

Geronimo Stilton

CREPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

GHOST PIRATE TREASURE



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A PACKAGE . . . FROM THE SKY!

The streets in New Mouse City were dark and quiet when the clock struck midnight. Every mouse was **snoring** in bed, dreaming of cheese sandwiches. Almost every window in the city was shrouded in darkness. Only one light burned that night: **MINE!**

Oops! I almost forgot to tell you who I am. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

My light was on because I was working late at the office on an **important** article. The subject matter of the article was making me a little nervous. Why? I'll tell you



the headline: **New Mouse City's Greatest Criminals.**

You see, I'm not the kind of mouse who's courageous. Even the names of those mean rats scare me silly. In fact, my tail goes limp when I just look at them: Barry Badguy, Roy the Rat Burglar, and Gary Gangster . . . **YIKES!**

I felt faint, so I opened the window to get some air. A gust of **WIND** cooled me off, and I lovingly looked down on my sleeping city.

Then I noticed dark clouds moving across the sky. The air became cold. Without warning, **HEAVY RAIN** poured down from above.

**BARRY
BADGUY**



**ROY THE
RAT BURGLAR**



**GARY
GANGSTER**





I watched the rain fall, lost in thought, when suddenly . . .

BANG!

A package fell from the sky. I let out a **frightened** scream, held out my paws, and caught the package. Then I looked up to see who had dropped it and saw two tiny bat wings zigzagging away through the raindrops.



FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

It was Bitewing, Creepella von Cacklefur's bat! I closed the window and opened the coffin-shaped package. Inside were a **NOTE**, a **NOTEBOOK**, and a moldy piece of



CHEESE that stunk like a sweaty sock after a football game! The note read:

*To my little cheese muffin,
Geronimo:*

Here's my new adventure.

Publish it immediately!

*I'm also sending you a delicious piece of
four-hundred-year-old cheese.*

Happy snacking!

I was insulted. She expected me to eat a piece of cheese that was four centuries old? That **STINKY** stuff is unsafe to eat, unless you're a mummified mouse. Then again, I could always add it to my collection of antique cheese rinds.





I put the **Putrid** cheese aside and picked up the notebook, which smelled just like the cheese. Even so, I kept reading until the sun came up.

*It has an **AWFUL** stench, but . . .*, I mused to myself.

My sister, Thea, a special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*, interrupted my thoughts.





“What’s that awful smell?” she squealed, walking into my office.

I gave her the notebook and she read the story.

“The notebook has a dreadful smell, but it’s a **beautiful** story!” she said with admiration.

My nephew Benjamin and his friend Bugsy Wugsy read it next.

“It has a dreadful smell, but it’s a **beautiful** story!” they both said.





My coworkers read it while pinching their noses.

“It has a dreadful smell, but it’s a **beautiful** story!” they all agreed.

When my cousin Trap entered the office, he sniffed the air.

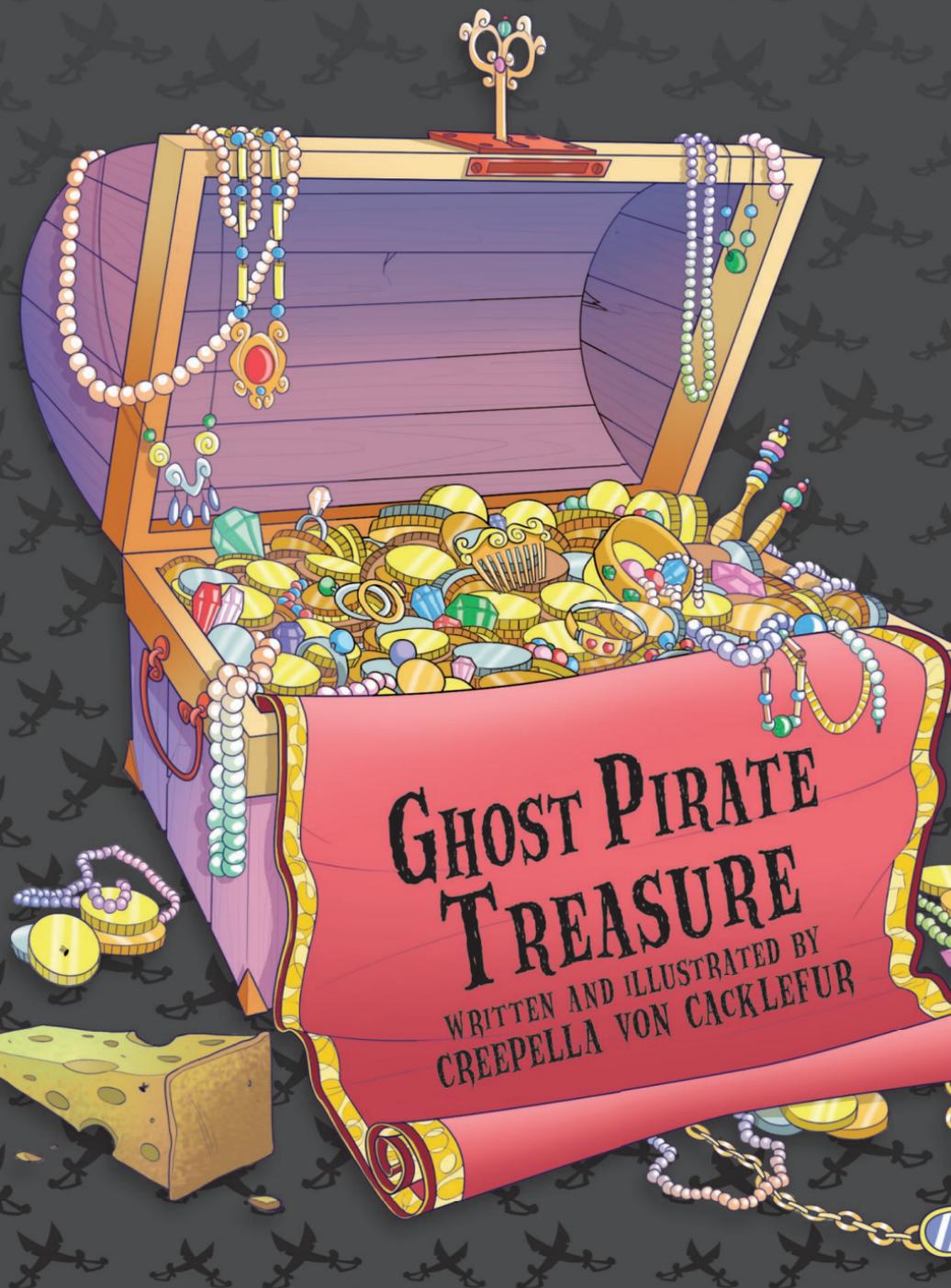
“What a **DELIGHTFUL** smell!”

