

Geronimo Stilton

PAWS OFF, CHEDDARFACE!



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A WHACKING IN THE MORNING . . .

It all started one morning. I was on my way to the office when I was stopped by an elderly female rodent. No, she didn't stop me to ask the time. Or to get my autograph. Oh, did I tell you? I am a best-selling author and I run a newspaper called *The Rodent's Gazette*. Maybe you have heard of me. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*.

Anyway, as I was saying, this mouse was not a fan. She was the exact opposite. One minute, she was staring me in the snout, and the next, she'd



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pulled out her umbrella. Then she whacked me over the head!

I was in shock. “What was that for?” I squeaked.

The mouse just stamped her paw. “Young mouse, you have some nerve! Have you forgotten about the bus stop?” she shrieked.

I shook my head. I had no idea what this mouse was talking about.

“You **stepped** on my paw on Monday morning!” she insisted. “And you didn’t even bother to apologize. How rude!”

Without another word, she stalked off in a huff.

I didn’t know what to make of it. I had never seen that mouse before in my life!

Un-be-liev-a-ble!

