



My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where **anything could be possible**.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:
the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this
intergalactic adventure!

Geronimo Stilton



**PROFESSOR
PAWS VON VOLT**

THE SPACEMICE

GERONIMO
STILTONIX



TRAP
STILTONIX



THEA
STILTONIX

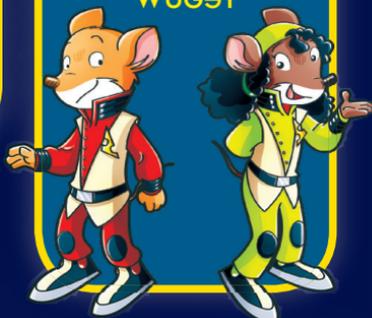


GRANDFATHER
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN
STILTONIX
AND BUGSY
WUGSY



Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

**AWAY IN A
STAR SLED**



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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 VERY SPECIAL SPEECH

It all began one day before **dawn**. Yes, you read that correctly: before dawn! Even though I'm usually the kind of mouse who can sleep until **noon**, that morning I woke up very, very early. I headed right to my desk without even changing out of my pajamas.



I **ABSOLUTELY** had to finish working on something very

IMPORTANT!

It was no **easy** task, though. In fact, for forty-five stellar minutes,

I **GNAWED** on my



laser pen as I tried to think of something to write!

Oh, I'm so sorry! I haven't introduced myself. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**, and I am the captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the most mouserific spaceship in the whole universe. Honestly, though, my real **dream** is to become a writer!

As I was saying, I was working on a very important assignment when my personal robot assistant, **ASSISTATRIX**, burst into my cabin as he does every morning.

“**Wake up, wake up, wake** — what?” he said in surprise. “But you're already awake, Captain!”

“Uh, that's right,” I replied. “I'm working on my speech for the **NIGHT OF THE DANCING STARS** party!”

You might be wondering what that is. **Well,**



A VERY SPECIAL SPEECH

I'll tell you! It's the event everyone has been looking forward to for **months!**

Every year, there is a wonderful night when the stars **DANCE** around the **universe**, painting colorful trails behind them in the sky. On this magical night, the jolly **elfix** — citizens of the planet **TWINKLIX** — fly their star sled across the universe, bringing beautiful presents to everyone. It's a night full of **joy**, friendship, and happiness, and we **spacemice** celebrate by exchanging small gifts and throwing an enormous party!

In other words, the Night of the Dancing Stars is the most beloved holiday in the **Cheddar Galaxy** . . . actually, in the entire **universe!**

As captain of the *MouseStar 1*, I had to prepare a very **special** speech for that

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

THE NIGHT OF THE DANCING STARS

The elfix work all year to make gifts for every creature in the universe. On the Night of the Dancing Stars, they fly all over the galaxies in a giant star sled adorned with tiny silver bells, delivering presents to the four corners of the universe.



From the Encyclopedia Galactica

THE ELFIX

Home Planet: Twinklix, a planet shaped like a wrapped package

Specialty: Making beautiful gifts

Motto: "Away in a star sled we go, bringing gifts to all we know!"





very **special** night. But Assistatrix wasn't listening. My personal assistant robot just carried on with his usual morning routine.

"Captain Stiltonix, it's time to wash up!" Assistatrix ordered. "**Wash up! Wash up! Wash up!**"

I sighed. It was no use fighting that **STUBBORN** little robot. So I stepped into the **Wash-O-Mouse** for my morning shower.

"You know what, Assistatrix?" I said as I stepped out of the Wash-O-Mouse after it was finished. "A nice warm shower with a **lunar cheese**-scented bath gel was just what I needed! Now I'm ready to focus on my spee — **Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!**"

I had stepped right on a **SLIPPERY** bar of solar soap. I slipped all over my cabin like a spaceship trying to avoid an incoming asteroid.



Galactic Gorgonzola! What bad luck!

I was just about to slam my snout into the cabin door when Assistatrix **grabbed** me by my bath towel and lifted me into the air.

“This is not the time to go skating, Captain,” he ordered. “*Get dressed! Get dressed! Get dressed!*”

He pushed me toward my closet, and I quickly got dressed.





A VERY SPECIAL SPEECH

“Captain, you’re late for the party rehearsal!” Assistatrix **THUNDERED**.
“Run, run, run! Everyone is waiting for you at the **Space Yum Café!**”

I raced out of my cabin in a **DAZE** and hailed an astrotaxi. An astrosecond later, I was **ZOOMING** toward the spaceship’s restaurant.