

# Geronimo Stilton



**FOUR' MICE  
DEEP IN THE  
JUNGLE**

**WELCOME TO THE WORLD**  
**OF**  
**Geronimo Stilton**







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# 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?"

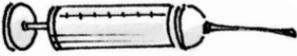
I sighed. I was never the bravest mouse on the block. In fact, I guess you could say I've always been a bit of a **'FRAIDY mouse.**

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!"

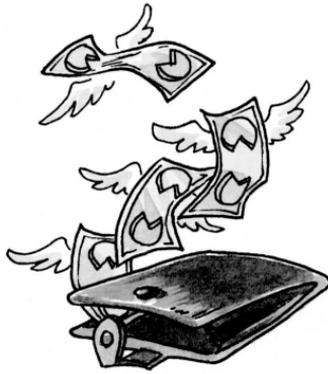
This rodent was beginning to sound like a broken record. Just then, he put his paw on my shoulder.





“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 ...**”





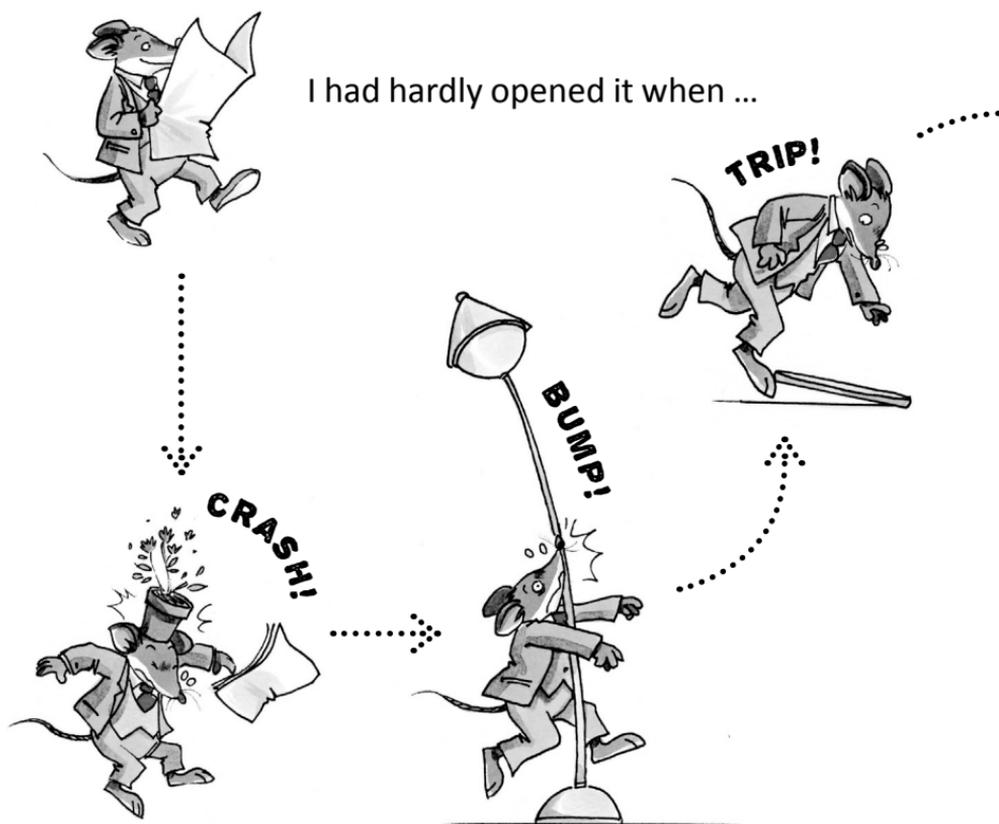
# ALL IN THIRTY SECONDS FLAT!

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.



**EEEEKK!**

**PLOP!**

Then a pigeon decided  
to poo on my nose.





**And it all happened in thirty seconds flat!**

“Heeeeeeeeeelp!” 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!**

