

Geronimo Stilton

**WATCH YOUR
WHISKERS, STILTON!**



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THE ROARING RAT

It was a sunny July morning. The sun was so **HOT**, you could grill a cheese sandwich on the sidewalk.

I went to have breakfast at the **corner** diner (as usual). I ordered a coffee and a **CHEESE DANISH** (as usual). Then I went to the newsstand (as usual). I wanted to get a **freeshipping** copy of my newspaper . . .





. . . oh, but I haven't told you yet. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run **The Rodent's Gazette**. It's the most popular newspaper here on Mouse Island.

As I was saying, I went to get a copy of my newspaper (as usual). But something *unusual* was going on. I could not find a copy of the paper. Not a single one!

I was so puzzled, I had to ask the newsdealer about it. "Excuse me, **INKYPAWS**," I said. "I am looking for my usual copy of **The Rodent's Gazette**."

INKYPAWS looked uncomfortable. He scratched his whiskers. "Er . . . um . . . I don't have one!" he said.

Now I was even more puzzled. "Why not? Are you sold out?"

INKYPAWS shook his head. He stared at his



paws. “Mr. Stilton, the truth is . . . I do not sell *The Rodent’s Gazette* anymore!” he blurted out.

I couldn’t believe my big mouse ears. “Since when?”

INKYPAWS pointed to the piles of newspapers. They all had the same title on the masthead—**THE ROARING RAT!**

“A **ONE-EYED** rat came by this morning,” he explained. “He offered me an enormouse amount of money to sell nothing but *The Roaring Rat*. Then he took away all the copies of *The Rodent’s Gazette*.”

I stared at **INKYPAWS**, unable to squeak.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Stilton,” **INKYPAWS**





said. "Business is business!" He waved a check in front of my snout. It was from *The Roaring Rat*. And it had more zeroes than a hunk of Swiss has holes.

"THIS STINKS WORSE THAN A MOUND OF MOLDY CHEESE!"

I fumed. I grabbed a copy of *The Roaring Rat*. I wanted to see what this one-eyed rat was up to.

As I read the front-page story, my whiskers started to twitch.

