

Geronimo Stilton

THE PHANTOM OF THE SUBWAY



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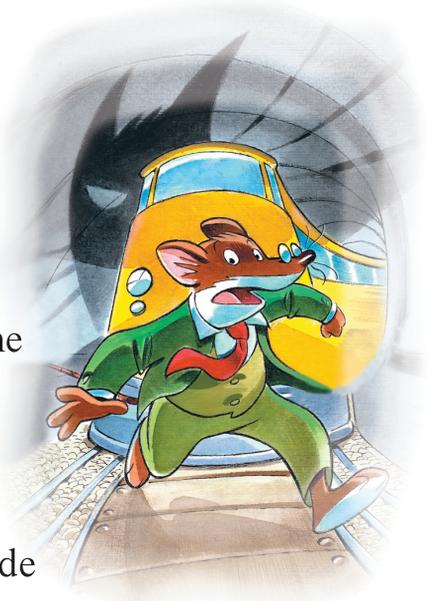
TERROR IN THE SUBWAY

Cheese niblets! The subway
was chasing me! My heart was
racing. My teeth were chattering.
My ears were ringing.

I woke up with a start.

Pheew, it was only a
dream! That's right. I
was safe and sound in
my bed. My ears weren't
RINGING. But the phone
was. I picked it up.
"Hello, *Geronimo*
Stilton squeaking."

My sister's shriek made





me jump. “Geronimooo! Get your tail to the office. **right now!** It’s important!” Thea yelled.

I looked at the clock and leaped.

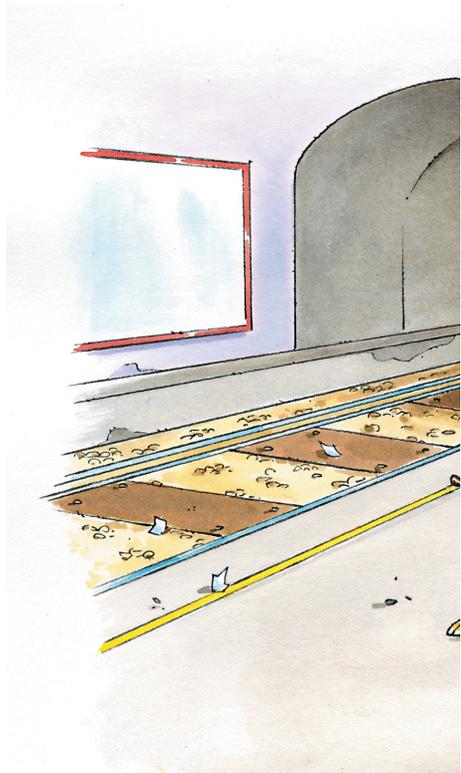
Whaaat? Ten minutes past nine? I was terribly **late!**

“I’m on my way,” I told my sister. But I was talking to a dial tone. One thing you should know about my sister. She’s not the most patient mouse on the block.

I JUMPED in the shower, brushed my teeth, and got dressed in record time.

Then I rushed to the Singing Stone Plaza subway station.

I was waiting for my train when I heard





a horrifying
sound.

MEOWWWW!!!

The crowd rushed for the stairs,
squeaking in terror. “A **CAT!** There’s a **CAT!**
in the subway!”

I ran for the exit, too. It was bad enough I
was late for work. I wasn’t about to become
some cat’s breakfast sandwich! Rodents

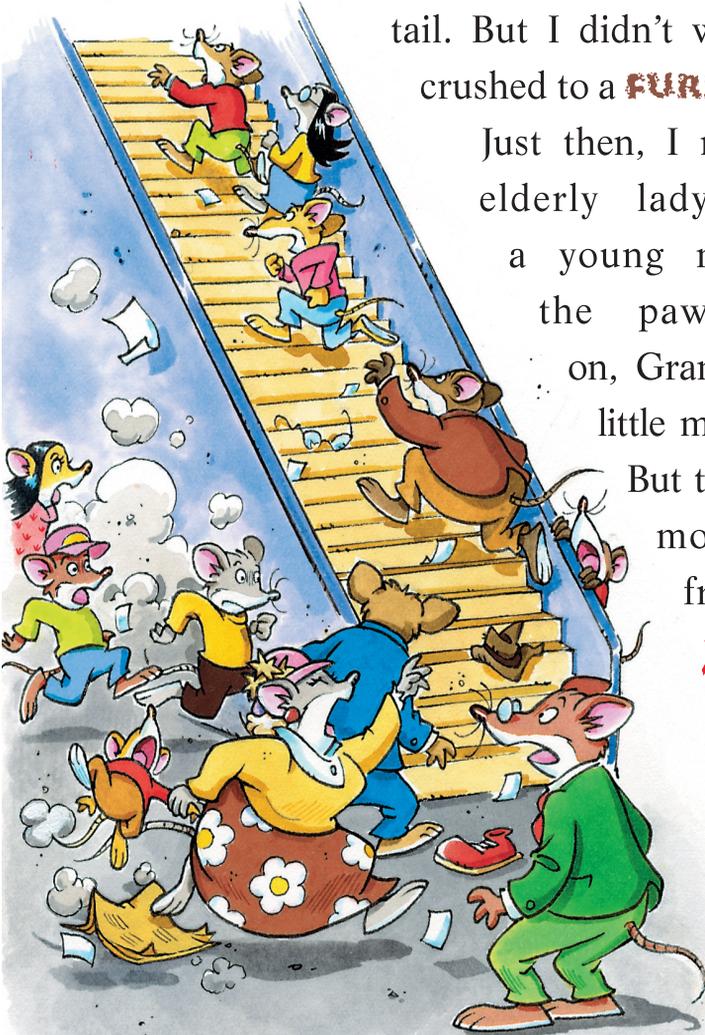




were pushing and shoving. I stood back. Oh, yes, I wanted to save my tail. But I didn't want to be crushed to a **FURRY PULP**.

Just then, I noticed an elderly lady holding a young mouse by the paw. "Come on, Grandma," the little mouse cried.

But the old lady mouse was frozen with *fear*.





Quickly, I grabbed her paw. “Don’t worry, madam,” I yelled. “Everything is going to be all right.” I scooped up the young mouse. Then I led them both up the stairs.

At last, we were outside.

“Thank you, you are a true *gentlemouse!*” squeaked the old lady gratefully.

I smiled. Do you like to help others? I do. It makes me feel all warm inside. Sort of like when you eat a delicious bowl of hot **cheddar Soup**.

Thinking of soup reminded me that I had forgotten to eat breakfast. I was starving. I bought the little mouse a cheese **ICE CREAM**. Then I had one, too. Not my typical breakfast. But then this was not a typical morning.