

Geronimo Stilton

THE STICKY SITUATION



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celebrate the beginning of **spring**. I was looking forward to seeing all my **favorite** rodents — but also to enjoying a little peace and quiet before they arrived!

As I pedaled closer to the house, some horses galloped toward me. A donkey joined them, staring at me with his **sweet** eyes. I was so happy the animals recognized me!

I waved to all of them with my paw.

“**Hello, friends!**” I slowed to

a stop at the front door

and dug through my backpack for my keys.

Just as I was about to turn the doorknob, I felt a sharp **PAIN** in my tail!

“OUCHHHH!”





SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS?

I checked my tail (I'm very fond of my tail!), and I realized a bee had **STUNG** me. I threw open the door and ran inside, screaming, "SQUEAK!"

I closed the door, breathed a sigh of relief, and went to put a **bandage** on my tail. "Geronimo!" someone cried. **Moldy mozzarella sticks!** I was so surprised, I almost dropped my first-aid ointment.

It was my cousin Trap. "Are you hurt? Did a bee **STING** you?"

"What in the name of sliced Gouda are you doing here?" I cried.

Trap sighed. "Didn't you get my text?"

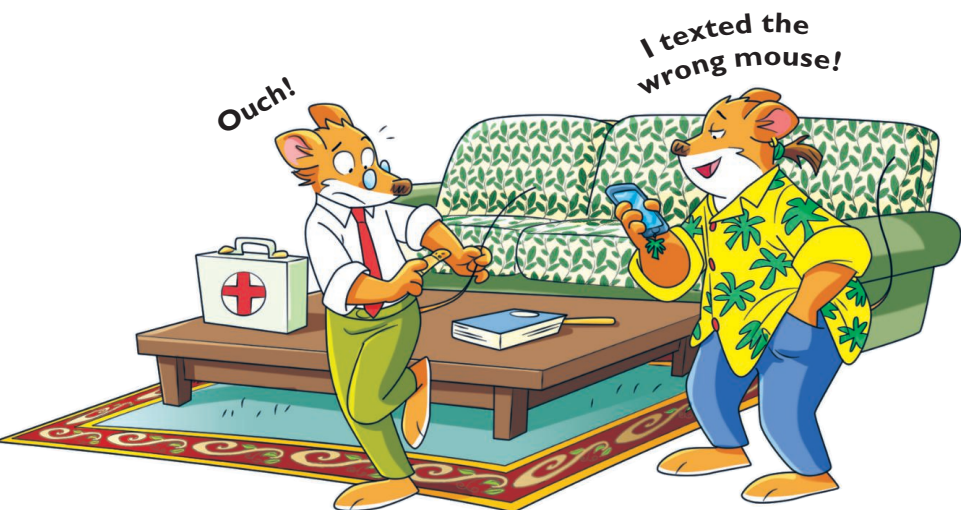
"I certainly did not," I said.

Trap looked down at his phone and chuckled. “Oh, I’m so **Silly**. I accidentally texted my friend Geraldo Stiltoney instead of you!”

What a **cheddarhead!**

But Trap just shrugged. “Oh well. My text was just to let you know to be careful because the farm has a lot of **bees** flying around right now.”

I patted my **tender** tail. “Yeah, I guess I found that out the hard way.”



“You can say that again, Geronimo!” Trap **enthusiastically** patted my back. A bit too **enthusiastically** . . . I pitched forward and almost fell on my snout.

“**CAREFUL**, Trap!” I said. “My tail is still sore!” I regained my balance and peered more closely at the sting. “What are you doing here early anyway? I had a nice quiet afternoon planned for myself.”

“Nice and quiet is overrated!” Trap exclaimed. “I have been working on a special **SURPRISE** for you — and now, I’m finally ready to show you what it is!” Trap paused dramatically and wiggled his eyebrows at me.

I stared back at him.

“Go ahead, ask me what the **SURPRISE** is,” Trap said eagerly.

I crossed my paws in front of my chest



and rolled my eyes. “Fine. Trap, what is your **SURPRISE?**”

Did I even want to know?

“Drumroll, please!” Trap started to play a pretend **drum** set with his paws. When I didn’t join in, he stopped and darted over to the large living room closet.

He winked, a mischievous look on his snout. “Get ready to thank me, Geronimo. As of today, we will have a **BRAND-NEW** product available at the farm.” He threw open the closet door and pulled out some sort of costume.

“What is that?” I asked.

“It’s a beekeeper’s suit, of course! We’re going to have **honey** on the farm!”

My mouth dropped open.

“Don’t worry. I have one for you, too!”



Trap cried, pulling a second suit out of the closet.

“I love eating honey, so I decided we should also make it! You can **bee** my assistant, Geronimo!” Trap danced over my way and handed me the second beekeeper suit. “**QUICK**, go change and I will show you around!”

I groaned but took the suit and went to



Before

This is me,
Geronimo Stilton.

After



This is me, Geronimo Stilton, expert
beekeeper! The suit lets me get close
to the beehives without getting stung.

put it on. I would never hear the end of it if I didn't at least go take a look. I just hoped I wouldn't get stung again.

Squeak! My poor tail!

Trap rubbed his paws together. "Once we produce enough **all natural honey**, we can sell it in town. Maybe we can call it Stilton Farm's Famouse Honey!"

"Famouse?" I said. "No one knows about it yet."

"Don't be such a **worryrat**, Geronimo! Pretty soon, every rodent on Mouse Island will be lining up for our honey. Just you wait and see!"

I shook my snout. "I don't know about that, Trap."

But Trap didn't seem to hear me. His eyes **GLOWED**

