

# Geronimo Stilton

## **THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI**



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# YOU'RE AS EXCITING AS A RAW CLAM!

Dear rodent **friends**, do you know me? My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous **newspaper** on Mouse Island. I'm also a bestselling author!





I love to write about my amazing **ADVENTURES**. In fact, the one I'm going to tell you about now just might make your **FUR** stand on end! It takes place in a **Myst@rious** location. But let me start from the beginning. . . .

It was a **typical Saturday night**. I was at home in my cozy mouse hole. I had just finished my **typical Saturday night** dinner: one large cheese pizza, one large mozzarella milk shake, and one large cheese Danish. I put on my **typical Saturday night** outfit: pj's and cat-fur slippers.

Then I **sank** into my favorite pawchair and began leafing through my photo albums. I love my photo albums! They remind me of all the great trips I've taken.

Yep, it's hard to believe that a **scaredy-mouse** like me has had many incredible



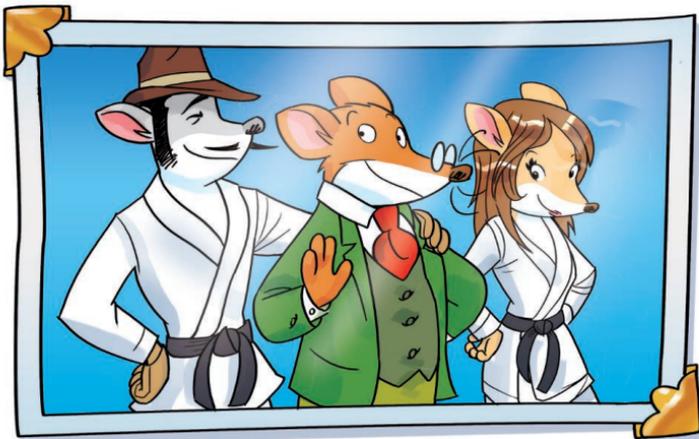
What great memories!



adventures all over the world — but I have! And along the way, I've made many wonderful new friends.

I looked at a photo of me and two **friends**: Wild Willie, an archaeologist, and Shorty Tao, a karate world champion. A while back Shorty asked me (well, okay, she forced me!) to enter a competition in San Mouscisco: the **Karate World Championship**. . . . And I won!

I smiled. What an amazing adventure!





I wrote all about it in my book *The Karate Mouse*. I love to write about my real-life experiences . . . especially when they happen in *exciting* places.

Still, even though I love having adventures, I'm a homebody at heart. That's right: I'm not crazy about traveling! I hate living out of a suitcase and I hate airplanes.

I was thinking about how much I don't like *traveling* when the phone rang.

"Hello? This is Stilton here. *Geronimo Stilton!*" I squeaked.

"Stilton, are you ready for adventure?" said a deep voice.

I gulped. It was my treasure-hunting friend, **Wild Willie!** The last time we were together was in the Black Hills of South Dakota. And let me just tell you: There is a reason they call him **WILD!**



“Um, well, I — I was just relaxing . . . ,” I stammered.

Willie snorted. “Relaxing! You were sitting around like a **couch potato**, Stilton.

I can just see you in your pajamas and slippers. Did anyone ever tell you



*you're as exciting as a raw clam?*”

he bellowed.

“Well, I . . . ,” I began again.

“Well, I’ nothing!” Willie interrupted. “Now stop **twisting** your tail and listen up. I want you to meet me tonight at eight thirty at **18 South Paw Square**. No ifs, ands, or buts!”

“How d-d-did you know I was t-t-twisting my tail?” I stammered.

But there was no reply. Willie had hung up on me.

What could I do?



I **QUICKLY** got dressed and ran to 18 South Paw Square.

## ☆☆☆ Wild Willie

- ★ **WHO HE IS:** An archaeologist who loves adventure. He describes himself as a “treasure hunter,” but he actually doesn’t care a hoot about the money. In fact, he donates all the archaeological treasures he finds to New Mouse City’s museum.
- ★ **HIS MOTTO:** “Are you ready for adventure?” If you answer yes, he’ll reply, “Go with the adventure!”
- ★ **HIS HOBBIES:** Studying ancient languages (such as Egyptian and Mayan) and doing sports (his favorites are karate and mountain climbing).
- ★ **HIS SECRET:** He keeps a photo of his girlfriend in his shirt pocket, next to his heart.





# YOU'RE LATE!

When I reached South Paw Square, I looked around. What an unusual place. There was an odd-looking **cobblestone** courtyard with a garden filled with strange, exotic-looking plants. In the center of the garden was a **fountain** spouting jets of water onto **round** gray pebbles. The sound of the water hitting the pebbles made me sleepy, and for a minute I thought about taking a quick ratnap. But then I remembered I was supposed to be meeting Wild Willie.



