



Geronimo Stilton

THE TREASURES
OF THE KINGDOM

THE SIXTEENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



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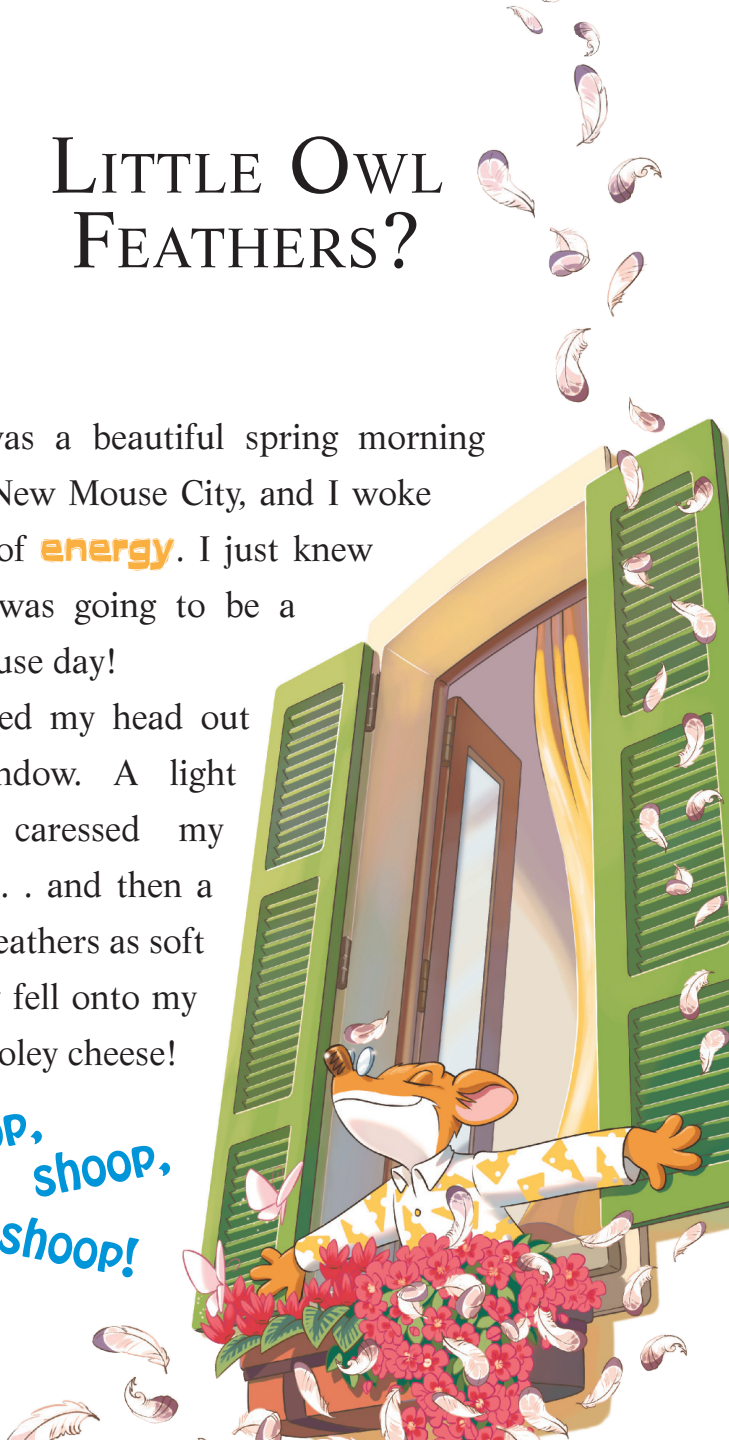
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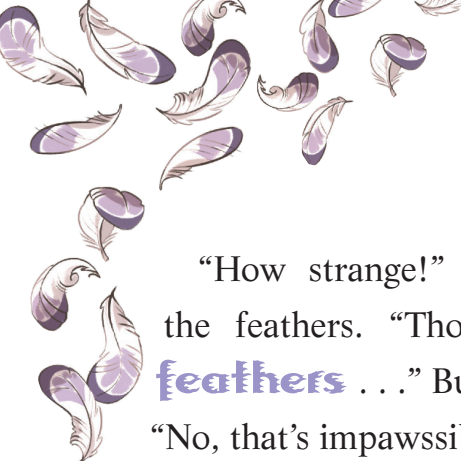
LITTLE OWL FEATHERS?

