

Geronimo Stilton

A FABUMOUSE SCHOOL ADVENTURE



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A VERY SPECIAL MORNING

It's true. I am not a morning mouse. But one **FALL** day, things got off to an especially bad start. Maybe it was because my **alarm clock** went off too early, or because I had to skip **breakfast**. Then again, maybe it was





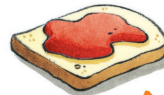
because I was in a mad rush. That morning just started off on the wrong paw: It was a typical **BAD DAY**. You know what I mean. It was one of those days when anything that could go wrong, did go **wrong**.

I'm the kind of mouse who likes a routine. In the morning, I wake up slowly, stretch lazily, cuddle back under my covers, and lounge for a while. I like to pick out my clothes carefully and then eat a **hearty**, leisurely breakfast before I leave for work.

I'm not the kind of mouse who **JUMPS**



CEREAL



TOAST
WITH JAM



MILK



FRUIT



out of bed at the crack of dawn and immediately **starts** doing yoga. No way!

As I was saying, that morning things seemed to be extra **topsy-turvy**.

First, the alarm clock went off extra early. It rang at 6:30 A.M., an hour before I usually get up! I stretched my arm, turned it off, and turned over to catch a few more **ZZZs**. I couldn't even think about getting up. It was



I'm **NOT** like this!



I'm like this!



just too early. But I knew I had to force myself out of bed, because it was a very **special** day for my nephew Benjamin! It was **CAREER DAY** at his school, and I had been invited to be a guest speaker. On Career Day, different people come in to talk about their jobs, and I was going to tell Benjamin's class about mine.

Oops, I'm sorry. I haven't told you what I do. I'm a **writer**, editor, and publisher. I publish the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island, *The Rodent's Gazette*. Everybody in New Mouse City reads it! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*.

If you want to know the truth, the thought of speaking in front of Benjamin's friends, his teachers, and the other guests made my tail **quiver**. It made my whiskers shaky and



my paws soggy with **sweat!** I'm a very **shy** mouse and I get terrible stage fright when I have to speak in front of people. I stammer and mix up words. I become clumsy. I get so frazzled I usually make a **FOOL** of myself! Nevertheless, I knew it was a very special day for Benjamin. I'd jump through flaming hoops for my nephew! I had to be super cool and smart, too.

“I’ll make Benjamin proud!”