

# BANG, BANG, BANG ... BANG!

It was a beautiful morning. The first rays of the sun peeked through my curtains, warming the blankets on my cosy 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 famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, I was dreaming of biting into my favourite breakfast treat (a cheese-filled doughnut 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 odour. What could it be?

**"AAARRRGGGH!"** I squeaked. "Who's there? What was that?"

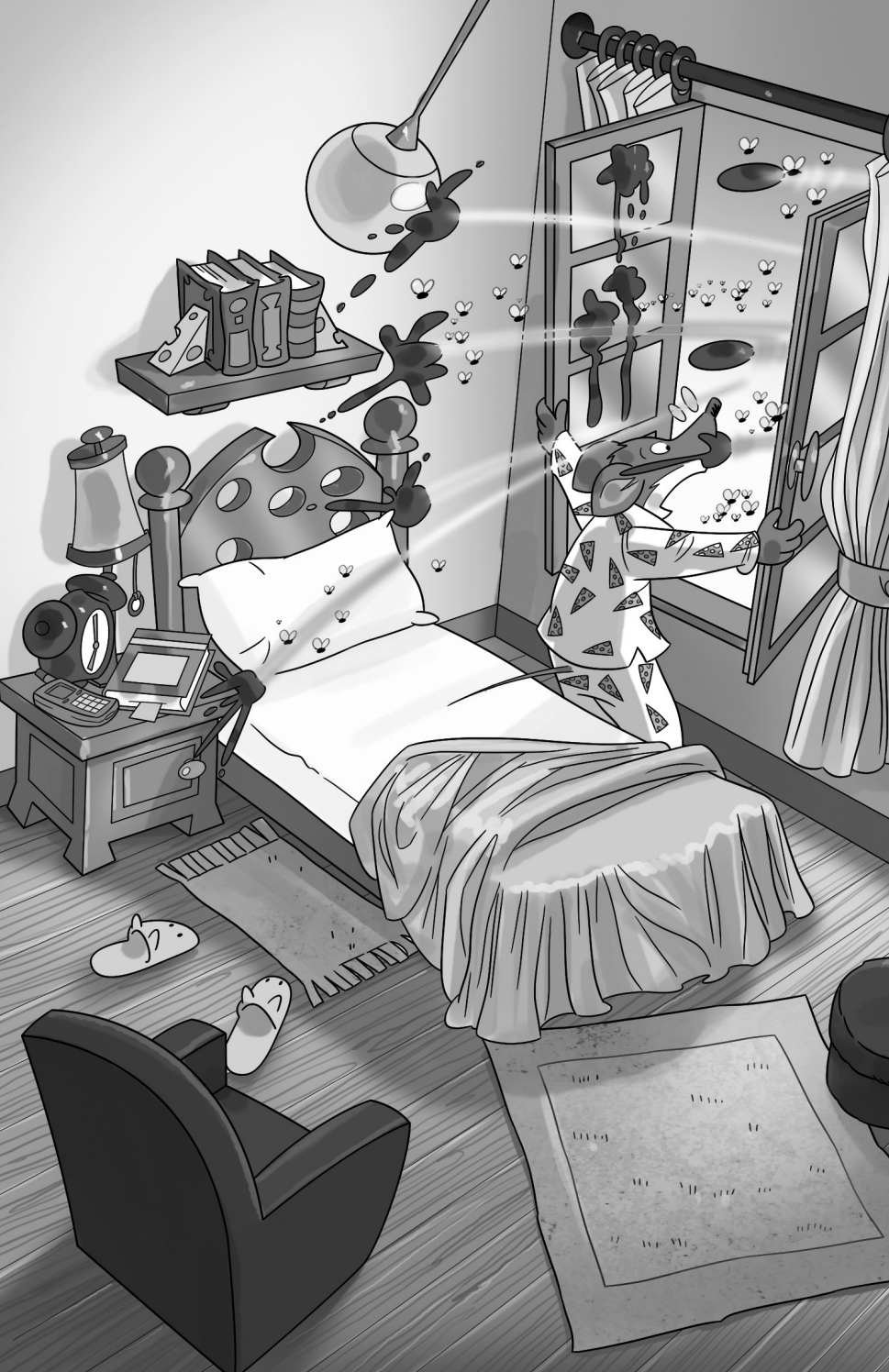
Then I heard a familiar voice: "Cousin!" the voice boomed. "Do you care about me or not?"

