

WELCOME TO THE ANCIENT FAR NORTH . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE MICEKINGS!

WHERE THEY LIVE: Miceking Island

CAPITAL: Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonord family

OTHER VILLAGES: Oofadale, village of the Oofa Oofas, and Feargard, village of the vilekings

CLIMATE: Cold, cold, cold, especially when the icy north wind blows!

TYPICAL FOOD: Gloog, a superstinky but fabumouse stew. The secret recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the miceking chief.

NATIONAL DRINK: Finnbrew, made of equal parts codfish juice and herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: The drekar, a light but very fast ship

GREATEST HONOR: The miceking helmet. It is only earned when a mouse performs an act of courage or wins a Miceking Challenge.

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT: A mouseking tail (full tail, half tail, third tail, quarter tail)

ENEMIES: The terrible dragons who live in Beastgard



MEET THE STILTONORD FAMILY . . .



GERONIMO
Advisor to the
miceking chief



THEA
A horse trainer who
works well with all kinds
of animals



TRAP
The most famous
inventor in Mouseborg



BUGSILDA
Benjamin's best
friend

BENJAMIN
Geronimo's nephew



... AND THE EVIL DRAGONS!

GOBBLER THE PUTRID

The fierce king of the dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are divided into 5 clans, all of which are terrifying!

1. Devourers

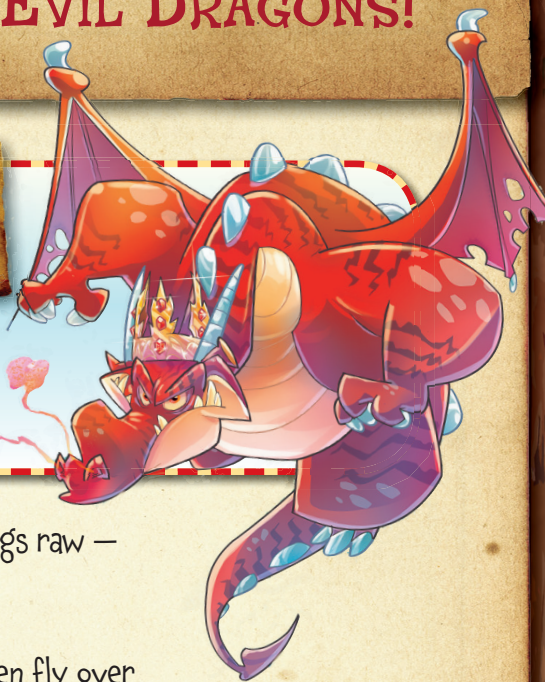
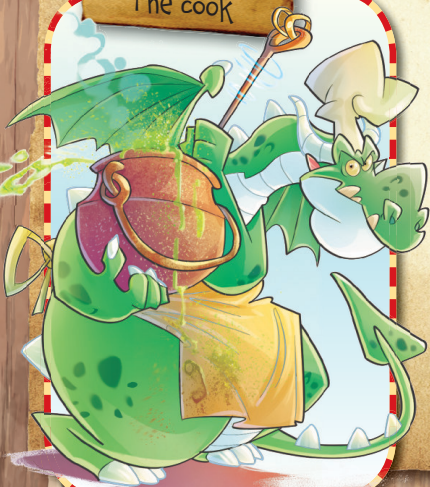
They love to eat micekings raw — no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over volcanoes so the steam and smoke make them taste good.

SIZZLE

The cook



3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.

Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

**STAY STRONG,
GERONIMO!**



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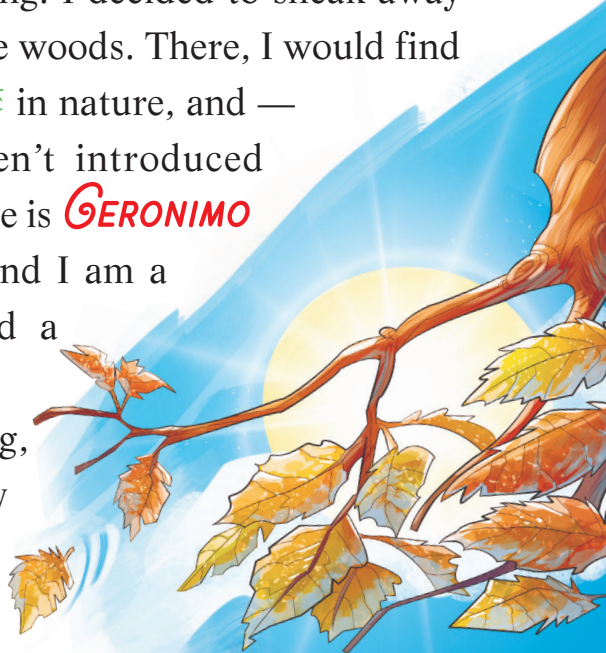
DRAGON ALERT!