**where was he?**

I looked around. I saw lots of buildings facing the courtyard, including a **KARATE** **dojo!**

Do you know what a karate dojo is? It's a

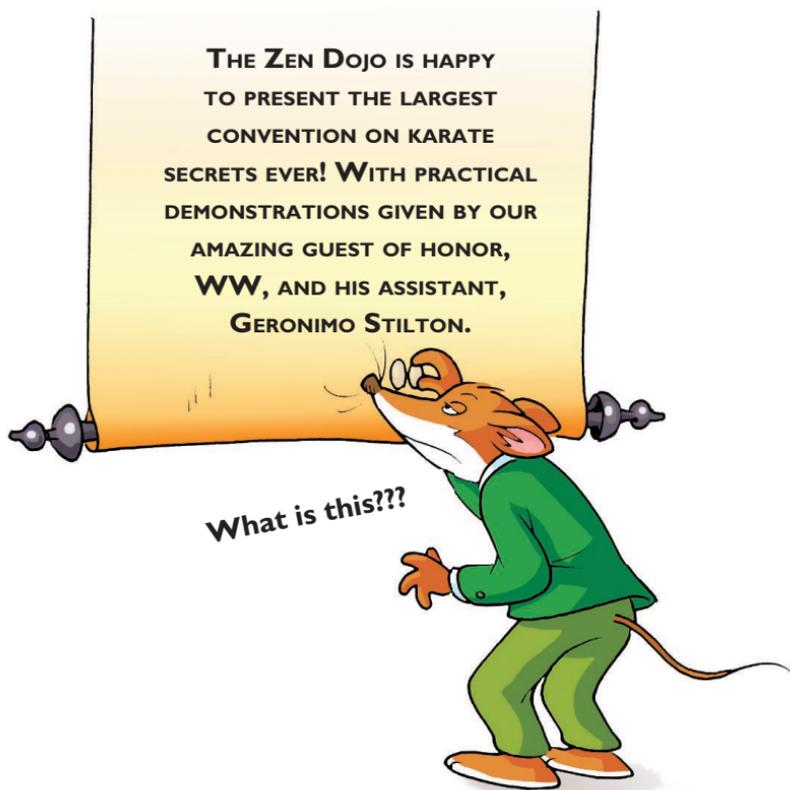
18  
SOUTH  
PAW  
SQUARE

ZEN

This must be it...



place where mice practice **KARATE**. I noticed there was a poster on the front door. It said something about a **convention** and . . . what was this???. Why was **MY NAME** listed on the poster?! My stomach lurched as I took a closer look.





I tried to make out the name of the guest of honor, but I couldn't tell if it was initials (was it W.W.?) or some **strange** symbol.

I took a pawstep closer to see if I could figure it out when suddenly a huge group of rodents appeared behind me. They began **PUSHING** and shoving so they could get into the dojo. **Holey cheese!** I thought. *That convention must be really interesting!*

I recognized a lot of **reporters** and photographers from New Mouse City, including newscasters from the station **TOP TV!**

I was still feeling confused and a little **worried** when suddenly two paws grabbed me roughly and dragged me into the dojo. . . .





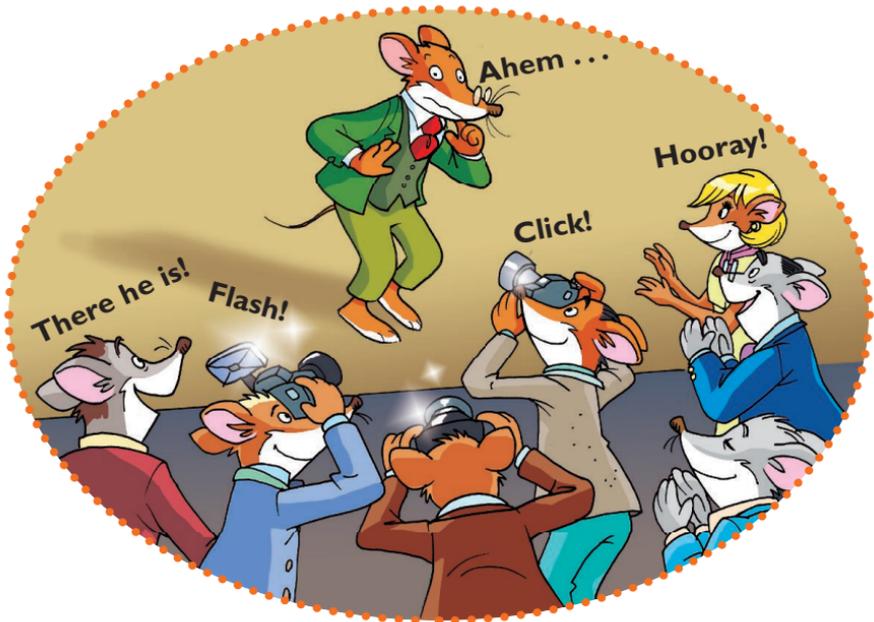
## It was Wild Willie!!!

“How do you like my friends’ gym, Stilton?” he squeaked.

Before I could answer, he grabbed me by my **whiskers** and dragged me down a long hallway. At the end was a stage.

“Go on, Stilton. **YOU'RE LATE!**” he told me, pushing me onto the stage.

I had no idea what Willie was squeaking about. What was I late for? What was going





on? I stood on the stage, feeling like a **fool**, while photographers snapped my picture. I looked for Willie, but he was gone.

**FLASHING** I was having trouble seeing with all the cameras directed at me. At this point the crowd began clapping and shouting.

“There he is! He’s coming! That’s **HIM!**” they cheered.

I turned **red** with embarrassment. I’m used to fans asking for my autograph. After all, my books are bestsellers. But I’m still a **SHY** mouse at heart.

“Um, thank you,” I mumbled, taking a bow. Then someone in the audience pointed at me.

“Hey you, **move** over! He’s coming!” he shouted.

“Huh? **who’s ‘he?’**” I asked, perplexed.