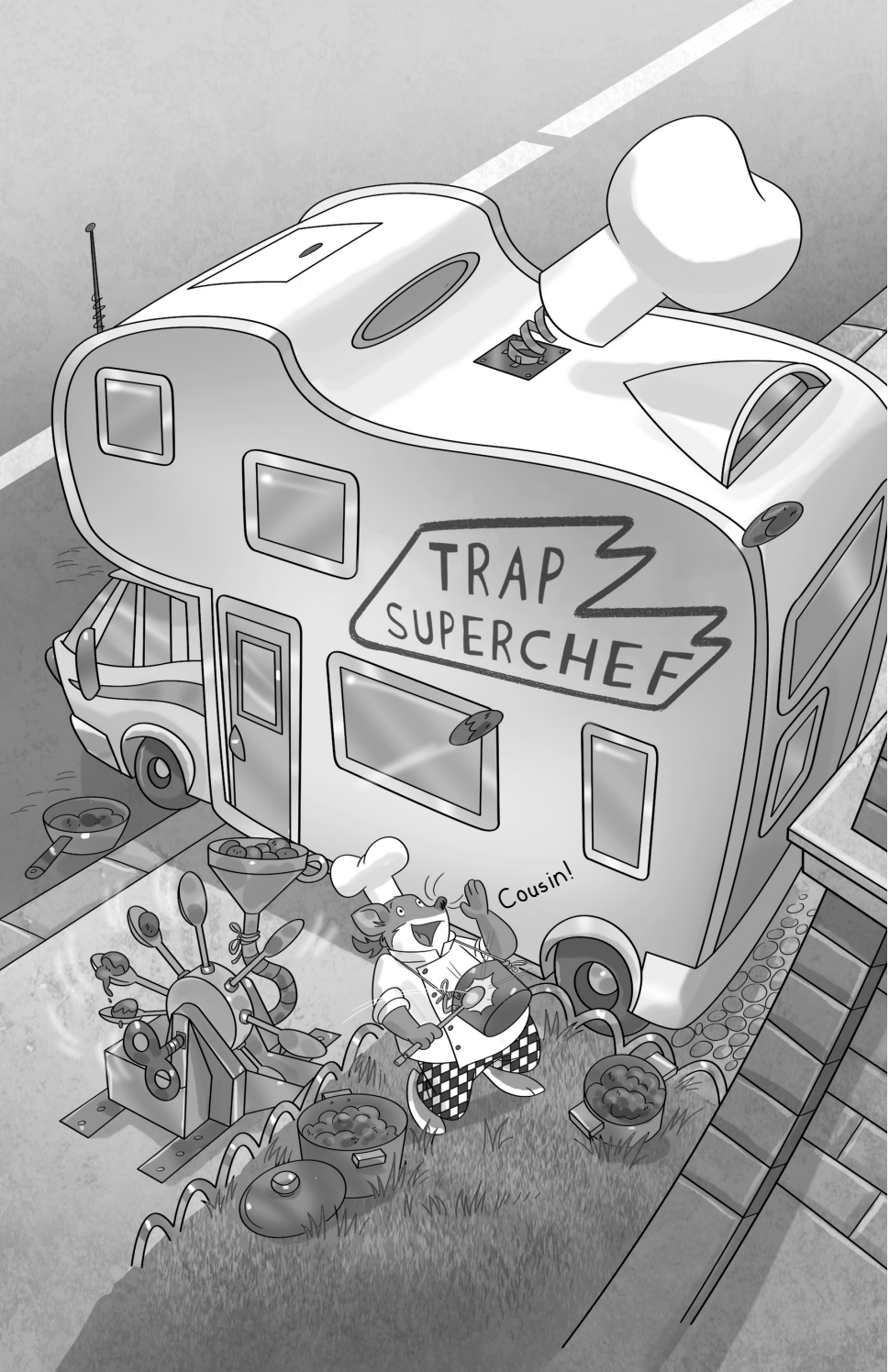
Only then did I understand ...

That maybe ...

No, probably...

No, surely it was ...





TRAP  
SUPERCHEF

Cousin!

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 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-flavoured, 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 flavour of my dishes?**”





# RAW EGG SMOOTHIE (SHELLS INCLUDED!)

I watched from my window as Trap dashed inside the **ENORMOUSE** two-storey white camper he had parked on my front lawn. Suddenly, he popped up through the roof of the camper van and jumped towards me, flying through my open window. He landed on the floor of my bedroom. I was flabbergasted.