It was a **splendid** fall morning in Mouseborg, the capital of Miceking Island. The **colorful** leaves waved in the gentle breeze.

Most micekings are **WARRIORS**, but I don't like fighting. I decided to sneak away for a walk in the woods. There, I would find **inspiration** in nature, and —

Sorry, I haven't introduced myself! My name is **GERONIMO STILTONORD**, and I am a mouseking and a **SCHOLAR**.

That morning, I was a hungry

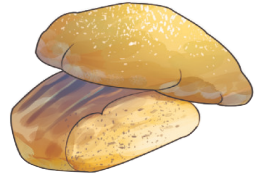




DRAGON ALERT!

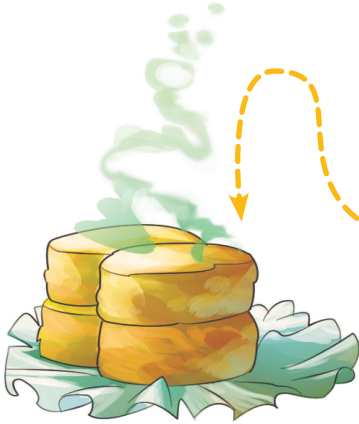


scholar! I filled my backpack with **one** small barrel of fjordberry juice, **two** loaves of bread, and



three wheels of super-stinky Stenchberg cheese.

At the last minute, I added cheese wheel number **four**. Physical exercise gives me a **big appetite!**



I whistled as I headed toward the woods. I strolled until I found myself in a silent **CLEARING** surrounded by nature.

But before I could unpack my picnic, the sound of a horn rose up from Three Lookouts Cliff.

