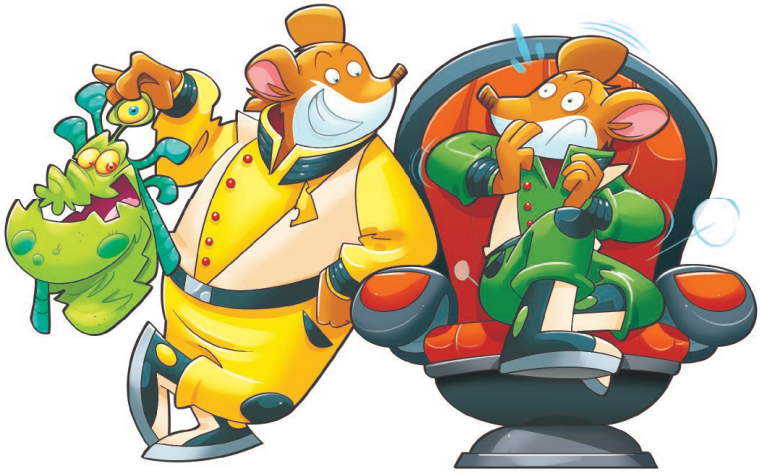


Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

ALIEN ESCAPE



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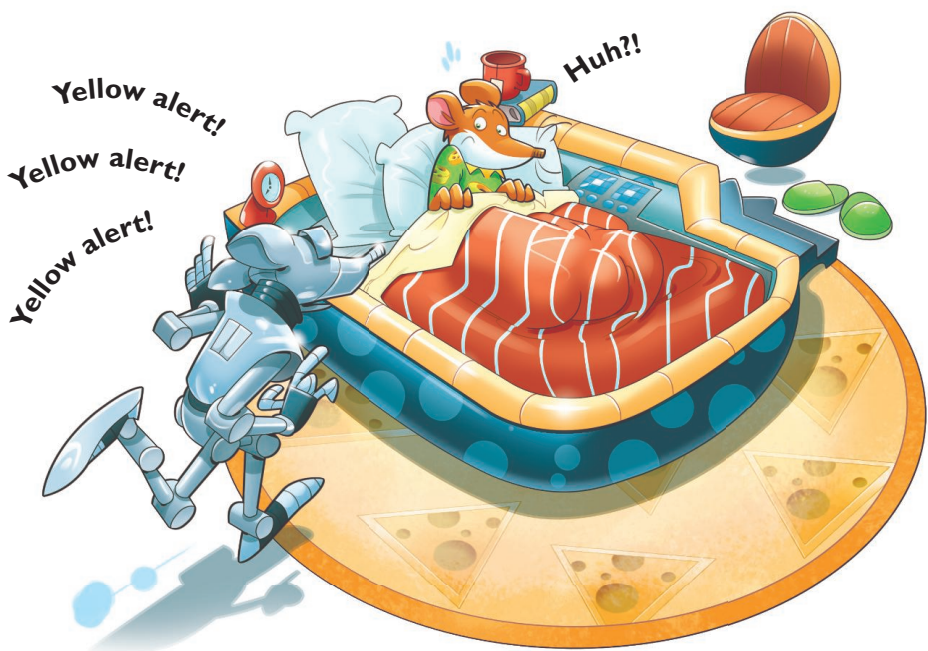
GALACTIC GORGONZOLA!

It was a calm morning in space aboard the **MOUSESTAR 1**, the most **FABUMOUSE** spaceship in the universe.

We were traveling at **super-warp** speeds in the far-off **Cheddar Galaxy**.

I was still asleep in my cabin, snoring blissfully, when **SOMEONE** appeared behind me, sneakily took hold of my blanket, and shouted in a robotic voice:

**“Yellow alert!
Yellow alert!
Yellow alertrrrrrrt!”**



My eyes flew open as if I'd been stung by a swarm of **space bees**.

It was **Assistatrix**, my personal-assistant robot.

“**GALACTIC GORGONZOLA!**”
I squeaked. “What is it? What’s wrong? Have **aliens** invaded? Did a meteorite hit the spaceship?”