“B-but ... the camper van ... the window ...” I squeaked, unable to complete a sentence. Then Trap stuffed a slice of cake into my snout.

“Wild onion cake with cherry cream cheese frosting,” he announced proudly.

**BLEGH!** It was awful! It tasted like rancid rubbish!

I spat it out, disgusted.

“Here, Cuz!” Trap said, handing me a cup filled with a murky-looking liquid. “Wash it down with this!”



**RAW EGG SMOOTHIE  
(SHELLS INCLUDED)!**

Blech! It was *dreadful*! It tasted like a raw egg smoothie, with the shells included.

I spat out the drink.

"This isn't going well, Geronimo," Trap said, shaking his snout. "You must give me more constructive feedback, understand? Otherwise, how will I win the Super

Chef Contest and become the recipient of the **Great Golden Fork?**"

Then Trap reached over and tweaked my ear. **Ouch!**

"What are you squeaking about?" I asked. Then I remembered an article I had published a few days earlier in *The Rodent's Gazette*. "Do you mean the upcoming Super Chef



**WILD ONION CAKE WITH  
CHERRY CREAM CHEESE  
FROSTING!**





Contest in Gourmetville, which determines the best cook on Mouse Island?" I asked Trap.

He reached over and tweaked my other ear. **Double ouch!**

"Exactly!" he replied. "And do you know who will win? Me! But there is one little teeny, tiny detail ..."

He reached over and tweaked my tail. **Triple ouch!**

"I need a victim – I mean, a taster – I mean, an assistant," Trap continued. "And it's going to be you, Cuz!"

"B-but I can't, I really can't," I stammered. "I have so much work to do at the office. And I'm not a very good cook. Why don't you ask someone else?"

Trap pointed his finger at me.

"You know, you're a really *shellfish* mouse, Geronimo," he said, poking me in the snout. Unfortunately for me,

Gourmetville is a small town and the capital of the region of Cheese and Honey, which is famous because it produces the best food on Mouse Island.





he missed his target and poked me in the eye instead.

**"OWWWWWW!"** I yelped with pain.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Trap laughed, oblivious. "Did you get my little chef pun, Cuz? *Shellfish!*"



"Anyway," Trap continued, "it's got to be you. I asked Thea, but she can't because she has to accompany Aunt Sweetfur to a crochet class.

I asked Coral Cackle, but she can't because she's waiting for a delivery of mussels from the Sea of Mice. I asked my friend Paws Prankster,





but he can't because he's **allergic** to every food except cheese and spinach. I also asked my friend Fishyfur, but he can't because he's having a birthday party for his pet fish

Red.



even asked my friends Squeaky

La Rue and

Henrietta

Happypaws,

but they can't

because ... because ... well,

I can't remember anymore,





but they can't, you see! So now I'm asking you, Geronimo. You're my cousin, and



we're family, right?"

He fell to his knees,

**Pleading** with me.

"I care about you, Cuz, but do you care about me?"

Trap asked. "If you do care, you would be my assistant. If

not, admit that I don't matter to you a whisker and that all you care about is your work."

Then he began to sob.

**"I'm broke, G!"** he squeaked. "I spent a fortune on this supercamper, which is fitted with a top-of-the-line, professional kitchen!"

"But, Trap, who made you buy an enormous supercamper?" I asked.

He snorted. "Well, no one, exactly, but ... well, do you care about me or not?"

I sighed. It's true that I have a heart that's as **soft** as Brie. I'd be willing to do almost anything for anymouse

