

Geronimo Stilton

THE STINKY CHEESE VACATION



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A GLOOMY LETTER

It was a **dreary** November evening. A **cold** wind blew, **shaking** the last dry leaves from the branches of the trees that swayed just outside my office window.

WHAT A GLOOMY ATMOSPHERE!

As the sun **SANK** below the horizon,



**Geronimo Stilton's
office**





long **SHADOWS** spread over the streets of New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, and the city where I live.

WHOOPS! The gloom must have affected my **manners**, because I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!* I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUS** newspaper on Mouse Island.

Now where was I? Ah, yes. It was **late** and everyone else on the editorial staff had gone **home**. But I was still working in my office, which is on the **top** floor of the building. It had been so busy that

I still hadn't opened the day's **MAIL**! I pushed aside a pile of papers and contracts that I needed to read, and I noticed a





letter tied with a gloomy **black** ribbon.

Holey Swiss cheese! It looked like the type of letter someone sends when a mouse has **died!**

My whiskers were **shaking** with worry. With **trembling** paws, I slowly opened the envelope. Inside, I found a **crumpled** piece of paper with a **black** border. I glanced at the bottom of the letter to see the signature. It was from **SAMUEL S. STINGYSNOUT!**

Do you know him? No?! *Lucky you!*

Samuel Stingysnout is the **stingiest** rodent on Mouse Island. He would do anything to save money or to get his paws on something **FREE**. And unfortunately Samuel Stingysnout also happens to be . . . my **uncle!**

I read the letter.



Dear Geronimo,

Excuse the stains on this letter — they are just my sad, sad tears. Dear me, I have some gloomy news: I am informing you of my impending departure from this world (and by this I mean my death, which is coming very, very soon!).

So I beg you to come visit right away. And I mean immediately, or as soon as you possibly can! I am waiting here at Penny Pincher Castle, the Stingysnout family home, to give you my last — and by this I mean my very last — good-bye!

Your affectionate uncle,
Samuel S. Stingysnout

P.S. Don't forget to bring your checkbook!



Oh no! **POOR** Uncle Stingysnout! Though, when I saw him just a few days ago, he seemed to be in **PERFECT** health. **HOW STRANGE!** What could have **HAPPENED**? He didn't mention anything in the **letter**. But it was very clear what I needed to do: go and **visit** him!





Of course, I wasn't sure exactly what I was going to **DO** there (he hadn't mentioned that in the **letter**, either!). But I noticed that he very clearly told me to bring my **checkbook**. So I put it in my pocket, packed my **Suitcase**, and loaded up the car. Then I headed toward Penny Pincher Castle right away!