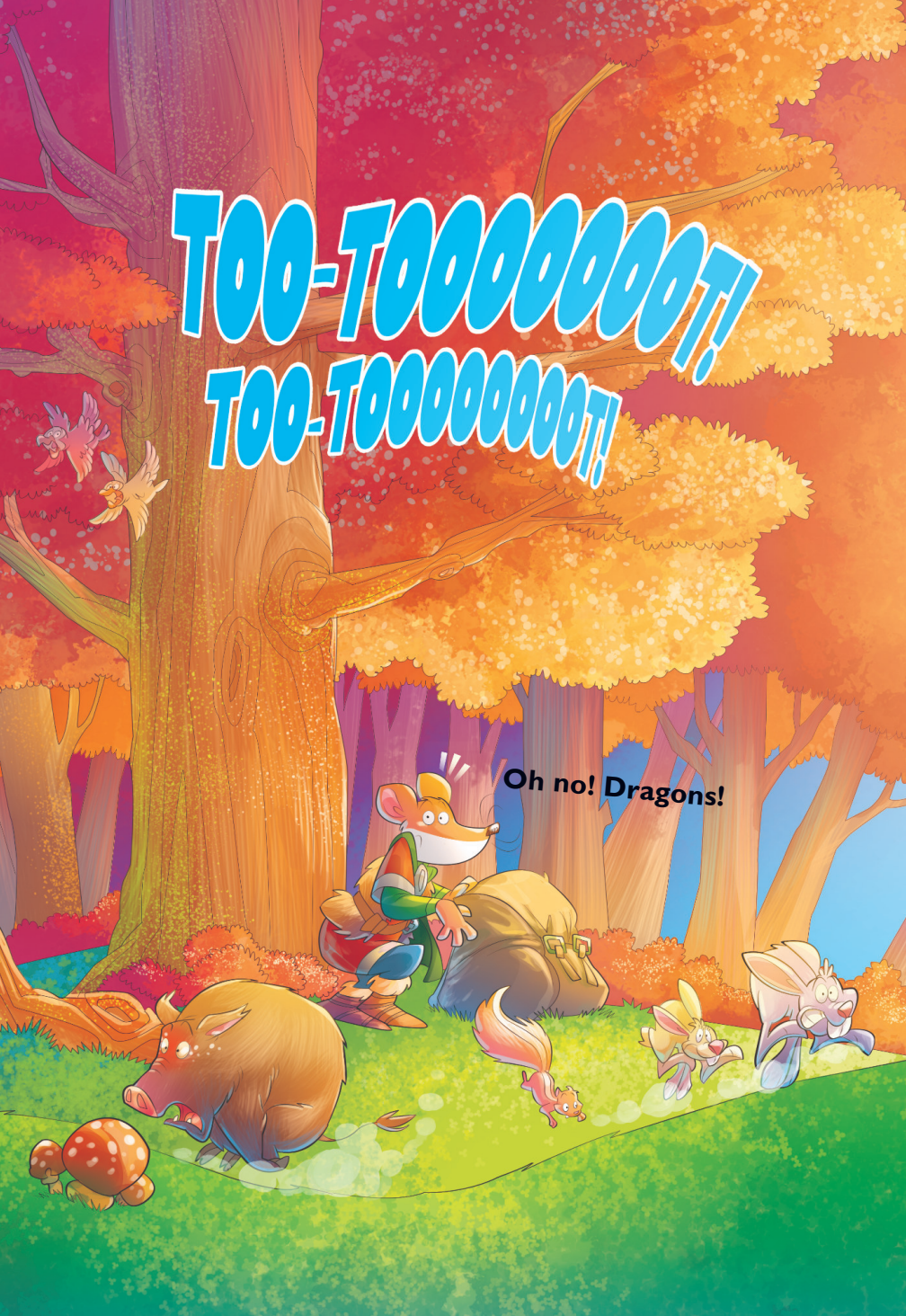


**TOO-TOOT!
TOO-
TOOOOOOOOT!**

Squeak! It was the dragon alarm!

TOO-TOOOOOOOOT!
TOO-TOOOOOOOOT!

Oh no! Dragons!





THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

When the dragon alarm sounded, everyone in the village was supposed to run to face the dragons. Did I mention that the dragons are **FIERCE** and terrible and always starving for **fresh** miceking meat?

I ran back through the woods and **RUSHED** to the village in record miceking speed. When I arrived at the Great Stone Square, the other micekings were already there.

“**Draaagons!**” I yelled.

Oddly, nobody else was yelling. Or **running** for the catapults. I ran over to





THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

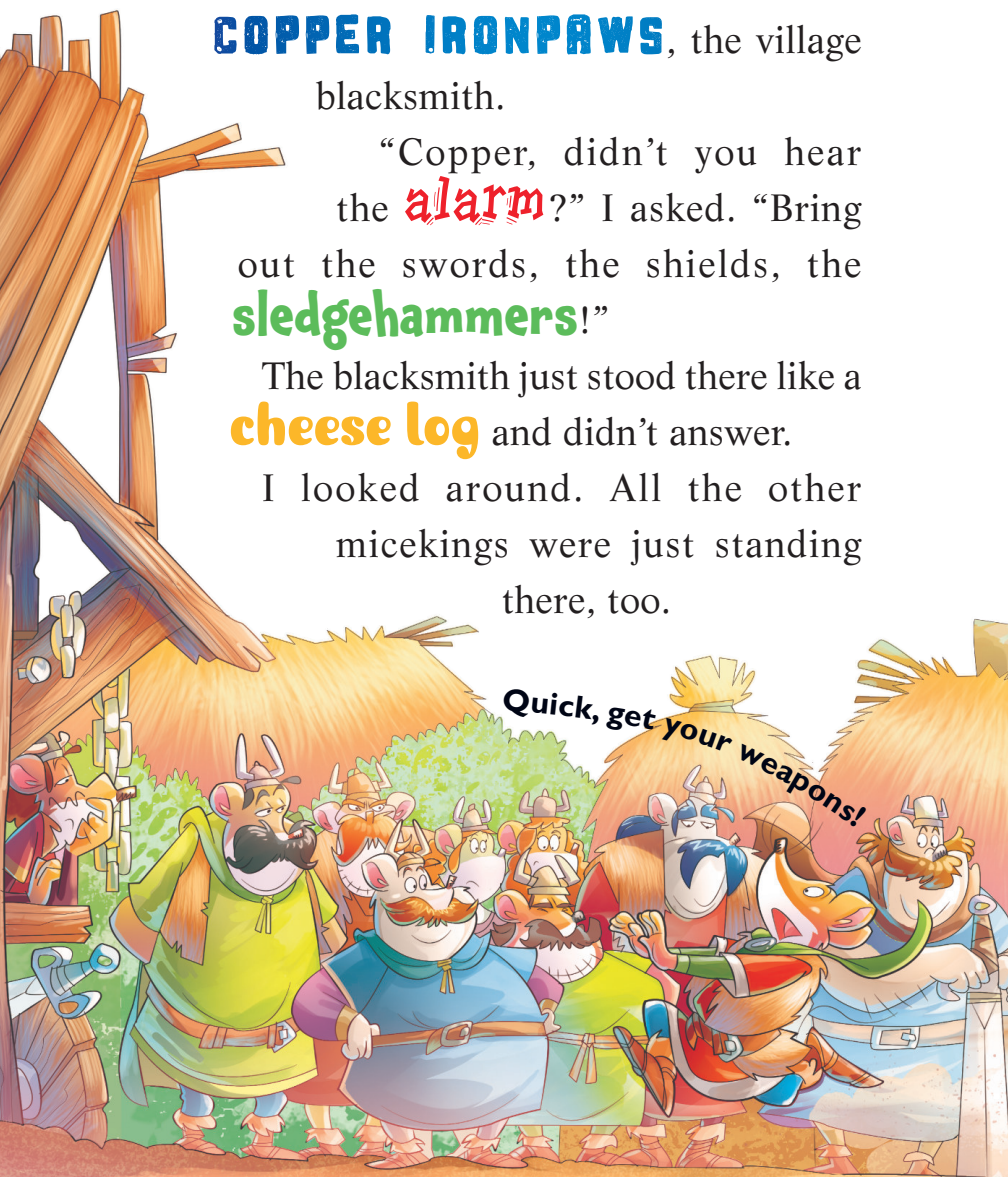
COPPER IRONPAWS, the village blacksmith.