It was a beautiful spring morning in New Mouse City, and I woke up full of **energy**. I just knew that it was going to be a fabumouse day!


I poked my head out the window. A light breeze caressed my snout . . . and then a tuft of feathers as soft as snow fell onto my nose! Holey cheese!

**SHOOP,
shoop,
shoop!**







“How strange!” I muttered, pulling off the feathers. “Those seem like **Owlet feathers** . . .” But then I shook my snout. “No, that’s impawssible!”




As I got ready to head to the office, I couldn’t stop thinking about my latest fantastic adventure. I had met so many new friends and was able to explore an incredible **ENCHANTED LIBRARY**. What a marvemouse journey!

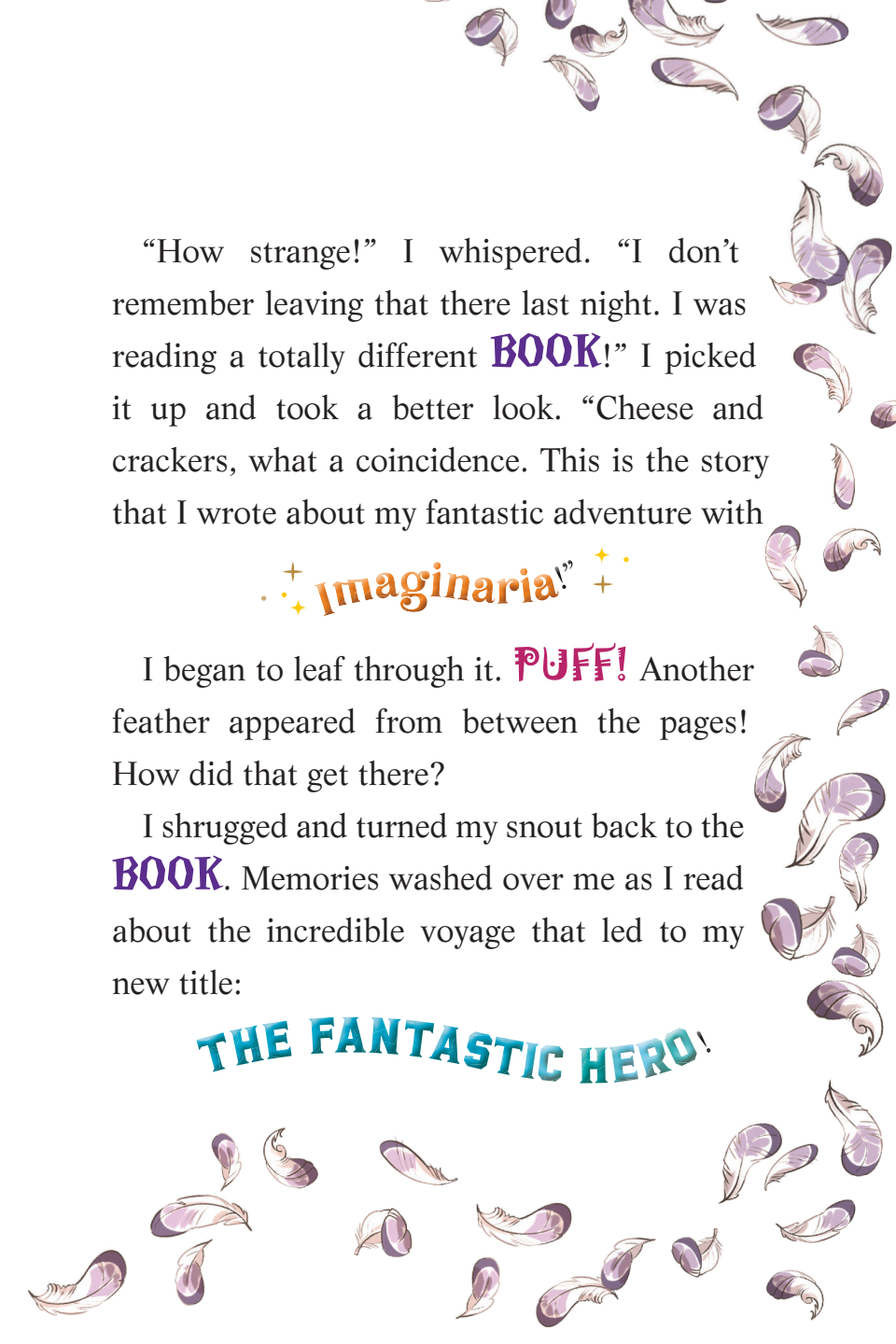


It had been a while since I had thought about that adventure. I wondered how Imaginaria, Sir Furry Furrington, Sophia Knowingowl, and all my other fantastical friends were doing. I would have loved to **see** them all again!



I put on my jacket, lost in thought, and moved toward the door when . . . **OOF!** I tripped on a book that was lying open on the floor.





“How strange!” I whispered. “I don’t remember leaving that there last night. I was reading a totally different **BOOK!**” I picked it up and took a better look. “Cheese and crackers, what a coincidence. This is the story that I wrote about my fantastic adventure with

.. ✨ **Imaginaría!** ✨ ..

I began to leaf through it. **PUFF!** Another feather appeared from between the pages! How did that get there?

I shrugged and turned my snout back to the **BOOK**. Memories washed over me as I read about the incredible voyage that led to my new title:

THE FANTASTIC HERO!

Everything You Need to Know

About My Fantastic Adventure

Everything started the day that I, Geronimo Stilton, editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, found myself inside the **ENCHANTED LIBRARY**. It was a magical place, but it looked like an abandoned building in **Singing Stone Plaza** to the rodents of New Mouse City. It was there that I met Imaginaria; her **helpers**, Furry and Sophia; and their loyal friends, the thirty-three owlets.

A magical place where all possible (and impossible) books that have been written (and will never, ever be written) are held.

According to Imaginaria, I was the **FANTASTIC HERO** they were looking for! Imaginaria needed a hero because she was in trouble . . .