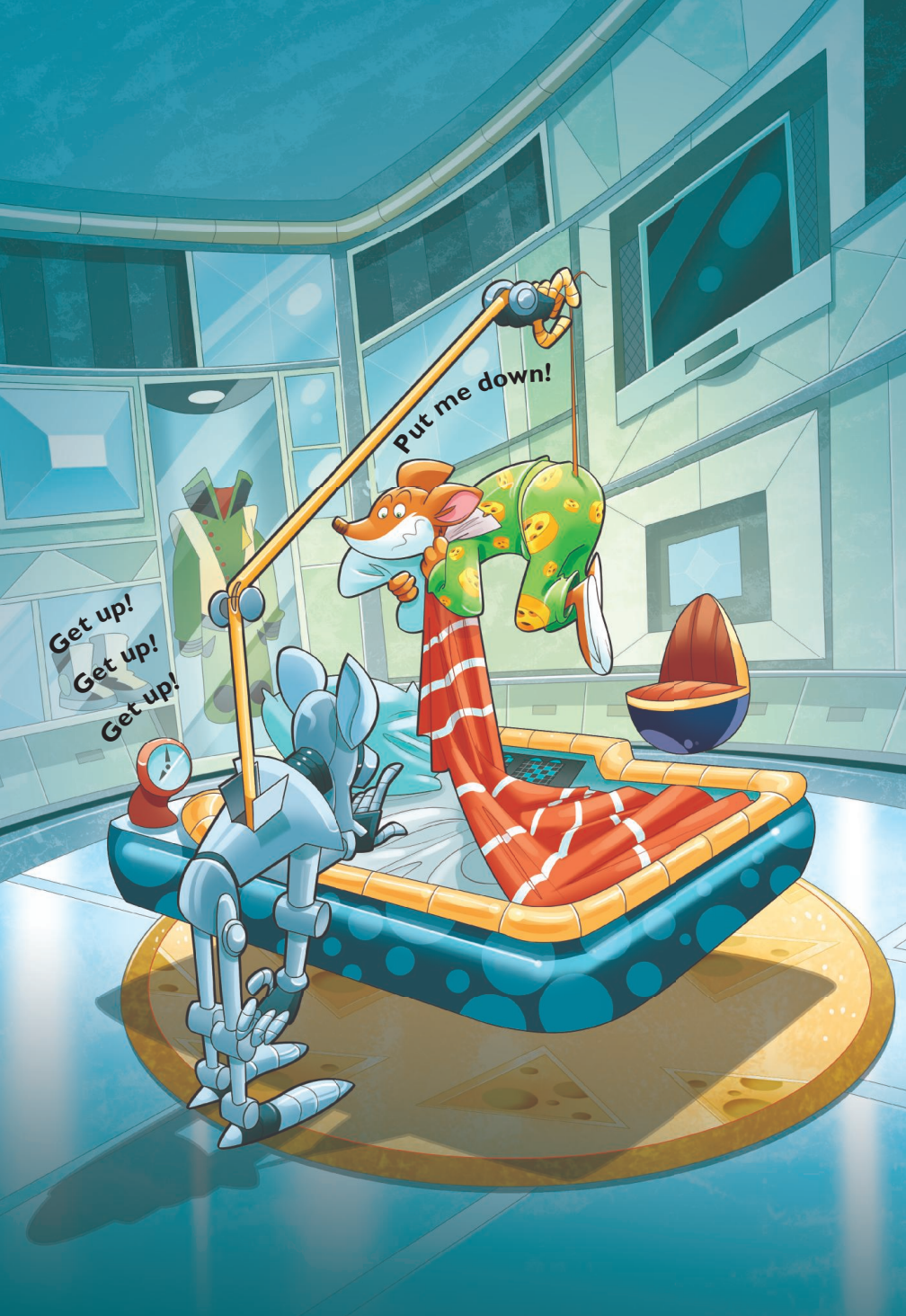
“**Good morning, Captain Stiltonix,**” Assistatrix announced in his metallic voice. “It’s seven o’clock, intergalactic time. It’s time to get up. Time to get up. **TIME TO GET UP!**”

“**Assistatrix**, how many times have I told you not to wake me up with the yellow alert?” I grumbled. “Couldn’t you use a more relaxing alarm, like the *Symphony of the Galaxies?*”

“Negative, Captain,” he replied. “The **yellow alert** is the only one that works with you. Now, **GET UP, GET UP, GET UP!**”

A long mechanical arm **extended** from a compartment in Assistatrix’s back. The arm grabbed me by the tail and lifted me **up** like a fish on a hook!

“**Help!**” I squeaked. “Put me down!”



Put me down!

Get up!
Get up!
Get up!



I'll get ready at the **SPEED OF LIGHT** — I promise!”

I should have kept my snout shut. A second later, he released me suddenly, and **bam!** I crashed to the ground, smacking my snout against the floor and crushing my whiskers. **OUCH!**

Sometimes I really wish that the **MOUSESTAR 1** didn't have **artificial gravity**. In zero gravity, I would have just **floated** away instead of crashing to the floor!

I rubbed my sore whiskers as Assistatrix continued to squeak at me.

“Captain Stiltonix, you're late. Late, late, late! **It's time to wash, time to wash, time to wash!**”

MARTIAN MOZZARELLA!

He can't treat me that way — I'm the captain of this ship!

The Wash-O-Mouse

OOPS! I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I'm the captain of the **MOUSESTAR 1**, the most fabumouse spaceship in the entire universe!

Assistatrix grabbed me by the tail and pushed me into the **Wash-O-Mouse**, the ship's space-age shower. As soon as the doors closed, I was hit with a powerful jet of **icy** water!

"Assistatrix!" I cried, my teeth chattering.



Phase 1: Wash



Phase 2: Scrub



Phase 3: Dry



“This shower is *F-F-Freeezing!*”

But three **ROTATING** brushes had already grabbed me, **squeezed** me, scrubbed me, polished me, and buffed me.

Finally, I was hit with a *blast* of hot air to fluff up my fur.

“Yeow!” I squeaked. “Assistatrix! This air is **boiling hot!**”

Why, oh, why was I being subjected to such **terrible** treatment? I never wanted to be a spaceship captain! My greatest dream in life is actually to become an **author**. I’ve always wanted to write a novel about the **adventures** of the spacemice. But I never seem to have the time! I’m always too busy **ZIPPING** around the galaxy as captain of the **MOUSESTAR 1**.

I stumbled out of the Wash-O-Mouse



and **shook** out my fur. Then Assistatrix opened the door to my closet for me.

“Captain Stiltonix, today I recommend you wear your *dress uniform*,” Assistatrix said.

“There’s a control room visit scheduled with the former captain of the ship, the retired admiral, **His Excellency**, the great William Stiltonix.”

“**What? What? What?**”

I squeaked. “Grandfather William is coming to the control room? Today? Why am I always the last to know?”

HELP!”

What? What? What?
Grandfather William is coming?

