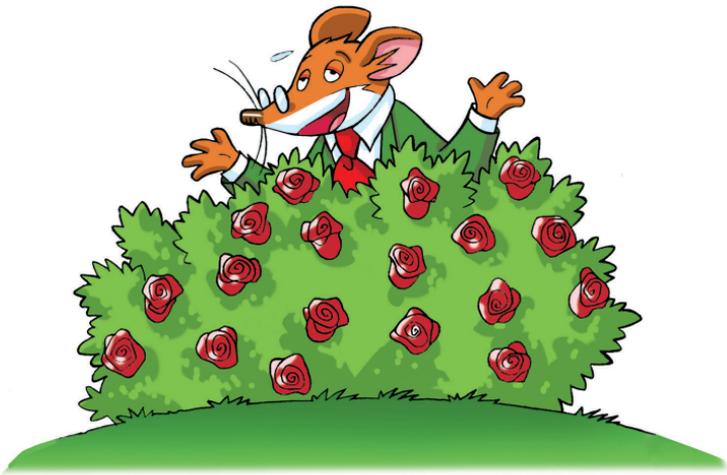


# Geronimo Stilton

## **WEDDING CRASHER**



**Scholastic Inc.**

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

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 publication may be reproduced, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Scholastic Inc., Attention: Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

ISBN 13: 978-0-439-84119-1

ISBN 10: 0-439-84119-4

Copyright © 2000 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Via Galeotto del Carretto 10, 15033 Casale Monferrato (AL), Italia.

English translation © 2006 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A.

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

Published by Scholastic Inc.

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: *Benvenuti a Rocca Taccagna*

Cover by Lorenzo Chiavini

Illustrations by Roberto Ronchi, Christian Aliprandi  
and Davide Turotti

Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse and Michela Battaglin

Special thanks to Kathryn Cristaldi

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

7 8 9 10 11 12/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

First printing, January 2007



# GERONIMO STILTON, RATTUS EMERITUS

That morning, everything started ringing at once. The toaster oven, the phone, the doorbell. I let the answering machine pick up the call, grabbed my cheesy toast from the toaster, and ran for the door. An Express Mail mouse stood on my doorstep.





**“Letter for you, Mr. Stilton,”**  
he squeaked, pawing me a strange-looking  
envelope. “The sender has requested you  
pay for the postage.”



I grumbled, pulling out my wallet. **How rude!** What kind of mouse can't pay for stamps?

After the mail mouse left, I looked more closely at the envelope. It was made out of old scraps of newspaper glued together. **How Strange!**

*Geronimo Stilton, Rattus Emeritus,* it read. I started to open the envelope. That's when I realized it was sealed with **A PIECE OF STICKY CHEWING GUM**. Slimy Swiss balls! **How disgusting!**

Inside, I found a greasy note. I sniffed it. It smelled like an old cheese wrapper. And not in a good way.

The note was written in **crayon**. It looked like it had been written by a mouselet! It appeared to be a wedding invitation, but



it didn't look like any wedding invitation I'd ever seen before. I squinted at it, and couldn't believe my eyes! It said:



Samuel S. Stingysnout  
Is pleased to invite  
**Geronimo Stilton**

to the wedding of his son,  
Stevie Stingysnout,  
to  
Patience Plainpaws.

The ceremony will be held  
at the family home,  
Penny Pincher Castle  
on Cheap Change Hill.

**Gift Required.**



# ARE YOU PACKED?

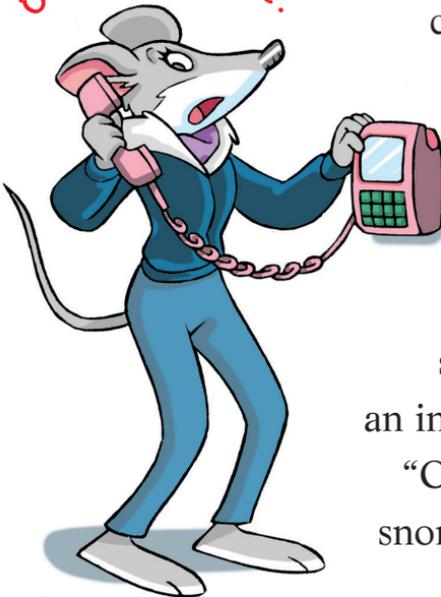
Ah, yes, Uncle Samuel S. Stingysnout. Who else would send a wedding invitation written on an old cheese wrapper and sealed with chewing gum? Uncle Samuel S. Stingysnout was the cheapest mouse I had

ever met. When he had a cold, he refused to buy tissues. Instead, he blew his nose into his tail. Yuck!

I called my sister, Thea, to see if she had gotten an invitation, too.

“Oh, **i GOT ONE,**” Thea snorted. “I put a clothespin

*Oh, I got one.*





on my nose before I opened it. Cheese niblets, what a stench! So are you packed?”

I couldn't believe it. Thea actually wanted to go to the **STINGYSNOUT** wedding?

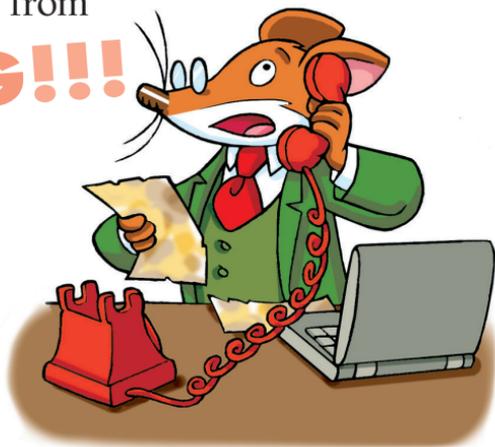
“Of course we're going,” my sister insisted. “Uncle Samuel may be cheap, but he lives in a castle. We've never been there before. It will be fun! I'll be over with Benjamin and Trap in a few minutes to get you.”

“**Now?!**” I shrieked. But there was no answer. As usual, Thea had hung up on me.

I bit my tail to keep from

**SCREAMING!!!**

Why, oh, why did my sister try to drive me crazy? She knew I was a planner. I liked to



prepare before I went off on a trip. I liked to pack carefully. What if I forgot my tie? What if I forgot my toothbrush? What if a late winter storm hit and I needed my catfur earmuffs?

Ten minutes later, Thea was at my place. “**Ready?**” she squeaked.

I opened my mouth to say no. But just then, my favorite nephew, Benjamin, grabbed my paw.

*Do you like it?*



“Oh, this is so exciting, Uncle Geronimo! I’ve never been to a wedding before. Look at the wedding present I made. **Do you**

like it?” he cried.

He showed me two small red cardboard hearts with the names of the bride and groom on them. I sighed. How could I say no to my dear, sweet nephew?

*I threw some stuff in my suitcase  
and followed my family out the door.*

