

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

**HAVE A HEART,
GERONIMO**



Scholastic Inc.

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

Copyright © 2019 Mondadori Libri S.p.A. for PIEMME, Italia, Via Mondadori 1, 20090 Segrate, Italy. International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A. English translation © 2022 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted. Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami. geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., Publishers since 1920, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the copyright holder. For information regarding permission, please contact: Atlantyca S.p.A., Corso Magenta, 60/62-20/23 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, atlantyca.com.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-1-338-80224-5

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Un amore da brivido*

Cover by Iacopo Bruno, Andrea Da Rold, and Alessandro Muscillo

Graphic Designer: Laura Dal Maso / [theWorldofDOT](http://theworldofDOT.com)

Illustrations by Danilo Loizedda, Carolina Livio, Daria Cerchi, and Valeria Cairoli

Translated by Anna Pizzelli

Special thanks to Anna Bloom

Interior design by Becky James

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 22 23 24 25 26

Printed in the U.S.A. 40

First printing 2022



A REAL HEART-STOPPER!

A **cold** breeze blew through my whiskers. Brrr! February is not my favorite time of year. I rubbed my paws together and then **hugged** my arms close to my sides.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the

**It's colder than a cheddar
milkshake out here!**



editor in chief of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper on Mouse Island!

I was **WALKING** to the office, mentally going through my to-do list: hold a *Gazette* staff meeting, edit a few articles, review the paper's marketing plans . . . I was so caught up in my thoughts that I walked **smack** into a streetlight!



Holey Swiss cheese! That was painful! Carefully, I patted my snout to make sure all my **WHISKERS** were accounted for.

Phew, I hadn't lost any. But my head was spinning! I stood very still, waiting for the world to stop **turning**.

When it did, I could see that all the rodents on the street were staring at me. How embarrassing! My fur **blushed** as red as a Gouda rind.

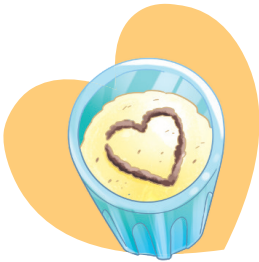


I darted across the street, opened the door to **The Cheddar Puff Café**, and took a deep breath. Mmmm. It smelled *heavenly*!

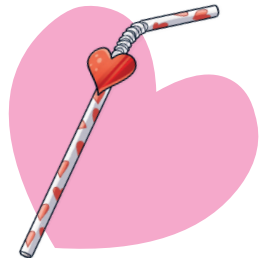
The owner spotted me and waved a paw. “Good morning, your usual today, Mr. Stilton?” he asked.

I nodded, examining all the *fabumouse* treats spread out in the display cases.

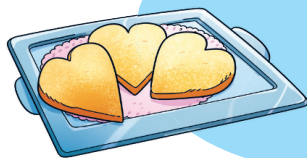
He passed me my iced mocha cheddar latte. I can’t resist an **iced** drink, even in *cold* weather!



As I was unwrapping my straw, I noticed the barista had drawn a cute **heart** shape in the latte foam. As I dropped the straw in the drink, I realized that it also had a little **heart** decoration on it.



Even the sample cookies on the counter were each in the shape of a **heart**!

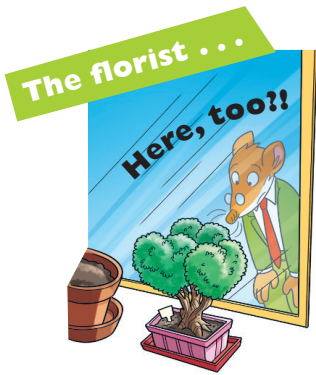


I took one, dunked it in my latte, and ate it up in one **BITE**. Delicious! I definitely felt better about my **embarrassing** run-in with the streetlight now.

I paid for my latte and headed for the office. Now that I had **cheddar Latte Power**, I felt sure I could race through my to-do list before lunch!

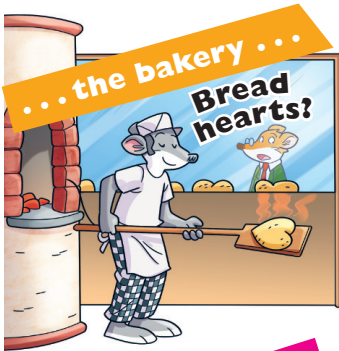
As I was walking by the **florist's** window, I let out a squeak. They had trimmed small bonsai trees into **heart** shapes. “Oh no, here, too?”

I started walking again, but as soon as I reached the **bakery**, I stopped again. “Wow,



all the loaves of bread are shaped like **hearts!**"

I went a few steps farther. There were more **hearts** at the housewares store — and overnight their window had transformed into an entirely **Pink** theme. "Does everymouse have **love** on the snout all of a sudden?" I wondered out loud.



Just then, a very **cold** gust of wind caught me by surprise.

WHOOSH!

I scurried ahead a little faster. I couldn't wait to



warm up at the office. But before I got very far —

CRASH!

I walked right into a rodent carrying a very large net. The net fell open, releasing a **CLOUD** of balloons into the air, each shaped like a **heart!**

“**Frosted fontina**, more **hearts**?!? What is going on?”

But the rodent didn't seem to have heard my question. “You just made me lose my whole **balloon** delivery! You'll have to pay for these, or I'll never hear the end of it from the big cheese!”

I shrugged and pulled out my wallet to pay him.

He **stomped** away, and I stared up at the brilliant blue morning sky. The little red and pink **heart** balloons got smaller and

smaller. Where had all these **hearts** come from? What did it mean? I scratched my snout thoughtfully.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the time on my watch. **GREASY CAT GUTS!** Now I was late!



Whoops!



Look what you did!!!

