



I LOVE SUMMER IN THE CITY!

It was a **STUNNING** summer night in New Mouse City. The sun was setting, turning the sky a fabumouse shade of **pink**. Oh, how I love summer in the city!

I was heading home after a long day at work, and—oops! Excuse me, I haven't introduced





myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most popular newspaper on Mouse Island!

Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, that **evening** I was walking home, feeling peaceful and happy. I decided to treat myself to some **ice cream**.

Lucky for me, my favorite ice-cream parlor, **Tutti Frutti**, was on



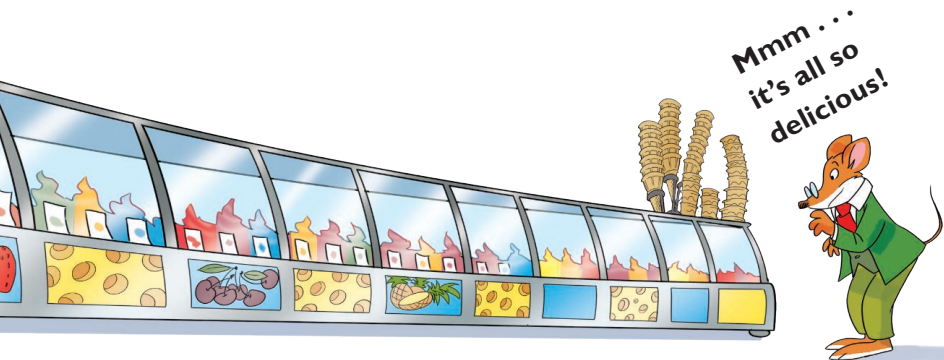


my way. When I arrived I looked at the counter . . .
Holey cheese! So many flavors!

There were at least thirty-four different flavors of **ice cream!** The owner, Lickety Splitz, greeted me.

“Hi, Mr. Stilton! I just read your new **KINGDOM OF FANTASY** book, *The Search for Treasure*. I loved it! I love books with knights and princesses and **gnomes** and dragons and . . .”

I was glad Lickety liked my book, but I have to admit I was having trouble paying attention to him. How could I concentrate with all that **ice cream** staring me in the snout?!



Still, Lickety didn't seem to notice. "When will you be writing your next **fantasy** book, Mr. Stilton?" he babbled. "And, tell me, where do you get your ideas for these books?"

That got my attention. How do I explain the **KINGDOM OF FANTASY**? "Well, the truth is that each of these books comes from a real adventure," I began.

Lickety's eyes **widened**. "You mean that you've *actually* been to that place?!" he squeaked.

I coughed. I knew it wouldn't be easy to explain, but I tried. "Yes, I really go there, but in **DREAMS**—that is, while I'm dreaming—um, you see, I'm *sleeping*, but then I'm dreaming about the adventure, so . . ." I mumbled.

Lickety looked at me strangely. "So then you don't get there by **plane** or train or bus or

anything. You just go to sleep,” he squeaked. “Hey, maybe I could go to the **KINGDOM OF FANTASY**, too!”

I nodded. “Um, sure, I guess so,” I answered. To be **honest**, I wasn’t really sure how I first ended up in the Kingdom of Fantasy. It all started when I found a jewelry box in my attic and then I guess I fell asleep, because I had the **WILDEST** dream. Of course, I don’t dream about the Kingdom of Fantasy every time I go to sleep. Sometimes it just sort of happens.

“Remember when you met the **Dragon of the Rainbow** and the time you went to that chocolate castle?” Lickety said.

I smiled, remembering.

I was still thinking about my **exciting** adventures when a voice behind me grumbled, “Hey, you, what’s taking so long? Pick a **flavor** and move on!”



I turned around and realized there was a **LONG, LONG** line of rodents behind me. Everyone huffed impatiently.

“Hurry up!”

“This isn’t **brain surgery!**”

“Any day now . . .”

Oh, how embarrassing!

I was just about to choose any old flavor when I felt someone **TUGGING**



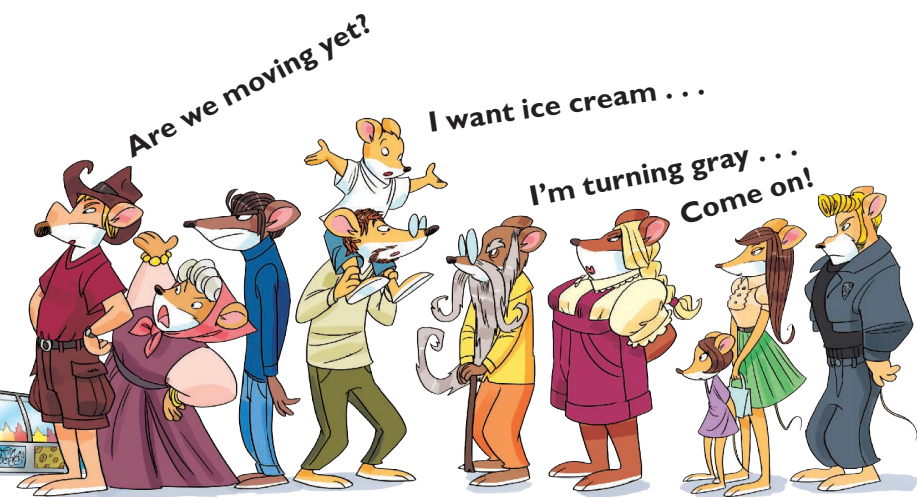


on my jacket. It was a **SMALL** mouseling holding her mama's paw. "Are you Mr. Geronimo Stilton? The author of the books about the Kingdom of Fantasy? They're my **favorite!** When are you writing the next one?" she squeaked.

"Well, I—um . . ." I stammered.

Now everyone was really **STARING** at me.

An old rodent with a long handlebar mustache tapped me on the shoulder. "Congratulations, young mouse! I love reading your fantasy books to my grandchildren! They're so much fun!





By the way, when are you writing the next Kingdom of Fantasy book?"

I didn't have time to respond before a lady mouse shoved a piece of paper under my nose. "I'd like your autograph, please, and write, 'To Scamper, from Geronimo Stilton'! My son will be so happy!

By the way, when are you writing the next adventure?"

A crowd began to gather around me. It seemed everyone had forgotten about the ice cream. Now they just wanted to know one thing: When was I writing the next **KINGDOM OF FANTASY** book?

"Um, w-well . . ." I stuttered.

Lucky for me, Lickety Splitz came to my rescue. He handed me a **humongous** ice-cream cone with a zillion different flavors! I recognized **FOURTEEN** of them.

"Here's hoping that you'll write a new,



FABUMOUSE fantasy book really soon!” he squeaked.

I thanked everyone and dug into my ice cream.

