

Geronimo Stilton

CREPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE



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www.geronimostilton.com

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AN EERIE E-MAIL

I hurried home after a long day at work. I was so tired that my whiskers were **DROOPING**. All I wanted to do was relax in my favorite **comfy** chair.

Don't get me wrong — I wasn't planning on **STARING** at the walls all night. I had brought home some work to do. But I wanted to do it calmly, in peace and quiet. No **ringing** phones. No doors **slamming**. And no coworkers yelling at one another!

Sorry, I haven't introduced myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I'm the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island.

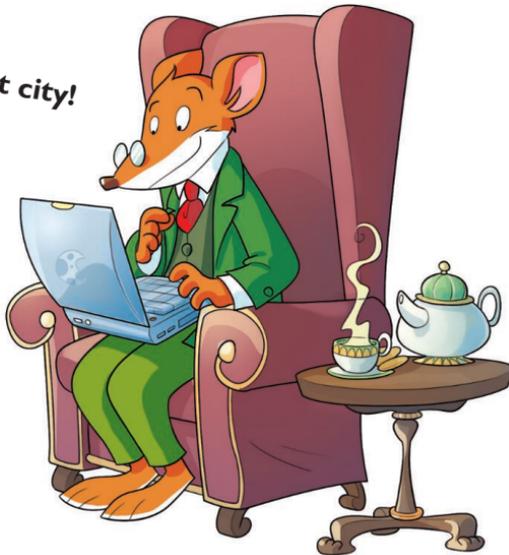


It was already late and I was as tired as a rat being chased by a cat. But I really wanted to write a nice article about the city I live in.

I **love** my city!

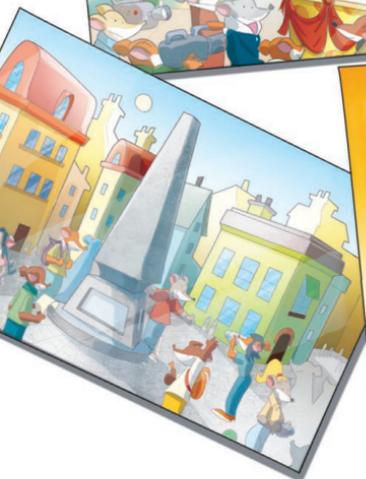
I turned on my laptop and looked at **PHOTOS** of all the places, buildings, and statues that make **New Mouse City** a **FANTASTIC** place to live.

What a great city!





My sister, Thea, took all the photos. She's a special correspondent for the newspaper. I checked out **PHOTOS** of the port, City Hall, Singing Stone Square, the Statue of Limburger . . . and then I yawned. I was so **sleepy!**





I looked at the  **clock**. It was ten fifteen!

“Time to hit the sack!” I exclaimed, ***stretching***

As I put on my pajamas, I remembered something — I hadn’t checked my e-mail in hours. So I typed in my password and saw a new message **pop** up on my screen.

It was from my friend **CREPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!** I turned as **PALE** as a slice of Swiss cheese. There is absolutely nothing relaxing about **CREPELLA.**

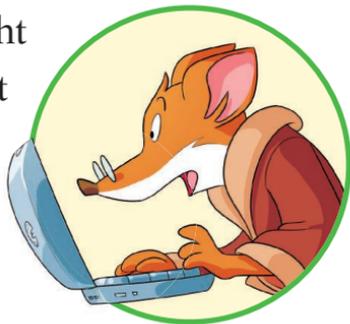
The e-mail read:





There was a file attached. It was Creepella's latest novel. You might know that she lives in **Mysterious Valley**. All her books are about **CREEPY** creatures, like vampires, mummies, and monsters. They are **thrilling, chilling** tales!

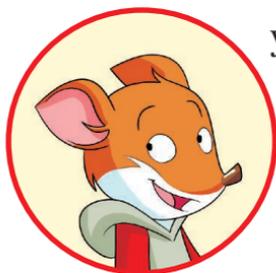
My tail **twitched** in fright before I even read the first word. But I was very curious, so I opened the file. Then I read the book all the way through, and it was so good



that I couldn't stop thinking about it! Soon the rays of the cheddar-**yellow** sun were peeking through my window.

"What a **STRANGE** story," I whispered.

Then the doorbell rang. I was **GROGGY** from not sleeping, and I stumbled to the door and opened it.



“Good morning, Uncle Geronimo. Are you ready yet?” It was **BENJAMIN**, my favorite nephew, with his friend **Bugsy Wugsy**. I had promised to have breakfast with them!

“**HOLEY CHEESE!**

I’m late. Give me a second,” I called as I ran into my room. I dressed so quickly that my heart was **pounding** like I was a mouse caught in a trap.



When I was done, I found Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy looking at Creepella’s story. They read it in no time.

“It’s a strange story . . . but awesome!” they exclaimed.

“Do you **REALLY** think so?” I asked, straightening my tie.



“Absolutely!” Buggy Wugsy replied.

“You have to publish it **IMMEDIATELY**,
Uncle Geronimo!” Benjamin added.

I decided to take their advice. So I present
to you now the **amazing**, breathtaking
new story by Creepella von Cacklefur!

It’s called:

THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE.

I hope you’ll like it as much as Benjamin and
Buggy Wugsy did.



By the way, we went out for **BREAKFAST** that morning.

“What would you like?” asked the waitress.

We didn’t think about it twice. We looked at one another. Then we all said our orders at the same time.

**“A GLASS OF
TOMATO JUICE!”**