It was a **BEAUTIFUL** morning. The first rays of the **sun** peeked through my curtains, warming the blankets on my cozy bed. I was tucked in **peacefully**, the covers pulled up, snoring like a hibernating dormouse.

Oops! I always forget to introduce myself: My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. 

**Bang, Bang, Bang . . . BANG!**
I’m the editor of *The Rodent’s Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, I was **dreaming** of biting into my favorite breakfast treat (a cheese-filled donut with **vanilla** frosting) when suddenly I heard a **deafening** sound outside. What was that terrible noise? It sounded more or less like this:

**Bang, bang, bang . . . Bang!!!**

I jumped out of bed with a **squeak**. Then I threw open the window and something wet, mushy, and **smelly** hit me right in the snout. **Splat!**

**Ugh!** I spat out the soggy substance, which had a **strange** odor. What could it be?
Splat!
“Aaarrrgghh!” I squeaked. “Who’s there? What was that?”
Then I heard a familiar voice: “Cousin!” the voice boomed. “Do you care about me or not?”

Only then did I understand . . .
That maybe . . .
No, probably . . .
No, surely it was . . .
my cousin, Trap Stilton!

“So, did you like it?” Trap yelled loudly.
“Wh-what was I supposed to like?” I sputtered in response. “I don’t understand!”
As I was squeaking, Trap used a small wind-up catapult to shoot another SMELLY
Cousin!
BROWN GLOB at me. It landed right in my mouth.

I spat it out. It tasted disgusting.

“No!” I yelled. “I don’t like it! But what is it?”

“It’s a liver-flavored, deep-fried, cheddar cheese meatball!” he announced proudly.

Then he began to interrogate me. “Why don’t you like it? What would you change? Is it too sweet or too salty or too spicy or too bland or too dense or too soft or too —”

“Stop!” I yelled, cutting him off. “I just don’t like it, and that’s that. Ugh!”

But Trap just pulled a notebook out of his pocket and began to write furiously.

“The victim — I mean, the taster — I mean, the assistant said he doesn’t like it, and that’s that. Ugh!”
Then he snapped shut the notebook.

“You know, Geronimo, this doesn’t work for me,” he said.

“What doesn’t work for you?” I asked, confused.

“These tasting notes!” Trap squeaked. “You must be more precise, more complete, and go into more detail. Otherwise, how will I improve the flavor of my dishes?”