“Copper, didn’t you hear the **alarm**?” I asked. “Bring out the swords, the shields, the **sledgehammers!**”

The blacksmith just stood there like a **cheese log** and didn’t answer.

I looked around. All the other micekings were just standing there, too.

Quick, get your weapons!





“**Holey cheese!**” I shouted. “Why isn’t anybody getting ready to **fight** the dragons?”

Nobody answered me.

“What is **WRONG** with you rodents?” I asked.

Then **SVEN THE SHOUTER**, our village leader, marched up to me.

“Geronimo, you smarty-mouseking!” he shouted. (He always **SHOUTS**. How do you think he got his name?) “Here you are at last!”

“**Sven! The d-d-d-dragons!**” I stuttered.

He smacked my back with his massive paw. “There aren’t any dragons, you mollusk! We sounded the alarm to get you out of your **hiding place**.”

“I wasn’t hiding,” I protested.

Go sit down!



“Spare me the **EXCUSES**, smarty-paws,” he said. “We’ve been **LOOKING** all over for you. It’s time to start the competition!”
“**COMPETITION?** What competition?” I asked.

“Horns and thorns, don’t be a **CHEESEHEAD!** Just go sit in your spot at the judges’ table. That’s an order!” Sven shouted.

"SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!"

the other micekings yelled.

I **sighed**. So much for my picnic!

Only then did I notice that a **stage** had been built in the village square. It was decorated **festively**. But, by my whiskers, I couldn’t think of what competition



could be happening that day.

🌀→ The **GREAT BEARD CHALLENGE** to determine the mouseking with the thickest beard had been a few weeks earlier.

🌀→ The **Stinky Codfish Festival** was always held the first week of spring.

🌀→ The **MICEKING GAMES**, which attracted micekings from all over the island, were planned for the summer.

So . . . this must be the **Shield Mouselet Mega Challenge**! Female warrior micekings are known as Shield Mouselets. Each fall, they compete to see who is the **BRAVEST, strongest**, and **smartest**.

Everyone loved the challenge — except me! Sven always made me judge, and it always got me in **BIG TROUBLE**.

After I took my seat, my cousin **Trap** slid into the chair next to me.



THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

“Trap, are you on the judges’ panel, too?”
I asked.

He chuckled. “Of course! A judge has to understand **COURAGE**, **strength**, and **intelligence**. And since I am brave, strong, and smart, I’ll be the **PERFECT** judge!”

We heard an amused laugh behind us and turned to see a large female mouseking: **RATILDE**. “If anyone can judge the **COURAGE** of a mouseking, it’s me!” she boasted as she sat down in the third judge’s chair.

Trap and I nodded. Ratilde was captain of the ship **Beauty of the Seas**, and there wasn’t a single mouseking sailor who was **BRAVER** than her.*

“We all need courage to judge this contest,”

* To read more about Ratilde, check out my adventure
The Famous Fjord Race!

Ready to judge?

