



A NIGHT JUST LIKE ANY OTHER . . . OR WAS IT?

It started out as a regular night, just like any other. It was a **cold** Friday in autumn, and I had stayed late at the office. I'm a very **busy** mouse!



This is me,
Geronimo
Stilton, in
my office!



Oops, I'm sorry — I haven't introduced myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

As I was saying, I got home very late that night, around **MIDNIGHT**. I was too tired to squeak! I couldn't wait to go to **bed**.

But first, I put on my pajamas and flopped in an armchair in front of the fireplace to relax with some **chocolate Cheesy Chews**. Just then . . .





. . . a ten-thousand-**megawatt** alarm pierced my ears! Holey cheese, I'd know that sound anywhere! It was the **alarm** that Professor von Volt had installed in my house. It only rang when he needed my help right away!

My whiskers **trembled**. What could be wrong?

I jumped to my paws, but as I did, **I HIT MY HEAD ON A SHELF!** I was completely **dazed**. As I stumbled around, I walked into a lamp, snoutfirst!

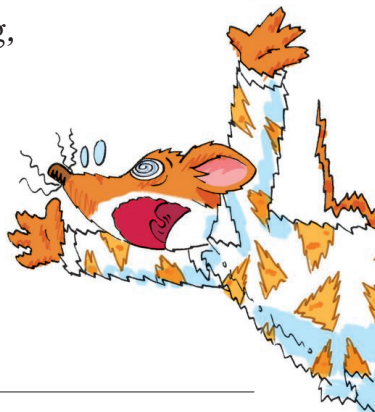
Then I slipped on a chocolate Cheesy Chew,



fell backward near the fireplace, and **scorched** my tail! Rats!

I jumped up again, yelping, "**Ahhhhhh!**"

I was so panicked that I banged into a little table — and knocked over my beloved **red fish**, Hannibal's,

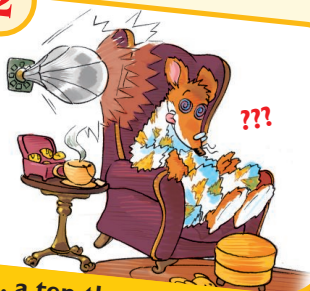


1



I was calmly munching on a piece of chocolate near the fireplace, when ...

2



... a ten-thousand-megawatt alarm pierced my ears ...

3



... I jumped up and hit my head on a shelf ...

4



... I was completely dazed ...

5



... I walked into a lamp, snoutfirst ...

6



... I slipped on a chocolate Cheesy Chew and fell backward ...

7



... I landed near the fireplace and scorched my tail ...

8



... I banged into a small table and knocked over the fishbowl ...

9



... which belonged to my beloved little red fish, Hannibal ...

10



... so I scooped him up and ran to the bathroom ...

11



... I refilled the fishbowl, and he began swimming again ...

12



... and finally, I breathed a sigh of relief. Hannibal was okay. Whew!



fishbowl! I scooped him up and ran to the bathroom to refill the fishbowl with water. Thankfully, poor Hannibal was okay. **WHEW!**

Once I had a moment to catch my breath, I remembered something . . .

This had all started with Professor von Volt's **alarm**. He needed my help!





I looked out the window and saw an extremely **loooong** camper driving down the road. It **sparkled** like a mirror.

Huh? Thundering cat tails — that camper was **Professor von Volt's secret laboratory!**

I changed out of my pajamas in two shakes of a mouse's tail, and headed outside to find the professor.

