

# Geronimo Stilton



## THE SUPER CHEF CONTEST

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Text by Geronimo Stilton

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# BANG, BANG, BANG . . . BANG!

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*.





I'm the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** 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?







“Aaarrrrgggh!” 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**



**SUPER CHEF  
TRAP**

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?”



The  
assistant  
says . . .