



Grandpa Frankenstein

An extremely mad scientist and an expert in Egyptian mummies.

Creepella von Cacklefur



A journalist who lives in Mysterious Valley and solves spooky cases with her inseparable pet bat, Bitewing.



Bitewing

Billy Squeakspeare



A famous writer and friend of Creepella.



Shivereen

Creepella's favorite niece.

Grandma Crypt

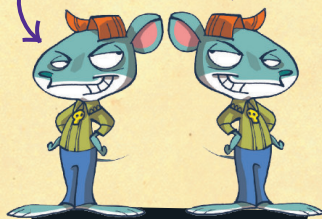


She loves spiders, and her pet is a gigantic tarantula named Dolores.

Dolores



Snip and Snap



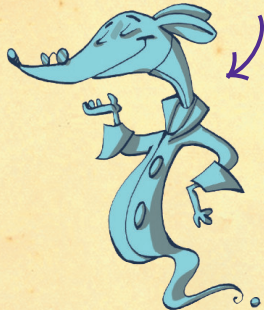
Troublemaking twins and expert spies.

Kafka



The von Cacklefur family's pet cockroach.

Booey the
Poltergeist



The mischievous
ghost who haunts
Cacklefur Castle.

Boneham



The butler to the von
Cacklefur family, and a
snob right down to the
tips of his whiskers.

Baby



He was adopted and
raised with love by
the von Cacklefurs.

Chef Stewrat



The cook at Cacklefur
Castle. He dreams
of creating the
ultimate stew.

Boris von
Cacklefur



Creepella's father, and
the funeral director at
Fabumouse Funerals.

Madame
LaTomb



The family
housekeeper. A
ferocious were-canary
nests in her hair.

Chompers



The von
Cacklefur family's
meat-eating
guard plant.



MY WHISKERS STILL TREMBLE WITH FRIGHT

If spooky stories give you **NIGHTMARES**; if you hide under the covers during **THUNDERSTORMS**; or if you're **scared** of the dark, monsters, or ghosts, then you'd better close this book **RIGHT NOW!**



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

Do you want to know what I'm squeaking about?

The book you're holding contains a story written by the one and only **CREPELLA VON**



CACKLEFUR. She's the spookiest mouse I know! She lives in Mysterious Valley, where the **strangest** adventures seem to take place. In fact, this story is so **spooktacular**, it will make your fur, ears, and tail quiver with **fright**!

Yikes!



Now that you've been warned, do you still want to read this **SCARY** tale? Are you sure? Absolutely, pawsitively, double-dog-daringly sure? Well, all right then! I may as well start from the **beginning** . . .

It was a warm evening in early **spring**. The setting sun cast a shadow over the roofs of New Mouse City. I was sitting in my favorite pawchair in my cozy living room, sipping a **cup** of hot melted cheddar.

My nephew Benjamin was sitting on the



floor, engrossed in one of the **BOOKS** from my library. His class was planning a trip to **Fossil Forest** that week, so he was reading all about it.



“Look, Uncle!” he squeaked excitedly. “This piece of cheese **FOSSIL** goes back thousands of years.”

He showed me an illustration in the book he was reading, **Traveling Through the Jurassic Era**.

I was about to take a look when there was a **LOUD** knock at the door.



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

“Who could that be?” I wondered aloud. But when I opened the door, there was **no one** there! I looked down

and saw a flat stone tied up with a **purple** bow. I

looked around to see who had left it, but the street was deserted.

HOW STRANGE!





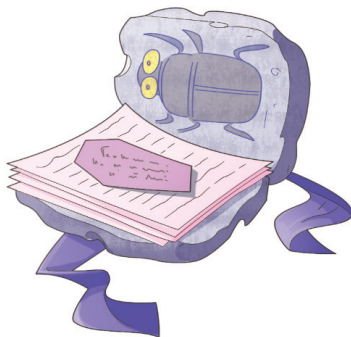
“Who was it, Uncle G?” Benjamin asked.

I said I wasn’t sure. Then I showed him the **stone** tied with the bow. We quickly realized it wasn’t **ONE** stone, but **TWO**! The tablets were tied together, and there were sheets of paper between them.

“This is really unusual,” I murmured as I untied the bow . . .

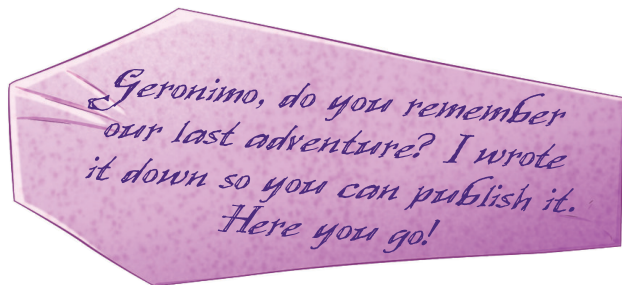
“**ACK!**” I squeaked.

