

Dear mouse friends,  
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton







**Geronimo Stilton**

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



**Thea Stilton**

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



**Trap Stilton**

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



**Benjamin Stilton**

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



# Geronimo Stilton

## **GARBAGE DUMP DISASTER**



Scholastic Inc.

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

Copyright © 2019 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Palazzo Mondadori, Via Mondadori 1, 20090 Segrate, Italy. International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A. English translation © 2021 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted. Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami. [geronimostilton.com](http://geronimostilton.com)

Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

*Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association.*

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the copyright holder. For information regarding permission, please contact: Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail [foreignrights@atlantyca.it](mailto:foreignrights@atlantyca.it), [atlantyca.com](http://atlantyca.com).

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-1-338-75684-5

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Lo strano caso del ladro di spazzatura*

Cover by Iacopo Bruno, Giuseppe Facciotto, and Christian Aliprandi

Graphic designer: Pietro Piscitelli/theWorldofDOT

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto, Carolina Livio, Diaria Cerchi, and Valeria Cairoli

Translated by Anna Pizzelli

Special thanks to Anna Bloom

Interior design by Becky James

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 21 22 23 24 25

Printed in the U.S.A. 40

First printing 2021



# SOMETHING STINKS!

I **tossed** and turned in bed. The night air was hotter than the inside of a grilled cheese. I counted cats, I stared at the **moon**, I tried listening to a podcast about the history of **Parmesan**. Just as I finally drifted off to sleep, a **LOUD** noise jolted me awake.

*Ring, ring, ring!*





**Holy cheese**, I had to get to the office! I am *Geronimo Stilton*, the editor-in-chief of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper on Mouse Island.

I rushed to the office and sat at my desk. I quickly drank my **cheddar kale smoothie** and got to work on my latest article. Deep in thought, I barely noticed when the door to my office **squeaked** open.

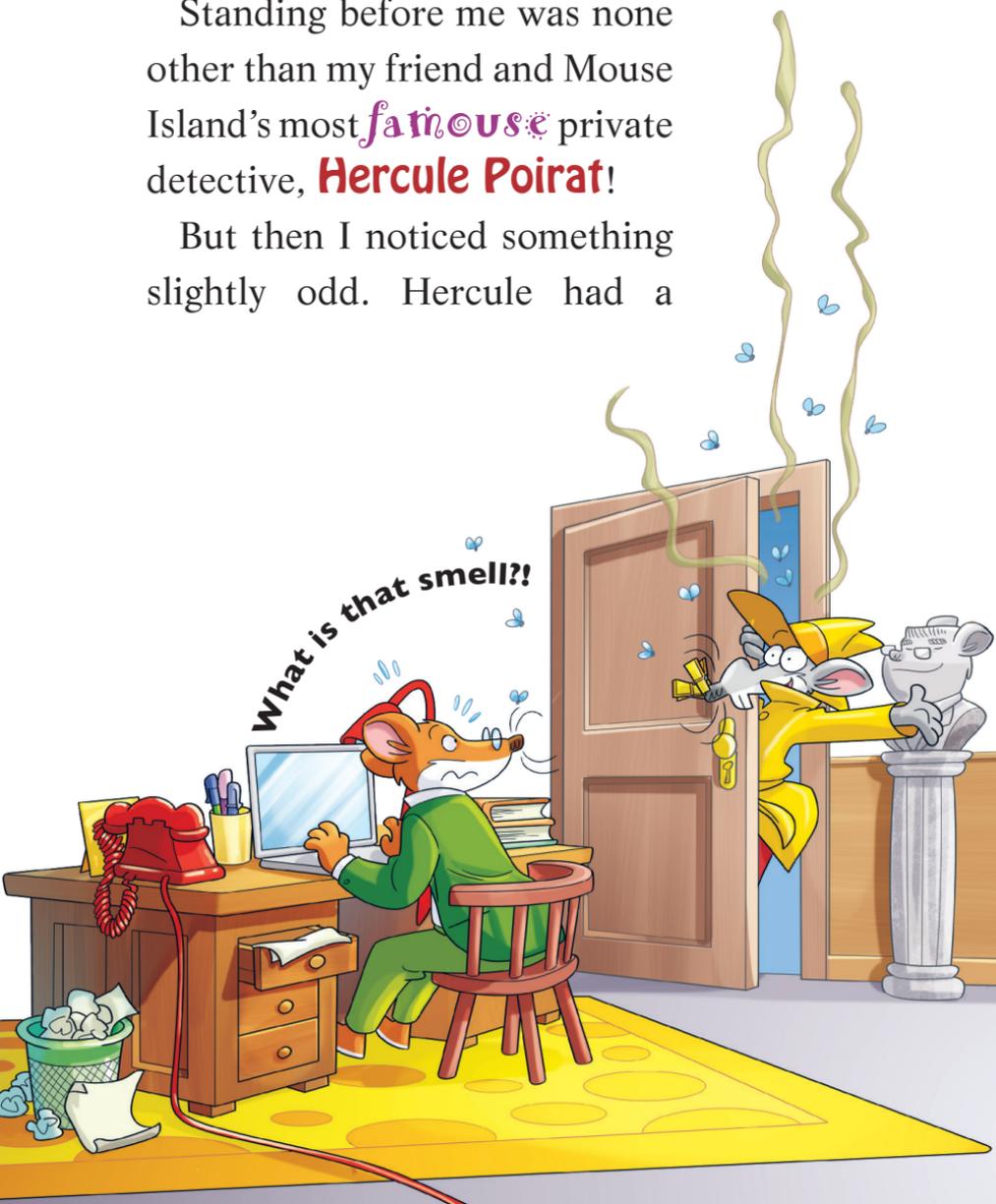
But I did notice a strange **SMELL**. In fact, it was hard not to notice! The smell was really more of a **big stink**. Or a big stinky stench. What was that?

