

# Geronimo Stilton

## **SINGING SENSATION**



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# THE FABUMOUSE MOZART!

It was a cold, rainy January night.

Lucky for me, I was warm and cozy inside my mouse hole. I was *nestled* in my favorite pawchair in front of a cheery fire.

“This is the life!” I squeaked, popping a *chocolate* cheese cupcake into my mouth and opening my book. I felt so relaxed. Everything was so peaceful. But then . . .



*Rattle! Rattle!*

The wind was rattling the windowpane right behind my chair!

I decided to play some *soothing music*.



Then I remembered I didn't have any music. My cousin Trap had borrowed all of my CDs for his cruise to the **Hamster Islands**.

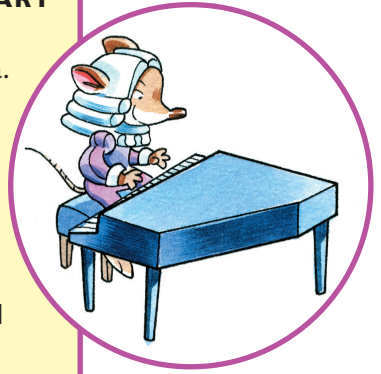
That did it! I ran to my favorite music store. When I arrived, I waved hello to the shop owner, *Wild Willy Whistlewhiskers*. I made a mouseline straight for the *Classical Music* Department. I flipped through Beethoven, Bach, and Chopin until, at last, I found what I was looking for: Mozart. Have



## WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

(1756–1791)

Mozart was born in Salzburg, Austria. At age five, he composed his first piece of music. By the time he was six, he was an excellent pianist and violinist. Mozart died at age thirty-five. In his short life, he composed operas, symphonies, concertos, and chamber music. He is still considered a musical genius today.



you ever listened to Mozart? His music is **FABUMOUS!**

The CD I wanted was in a rack next to a cello.

I walked around the cello and almost slipped on a banana peel.



Yikes! Who would leave a **banana** peel on the floor in a music store?

I began to flip through the CDs when someone stepped on my paw.

I looked around. **No one** was there.

I went back to the CDs.

Just then, someone pulled my fur.

I **WHIRLED** around. Again, there was no one in sight. Who was bothering me? I'm a nice mouse. I never do anything wrong. Well, except for that one time when I gave an old lady a stick of gum. How was I supposed to know she had dentures? The gum ripped those fake teeth right out of her mouth!

I was thinking about teeth when someone yanked my tail.

“**Yooo-hoo!**” a familiar voice called out.

A gray mouse wearing a long trench coat popped out from behind the cello.



It was my old friend, the famous detective **HERCULE POIRAT**. Hercule loves to play pranks.

“Did you like my little joke, Geronimo?”  
Hercule giggled.

Then he got serious. “I need your help,” he said. “You see, I found some stolen CDs and —”

“Sorry, got to run!” I squeaked, cutting off my friend. I love Hercule, but he always gets me involved in the **craziest** cases, and I had *too much work* to do.

I paid for my CD and **RACED OUT THE DOOR**. Hercule called after me, but I wasn’t listening. The only rodent I wanted to listen to tonight was the fabumouse Mozart!