A fossil of an enormous **COCKROACH** sat on top of the papers. Beside it was a **handwritten** note on a piece of coffin-shaped paper. I immediately recognized Creepella von Cacklefur’s scented **purple ink!**





I read the note aloud:



A chill ran down my fur.

“Of course I remember!” I squeaked. “My whiskers still **tremble** with fright whenever I think about it.”

“What **ADVENTURE** is she talking about, Uncle?” Benjamin asked, his eyes glowing with excitement. “Will you read it to me, please?”

“It’s a little **SCARY**, but I’ll read it if you’re sure . . .” I warned him.

“I’m sure!” he squeaked eagerly.

So I made myself **comfortable** and began to read . . .

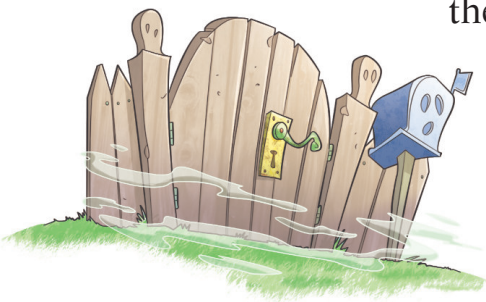


THE HAUNTED DINOSAUR

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

A SURPRISE FOR GERONIMO

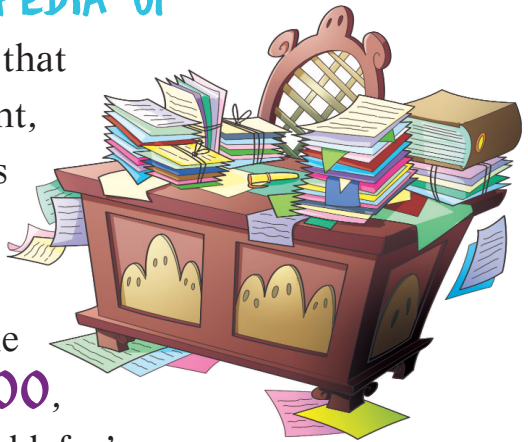
It was a **FOGGY** morning in Gloomeria. A pale ray of **SUNSHINE** flickered feebly through the clouds, barely illuminating the front door of Squeakspere Mansion. A **GLOOMY** silence filled the ancient mansion. The thirteen ghosts who lived there had spent the entire night cleaning the place from **TOP** to **BOTTOM**.



Now they were exhausted, and they had all fallen into a **deep sleep**.



The desk in the mansion's study was overflowing with piles of books, stacks and stacks of **PAPER**, and notebooks and memo pads filled with scribbled notes. Someone was busy **RESEARCHING** and **writing** the interminable, inexhaustible, endless **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GHOSTS**. But at that particular moment, that someone was not at his desk. Instead, he was a passenger in the **Turborapid 3000**, Creepella von Cacklefur's **CREEPY** convertible.



Who is Creepella von Cacklefur? She's the **eeriest** journalist in Mysterious Valley!

"W-where are we going?" the mouse in the

backseat stuttered. “I should be working . . .”

It was the newspaper mouse *Geronimo Stilton*! He was sitting in the backseat next to Creepella’s niece **Shivereen**, and the von Cacklefur family’s pet cockroach, **KAFKA**.

Creepella’s pet bat flew in circles around Geronimo’s head. Grandfather Frankenstein rode in the passenger seat, a **S M A L L** package in his lap.

“Oh, hush, Geronimo!” Creepella replied



as she sped through the countryside. “You don’t want to miss it, do you?”

“M-miss what?” Geronimo asked nervously. He would rather be holed up in Squeakspeare Mansion, **happily** working on the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GHOSTS**.

“Why, the opening of the **exhibition**, of course!” Creepella replied. She **honked** her horn in greeting as she zoomed past her father’s **HEARSE**. The family’s butler,



Boneham, wasn't far behind. He was traveling by **motoreyele**, with Grandma Crypt in his sidecar.

"Your entire family seems to be attending this event," Geronimo observed. "But I still don't know what **exhibition** you're squeaking about!"

Creepella smiled as the wind **ruffled** her raven-black hair.

"Of course we're all attending!" she replied breezily. "We wouldn't miss it for the **gloomiest** funeral in the world. Isn't that right, Shivereen?"

"Yes!" replied Shivereen. "I wouldn't skip it for the biggest **HORROR FILM** marathon!"

Kafka **wiggled** his antennas in agreement.

"I wouldn't miss it for the **Great Ball of the Mummies!**" piped up Grandpa Frankenstein.



“But what’s this exhibition **about**?” Geronimo asked again, exasperated.

Creepella brought her Turborapid 3000 to an **ABRUPT** stop in front of the Gloomeria Science Museum.

“You’ll find out soon enough!”