Well .

Good luck!

Thanks!

Come on,
Thea!

DEE-DEE-DEE!

Yay, Thora!

Go, Helga!

Karina will
win!



SHIELD MOUSELET



THORA

Sven the Shouter's daughter is charming, brave, and good at everything she tries — and I have a big crush on her!



HELGA

She is as sweet as she is strong — and she makes Trap blush.

I whispered to them both.

“Why?” Trap asked.

“Because there can only be one **winner**,” I replied. “And then we are left with angry losers!”

Just then, I saw that **Thora** was a contestant this year. She is **SVEN'S** daughter — and my **secret crush**. I gulped. I had to pick Thora as the winner, right?

The other **CONTESTANTS** were Helga, Karina,

MEGA CHALLENGE

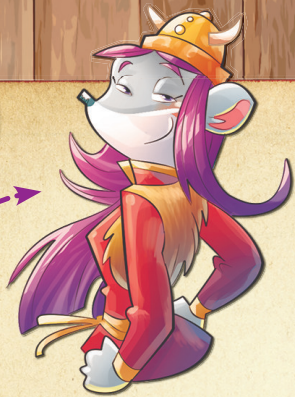
and my sister, Thea.

I **GULPED** again. How could I vote against Helga, who is so **STRONG**? Or Karina, the **FASTEST** mouseking around? Or my own **talented** sister, Thea?

I could smell trouble already . . . but then I **smelled** something else. Something very strong.

I **sniffed** the air. “What is that strange stench?” I asked.

Ratilde snorted and passed me a clothespin



Karina

This mouseking is fast, agile, and does everything with flair.

THEA

My sister, Thea, is a brilliant rodent! She loves adventure and competitions.





THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

What a smell!



to put on my nose. “Here you go, you **wimpy mouseking!**” she said.

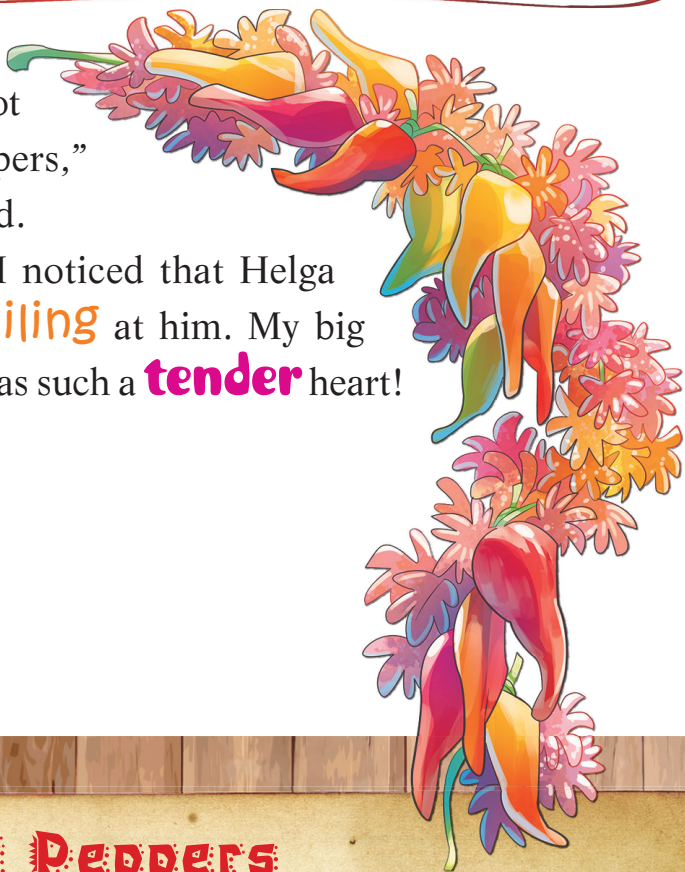
Then I saw that the **smell** was coming from the braided sash that would be awarded to the winning Shield Mouselet. It was made out of **hot peppers!** Rotten ricotta, those peppers had such a **STRONG SCENT** that they were making my eyes water!

Ratilde nudged me. “Look, smarty-mouseking, even Trap has **WATERY** eyes.”



“It’s not
the peppers,”
Trap said.

Then I noticed that Helga
was **smiling** at him. My big
cousin has such a **tender** heart!



Logi Peppers

Logi peppers are very strong hot peppers that are used in our famouse miceking hot pepper sauce, the hottest sauce there is! These peppers have a much, much, much stronger smell than even stinky miceking garlic.

