



I'M MOUSETASTICALLY LATE!

It was a beautiful summer **afternoon** in Mouseborg, the capital of Miceking Island. The **sky** was clear, there was a light breeze blowing, and seagulls fluttered around the dock, squawking **happily**.





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Oh, I'm so sorry! I haven't introduced myself: My name is Geronimo Stiltonord, and I am a mouseking scholar.

On this day, every mouseking in Mouseborg was looking forward to that evening's special performance by the **THREE MOUSEKINGETEERS**. Who are they,

THE THREE MOUSEKINGETEERS



Their names are Chucklepaw, Snickerfur, and Gigglewhiskers. They have curly red hair and wear super-stylish clothes, just like true celebrities!



you ask? Only the most famous comics on Miceking Island!

The show was planned for sunset in Great Stone Square. **SVEN THE SHOUTER**, our village chief, had decided that I, **GERONIMO STILTONORD**, would be the announcer for the performance! So, that evening, I put on my fanciest cloak, combed my fur and whiskers, and splashed on some **Eau de Mouusk** cologne.

I opened the door to my house and glanced up at the sky before I stepped outside. I was checking to make sure there were no **dragons** in sight. Luckily, everything was calm — at least in the sky! But as I walked toward the center of the village, mice all around me were nervously **DASHING** here and there.

I figured they were hurrying toward Great

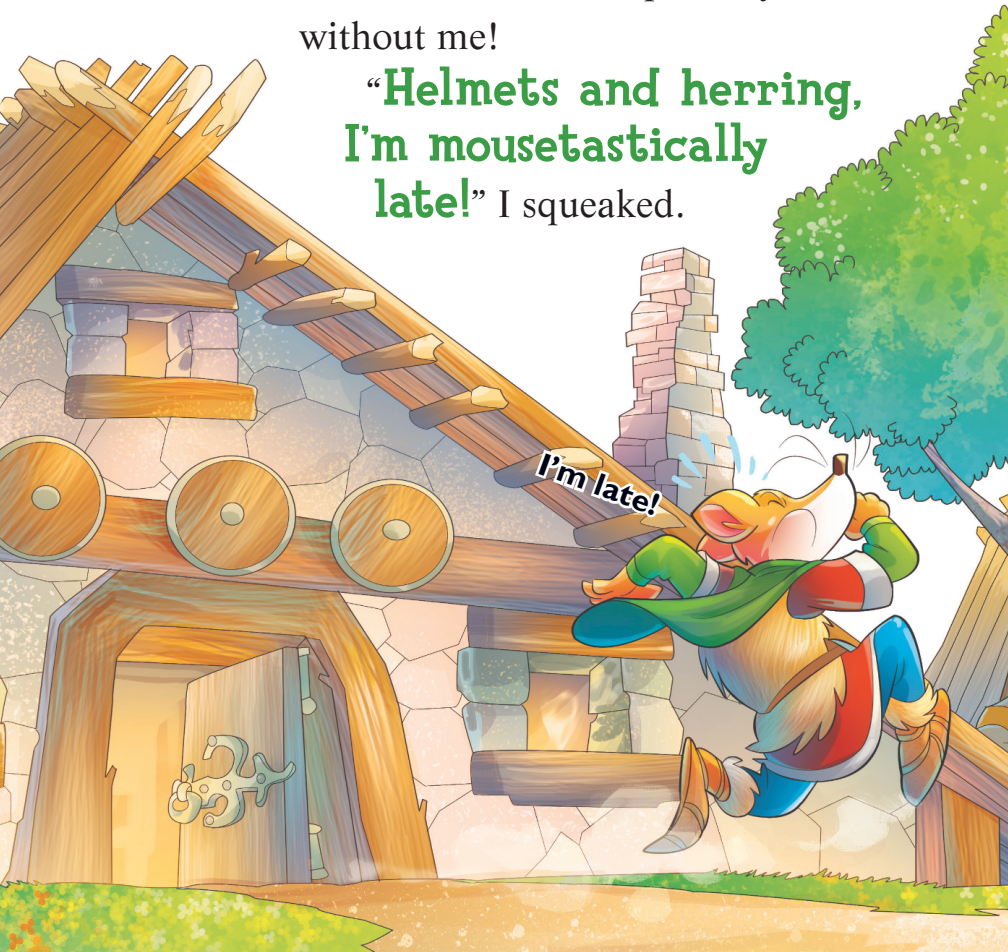


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Stone Square because they were **worried** about getting good seats for the show!

Wait a minute . . . the show was about to begin. That's why everyone was in such a **rush**. But the show couldn't possibly start without me!

"Helmets and herring, I'm mousetastically late!" I squeaked.



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I scampered through the village at record-breaking *speed*. I had just passed Sven the Shouter's house when someone suddenly appeared in front of me, blocking my path.

BONK!!!

We ran right into each other!

