

# Geronimo Stilton

**THIS HOTEL  
IS HAUNTED!**



Scholastic Inc.

New York      Toronto      London      Auckland  
Sydney      Mexico City      New Delhi      Hong Kong

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission from the copyright holder. For information regarding permission, please contact: Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail [foreignrights@atlantyca.it](mailto:foreignrights@atlantyca.it), [www.atlantyca.com](http://www.atlantyca.com).

ISBN 978-0-545-34102-8

Copyright © 2005 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Via Tiziano 32, 20145 Milan, Italy.

International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A.

English translation © 2012 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

[www.geronimostilton.com](http://www.geronimostilton.com)

Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.  
SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

*Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to [www.stiltoncheese.com](http://www.stiltoncheese.com).*

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Lo strano caso del Fantasma al Grand Hotel*

Cover by Giuseppe Ferrario

Illustrations by Valeria Turati

Graphics by Michela Battaglin

Special thanks to Beth Dunfey

Translated by Julia Heim

Interior design by Kay Petronio

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

12 13 14 15 16 17/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First printing, July 2012

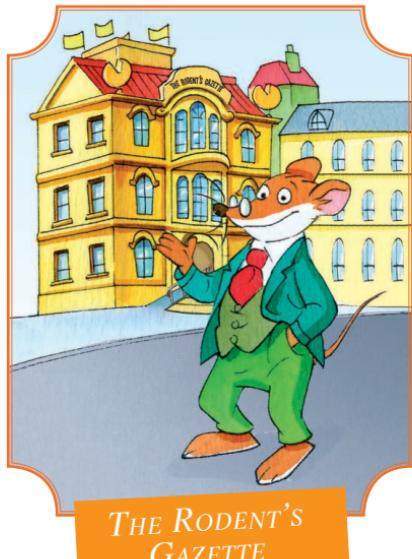


# A MYSTERIOUS GHOST STORY

Dear mouse friends, my name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island. I'm also a writer by trade, and I love books.

I'm **glad** you're reading — I have a thrilling new **STORY** to tell!

It all started one morning while I was having **breakfast**. As I **poured** a cup of piping-**HOT** tea, I turned on the television.



THE RODENT'S  
GAZETTE

LATE-BREAKING  
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING  
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING  
NEWS!



LATE-BREAKING  
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING  
NEWS!

LATE-BREAKING  
NEWS!



The **NEWSMOUSE Pippi Skinnyfur** announced, “Late-breaking news! We are here at **New Mouse City’s Grand Hotel**, where all the guests are leaving because of a **GHOST!**!”

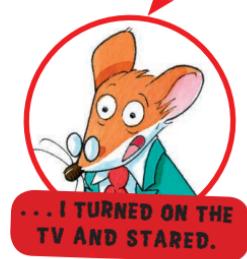
A ghost? I almost dropped my teacup. Had I heard right? Had she really said a **GHOST?**

“Yes, that’s right, you heard me, a **GHOST!**” Ms. Skinnyfur continued.

“How **Strange!**” I exclaimed. “Every mouse knows there’s no such thing as ghosts!”

Behind Ms. Skinnyfur, rodents were scurrying out of the hotel. I could hear them squeaking, “We want our money back!”

Ms. Skinnyfur began interviewing the





owner of the Grand Hotel, **Horatzio Hoteltail**. “Mr. Hoteltail, a **CREEPY** ghost has been **HAUNTING** your hotel for about a month now. Is there anything you want to say to your guests?”

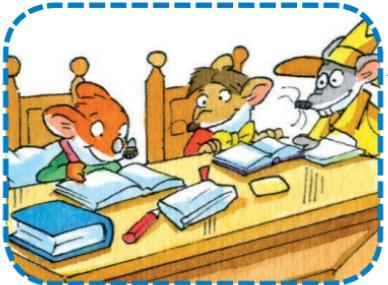
Poor Horatzio had tears in his eyes. “I want to extend a very sincere apology to our guests! I will refund all their **money**.”

“What will become of the Grand Hotel? It’s one of New Mouse City’s most beloved institutions. Will it be forced to **CLOSE**?” Ms. Skinnyfur asked.

I turned off the television. The whole situation was **STRANGE**.

I was concerned about poor Horatzio. He was an old friend of mine. Back in elemousery school, we used to spend our afternoons **SCAMPERING** around his family’s hotel.

# Back in school...



When we were young mice,  
my friend Hercule Poirat  
and I always did our home-  
work at Horatzio's.

We used to play  
hide-and-seek down  
the long hallways of  
the Grand Hotel.



Then we would have  
a snack in the hotel's  
enormouse kitchens . . .



. . . and we'd hide all the room  
keys from the receptionist,  
Oswald Rattaldo!