

# Geronimo Stilton

## **THE CHRISTMAS TOY FACTORY**



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# TWO BLOCKS OF ICE

It was a cold — I mean, freezing — I mean, teeth-chattering **December** morning. Snow covered New Mouse City, and I was trudging through it on my way to work. **Brrr! My paws felt like two blocks of ice.**

I finally got to the office and . . . Oops, silly





It's beautiful!

It's heavy!

It's freezing!

Oops...

...oops!

Have a merry one!

Happy holidays to all!

Good wishes...

I'm pooped!

Wow, look at the way it's snowing!

Merry Christmas!

Enjoy the holidays!

I'm late!

Thank you!



me! I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

As I was saying, I got to the office and sat down at my desk. But before I could start working, a **plump**, **furry** mouse burst through the door. It was my grandfather, **William Shortpaws**, also known as **CHEAP MOUSE WILLY**. **Rats!**

Don't get me wrong, I love my grandfather. But for the past month, he has been driving me up a clock!



Grandfather is the founder of *The Rodent's Gazette*. He started it a long, long time ago. He doesn't work here anymore. Lately, he's into golf. But he still loves to



What are you up to, Grandson?

Ahem, I'm working, Grandfather-William.



stop by the office and check up on things.

Grandfather is one **TOUGH**, no-nonsense rodent. His favorite saying is: ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES A MOUSE **RICH, RICH, RICH!**

Before I could even squeak, “Hello,” **Grandfather William** began thumping his paw on *my* messy desk. A stack of papers crashed to the floor. “Grandson, this desk is a disgrace! Have you been working or eating cheese bonbons? Remember, I built this company with *my* own bare paws. If you’re not careful, **I’m going to come back** and you’ll only be in charge of the water cooler!” he thundered, snapping my whiskers.

I gulped. *My* worst nightmare is my grandfather coming back to head *The Rodent’s Gazette*. And lately, I was afraid he might do just that!



**“I’m doing my best,”** I squeaked meekly.

Grandfather rolled his eyes. “Tell it to the paw!” He smirked, holding one paw toward me. Then he pulled my whiskers again. And stormed out.

I got right to work. What else could I do? I was worried. And besides, I don’t know a thing about water coolers.

