

# Geronimo Stilton

## **THE LEGEND OF CHOCOLATE HILLS**



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Text by Geronimo Stilton

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Graphic Designer: Pietro Piscitelli/theWorldofDOT

Illustrations by Danilo Loizedda, Carolina Livio, Daria Cerchi, and Serena Gianoli

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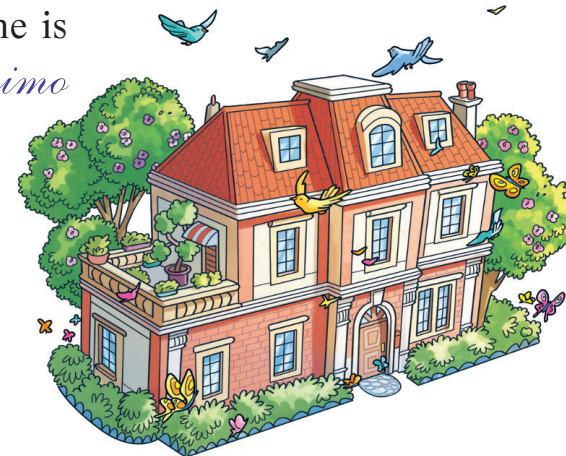
# QUIET AS A MOUSE?

On a mousetastic spring morning, I stretched my paws up and let out a **squeak**. “I can’t wait for the **relaxing**, stress-free day I’ve planned!” I said to myself.

I looked out the window and sighed. The trees were in **bloom**. Little birds chirped as they flew from branch to branch and the sun **sparkled** in the sky.

New Mouse City was so **FABUMOUSE**!

Oops, forgive me, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the editor in chief of *The Rodent’s*



*Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island.

I had planned the **PERFECT** day.

First, I would have a quiet breakfast of cheesy toast and my favorite cheddar-strawberry smoothie. Then I would take a **SLOW** walk around the botanical gardens to visit my favorite ducks. After that, I would head to the office and work on an article I had been wanting to write.

I got out of my bed, **whistling** away, and went to the kitchen. Nothing gets the day started like a **cold**, delicious smoothie. I twirled my whiskers with excitement.

But just as I had dropped the strawberries into the blender, a sudden noise **SHOOK** the whole kitchen!

**SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!**

Hairy cat tails! What was that?! I was so

surprised, I jumped in the air and my paw hit the blender's **POWER** button. I hadn't put the lid on yet, so bits of strawberry and shards of cheddar flew all over the kitchen.

My snout was covered in **strawberry** goo. Smoothie dripped down the walls and made **puddles** on the floor. My favorite breakfast treat was now my **WORST NIGHTMARE**. Squeak!

The loud sound came again.

**SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!**

I could tell now that the noise was coming from outside, so I rushed to fling open my door.

There I saw my next-door neighbor, Mrs. Ratchin, holding a carpet on her balcony.

**SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!**

She hit the carpet against the wall of the building to knock the dirt out of it.

“What are you doing?!” I yelled.

“**SPRING CLEANING!**” she shouted cheerfully.

Frosted fontina, this was no way to start my nice **quiet** day. I decided to skip the smoothie and head out for my walk instead. Maybe a long stroll in the spring air would be just what I needed.

I set out for the botanical gardens, enjoying the bright sunshine. At the garden, I walked until I found the most **FABUMOUSE** bench next to the pond. I hoped the ducks would be here soon.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath in. Nothing smells as good as the first **flowers** of the year — except maybe a ham-and-cheese soufflé!

Ahhh, finally **PEACE** and **QUIET**. But suddenly . . .

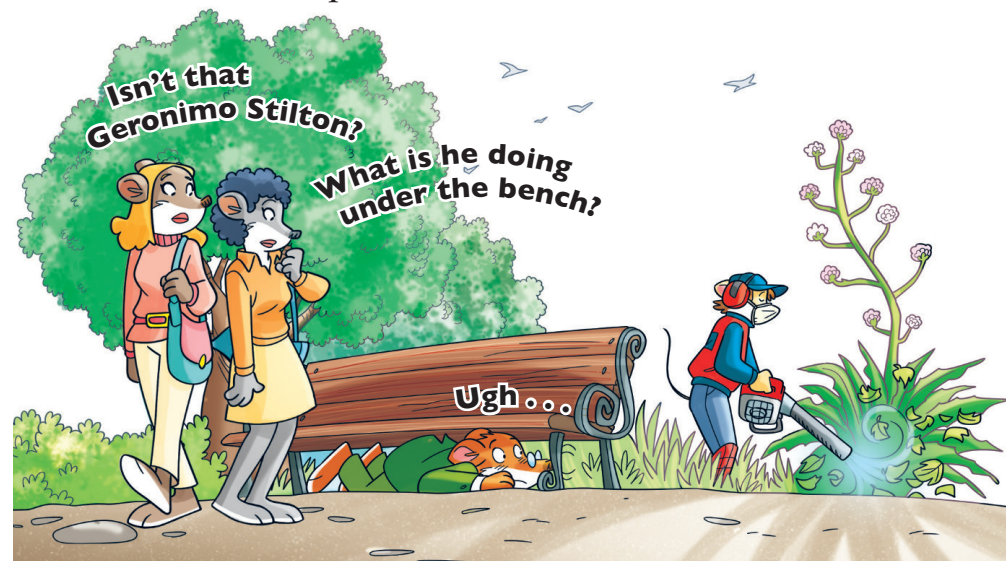
**VROOOOOOOOOOM!**

My eyes **FLEW** open and I bolted up off the bench. “What in the moldy mozzarella is that noise!” Was a hurricane approaching? A tornado? A whirlwind?

Squeak! My whiskers **trembled** in fear and I darted underneath the bench. I may be a scaredy-mouse, but you can never be too careful!

The mouselets strolling past me in the botanical gardens shot me **puzzled** looks.

“Isn’t that Geronimo Stilton?” one of them whispered to the other.



“You’re right! What is he doing under the bench?” her friend wondered.

Before I could explain myself, the loud noise **ROARED** to life again.

**VROOOOOOOOOOM!**

Getting to my paws, I finally saw the source of the **SOUND**. It was a gardener using a leaf blower to blow the leaves away!

My **quiet** smoothie hadn’t gone as planned, and my **relaxing** walk had been ruined. Maybe when I got to the office, things would be better.

But as soon as I stepped through the door of *The Rodent’s Gazette*, my hopes for a **relaxing** morning melted like **FONDUE** in a pot. All my employees rushed toward me with questions and article ideas.

“Mr. Stilton,” Vanessa Vogue began,





“did you know that the latest **trendy** nail polish color in New Mouse City is **MOLDY GORGONZOLA**? We should really do a spread on it.”

Babs Bonbon shoved a sheet of paper at my snout. “What do you think of my latest interview? You have read it, haven’t you?”

I ran to my office and shut the door. Too many **QUESTIONS** for just one mouse! All I wanted was a nice **cold** smoothie and to kick up my paws on my desk and work on my article.

**Squeak!** The best laid plans of mice do not always work out!

