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Opening extract from

Geronimo Stilton: Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye

Written by

Geronimo Stilton

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LATE AGAIN!

"Putrid cheese puffs!" It was nine o'clock and I, Geronimo Stilton, was late for work — again! I rolled out of bed in a minute and was dressed in two. Pretty fast, considering I am really not a morning mouse.

"CHEESE SLICES! I hate Monday mornings," I grumbled while brushing my teeth with cheddar-flavored toothpaste. Then I hurried downstairs, stumbled over my tail, and tumbled all the way down to the door.





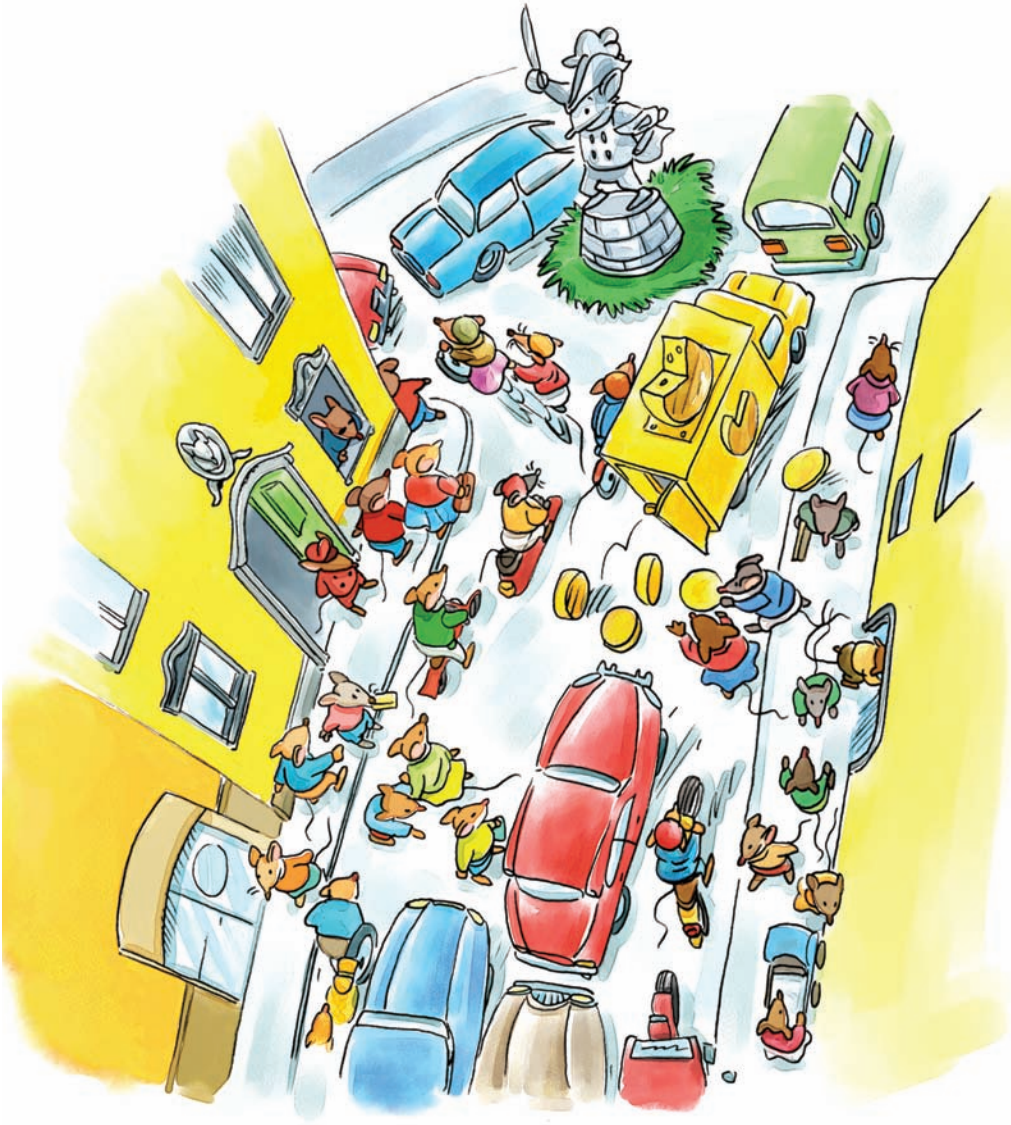
Thump! Thump! Thump! So much for being quiet as a mouse.

The streets of New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, were as noisy as ever. I guess everyone was late just like me. Cheese delivery trucks were everywhere, horns blasting. Mice, rats, and rodents of every size and shape *raced by* in cars, taxis, and Mouse Jordan sneakers.

"Taxi!" I shouted, jumping into a cab. "Seventeen Swiss Cheese Center."

Minutes later, we pulled up to my editorial office. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that I run a newspaper. It's called *The Rodent's Gazette*.

I **took the stairs two at a time** and burst inside. What a workout! I was **pooped**. Maybe I shouldn't have canceled my membership at Rats La Lanne after all.



But before I could think about it, Mousella, my secretary, tackled me.



"*Mr. Stilton,* FINALLY!" she cried, her glasses dangling off one ear. "There is a crowd of rodents waiting to see you: the designers, the printers, the mouse who works the water cooler . . . and the editor in chief wants to speak with you **immediately**."

I headed to my desk. Mousella followed.

"The copy machine is jammed," she continued. "Another mailroom mouse quit. And, Boss, **don't forget you promised me a raise!**"

My head felt like it was about to explode. Even my whiskers hurt. I wouldn't wish this day on the meanest CAT ever!

