

Geronimo Stilton

THE MYSTERIOUS CHEESE THIEF



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Geronimo Stilton

I'M PROUD OF MY NAME!

Hello, mouse fans. Have we met? My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. Did you know that Stilton is the name of a very special cheese that is made in England? I didn't.

But then I went on a trip in my grandfather's cheese-colored camper. I **found out** lots of things I never knew about cheeses, and, more importantly, about my family. It all started like this . . .

Geronimo Stilton

PUBLISHER OF *THE RODENT'S GAZETTE*,
THE MOST FAMOUSE NEWSPAPER ON
MOUSE ISLAND





ARE YOU SURE YOUR NAME IS STILTON?

It was a **freezing-cold** Friday night in winter. I should have been home warming my paws by the fire, but I wasn't. Instead, I was working late at the office, putting together an illustrated encyclopedia of cheeses. I was just drooling over a photograph of some cheddar cheese balls when the bell rang.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

At the door stood a distinguished-looking **rodent**. He was dressed in a very expensive suit and carried a thick **FOLDER** filled with papers.

“Good evening,” he squeaked. “I’m looking for the mouse who calls himself Geronimo **STILTON**.”

“I’m the mouse, I mean the Stilton, er, that is — I’m *Geronimo Stilton*,” I stammered. Then I stuck out my paw. Aunt Sweetfur always told me that a pawshake is the *polite* way to greet a visitor.

But the rodent just scowled. I guess he missed that lesson on manners.

“**STILTON?**” he replied in a snide voice. “You mean **STILTON**, starting with an ‘s’ and ending with an ‘n’? Are you certain that’s really your name?”

I puffed up my fur. Who did this *rude* mouse think he was?

“Of course, I’m sure my name is **STILTON!**”





I insisted. “I’ve been a **STILTON** since the day I was born. It’s my **family** name.”

The mouse just **smirked**. Then he handed me an official-looking piece of paper.

“I wouldn’t be **so sure** about that,” he said. Then, without another word, he turned and left.

BAFFLED, I closed the door behind him.

What a strange visitor. Then I thought of something. Maybe he was from that crazy reality TV show, *Say Squeak!* I looked around my office for hidden cameras. Was someone playing a **trick** on me?

Maybe the document in my paw would help me get to the bottom of this. I cleaned my glasses, so I could see better. Then I began to read.

The paper was from the well-known rodent lawyer Ratly Von Doright III.

It said:



Dear Mr. Geronimo:

We are writing to inform you that from this day forward you may no longer use the last name Stilton to refer to yourself or any other member of your family.

Obviously, you are not aware that the name Stilton is the registered trademark of an English cheese. (And not just any cheese—Stilton is the king of English cheeses!)

Therefore, you must cease and desist using this name immediately, or we will be forced to take further action!

Yours cheesily,

Ratly Von Doright III Esq.

Counsel to the Stilton Cheesemakers' Association