GERONIMO



STILTON

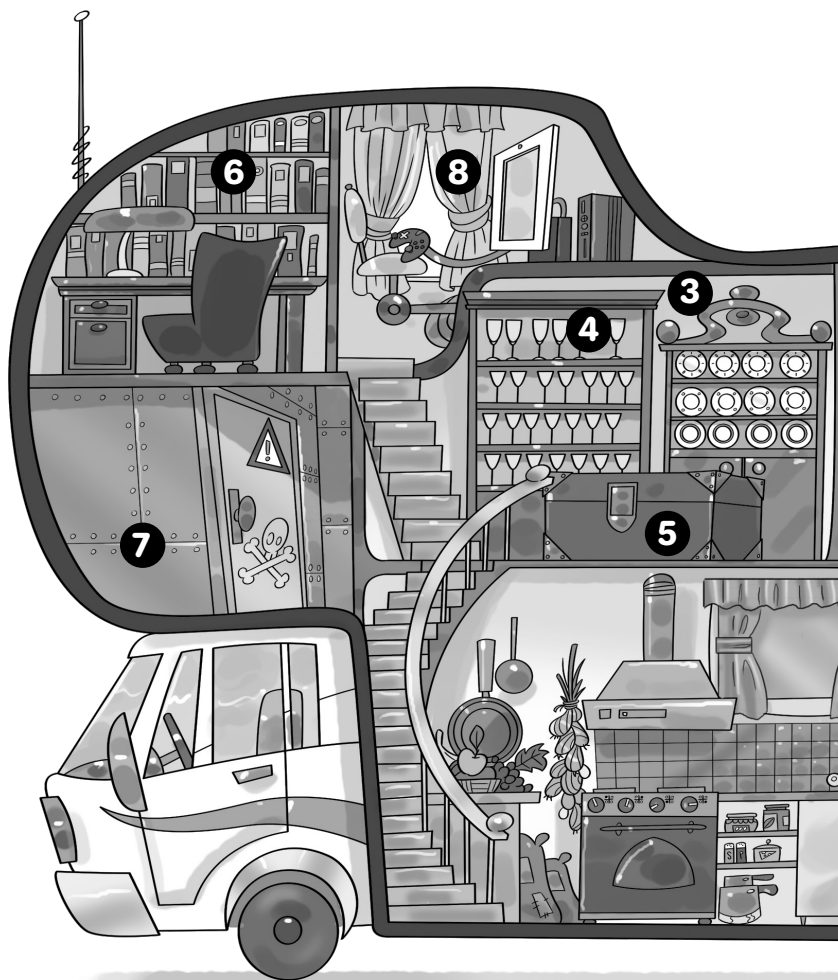
who asks for my help, even if that mouse is my **IRRITATING** cousin. I cleared my throat.

“Trap, if this is really that important to you, well, maybe I should ... I would ... well, I’ll be your assistant,” I agreed.

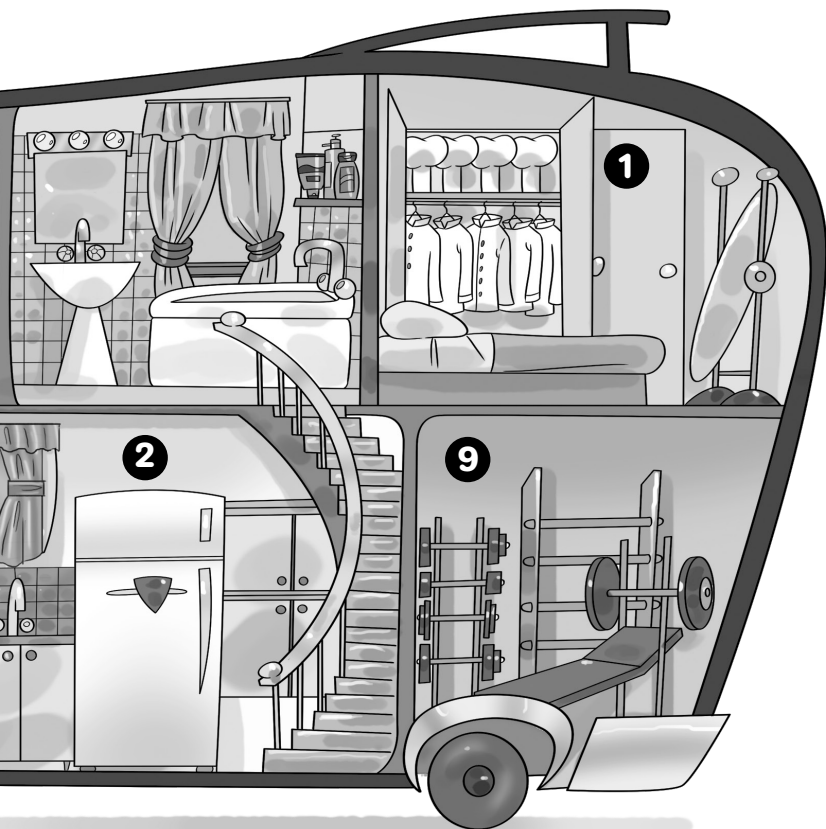
He jumped up and down with joy. Then he pulled me on board his supercamper, which was indeed fitted for a professional chef. **I looked around in shock.** There was every tool imaginable: from A to Z, apple corers to zesters! There were the most modern appliances, a library of recipes from the most famous chefs, and many, many other things!



