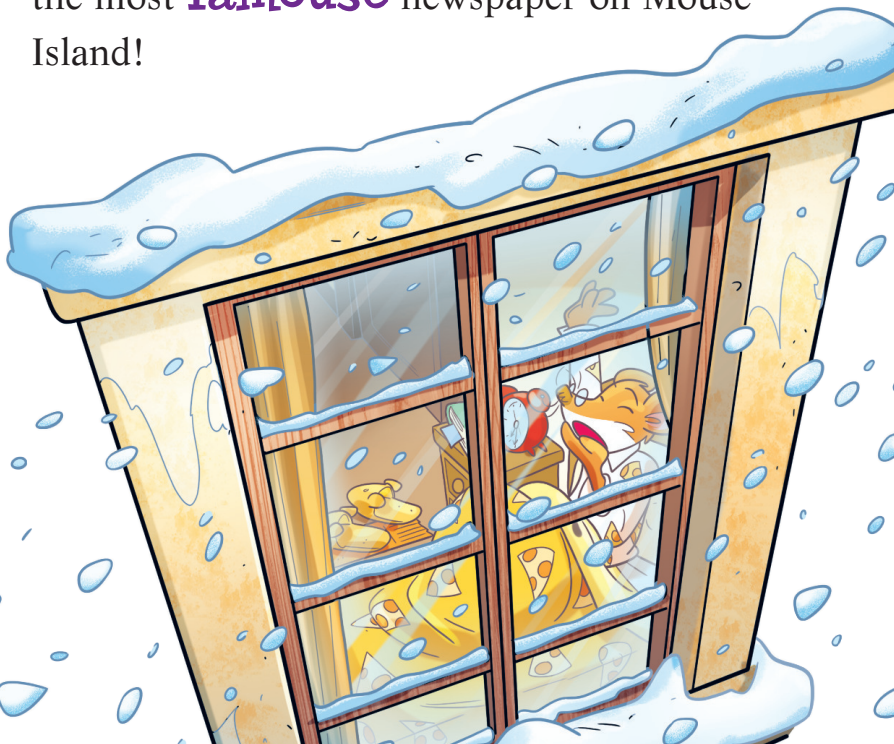






# A SNOWY START

On an **icy** morning in December, I woke up with a start. I had a funny feeling that I was about to go on a **fabumouse** new adventure. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper on Mouse Island!





**Brrrr!** It was cold enough to **freeze** cheese soup! A breeze **ruffled** my whiskers as I dragged myself out of bed. “I hope it’s not going to snow today,” I muttered.

I stepped over to the window and sighed. **BIG WHITE** flakes drifted by. “**Frosted feta!** It’s already snowing! Who knows what kind of slushy **mess** I’ll find today on the streets of New Mouse City!”





I bundled up in my **WARMEST** winter gear and left the house. Time to head to *The Rodent's Gazette* office and get to **WORK!**





Despite the weather, the center of town was filled with mice cheerfully making their way to work, or school, or to run errands. No one seemed as bothered by the **SNOW** as me!

I crossed Singing Stone Plaza, the main square in New Mouse City, and looked up in amazement. One of the buildings was covered in an **ENORMOUSE** blue **SHEET**, with a big **GOLDEN R** in the middle of it.

*What in the name of cheddar biscuits is that doing there?* I wondered.

The building next to that one was also covered up with a sheet! This sheet was **LEOPARD PRINT?**  
**STRANGE!**

Meanwhile, a few passersby **SQUEAKED** excitedly among themselves, as if they were waiting for something.



I really wanted to stay and see what all the fuss was about, but I was already running late. The news waits for no mouse!

I **stomped** my paws to warm them up and pulled my jacket around me more tightly. Thundering rat tails, I couldn't wait for summer! I shook the **ice** off my whiskers and turned away from the **STRANGE**, fabric-draped buildings. Maybe later I'd have time to come back and see what was **REALLY** going on here.