

Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

**YOU'RE MINE,
CAPTAIN!**



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ISBN 978-0-545-64652-9

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Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

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Original title *Un'aliena per il Capitano Stiltonix*

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Interior illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (design)
and Daniele Verzini (color)

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Special thanks to Shannon Penney

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Interior design by Joseph Semien

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

14 15 16 17 18 19/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First printing, August 2014

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!**





A STRANGE, STRANGE NOISE . . .

It all started one stellar afternoon on my spaceship, the **MOUSESTAR 1**. I was in my cabin working on my *book* . . . when suddenly, I heard a strange, strange noise: **Grumble!**

“Holey craters! What was that?” I squeaked. “A Martian **invader**? An alien **slug** slipping in through a porthole? A carnivorous **bloboid** that escaped from Pluto?”

My whiskers **trembled** in fright!

I looked under the bed . . . **NOTHING!**

I checked behind the curtains . . . **NOTHING!**

I looked all around my desk . . . **NOTHING** there, either! Just the notes for the book

that I was writing: *The Amazing Adventures of the Spacemice*.

Oh, pardon me — I haven't introduced myself! My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I am the captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the most mouserific *spaceship* in the universe. It's a fabumouse job, but my **SECRET** dream is to be an author!

As I was saying, I **looked** everywhere to see what could have made that noise — behind the door, under the carpet,



Under the bed ...



Behind the curtains ...



All around the desk ...



on the bookshelf. But I couldn't find anything unusual. **NOT A SINGLE THING!**

I thought that maybe I had just imagined the noise. But suddenly . . . there it was again! Stellar Swiss cheese!

Grumble!

And again . . .

Grumble! Grumble!

And then again . . .

Grumble! Grumble! Grumble!

This time I was **SURE** I had heard something . . . and I realized it was coming from my stomach!

Oh, for the love of cheese — I was **cosmically hungry!** That's why my stomach was **growling**.

I needed a quick snack. Some **cheese** would really hit the spot!

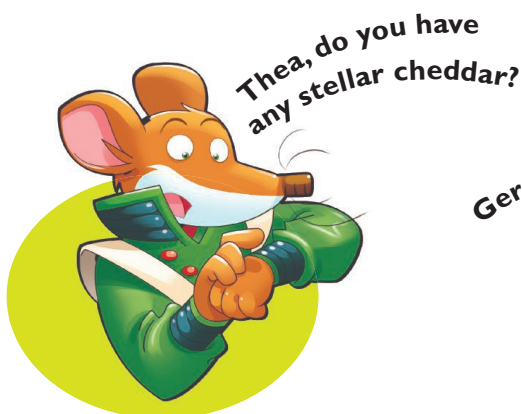


I headed toward the refrigerator in my room, but when I opened it, I was in for a terrible surprise. **IT WAS EMPTY!**

Leaping light-years! This was truly an **emERgency**.

I didn't have a crumb of cheese rind left! There was only one thing to do. I activated my **wrist phone** and called my sister, Thea.

"Thea, I have a problem. I'm out of cheese!" I exclaimed. "Do you have any **STELLAR CHEDDAR**? Or maybe a slice of **MARTIAN MOZZARELLA**? Even some **solar smoked Gouda** would do! I'm



COSMICALLY HUNGRY!”

Right on cue, my poor stomach made the loudest sound yet.

Grumble! Grumble! Grumble!

“Sorry, Geronimo,” Thea said. “I finished my last piece of Plutonian Parmesan just a few minutes ago. But why don’t you run over to the





SPACE YUM CAFÉ, Squizzy's restaurant?"

CHEESY COMETS, why didn't I think of that? I thanked Thea for her advice and **SCURRIED** out the door.

Squizzy was the cook on the *MouseStar 1*, and his restaurant was just a few hallways over from my cabin. I scampered at the *speed of light*, but by the time I turned the last corner, I found myself facing a long line of **GROWLING SPACE RODENTS**.





“That’s just **NOT POSSIBLE!**” one grumbled.

“You can’t make us all wait!” another joined in.

“I’m **extra-galactically hungry!**” squeaked a third.

Black holey cheese, what was going on? I turned to the nearest rodent. “Excuse me, why hasn’t Squizzy opened the restaurant yet?”

But at that moment, Squizzy appeared in the doorway holding a **big sign** in his claws:





COSMIC CHEESE RAYS!

Squizzly had run out of cheese reserves?! This was a disaster of galactic proportions!

Thinking fast, I ran straight to **GALAXY MART**, but that was **closed**, too!

Getting desperate, I tried the Cosmic Bakery, the Supernova Grill, and the Planetary Pizza Parlor.

They were all closed — because they had **run out** of cheese!

Was it possible that there wasn't a single **cheese rind** on the whole spaceship?!