# Trap's HUGE Supercamper



1. BEDROOM, BATHROOM, AND WALK-IN WARDROBE FURNISHED COMPLETELY FOR CHEFS
2. LARGE KITCHEN FITTED WITH A GIANT REFRIGERATOR, A FREEZER, A BEVERAGE FRIDGE, APPLIANCES, POTS, PANS, AND EVERYTHING ELSE NEEDED BY THE BEST CHEFS!
3. PLACE SETTINGS FOR TWELVE, EDGED IN GOLD FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS
4. HAND-BLOWN CRYSTAL GLASSES
5. TRAP'S MYSTERIOUS LARGE TRUNK: WHO KNEW WHAT WAS INSIDE?
6. LIBRARY OF BOOKS AND RECIPES BY THE MOST FAMOUSE CHEFS!
7. SECRET ROOM (ONLY TRAP HAD THE KEY!)
8. TELEVISION ROOM WITH VIDEO GAMES AND COMPUTER FOR RELAXATION
9. GYM TO STAY IN SHAPE





# WELCOME TO GOURMETVILLE!

Trap hopped in the driver's seat and drove off in a flash, tyres squealing. And then he began to sing:

"The amazing Trap Stilton is on his way,  
To cook the best dishes of the day!  
He'll slice them and dice them,  
He'll fry them and ice them,  
And when he wins, we'll shout 'hooray!'"

Trap wouldn't stop chattering as we drove. "Don't worry, Cousin," he bragged, "this contest will be a walk in the park! The **Great Golden Fork** is already mine! And do you know why? Because I'm the best! I'm prepared! I studied all the rules of the contest. Listen ..."





Rules of the

# **SUPER CHEF CONTEST**



The contest takes place every year in Count Ludwig von Cheddar's ancient castle in Gourmetville, in the region of Cheese and Honey. Count von Cheddar was a true gourmand who was passionate about cooking until he died many years ago from indigestion. This contest is his legacy.

Every rodent on Mouse Island is eligible to enter the contest. The contest lasts seven days. The first six days are elimination rounds. On the evening of the sixth day, the top seven participants will be selected to compete in the final competition on the seventh day.

The winner will receive the Great Golden Fork trophy, which he or she will retain until the following year's contest. In addition, the winner will receive a certificate that verifies him or her as Mouse Island's Super Chef of the Year. May the best mouse win!

