





**The Editorial Staff of
*The Rodent's Gazette***

1. Linda Thinslice
2. Sweetie Cheesetriangle
3. Ratella Redfur
4. Soya Mousehao
5. Cheesita de la Pampa
6. Mouseanna Mousetti
7. Yale Youngmouse
8. Toni Tinypaw
9. Tina Spicytail
10. Maximilian Mousemower
11. Valerie Vole
12. Trap Stilton
13. Branwen Musclemouse
14. Zeppola Zap
15. Merenguita Gingermouse
16. Ratsy O'Shea
17. Rodentrick Roundrat
18. Tillie von Muffler
19. Thea Stilton
20. Erronea Misprint
21. Pinky Pick
22. Ya-ya O'Cheddar
23. Mousella Mac Mouser
24. Creamy O'Cheddar
25. Blasco Tabasco
26. Toffie Sugarsweet
27. Tylerat Truemouse
28. Larry Keys
29. Michael Mouse
30. Geronimo Stilton
31. Benjamin Stilton
32. Briette Finerat
33. Raclette Finerat



Geronimo Stilton
A learned and brainy mouse, editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton
Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton
An awful joker, Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse. Geronimo's favorite nephew





LATE AGAIN!

“Putrid cheese puffs!” It was nine o’clock and I, Geronimo Stilton, was late for work — again! I rolled out of bed in a minute and was dressed in two. Pretty fast, considering I am really not a morning mouse.

“**CHEESE SLICES!** I hate Monday mornings,” I grumbled while brushing my teeth with **cheddar**-flavored toothpaste. Then I hurried downstairs, stumbled over my tail, and tumbled all the way down to the door.





Thump! Thump! Thump! So much for being quiet as a mouse.

The streets of New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, were as noisy as ever. I guess everyone was late just like me. Cheese delivery trucks were everywhere, horns blasting. Mice, rats, and rodents of every size and shape *raced by* in cars, taxis, and Mouse Jordan sneakers.

“Taxi!” I shouted, jumping into a cab. “Seventeen Swiss Cheese Center.”

Minutes later, we pulled up to my editorial office. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that I run a newspaper. It’s called *The Rodent’s Gazette*.

I **took the stairs two** *at a time* and burst inside. What a workout! I was **pooped**. Maybe I shouldn’t have canceled my membership at Rats La Lanne after all.



But before I could think about it, Mousella,
my secretary, tackled me.

LATE



AGAIN!

“*Mr. Stilton*, **FINALLY!**” she cried, her glasses dangling off one ear. “There is a crowd of rodents waiting to see you: the designers, the printers, the mouse who works the water cooler . . . and the editor in chief wants to speak with you **immediately.**”

I headed to my desk. Mousella followed.

“The copy machine is jammed,” she continued. “Another mailroom mouse quit. And, Boss,

don't forget you promised me a raise!”

My head felt like it was about to explode. Even my whiskers hurt. I wouldn't wish this day on the

meanest



ever!