Imaginaria



The Owlets



Furry



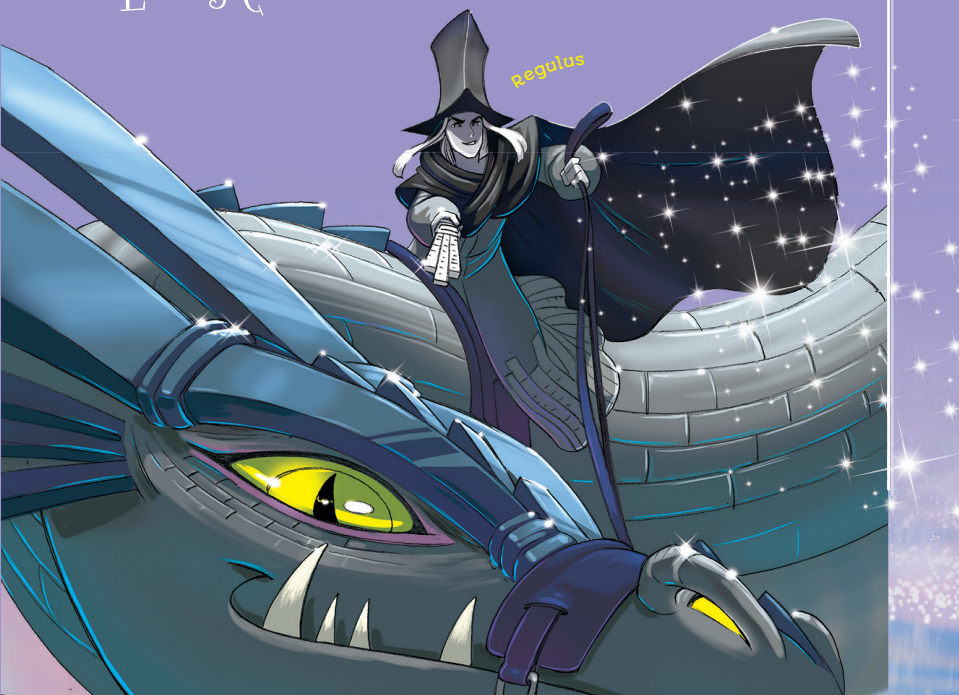
Sophia



big trouble. Regulus, the mysterious wicked wizard, had put a spell on her. Only I could save her by writing a **fantastic** story full of inspiration!

Luckily, thanks to my team of fantastic friends, I succeeded. I even ended up turning Regulus to lead! He was transformed into a statue that Imaginaria placed at the center of **Singing Stone Plaza**.

On top of all that, I came home with three fabumouse things: the fantastic pen (which is just my usual pen with some extra oomph!), my fantastic portrait, and the **Golden Library Card**.



I smiled at the memory, but I had started to feel a bit unsettled. First, I'd seen all those feathers, then my book had ended up on the floor right by the door so that I tripped on it. Could Imaginaria be trying to get my attention?

Just then the book's pages began to turn — all on their own! **Squeak**, what was happening?! Suddenly, the pages stopped and I jumped

Whaaaat?!

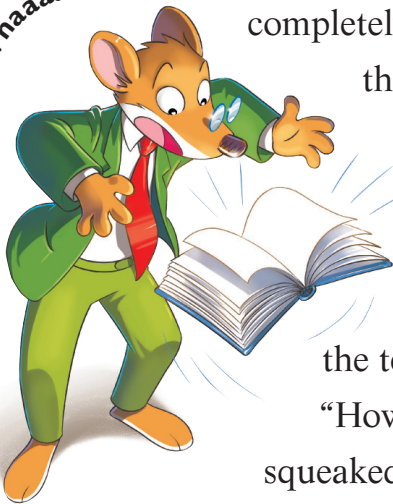
in surprise. The open pages were completely **BLANK**! It was as if

the ink had disappeared.

I checked again, my paws shaking. Sure enough, from pages fifty-seven to sixty, all the text was **gone**!

“How can that be?” I squeaked out loud to myself.

“Well, that was probably a defective



copy . . . even though the last time I **LEAFED** through it, everything seemed normal.”


I flipped and flipped the pages with my paws, thinking hard. Then I gave up. “I’m going to be late! I have to go. I’ll deal with this tonight.”

I felt an **anxiousness** churning in my stomach, so before I left I turned around and went over to my desk. I opened the drawer to look for the **Golden Library Card** that Imaginaria had given me. It gave me access to the Enchanted Library whenever I wanted. It was there, safe and secure, looking like a regular old library card. Whew!

“What a ’fraidy mouse!” I said with a little laugh. “If **something** had happened to Imaginaria or the Enchanted Library, I would already know.”

But just in case, I took the Golden Library Card and put it in my pocket.

As I walked through the streets of New Mouse




City, I continued to search for *fantastic signs*. Maybe an elf hanging from a tree branch in the park? Or a streak in the sky left by a witchcat? Or the windows of a house that had transformed into eyes? **But I didn't see anything!**

Everything was normal in New Mouse City. Cheesy cream puffs, I was worrying for nothing! So, when I finally arrived at *The Rodent's Gazette* offices, I said hello to everyone and got ready to bury my snout in work.



I sat down and glanced at the portrait of me on my desk. **I turned as pale as a ball of mozzarella!**

This wasn't just any portrait; it was the **fantastic portrait** that Imaginaria had given me as a thank-you gift for saving her. In the image,



I had a proud and determined look on my snout,
like a true hero! But now . . .

“Squeak!” I exclaimed. “Why does my portrait
look so **SAD?**”

