

Geronimo Stilton

**I'M TOO FOND
OF MY FUR!**



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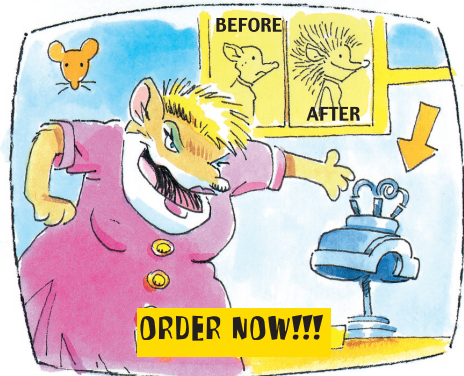


I'M TOO YOUNG TO GO BALD!

Let's see, it all began like this — it really did. One evening, I was happily sprawled out on my couch, **CHANGING CHANNELS** on my TV, when a strange commercial caught my eye.

A female rodent with blonde fur was shouting **LIKE A MADMOUSE**. “Are you going bald? Has your fur lost its fluff?” Then she stuck her snout right up to the camera.

“That’s right, I’m talking to you, **COUCH MOUSE!**” she shrieked.





I jumped. Her beady little eyes seemed to be staring right at me!

“Now, do as I say and put your paw on your head,” she ordered. “**I bet you have a bald patch. Am I right?**”

I gulped. With a shaking paw, I patted the top of my head. **Holey cheese!** My fur *did* seem to be getting a little thin on top! Could I really be losing my fur?

The mouse on TV kept squeaking at me. “Listen, **CHEESYFACE**, you need to do something to strengthen your fur! If you don’t, you’re going to be as bald as a bowling ball down at Lucky Paw Lanes!”

She wound up her arm like a professional bowler rat. “**Striike!**” she yelled, glaring at me.

I TURNED PALE.”



I patted the top of my head.

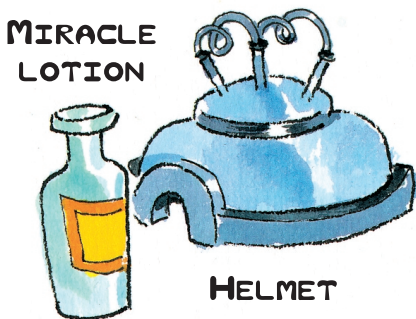


Now I was really getting worried. I was too young to go bald. I was still in my prime. Yes, I think you could even call me a spring mouse. I still had a twitch in my tail, and my bones hadn't started creaking yet.

More hollering from the TV interrupted my thoughts. "Wake up, **NOBLE BRAIN**, because today is your lucky day! That's right. I have right here the cure for that **great-looking** bald spot! But you'd better order now, **you silly mouse**, or you'll be left with your tail between your legs!"

I grabbed a pen and paper

to take notes.



The mouse on TV held up a helmet and a big bottle of green lotion. "This



is a special kind of helmet that uses
micro-macro-eeny-meany-miney-magnetic-waves.
micro-macro-eeny-meany-miney-magnetic-waves.
micro-macro-eeny-meany-miney-magnetic-waves.

First you spread the **MIRACLE LOTION**

all over your fur. Then you put the helmet
over your head,” she explained. “Keep the
helmet on for at least two or three hours.

The helmet squeezes your head to
those lazy hair roots. Got it?”

WAKE UP

I nodded my head.

“Well, what are you waiting for, Baldy?!”
the TV mouse squeaked at me. “Order now,
before they're all gone!”

As if in a trance, I **reached** for
the phone and dialed the number on the
screen: **1-555-GROW-FUR.**

“Yes, I'd like to order one helmet,” I
began, patting my fur.



...I'd like to order one helmet...



The operator at the other end coughed. “I take it you must be tuned into our special supertelethon, **Baldies Unite!**” she said.

I choked. *I'm not bald yet!* I tried to say. But I had lost my squeak!

“Don't be embarrassed, Furless,” the operator babbled on. “I'll send off your helmet right away! You want the **MIRACLE LOTION**, too, don't you? **HOW MANY** bottles? They are on special offer, you know.”

I cleared my throat. “Um, well, I guess **I could use two**,” I decided.



The operator lowered her voice and began to whisper **CONFIDENTIALLY**. “You sound like a very nice mouse,” she began. “So I’m going to let you in on a *secret* . . . there are only a few bottles left!!!”

I **GASPED**. Were there really that many bald rodents scampering around out there?

“We’ve received so many calls,” the operator continued **KNOWINGLY**. “The lotion is selling like hot cheese sticks at a winter carnival! I would





order a few more if I were you. *I think we're going to sell out!*"

I chewed my whiskers nervously. I couldn't wear my new helmet without the lotion. What if I ran out? I would be in big trouble then. I'd be one sorry, bald mouse. "I'd better order **3**, no **4**, no **5**, no make that **8**, or even **10**, yes, I'll take **10** . . . no, how about **12** bottles?" I stammered.

"Good choice," the operator murmured. "I'll put you down for twelve bottles. We'll deliver them right away.

Have your money ready!
"iii"