



Four Mice Deep In The Jungle



Swiftpaws leaped into action. "Supersuit: Cork Mode!" Let's go! Before I could blink, he transformed into a large YELLOW cork, ready to plug the hole in the dam. I stood, frozen in my fur, until Swiftpaws hollered, "Be brave, SUPERSTILTON! Come give me a paw!" "I'm coming!" I said meekly, my tail trembling with fear. I did my best to plug a few of the smaller holes in the dam, blocking them with my paws. How mousetastically **EXHAUSTING** As I scrambled around the dam, some



-4(5) Alison



"I'LL FIX YOU ALL RIGHT, STILTON!"

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Part 1: Author of the book

In the book, it says that the author of this book is Geronimo Stilton, which was the main character of this book, but actually the series is based on the original idea of Elisabetta Dami.



PART 2: Retell the story

At the beginning, Geronimo was a timid mouse who was afraid of spooky holidays, fireworks, going to the dentist, flying, spiders, snakes, closed spaces, and crowds... ... almost for everything.



On the plane to Rio Mosquito, Geronimo knew a female mouse called Penelope Poisonfur. He signed a form for Penelope's course without knowing much information because she was too charming. When he first joined the survival course, he wished he had never signed the form. On the first day, they ate sandwiches made of fleas, and only stopped at midnight to drink red ant soup. On the second day, Geronimo gave Tubby his snailburger to help a hungry, poor mouse. When they learn how to get across the river by a rope, Tubby fell in the water, and Geronimo saved him. On the third day, Geronimo climbed a tall tree and built a tree house with others. For the next three days, Geronimo found the campsite by looking down on a tree, faced the fear of falling in holes and furry spiders, and even learned how to make a poisonous snake fall asleep.

At last, Geronimo had been cured, and had changed into a brave mouse.

PART 3: Interesting parts

I scurried behind him. B.B. wasn't exactly the friendliest mouse around. I mean, I wouldn't invite him over for one of my aunt Honeywhisker' s yummy cheddar casseroles. But I didn't care. I just wanted to get out of this creepy jungle.







My mouth dropped open. I began to shake. This was the lowest of the low. How could she leave me alone in this dark, scary place? It was so horrifying. Can you guess why? That's right, I' m afraid of enclosed spaces.

