

THE SUPPORT CHEST CONTEST

SCHOLASTIC SCHOLASTIC

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

Copyright © 2012 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Palazzo Mondadori, Via Mondadori 1, 20090 Segrate, Italy. International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A. English translation © 2014 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted. Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to www.stiltoncheese.com.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the copyright holder. For information regarding permission, please contact: Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, www.atlantyca.com.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-0-545-65600-9

Text by Geronimo Stilton Original title *La gara dei supercuochi* Cover by Iacopo Bruno, Roberto Ronchi, and Christian Aliprandi Illustrations by Danilo Barozzi, Carolina Livio, and Christian Aliprandi Graphics by Chiara Cebraro

Special thanks to AnnMarie Anderson Translated by Andrea Schaffer Interior design by Kay Petronio

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 19 20 21 22 23

Printed in the U.S.A.40This edition first printing 2019



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 *peacefulley*, 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 **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?



BANG, BANG, BANG. . . BANG!

"Aaarrrgggh!" 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?"

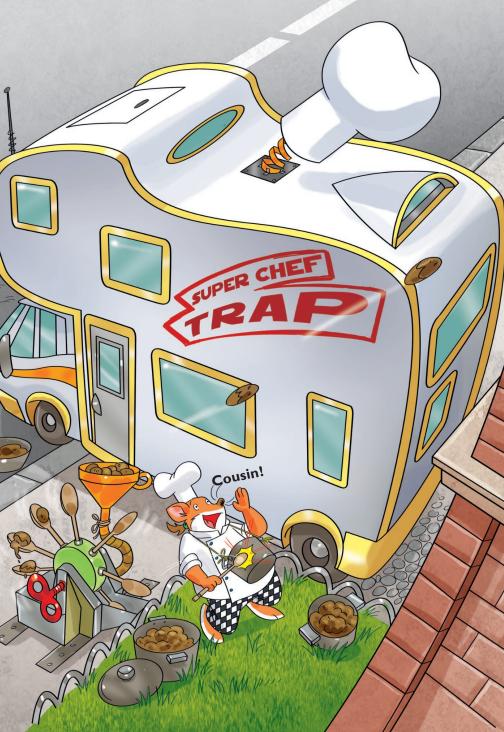
Only then did i understand ...

That maybe ...

NO, Probably...

NO, SUPEly it was ... my Cousin, TPap 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 **GMELLY**



BANG, BANG,

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?"