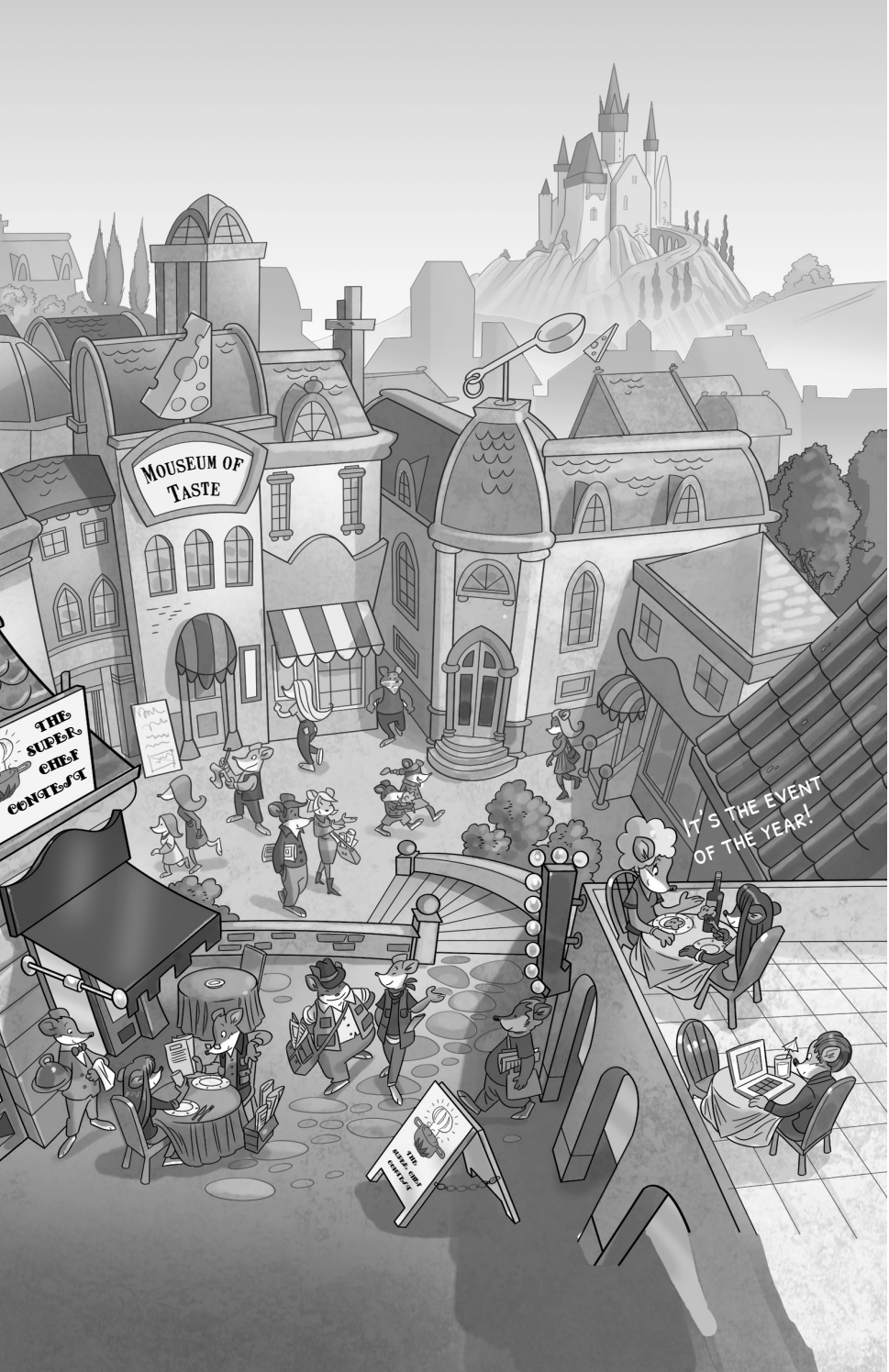


I listened to him carefully. **MOULDY MOZZARELLA!** The Super Chef Contest lasted for seven days. An entire week! Yikes! **Poor me!** This meant that I would be required to assist my cousin for seven whole days ... which meant that I would have to taste yucky mush non-stop for seven whole days. I became **NAUSEATED** just thinking about it! Between that and the bumpy ride in the supercamper, I was beginning to worry I might throw up! Luckily, a moment later, I saw a sign that read:



# MAP OF MOUSE ISLAND





MUSEUM OF  
TASTE

THE  
SUPER  
CHEF  
CONTEST

IT'S THE EVENT  
OF THE YEAR!

THE  
SUPER  
CHEF  
CONTEST



We had arrived in Gourmetville, the capital of Mouse Island's Cheese and Honey region, which is famous for producing the **best** food on the island. The cheeses in this city are the most delicious, the fruit is the tastiest, and the recipes are the most interesting.

I looked around: many of Gourmetville's antique buildings were decorated with elaborate plaster like frosted birthday cakes. The streets had gourmet names: Frittata Alley, Cheesecake Lane, Sweet & Salty Street, Lasagne Way ... the list went on and on! Street signs pointed the way to the Mouseum of Taste and the Mouseum of Cheeses.

And there were so many places to eat! All around me there were restaurants, cafés, pizzerias, grocery stores, delis, ice cream shops, bakeries, butchers, and candy stores.

On the main street, I spotted the offices of the local newspaper, *The Gourmand Press*. The editors only publish recipes, results of cooking competitions and restaurant reviews! The streets were clogged with tourists, journalists, and chefs who had come to



Gourmetville to attend the event of the year.

Trap turned down a narrow street that led to a small hill in the area that surrounded the city. The supercamper climbed up the hill towards a castle perched on the steep rocks overlooking Gourmetville.

**It was Count von Cheddar's castle!** There was a huge banner hanging over the front door:





The line of chefs waiting to enter the castle snaked out the door and around the building not once, but twice!

