

Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

**THE
UNDERWATER
PLANET**



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Text by Geronimo Stilton

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In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

*This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!*

*I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.*

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy traveling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

**THIS IS THE
LATEST ADVENTURE
OF THE SPACEMICE!**

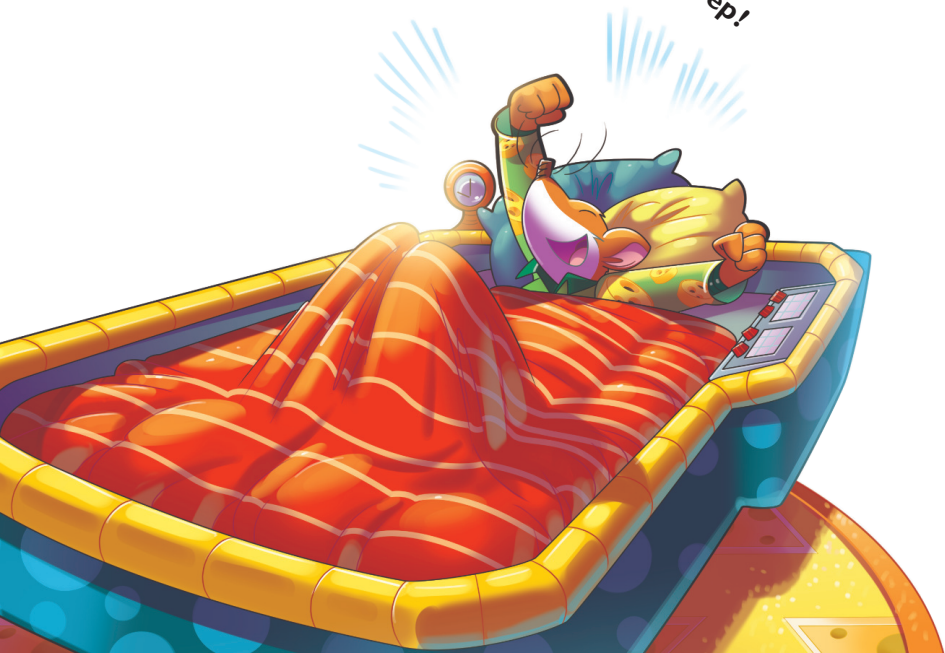




A RARE DAY OFF!

It all started **early** one morning. I woke up feeling **FABUMOUSE**! Of course I would have loved to stay in bed for another hour or two. In fact, given the chance, I would *snuggle* under the covers until midday!

What a good night's sleep!

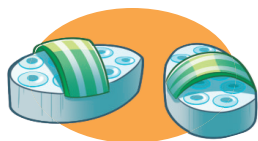




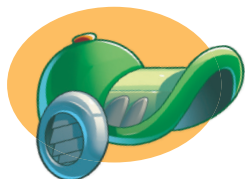
But I was up earlier than usual for a good reason. Oh, I'm so sorry! I almost forgot to introduce myself! My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**, and I'm the captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the most mouserific spaceship in the universe. (Honestly, though, my secret dream is to be a **world-famous** writer!)

As I was saying, I had asked my **personal assistant robot**, Assistatrix, to wake me up early that morning. I was planning to enjoy a rare day off at *MouseStar 1*'s mouserific **space beach**. Even the captain deserves a little rest and relaxation every once in a while, don't you think?

So I put on my **bathing suit** instead of my captain's uniform, and I double-checked my bag to be sure I had all the **ESSENTIALS** . . .



Massaging
flip-flops



Sun-shading hat



Self-drying
towel



Snorkeling
mask



Floating beach umbrella

Massaging flip-flops . . .
check!

Sun-shading **hat** . . . here!

Self-drying towel . . . got it!

S N O R K E L I N G

mask . . . there it is!

Floating beach umbrella . . .
yep!

Digital **sunglasses** . . .
hmmm . . . where were they?

I couldn't find them anywhere!
Where could they be? **Oh yes,
how embarrassing!
They were right on
top of my head!**

I was ready to go.

“Beach, here I come!” I cried
happily. Then I opened my cabin
door and . . . **bang!**



I bumped right into my cousin Trap.

“Wow, Cousin!” he said in **surprise**.

“What are you doing up so early?”

“N-nothing special,” I mumbled quickly.

Trap gave me a look. “Oh, really?” he said skeptically. “Then why are you **DRESSED** like that?”

“W-well, I w-was . . .” I stuttered.

My cousin pulled one of my **FLiP-FLOPS** out from the top of my bag.





“Don’t tell me you’re going to the beach without **inviting** any of your family or friends?!” he said.

Black holey galaxies, he had figured it out! Now what was I going to do? Don’t get me wrong: I really **love** my cousin. But I had been looking forward to **relaxing** on the beach all by myself. I wanted to focus on the new **book** I was writing. With Trap there, I would be forced to play one beach game after another! Sigh.

“Er . . . yes, that’s where I’m going,” I confessed. What can I say? I’m an **honest** mouse!

“I knew it!” Trap said **triumphantly**. “But you’ll be so **B O R E D** there by yourself. You know what? I’ll get my things and come with you!”