he exclaimed. Then he picked up the piece of cheese on my desk and ate it in one gulp!

I think his stomach must be made of **IRON**.



Since everyone liked the story, I decided to publish Creepella’s book. It is titled **GHOST PIRATE TREASURE**. You’re holding it in your hot little **paws** right now. The only thing left for you to do is read it. I hope you like it as much as Trap enjoyed that **stinky** cheese!



GHOST PIRATE TREASURE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR



A DIFFICULT NIGHT

BILLY SQUEAKSPEARE was having another restless night. Every time he was about to doze off, one of the thirteen ghosts of Squeakspeare Mansion would burst in with some **RIDICULOUS** excuse.

At midnight, Miss Dustmop, the ghost housekeeper, threw open the door.

“This room needs a little extra **DUST**. I’ll take care of it!” she said happily.

A moment later, Bob Woodmouse, the ghost **CARPENTER**, floated in.

“This isn’t deep enough,” he said, opening a desk drawer. “I’ll make it deeper.”

I'll just add some more dust!



Cough! Cough!





Between two and three  o'clock, Dreamella Airhead, the ghost maid, came in and went out at least ten times.

"I can't find my **GLASSES**. They must be here somewhere," she said.

She finally found them under Billy's pillow.

Then, at three, Ted Trimmertail, the ghost gardener, decided to **WATER** the moss that grew under the night table.

At four o'clock, Arf, the ghost dog, jumped on Billy's bed and licked his face. Billy was almost always grateful for Arf's attention, but not in the middle of the night.

"Thank you, Arf, thank you," he said with a yawn. "Now let me sleep!"





Arf seemed to understand. He curled up at the foot of the bed, closed his eyes, and began to doze off. A minute later, he raised his head and perked up his ears.

“**GRRRRRRRR!**” he growled. He was facing the yard.

Billy tried to calm him down. “Be a good boy, Arf,” he said. “There’s nobody there. Nobody!”

But Arf ran to the window. He barked and barked and barked.



Woof! Woof! Wooooooooooooooof!

Billy got up and looked out the window. In the darkness of the night, the yard seemed peaceful and quiet. He went back to bed, but . . .

Woof! Woof! Wooooooooooooooof!

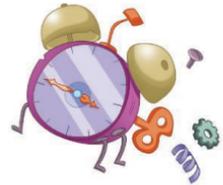
“Arf, please be quiet!” Billy pleaded. In desperation, he tossed some items in Arf’s direction to get his attention:

- a copy of **BLUE CHEESE AND A BLUE HEART**, the new book he was writing;

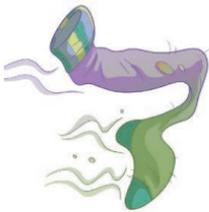


- an old, raggedy **SLIPPER**;

- an **alarm** clock;



- a **smelly** sock.



But Arf just kept **BARKING** and **BARKING**. Billy put a pillow over his ears and tried to sleep.

Finally, the first timid rays of sunlight appeared over the tops of the Mountains of



the Mangy Yeti, jumped onto the Rancidrat River, and bounced into Billy's bedroom.

Billy sighed with relief. "It's about time!" he exclaimed. "Now my **ghosts** can all go to sleep. Even the dog!"

Billy **snuggled** under the covers, hoping to get just a few hours of sleep. He scratched his nose, closed his eyes, and was about to drift off when . . .

Vroom! Vroom! Vroooooom!

He sat up, listening. Outside, an engine was starting, stopping, and then starting again.

"Who would be here so early?" Billy asked himself **worriedly**.



A DIFFICULT NIGHT

He went to the window to see who was driving to his house at the crack of dawn. Instead, he saw a yard full of **H O L E S!**

“Wh-wh-what?” he stammered.

Someone had dug big, deep **H O L E S** all over his yard! The lawn looked like an enormous piece of **SWISS CHEESE**. Billy scratched his head.



“Who did this?” he
whispered. “And more
importantly . . . **why?**”

B-but . . . wh-why?

