



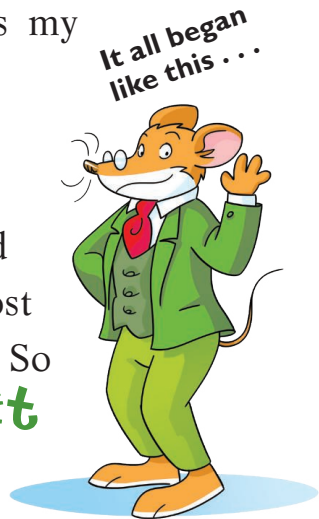


# A MOUSERIFIC BIRTHDAY

My dear rodent friends, before I begin my tale, let me introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I am the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous **newspaper** on Mouse Island.

What a **story** I have for you today! It all began on a Saturday morning. But not just any Saturday — it was my **BIRTHDAY!**

I absolutely adore my **BIRTHDAY**. I like to celebrate with my friends and receive cards and gifts. But most of all, I like to *give* presents! So I put on my **Best Suit**





and got ready to go out. I was planning a **FABUMOUSE** party, and I wanted to get loads of surprises for all my friends.

The doorbell rang. My **heart** leaped as I scurried to open it. Someone had come to wish me a happy birthday!

It was my cousin Trap, who tore through my mousehole like a **tornado**. “Germeister, aren’t you going to wish me a happy birthday? You’ve **FORGOTTEN** all about my birthday, haven’t you?”

“Wh-what?” I stuttered. “Today is your **BIRTHDAY**? I was **SURE** it was next week!”

Trap began to sob like a mouseling, spraying tears everywhere. Within moments, I was soaked to the fur.

“**WAAAAAH!** You forgot about my birthdaaaay! Gerry Berry, how could you?”



I never expected this from yooooou! **No one** cares about meeee!” He wiped his **EYES** on the sleeve of my jacket and blew his nose on my tie.

I tried to comfort him. “Trap, I am so **sorry**. I thought it was next week . . . Let me make it up to you. Let’s **celebrate** together! You know, today is my **BIRTHDAY**, too. I was just about to go out and do a little shopping. Here’s the **list!**”





## TO-DO LIST FOR ~~MY TRAP'S~~ BIRTHDAY



\* Reserve a restaurant  
for ~~my Trap's~~ party  
The fanciest restaurant  
in New Mouse City! No  
pinching pennies!

\* Buy party favors for  
the guests — Something classy! Don't  
get all cheap on me, you misermouse!



\* Think about the  
decorations  
Think fancy! I  
want beautiful  
streamers! Nothing

shoddy, you cheapskate!



\* Buy a gift for the  
birthday mouse —  
that's me, Trap  
Stilton! And I expect  
an expensive, tasteful

gift! Nothing cut-rate! Remember,  
it's not the thought that counts, it's  
the price tag!

Trap immediately stopped crying. He **RIPPED** the list out of my paws and started marking it up with a *red pen*. Then he snatched my wallet and all my credit cards.

“I'll take these!

No cheaping it up today, okay, Gerry Berry? Remember, it's my birthday. **PINCHING PENNIES** is prohibited!”

“I am not a penny-pincher!” I protested, **offended**.



“Why, I’m downright famouse for my **GENEROSITY!**”

For a second, I thought I saw a sly smile under Trap’s whiskers. “Humph! Let me be the judge of that, Cousinkins!”





# A DEAL THAT CAN'T BE MISSED!

As soon as we hit the streets, Trap *raced* ahead of me, waving my credit cards in the air. I trudged behind him, **SHOUTING**, “Trap, give them back!”

Trap *scampered* into the first store. I noticed there were tons of sales (fortunately for me!).



In the window, colorful **banners** announced a **10 PERCENT** discount on shirts, a **20 PERCENT** discount on jackets, a **30 PERCENT** discount on jeans, a **40 PERCENT** discount on ties, and a **50 PERCENT** discount on boots.



“See, I’m doing you a favor,” Trap told me. “Check out these **sales**! Think about how much you’ll save on my present. This is your lucky day, Cousinkins! Now you can give me lots of presents instead of just one. Just don’t be a **cheapskate**, okay?”

I tried to remind him that I am a **generous** rodent (sometimes even a little *too* generous).

But before I could squeak a word, he shoved a pair of ridiculous green boots into my paws. “Here, why don’t you buy these for



yourself? After all, it's your **BIRTHDAY**, too! Never say that I'm not generous, Cousin! Why, these are **FIFTY PERCENT** off. Just think about how much money you'll save!"

I wanted to say that it was easy for him to be **GENEROUS** with MY money! Besides, I really didn't need a pair of tacky **green boots**. But the salesmouse was already **cooing** in my ears.

"Oh, Mr. Stilton, these boots are absolutely fabumouse! They are just perfect with your outfit! You simply can't let this opportunity pass you by! **Look**, they're made of very shiny

leather, with soft padding and a nonslip sole. The style is so *sophisticated*, all sewn by paw . . . with silver spurs and **REAL** gold toes!"

