

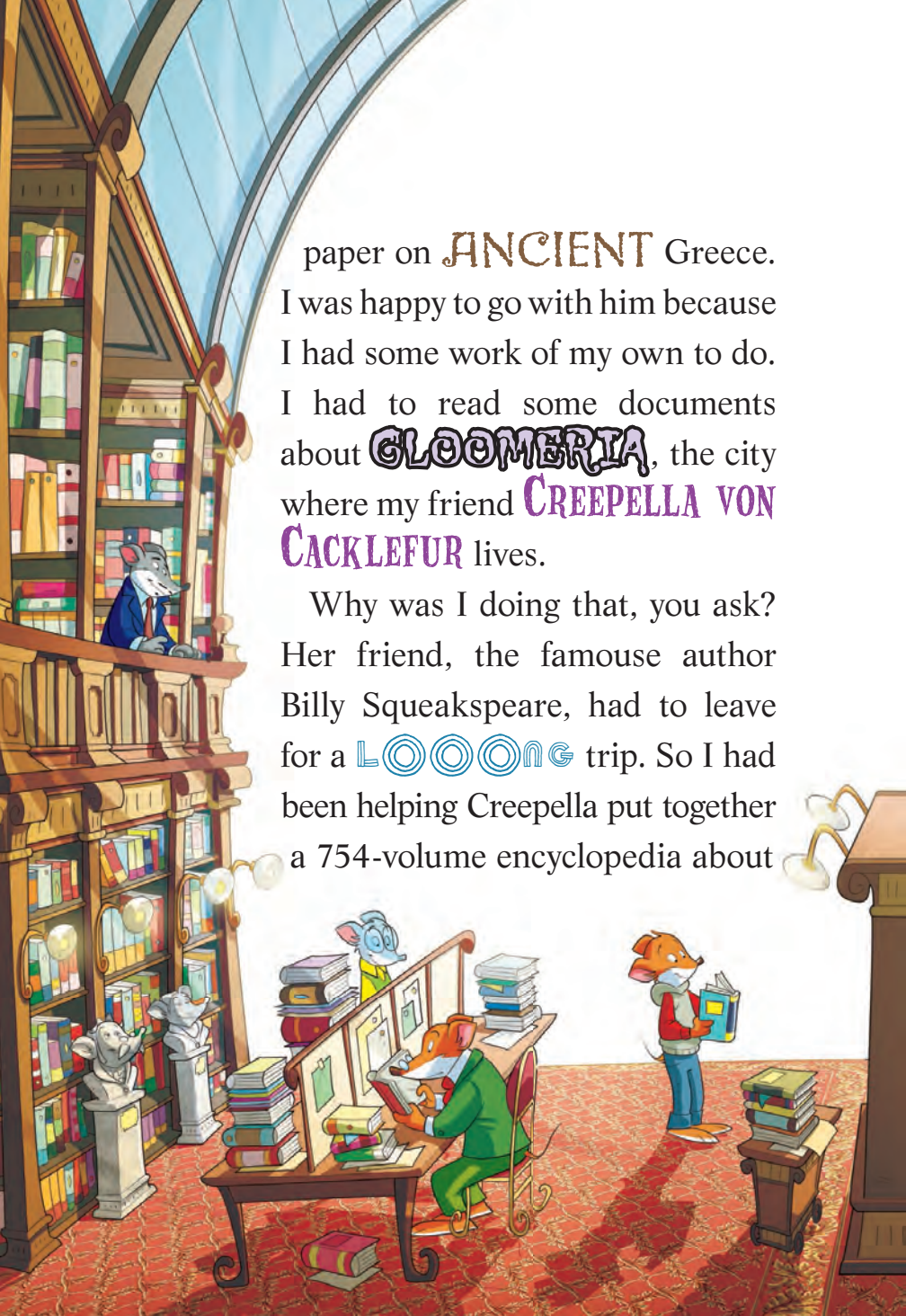


AN AFTERNOON IN THE LIBRARY

A ray of sun as **yellow** as cheese sauce streamed through the window and lit up the rows and rows of **BOOKS** around me. The multicolored spines **glimmered** in the sunlight. I breathed deeply, enjoying the **lovely** smell of all that printed paper.

I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I'm the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island.

I was spending a pleasant afternoon in the **New Mouse City Library**. My nephew Benjamin was writing a research



paper on **ANCIENT** Greece. I was happy to go with him because I had some work of my own to do. I had to read some documents about **GLOOMERTIA**, the city where my friend **CREPELLA VON CACKLEFUR** lives.

Why was I doing that, you ask? Her friend, the famous author Billy Squeakspeare, had to leave for a **L O O O O N G** trip. So I had been helping Crepella put together a 754-volume encyclopedia about

the **GHOSTS** of Gloomeria.
Each volume is three thousand
pages long. Yikes! Poor me!

As the sun began to set outside, it
cast strange **SHADOWS** on the
library floor. I put down the **spooky**
book about ghosts that I was reading
and shivered. I needed a break!

I stretched and walked over to
Benjamin's table. He looked up when
he saw me.

"The **ANCIENT** Greeks were
MOUSE-TASTIC!" he said.

