



Geronimo Stilton

# THE SHIP OF SECRETS

THE TENTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE  
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



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# *Protectors of the Kingdom of Fantasy*



## *Geronimo Stilton*

I am a bestselling author, and I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island. I often travel to the Kingdom of Fantasy to help Queen Blossom. This is my tenth visit!



## *Scribblehopper*

I am Geronimo's guide on his visits to the Kingdom of Fantasy. I am a chatty frog with a big heart. I dream of writing a bestselling book someday!



## *Blossom*

I am known as the Queen of the Fairies, the White Queen, and the Lady of Peace and Happiness. I hope to unite the world in love, light, and harmony.

### *Sweet Melinda*

I am the Princess of the Vanilla Fairies, the only fairies in the Kingdom of Fantasy that look like young mice with wings! I am Queen Blossom's dear friend.



### *The Dragonfly Princesses*

We reign over the giant dragonflies that live in Sweetwater Lake, next to Crystal Castle.



### *Wink*

I am the fastest of the Blue Weasels. I am curious, generous, and ready to do whatever it takes to save the Blue Weasels!





# THE BEST COUSIN IN THE WORLD...

It was a gloomy Friday afternoon in New Mouse City. The weather was **DAMP** and **cold**, and I was holed up in my office, hard at work.

Oops, I'm sorry! I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*! I run

*The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island.





Anyway, as I was saying, I was in the office and a **thunderstorm** was brewing. The wind was **blowing** so hard it rattled the windows and bent the branches of the trees. For a second, I thought I heard a strange voice outside:

*"Knüüüight! Knüüüight! Knüüüight! Knüüüight!  
Knüüüight! Knüüüight! Knüüüight! Knüüüight!"*

I ran to look out the window, but all I saw were rodents **SCURRYING** to get indoors. **How strange!** It was probably all in my imagination. Or it could have been just the sound of the **WIND** . . .

I worked until the late afternoon, while the sky grew darker and more threatening. In the distance, I heard the booming of **thunder**. Then suddenly, the door to my office flew open!

Someone dressed in a **BLACK** jacket, a fluttering **red silk** cape, and a top hat



My hat!

Heeeelp!



came in. He was holding a cane with a **skull-shaped** knob at the end. He wore a black **M A S K** over his snout, and in his right paw, he carried a small crystal bottle full of a **sparkling** red liquid. Behind him, he pulled a red, velvet-lined **COFFIN** on wheels. But the most **TERRIFYING** thing about this mysterious rodent was that he had fangs just like a vampire!

“**Aaaaaahhhh!**” I screamed.

I turned as pale as mozzarella. I’m not **brave** at all . . . In fact, I’m a real scaredy-mouse!

Then a bolt of lightning **LIT UP** the room.

**ZING!**

A second later, the lights went **out!**

Before I fainted from fright, the mysterious mouse **giggled**.

“Geronimo, you really are easy to **fool**,” the mouse said.



Aaaaaahhh!



It was only then that I recognized his voice. I looked more closely and saw that the **TEETH** were made of plastic. Furthermore, the mouse's paw was on the light switch. The lights hadn't gone out — he had **FLICKED** them off!

"You're not a vampire," I said accusingly. "You're my cousin **TRAP!**"

"Oh, Gerrykins, you're so gullible!" he said, laughing. "So, what do you think of my **vampire**



Who was the vampire who had come into my office?



It was my cousin Trap! His teeth were fake and the bottle was filled with tomato juice!



costume? I figured I'd try it out on you to see how **authentic** it is."

I dried the sweat from my forehead. My whiskers were still **trembling** with fear.

"Ha, ha," I said weakly. "It's a very **GOOD** costume. But you almost scared me **OUT OF MY FUR!**"

"Oh, come on, Gerry Berry." He snickered. "Can't you take a little joke? I'm the **best** cousin in the world, right?"

"Well, you aren't boring," I replied. My cousin can be a bit **MUCH**.

"I just **knew** you'd like my costume," Trap continued, smiling proudly. "Now aren't you going to ask **WHY** I'm dressed like a vampire, **Germeister?**"

"No, thanks!" I said. "I'm really not interested, Trap. I'm very busy **WORKING**. And my name is Geronimo. That's **G-E-R-O-N-I-M-O!**"



Trap drank a sip of **tomato juice**, cleaned his whiskers on my tie, and giggled.

“But I think you’ll find it **very** interesting, Geronimo,” he said slyly. “After all, you’re **invited**, too!”

He **WAVED** a card under my nose, but I couldn’t see what it said.

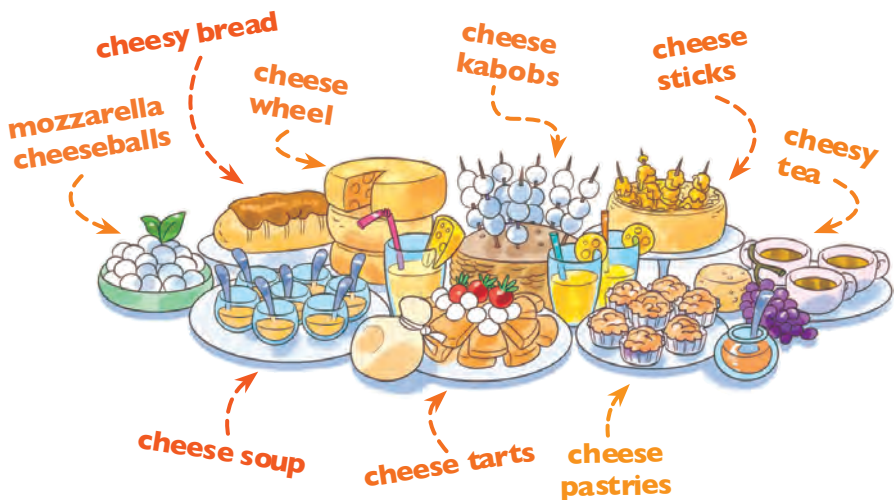
Then Trap read aloud: “Mr. Geronimo Stilton is invited to the *New Mouse City Grand Masked Ball*. All guests must arrive dressed





as their favorite fantasy characters. Costumes are mandatory — **NO EXCEPTIONS!** The ball begins Friday at midnight in the ballroom at Goldenfur Castle.”

