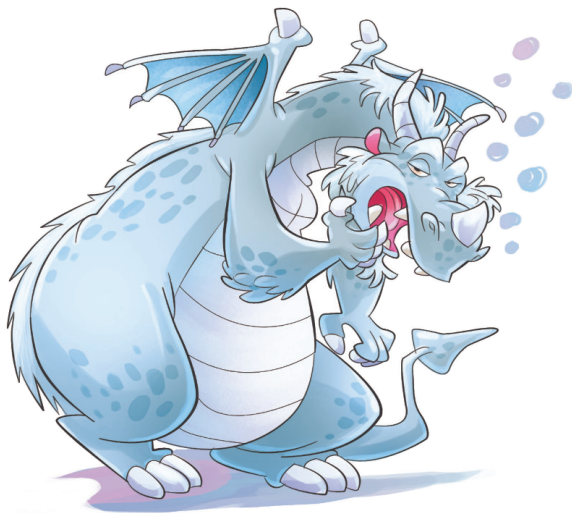


Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

THE DRAGON CROWN



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A QUIET MORNING

It was a chilly winter morning in **MOUSEBORG**, the capital of Mouseking Island. The sun was just beginning to rise, and I felt incredibly **mouserific!**

As you know, dear reader, I love snuggling up in my cozy bed. There's nothing I enjoy more than burrowing under the **warm** blankets like a hibernating groundhog. But that morning, I wanted to feel the sun on my fur. I had to **GET OUT** in

What a fabumouse day!





A QUIET MORNING

the open air. So I **LEAPED** out of bed, eager as a squirrel on a nut hunt.

Oh, excuse me, I'm such a fuzzbrain! I almost forgot to introduce myself. My name is **GERONIMO STILTONORD**, and I'm a smarty-mouseking.

What was I squeaking about? Oh, right! That morning I **woke** up very early. After eating an enormous **breakfast** of pancakes with reindeer butter and fjordberry **JAM**, I left my little hut and went looking for a **peaceful** spot to work.

I soon found a **bench** overlooking the fjords. Great groaning glaciers, what a lovely view. It was absomously the perfect place to work.

I'd just pulled out all my



writing tools
when someone
tapped me on the
tail.

It was my cousin
TRAP STILTONORD,
the village inventor.

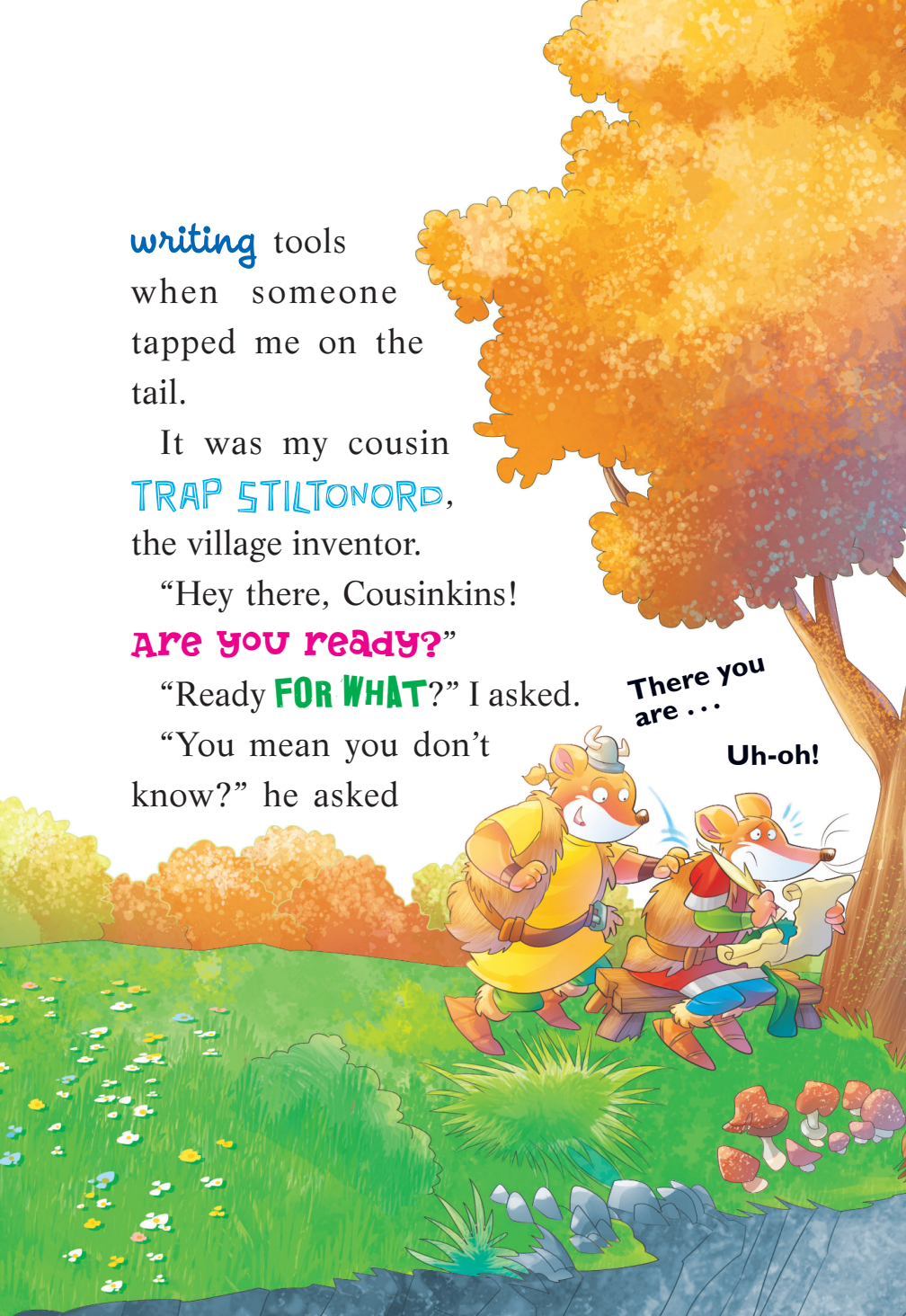
“Hey there, Cousinkins!
Are you ready?”

“Ready **FOR WHAT?**” I asked.

“You mean you don’t
know?” he asked

There you
are ...

Uh-oh!





A QUIET MORNING



with a grin. “**SVEN** decided you need some special training!”

A **CHILL** ran down my tail. “S-special . . . t-t-training?”

“Of course!” Trap said, smirking. “Haven’t you heard? Real **MICEKINGS** must be in tip-top shape. We’ve got to be agile, athletic, and fit! And, Cuz, just look at you. You’re as soft as a **SHIVERING JELLYFISH!**”

“But . . . but . . . I can’t start training right now!” I stammered. “I have to prepare a new runes **lesson** for Benjamin, and then I have to write a speech for the opening of the Gloop Festival, and after that I have to copy the seventh **volume** of the *Ancient Chronicles of Micekings* . . .”

“No buts!” Trap scolded me. “You wouldn’t want to disobey our **BRAVE** chief, would you?”

You have to come
with me!

But ...

My cousin had a point. When our chief, Sven, decides something, no mouseking dares disobey. If they do, he shouts

**very, very, very
LOUDLY!**

And a bookish little mouseking like me lives for quiet.

“But I’ve just found the perfect **place** to **write** . . .” I moaned.

Trap **grabbed** me by the paw. “Move those paws and stop dragging that tail! Sven is waiting on the Field of Eternal Challenges.”