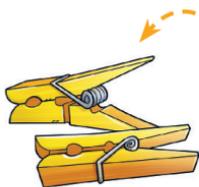
Without looking up from my computer, I held my nose with my paw. "**Rotten Gorgonzola**, who's there?"

A familiar snout peeked through the door. The snout was familiar and so was the banana-yellow overcoat . . .

Standing before me was none other than my friend and Mouse Island's most *famous* private detective, **Hercule Poirat**!

But then I noticed something slightly odd. Hercule had a





**clothespin** perched right on the end of his snout!

He started talking a mile a minute. “Beronimo, can you doo bee a bavor?”

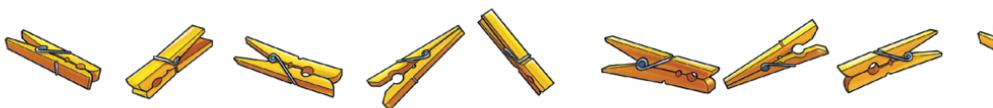
I waved my paws to get him to **STOP**. “Slow down, Hercule! I can’t understand a Parmesan-dusted thing you are saying!”

He started over, **LOUDER** and **slower** this time. “Beronimo. Can you doo bee a baaaaaaavooooor. Bits urgent!!”

My **WHISKERS** shook with impatience. “Hercule! I have no idea what you’re saying. I don’t have time for this. I’m working on a very important fondue article!”

Hercule let out a **squeak** of surprise and pointed a paw at the **clothespin** on his snout.

He removed it and started over. “There! Can you understand me now?”





I nodded **wearily**.

“Great! Because I need you to do me a favor! It’s urgent!” He clasped his  together.

I sighed. “**Twisted cat tails!** Every time you visit, it’s because you need something. And it’s always very urgent.”

Hercule just grinned at me in response. Reluctantly, I gave him my full attention.

“Okay, what’s so urgent? And why are you wearing a clothespin? And why do you **smell** so terrible?” I said, sniffing.

Hercule leaped toward my desk and pulled a tissue out of his overcoat pocket. With it came an avalanche of **clothespins**.

“Geronimo, something in New Mouse City stinks worse than **rotten** Gorgonzola. And I’m not talking about this smell. I’m talking about — a thief!”





“A thief?” I repeated. “What are they **stealing**?”

“That’s just it, Geronimo. That is the strangest thing about the whole case. This rascally **rodent** is stealing . . .” He paused dramatically.

I rolled my eyes.

“The thief is stealing **GARBAGE!**” Hercule cried.

I gasped.

“That’s why I stink. I’ve been up all night sorting through dumpsters,” he said while he clacked his **clothespin** at me.

I shuddered. “Who would want to steal trash?”

**WHO, WHO, WHO?**

Just then my sister, Thea, walked in, holding her snout with a paw.

“When was the last time either one of you

**rats** took a shower? Your office **stinks** like an old bag of shredded cheese that's been left out in the **sun**."

I groaned.

Hercule stood up a little straighter and moved away from Thea. "So sorry about the **SMELL**, Thea. That's the scent of a very important investigation!" He puffed out his



chest. “Help me convince Geronimo to join me in finding a crafty **trash** thief!”

“**COOL!**” Thea said. “That could be an interesting story for *The Rodent’s Gazette!*”

I didn’t like the **sound** of that. Before I could make up an excuse to escape my office, Thea was hustling me up out of my chair.

“Come on, Geronimo, we have to investigate!” She put her **camera** in the pocket of her jacket.

“Oh, sugar-crusted cheese curds! Thank you, Thea!” Hercule **squeaked**. “How can I ever thank you enough —”

“By **talking** less, and getting **cracking** on this investigation!” Thea interrupted.

I tried to sit back down. “I have a lot of cheese on my plate right now, guys. I think I better stay,” I said.



“This is more important!” Thea **shook** her snout at me.

“Fine,” I grumbled.

“Yay!” Thea **cheered**. She grabbed my arm and practically pulled me out the office door.

“We’re doing this!” Hercule cried. “**Let’s go catch that thief!**”

