

Geronimo Stilton

***NO TIME
to LOSE***

***THE FIFTH JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME***



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MY JOURNEYS THROUGH TIME

Dear Rodent Friends,
Welcome to my latest journey
through time! My pal Professor Paws
von Volt has taken us on some wild trips
with his time-travel buddies.



THE MOUSE MOVER 3000

The Mouse Mover 3000 was the professor's first time machine. We used it to visit the dinosaurs, ancient Egypt, and medieval Europe ...



THE RODENT RELOCATOR

The Rodent Relocator was a more advanced machine. We used it to see Caesar's Rome, the Mayan cities, and the palace of Versailles during the time of the Sun King!



THE PAW PRO PORTAL

With the Paw Pro Portal, we reached the Ice Age, ancient Greece, and Renaissance Florence.



TAIL TRANSPORTER

We used the Tail Transporter to meet Cleopatra, Genghis Khan, Dante Alighieri, and Elizabeth I of England.



THE WHISKER WAFTER

This time we traveled on the Whisker Wafter, which can camouflage itself to fit into any era we travel through.

VOYAGERS ON THE FIFTH JOURNEY THROUGH TIME



Geronimo Stilton

My name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton. I am the editor and publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island. I'm about to tell you the story of one of my most fabulous adventures! But first, let me introduce the other mice in this story ...

Thea Stilton

My sister, Thea, is athletic and brave! She's also a special correspondent for *The Rodent's Gazette*.



TRAP STILTON

My cousin Trap is a terrible prankster sometimes! His favorite hobby is playing jokes on me ... but he's family, and I love him!



Benjamin Stilton

Benjamin is my favorite little nephew. He's a sweet and caring mouselet, and he makes me so proud!

Bugsy Wugsy

Bugsy Wugsy is Benjamin's best friend. She's a cheerful and lively rodent — sometimes too lively! But she's like family to us!



PROFESSOR PAWS VON VOLT

Professor von Volt is a genius inventor who has dedicated his life to making amazing new discoveries. His latest invention is the Whisker Wafter, a new kind of time machine!

Robota

A new robot created by Professor von Volt, Robota is amazing — she can do any type of analysis! Her only defect is that she wants to be my girlfriend ...





A SWEET SPRING MORNING . . . ALMOST!

One sweet **SPRING** morning in New Mouse City, I sat in my office rereading the **article** on the front page of my newspaper. The title read “Whale Emergency: **Three** New Species Beached!”





Oh, excuse me, I forgot to introduce myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I'm the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island!

Even though I was worried about the beached whales, it was a beautiful morning and I was in a fabumouse mood. I opened my office window and took a deep breath of fresh air. Ah, it smelled like *flowers*!

Suddenly, a **cloud of pollen** went up my snout. I exploded into a flurry of **sneezes**! I counted thirty-three in a row — **rats**!

Aaaaaachoo!



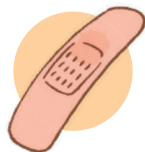
My snout began to **DRIP**, my face turned as red as the sauce on a double-cheese pizza, and both of my eyes swelled up like **big balls of mozzarella**!

Through my watery eyes, I saw a few pigeons come toward my

window. I thought they might want to land on my windowsill, since I always leave little **PIECES** of bread there for hungry birds. But too late, I realized that something wasn't right — the two pigeons flew strangely, almost as if they were **lost**. And before I knew what was happening, they flew straight into my head! **SQUEAK!**
What was going on?



I slammed the window shut and put a **bandage** over the bump forming on my head. I tried to go back to work, but I couldn't concentrate — I kept **sneezing**, my eyes watered, and my head hurt. I decided to call it a day and get some rest.



“Buh-bye, eberybody! I’b going hobe. I’b vewy sick!”*

It was only then that I realized that something was very wrong in the newsroom.

* I was trying to say, “Good-bye, everybody! I’m going home. I’m very sick!”



EVERYONE was sneezing endlessly, with **red snouts** and **swollen eyes** that looked like big balls of mozzarella!

Holey cheese, what was going on?

It was spring, not winter! The flu had already come and gone! Why was everyone **SICK** all of a sudden? I headed outside, muttering, “HMMMM . . . first the sneezing, then the pigeons, then the epidemic in the newsroom. This is moustastically **STRANGE!**”



As I walked home on tired paws, my belly started to rumble. I stopped at a cart to buy a triple-cheese **sandwich** and a large mozzarella **milkshake**, then sat down on a bench to eat. Oh, what a beautiful day — too bad I wasn't feeling good enough to really enjoy it!

Just then, I noticed a little **cloud** moving through the sky. But then it started to move faster and faster, and it was pointed right at me . . . no, at my **sandwich**!

That was no cloud — it was a flock of hungry **seagulls**, and they were attacking me! I tried to get away, waving my paws. I couldn't help

Blech!

away, waving my paws. I couldn't help

noticing that the birds' feathers

were slick with **oil**. Poor

things! Though it was hard to

feel too bad for them as they

chased me down the street,

pecking at my sandwich . . .

