

Geronimo Stilton

THE GIANT DIAMOND ROBBERY



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GO SQUEAKERS!

It was a very *special* evening. I left work at five on the dot and **RACED** home. I didn't even stop to smell the cheese at the All U Can Eat Cheese Palace! It was the night of the **big** soccer game, and my favorite team was playing—the **Cheddar Bay Kickers and Squeakers**.

Cheese niblets! Where are my manners?



Go Squeakers!



I almost forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am the publisher of **The Rodent's Gazette**, the most popular newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, I had just opened my front door when my phone **rang**. I glanced at the caller ID. It read **KORNELIUS VON KICKPAW**. I've known Kornelius since elementary school. Back then, he loved to protect me from the school **BULLIES**. And now he helps out mice all over the island. That's because he works as a real-life **SECRET AGENT**! His code name is **OOK**. Pretty impressive, I know.

"Hello, Kornelius," I said, picking up the phone. But the line went dead. Strange! I'd have to call my friend back after the game.

The soccer game was about to **START**. I quickly changed into my sweat suit with the

OOK

NAME: Kornelius von Kickpaw

CODE NAME: OOK

PROFESSION: Secret agent for the government of Mouse Island

WHO HE IS: Geronimo's friend from elementary school

ACCESSORIES: He always wears a super-accessorized tuxedo.

INTERESTING FACT: He always finds mysterious and bizarre ways to communicate because he doesn't want his messages getting intercepted.





Squeakers logo on it. Then I made myself a sandwich, cut a slice of cheese pie, and whipped up a **mozzarella milkshake**. Finally, I shut off:



- **THE DOORBELL!**



- **The phone!**



- **MY CELL PHONE!**

- **THE FAX MACHINE!**



- **THE COMPUTER!**

Now **nothing** would disturb me. I switched on the television.

I was so **excited**. Even though I'm not much of a sportsmouse, I love the Squeakers.

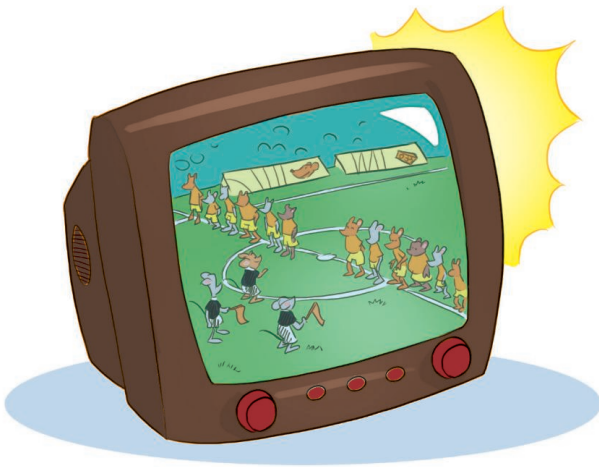
Time for the game!





They always play by the rules and they donate half of their ticket sales to **charity**. Plus, tonight the Squeakers were competing for the title of **Mouse Island Champions!** It was the most important game of the year!

I settled into my favorite pawchair and turned up the volume. The two teams ran onto the field as music **PLAYED**. They lined up at center field and shook paws to show good sportsmouseship.





There were just a few minutes left before the opening *whistle*.

“COME ON, SQUEAKERS!”

I cheered. I was so excited, I accidentally twisted my tail up in a knot. Youch!

While I was untwisting, I heard a terrible noise:

KERBANG!!!