Geronimo Stilton

THE MYSTERIOUS CHEESE THIEF

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Hello, mouse fans. Have we met? My name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton. Did you know that Stilton is the name of a very special cheese that is made in England? I didn’t.

But then I went on a trip in my grandfather’s cheese-colored camper. I found out lots of things I never knew about cheeses, and, more importantly, about my family. It all started like this . . .
It was a freezing-cold Friday night in winter. I should have been home warming my paws by the fire, but I wasn’t. Instead, I was working late at the office, putting together an illustrated encyclopedia of cheeses. I was just drooling over a photograph of some cheddar cheese balls when the bell rang. Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

At the door stood a distinguished-looking rodent. He was dressed in a very expensive suit and carried a thick folder filled with papers.

“Good evening,” he squeaked. “I’m looking for the mouse who calls himself Geronimo Stilton.”
“I’m the mouse, I mean the Stilton, er, that is—I’m Geronimo Stilton,” I stammered. Then I stuck out my paw. Aunt Sweetfur always told me that a pawshake is the polite way to greet a visitor.

But the rodent just scowled. I guess he missed that lesson on manners.

“STILTON?” he replied in a snide voice. “You mean STILTON, starting with an ‘s’ and ending with an ‘n’? Are you certain that’s really your name?”

I puffed up my fur. Who did this rude mouse think he was?

“Of course, I’m sure my name is STILTON!”
I insisted. “I’ve been a Stilton since the day I was born. It’s my family name.”

The mouse just smirked. Then he handed me an official-looking piece of paper.

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that,” he said. Then, without another word, he turned and left.

Baffled, I closed the door behind him.

What a strange visitor. Then I thought of something. Maybe he was from that crazy reality TV show, Say Squeak! I looked around my office for hidden cameras. Was someone playing a trick on me?

Maybe the document in my paw would help me get to the bottom of this. I cleaned my glasses, so I could see better. Then I began to read.

The paper was from the well-known rodent lawyer Ratly Von Doright III.

It said:
Dear Mr. Geronimo:

We are writing to inform you that from this day forward you may no longer use the last name Stilton to refer to yourself or any other member of your family.

Obviously, you are not aware that the name Stilton is the registered trademark of an English cheese. (And not just any cheese—Stilton is the king of English cheeses!)

Therefore, you must cease and desist using this name immediately, or we will be forced to take further action!

Yours cheesily,

Ratly Von Doright III Esq.
Counsel to the Stilton Cheesemakers’ Association