door and stuck my snout outside. It was so noisy! I could barely hear myself think. Car horns blared. Delivery vans rumbled down the street. Had it always been this **LOUD?** Carefully, I set a paw on the pavement. Nothing happened. I was so relieved.

I DID IT! I REALLY DID IT!

Why was I so afraid to go out? It's no big deal. At last, things were starting to look up. I walked to the news stand to buy a paper.



I had hardly opened it when ...



A flowerpot fell from a window ledge, hitting me on the head.

Stumbling, I crashed right into a lamp post.



Then I tripped on a mouse hole cover.



OOOOOOMPF!

I fell and bashed my snout
on the hard pavement.

As I was getting up, a
taxi ran over my tail.



Then a pigeon decided
to poo on my nose.





And it all happened in thirty seconds flat!

“Heeeeeeeelp!” I shrieked in a panic. I immediately scampered back home.

“See, I was right all along!” I squeaked out loud. “Going out is **DANGEROUS BUSINESS!** From now on, I’m staying put!” I locked the door. It took a little while. I had added five extra deadbolts.

You can never be too safe.



NO INJECTIONS, PLEASE!

Thea called again the next day. She was at the office, even though it was a Sunday.

“Geronimo! How are you?” she asked.

“Well, um, I’ve got a cold,” I murmured. I pretended to **SNEEZE.**

There was silence on the other end. Could my sister tell I was faking? “Well, don’t worry,” she finally squeaked. “We’ll just run you right over to **DR. GOODPAWS**. He’ll give you something to get rid of your cold. Maybe a couple of injections will do the trick!”

My eyes nearly popped out of my fur.

“Noooooooooooo!” I shrieked in terror. “No injections, please! I’m already feeling much better. I just need to relax at home for a few more days. You know, unwind.”



More silence from the other end. **Uh-oh.**
My sister wasn't buying it.

"So I heard you went to see Dr. Shrinkfur," she murmured at last. "Do you have a problem, Geronimo?"

I heard another voice in the background. **"GERONIMO HAS A PROBLEM?"** Maybe he should get his snout out of those books. That mouse is too brainy for his own good!"

I groaned. It was my annoying cousin Trap. He runs a thrift shop called **CHEAP JUNK FOR LESS**. He tells the worst jokes. And he loves to play tricks on me.

Then I heard another, smaller voice. "What's the matter with Uncle Geronimo? Can I say hello to him?" it squeaked. I smiled. It was my favourite nephew, Benjamin.

The next thing I knew, my sister had put me on squeakerphone. "Go ahead, tell us everything, Geronimo!" she demanded.

I chewed my whiskers. "Well, I went to see Dr. Shrinkfur because I sort of have a little problem ..." I began.





When I was done talking, Trap was the first to pipe up. “So what did **Dr. Shrinky Dink** tell you to do?” he asked.

I told him about the doctor’s advice. If I wanted to get rid of my fears, I had to face them ... **only, I was too afraid to start!**