On the back of the invite there was a note: “By the way, don’t be late! There will be an all-you-can-eat **CHEESE BUFFET**, but it’s first come, first served!”





# MASKS FOR MICE

I hit my head with my paw. The Grand Masked Ball was the most famous party in New Mouse City, and it was happening **tonight!** I had completely forgotten.

**"Chewy cheddar chunks!"**

I squeaked. "I promised Creepella von Cacklefur I would go with her, but I don't have a costume yet."

Trap just shook his head.

"Oh, Gerry Berry, you're in **TROUBLE**," he said in a singsong voice. "Creepella has a **TERRIBLE TEMPER!**"

I absolutely had to fix this. So I called my sister, Thea, **RIGHT AWAY**.

"Hi, Thea," I said quickly. "Where can I find a **COSTUME** for tonight's masked ball?"



“Are you **kidding**?” came her reply. “Everyone knows the stores in New Mouse City don’t have any costumes left!”

I was about to **cry**.

Creepella might be my friend, but she has a **TERRIBLE TEMPER**! I told her I would go to the ball with her months ago! What in the

Oh no!



1

I had forgotten that the Grand Masked Ball was tonight!

Oh, help!



2

I didn’t have a costume yet...

What a disaster!



3

And my date—my friend Creepella—has a terrible temper!



name of **cheese** was I going to do?

But then Thea had an **IDEA**.

“Wait a minute, Geronimo!” she squeaked. “You could try my friend Felicia Fashionfur’s store. It’s called **Masks for Mice**, and it’s at thirteen Masquerade Lane. Give her my name, okay? Hopefully she can help you.”

I dashed out the door right away and flagged down a **TAXI**.

“Number thirteen Masquerade Lane,” I told the driver. “And please **hurry**!”

A few minutes later, the taxi stopped in front of a store with a large painted **WOODEN** sign that read **Masks for Mice**. This was it!

As I paid my driver, I noticed that a mouse dressed as a **WITCH** was locking up the shop.

“Wait!” I squeaked. “Please don’t close! I need a costume **right away**!”

The rodent at the door was wearing a **pointy**



SALE!

SALE!

50% OFF

Wait!

Masks for Mice

MASKS FOR MICE

Huh?



hat, a **PURPLE** silk dress, and pointy-toed **shoes**.

“You’re Thea’s brother, Geronimo, right?” she asked.

“Um, yes, that’s me,” I replied. “My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I need —”

She cut me off before I could finish.

“I know what you need,” she said. “A **costume** for tonight’s ball! But I don’t have any left. That’s how it goes — it’s the **BEST** party of the year! Everyone’s going, even me! I’m dressed as a **witch**. What do you think of my costume?”

“It’s **great**,” I replied. Then I fell to my knees, **SOBBING**. “But don’t you have a costume for me, too? Any costume will do — I’ll take **whatever you’ve got**! Otherwise Creepella will —”

Felicia **shuddered** and then interrupted me again.



“**Moldy mozzarella!**” she exclaimed. “Say no more. I went to school with Creepella. She’s a great friend, but that mouse has a **TERRIBLE TEMPER!** Follow me inside and let’s see what I can find.”

I followed her up a **spiral** staircase and into a **D A R K** room. I was feeling hopeful, until my eyes adjusted to the dark. All around me

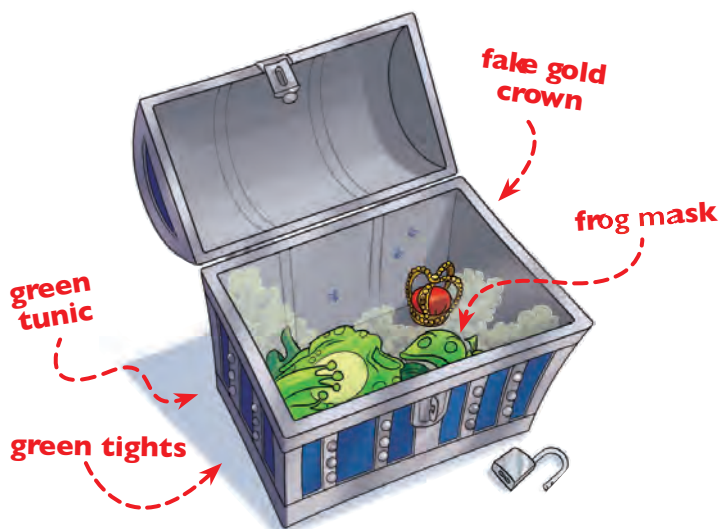




were thousands and thousands and thousands of hangers — but they were all **EMPTY**!

Felicia began to rummage around in a corner.

“Oh, it must be here . . . or maybe here . . . or it could be there,” she muttered. “Oh, here it is! I knew I’d find it **SOMEWHERE!**”





Finally, at the bottom of a very dusty trunk, she found a **GREEN** tunic and tights, a **fROG** mask, and a fake gold **CRoWN** decorated with fake stones. There was also a broken chain with a **MEDALLION** on it that read:

**WHO WANTS TO KISS ME?**