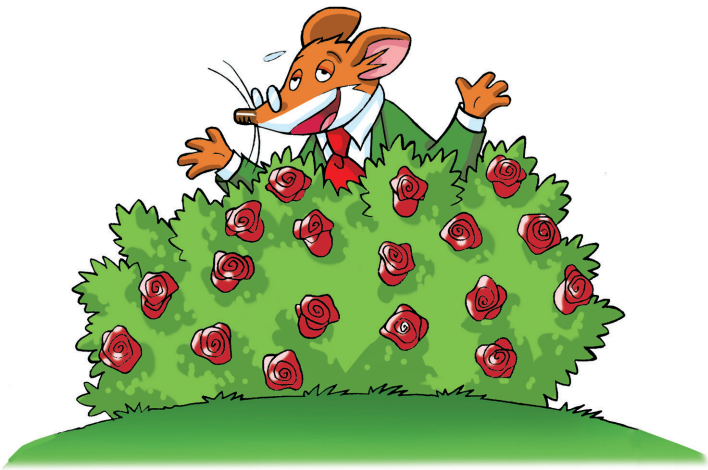


# Geronimo Stilton

## **WEDDING CRASHER**



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ISBN 13: 978-0-439-84119-1

ISBN 10: 0-439-84119-4

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English translation © 2006 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A.

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Original title: *Benvenuti a Rocca Taccagna*

Cover by Lorenzo Chiavini

Illustrations by Roberto Ronchi, Christian Aliprandi  
and Davide Turotti

Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse and Michela Battaglin

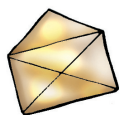
Special thanks to Kathryn Cristaldi

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Printed in the U.S.A.

First printing, January 2007



# GERONIMO STILTON, RATTUS EMERITUS

That morning, everything started ringing at once. The toaster oven, the phone, the doorbell. I let the answering machine pick up the call, grabbed my cheesy toast from the toaster, and ran for the door. An Express Mail mouse stood on my doorstep.





**“Letter for you, Mr. Stilton,”**  
he squeaked, pawing me a strange-looking  
envelope. “The sender has requested you  
pay for the postage.”



I grumbled, pulling out my wallet. **How rude!** What kind of mouse can't pay for stamps?

After the mail mouse left, I looked more closely at the envelope. It was made out of old scraps of newspaper glued together. **How Strange!**

*Geronimo Stilton, Rattus Emeritus,* it read. I started to open the envelope. That's when I realized it was sealed with **A PIECE OF STICKY CHEWING GUM**. Slimy Swiss balls! **How disgusting!**

Inside, I found a greasy note. I sniffed it. It smelled like an old cheese wrapper. And not in a good way.

The note was written in **crayon**. It looked like it had been written by a mouselet! It appeared to be a wedding invitation, but



it didn't look like any wedding invitation I'd ever seen before. I squinted at it, and couldn't believe my eyes! It said:



Samuel S. Stingysnout  
Is pleased to invite  
**Geronimo Stilton**

to the wedding of his son,  
Stevie Stingysnout,  
to  
Patience Plainpaws.

The ceremony will be held  
at the family home,  
Penny Pincher Castle  
on Cheap Change Hill.

**Gift Required.**



# ARE YOU PACKED?

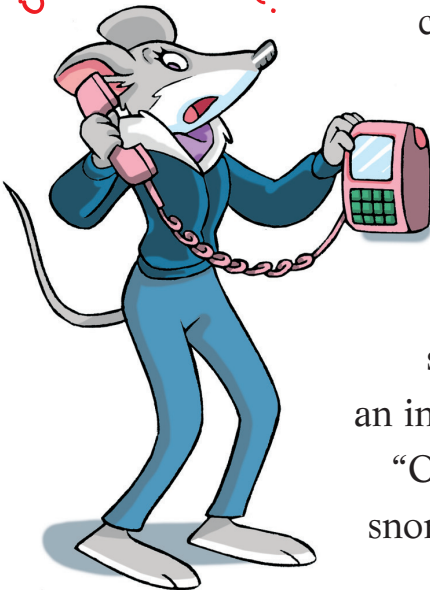
Ah, yes, Uncle Samuel S. Stingysnout. Who else would send a wedding invitation written on an old cheese wrapper and sealed with chewing gum? Uncle Samuel S. Stingysnout was the cheapest mouse I had

ever met. When he had a cold, he refused to buy tissues. Instead, he blew his nose into his tail. Yuck!

I called my sister, Thea, to see if she had gotten an invitation, too.

“Oh, **i GOT ONE,**” Thea snorted. “I put a clothespin

*Oh, I got one.*







on my nose before I opened it. Cheese niblets, what a stench! So are you packed?”

I couldn't believe it. Thea actually wanted to go to the **STINGYSNOUT** wedding?

“Of course we're going,” my sister insisted. “Uncle Samuel may be cheap, but he lives in a castle. We've never been there before. It will be fun! I'll be over with Benjamin and Trap in a few minutes to get you.”

“**Now?!**” I shrieked. But there was no answer. As usual, Thea had hung up on me.

I bit my tail to keep from

**SCREAMING!!!**

Why, oh, why did my sister try to drive me crazy? She knew I was a planner. I liked to

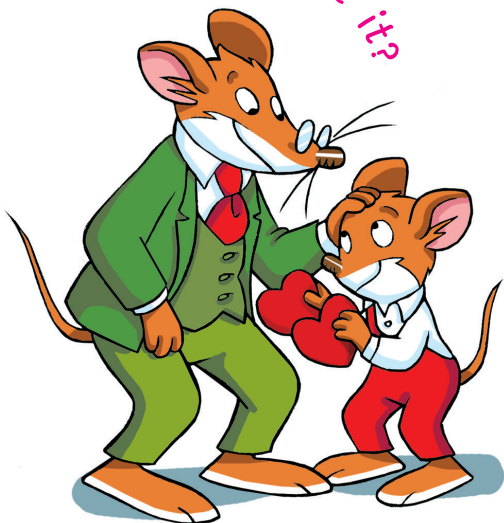


prepare before I went off on a trip. I liked to pack carefully. What if I forgot my tie? What if I forgot my toothbrush? What if a late winter storm hit and I needed my catfur earmuffs?

Ten minutes later, Thea was at my place. “**Ready?**” she squeaked.

I opened my mouth to say no. But just then, my favorite nephew, Benjamin, grabbed my paw.

*Do you like it?*



“Oh, this is so exciting, Uncle Geronimo! I’ve never been to a wedding before. Look at the wedding present I made. **Do you**

like it?” he cried.

He showed me two small red cardboard hearts with the names of the bride and groom on them. I sighed. How could I say no to my dear, sweet nephew?

*I threw some stuff in my suitcase  
and followed my family out the door.*

