

# Geronimo Stilton

## **GERONIMO AND THE GOLD MEDAL MYSTERY**



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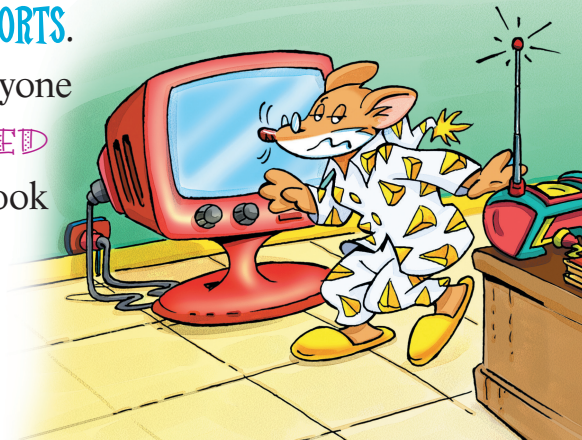
# NOT THE OLYMPICS AGAIN!

It was a sweltering **HOT** summer morning. When my **ALARM WENT OFF**, I dragged my sorry tail out of bed and turned on the radio for the latest news.

“The **Olympics** are about to begin,” the radio announcer **SHOUTED**. And I do mean **SHOUTED**.

I **ROLLED** my eyes. “Rat-munching rattlesnakes, the **Olympics**? That’s all anyone in New Mouse City ever talks about! It’s always **SPORTS, SPORTS, SPORTS**.

Why doesn’t anyone ever get **EXCITED** about the latest book on Neo-Ratonic









COMING SOON — THE OLYMPICS!



comparative philosophy?” I said with a **SIGH**.

I **flipped** through the newspaper and saw a huge headline:

ONLY THREE DAYS TO THE OLYMPICS!

“Moldy mozzarella, the **Olympics** again?”  
I snorted.

I left my mouse hole and headed for the office. And what was the first thing I saw? Workers putting up an **enormouse** TV screen right in the middle of town! Why? So everyone could watch the **Olympics** live, of course!

I got to the office and saw that everybody was abuzz. They were all talking about . . . the **Olympics**, of course!

So I locked myself in my **peaceful** office. You see, I am a bit of a bookmouse.

Oops, that reminds me — I almost forgot



to tell you! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I'm the publisher and editor in chief of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most popular newspaper on Mouse Island.

I was settled in reading a manuscript when suddenly, I heard the **roar** of a motor approaching. There was only one mouse I knew who would dare make that much noise in my nice, *quiet* office. . . .

