

# Geronimo Stilton

## **A CHEESE-COLORED CAMPER**



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# MR. STILTON, WAIT!

One morning, I was in a **fabumouse** mood. I woke up before my alarm clock went off.

I made myself a delicious cheesy good **breakfast**. And I got a seat on the **subway**. Not an easy thing to do in crowded New Mouse City!

I was humming a happy **tune** when I reached my office.

Just then, my secretary came racing up to me. “Mr. Stilton, **wait!**” she squeaked. “Don’t open that door!”

But I had already turned the knob. How **strange**. Someone was sitting at my desk.



# GRANDFATHER WILLIAM SHORTPAWS

He was a **large** mouse with silver fur and shiny steel glasses. He was holding **my** phone in one paw. The other paw flipped through **my** desk calendar. He looked so **comfortable** in **my** chair, you'd think he owned the place. And, well, he did.

You see, the mouse was **my** grandfather. **GRANDFATHER WILLIAM SHORTPAWS.** He was the founder of the company.

Oops. I completely forgot to introduce myself. My name is *Stilton, Geronimo Stilton*. I am a publisher. I run





the most popular newspaper in New Mouse City. It's called the *The Rodent's Gazette*.

But where was I? Oh, yes, I was staring at my grandfather. "Hello, Grandfather," I squeaked. "How are you?"

