

Geronimo Stilton

**THIS HOTEL
IS HAUNTED!**



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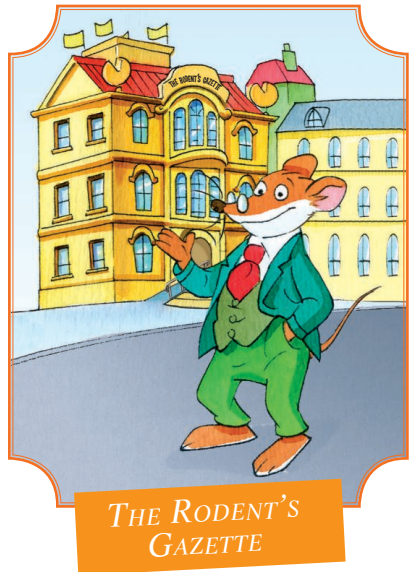


A MYSTERIOUS GHOST STORY

Dear mouse friends, my name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island. I'm also a writer by trade, and I love books.

I'm **glad** you're reading — I have a thrilling new **STORY** to tell!

It all started one morning while I was having **breakfast**. As I **poured** a cup of piping-**HOT** tea, I turned on the television.



THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE

LATE-BREAKING
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING
NEWS!



LATE-BREAKING
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING
NEWS!



The **NEWSMOUSE Pippi Skinnyfur** announced, “Late-breaking news! We are here at **NEW MOUSE CITY’S GRAND HOTEL**, where all the guests are leaving because of a **GHOST!**”

A ghost? I almost dropped my teacup. Had I heard right? Had she really said a **GHOST?**

“Yes, that’s right, you heard me, a **GHOST!**” Ms. Skinnyfur continued.

“How **strange!**” I exclaimed. “Every mouse knows there’s no such thing as ghosts!”

Behind Ms. Skinnyfur, rodents were scurrying out of the hotel. I could hear them squeaking, “We want our money back!”

Ms. Skinnyfur began interviewing the



AS I WAS HAVING
BREAKFAST . . .



. . . I TURNED ON THE
TV AND STARED.



A GHOST AT THE
GRAND HOTEL?!



owner of the Grand Hotel, **Horatzio Hoteltail**. “Mr. Hoteltail, a **CREEPY** ghost has been **HAUNTING** your hotel for about a month now. Is there anything you want to say to your guests?”

Poor Horatzio had tears in his eyes. “I want to extend a very sincere apology to our guests! I will refund all their **money**.”

“What will become of the Grand Hotel? It’s one of New Mouse City’s most beloved institutions. Will it be forced to **CLOSE**?” Ms. Skinnyfur asked.

I turned off the television. The whole situation was **STRANGE**.

I was concerned about poor Horatzio. He was an old friend of mine. Back in elemousery school, we used to spend our afternoons **scampering** around his family’s hotel.

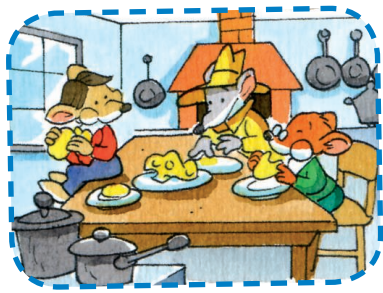


Back in school...



When we were young mice, my friend Hercule Poirat and I always did our homework at Horatzio's.

We used to play hide-and-seek down the long hallways of the Grand Hotel.



Then we would have a snack in the hotel's enormous kitchens . . .

... and we'd hide all the room keys from the receptionist, Oswald Rattaldo!

