



My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where **anything could be possible**.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:
the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this
intergalactic adventure!

Geronimo Stilton



**PROFESSOR
PAWS VON VOLT**

THE SPACEMICE

GERONIMO
STILTONIX



TRAP
STILTONIX



THEA
STILTONIX



GRANDFATHER
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN
STILTONIX
AND BUGSY
WUGSY



Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

**BEWARE!
SPACE JUNK!**



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In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

*This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!*

*I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.*

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy traveling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

**THIS IS THE
LATEST ADVENTURE
OF THE SPACEMICE!**





AN ANNUAL INSPECTION

It was a calm Monday on the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. There were no **cosmic** disturbances, no **alien invasions** in the galaxy, and no **UNKNOWN** planets on the horizon.

Basically, it was a stress-free day, which hadn't happened in **weeks**, **MONTHS**, or maybe even **years**! I was about to sit back in my command chair, kick up my paws, and put the spaceship on autopilot.

Then suddenly . . .

**BEEP! BEEEEP!
BEEEEEEP!**

What was that **annoying** noise?

I looked at the screen in front of me. My



DIGITAL CALENDAR had an urgent meeting on it. Galactic Gorgonzola, I had completely **forgotten!**

Oh, excuse me, I haven't introduced myself: My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I'm the captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the most fabumouse spaceship in the universe (though to

be honest, my

real dream

is to be a

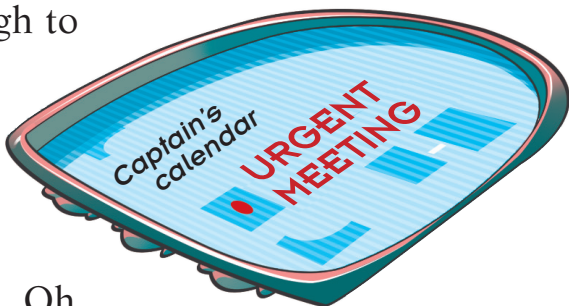
writer!). Now,

where was I? Oh,

yes: According to my digital

calendar, today was the *MouseStar 1*'s annual **MECHANICAL** inspection.

I was scheduled to tour the ship with our mechanic, Sally de Wrench. We would closely **examine** the motor room, the





boiler room, the garbage storage room, and a **zillion** other places.

Stellar Swiss! I was so **nervous** about the inspection that my fur was soaked with sweat. You probably think I was **afraid** the ship wouldn't pass the tests! But the real reason for my anxiety was Sally de Wrench. You see, she is the most **fascinating** mouse in the entire galaxy, and I have an **ENORMOUSE** crush on her! Every time I see her, my legs go as soft as cream cheese, my squeak gets stuck in my throat, and **my brain turns to Brie!**

As I was thinking about Sally, *MouseStar 1*'s onboard computer, Hologramix, spoke up.

“**Sally de Wrench** is waiting for you on the lower level!”

I began to **TREMBLE** from the ends of

my whiskers to the tip of my tail. I tried to get out of my command chair, but my paws were heavier than wheels of aged Parmesan and my knees **WOBBLED** like sticks of string cheese.

Unfortunately, my cousin Trap was sitting next to me, **playing** space checkers against his computer.

“What’s up, Cuz?” he asked. “You seem **stuck!**”

“N-no, it’s nothing,”





AN ANNUAL INSPECTION

I stammered, my snout turning red with embarrassment. “I was just getting up.”

Trap took one look at me and **figured out** what was going on.

“Looks like someone is **afraid** to be alone with Sally, hmm?” he teased me.

