



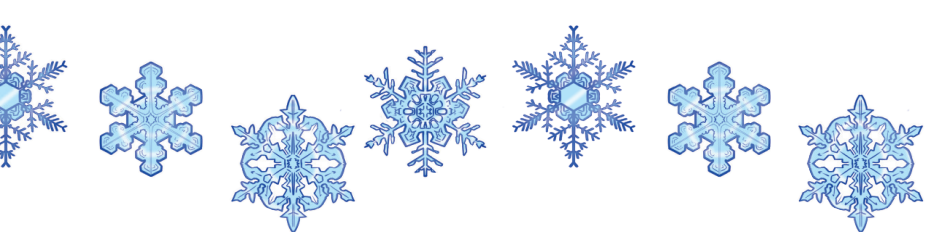


# SNIFF! SNIFF!

That morning, when I stuck my **snout** out the window of my office, I noticed that the air had a special **smell**. It smelled like it was about to **snow**! Oh, how I love snowy winters in New Mouse City, my home sweet home!

Oops, I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I have





**brown** fur and glasses, and I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, as I was saying, that day in New Mouse City, I could tell snow was on the way. I was so excited! Don't get me wrong: I'm not a big fan of **FREEZING** weather or heavy-duty shoveling, but have you ever seen the city under a blanket of snow? Let me tell you — there is nothing more beautiful! Plus, when it snows, I love to go **sledding** with my dear nephew Benjamin and

**Grandsoon!**

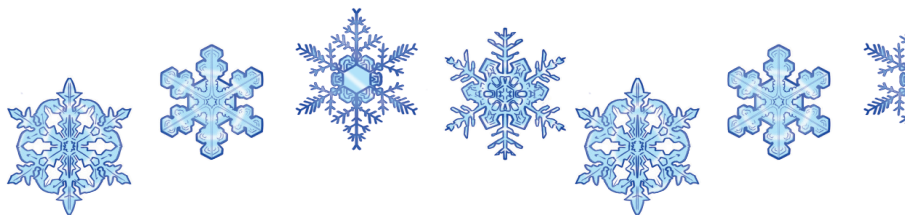


**GRANDFATHER  
WILLIAM SHORTPAWS,**  
founder of  
*The Rodent's Gazette*

warm my paws with a cup of **hot cheese** by the fire.

I was still dreaming about hot cheese when the phone rang. **Riiiiinnng!**

It was my grandfather William Shortpaws, who boomed, “Grandson, have



you finished writing the book?” When I didn’t respond immediately, Grandfather screeched, “Have you **forgotten**?! You need to write the new *Kingdom of Fantasy* book! It’s due next week!”

I hit my forehead with my paw. Rats! How had I forgotten?! Of course, I couldn’t tell my **RAGING** grandfather this, so I said, “Don’t worry, Grandfather. I already have the whole **book** in my head — sort of — and lots of good ideas . . .”

What my grandfather doesn’t understand is that in order to write about the Kingdom of Fantasy, I have to **GO** there. On a recent trip, Queen Blossom gave me a magical **sapphire ring** that would let me visit whenever I wanted. Unfortunately, I had misplaced it! The only other way to get there is by **dreaming**.

“Remember that this is the most important

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SNIFF!



SNIFF!

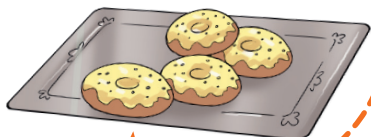
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book of the year, and readers are waiting **impatiently**. Do you understand, Grandson?” Grandfather William went on.

Then, before I could hang up, he added, “Oh, and by the way, we’re all coming to your house tonight to **celebrate** Aunt Sweetfur’s birthday, understand?”

I hurried to squeak. “Of course! Certainly!” **Worried** (not about the birthday but about the book I had forgotten to write), I left my office and headed home. I hoped that taking a walk would fill me with **ideas**, but my mind was blank.

As I walked, I noticed the most delicious aromas. First I passed by Squeakini’s, my favorite bakery in the city, and smelled their **WARM CHEESE DONUTS**. Yum!



I bought a box to serve that evening for Aunt Sweetfur’s birthday. Naturally, I had to

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SNIFF!

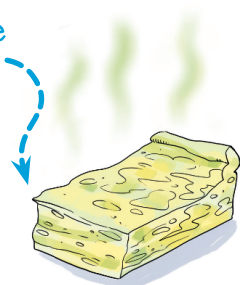


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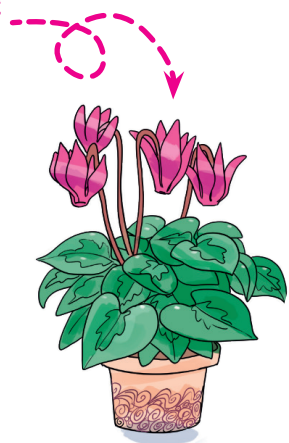
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**taste** a donut to make sure they were fresh. (Okay, okay, I confess I have no willpower when it comes to cheese donuts!)

Next, at Tables for Tails, a popular café, I smelled a tangy **blue cheese quiche**. I bought a gigantic piece to serve for Aunt Sweetfur's birthday dinner.



Finally, in Singing Stone Square, I bought a beautiful **flowering pink plant** from Geraldine Greenwhiskers, the florist. Aunt Sweetfur loves flowers. It was the perfect gift!



Now, if only I could come up with the **perfect** idea for my book . . .