

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

THE HUNT FOR THE SECRET PAPYRUS

**PLUS a bonus
Mini Mystery and
cheesy jokes!**



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THE HUNT FOR THE SECRET PAPYRUS





GET YOUR TAIL IN GEAR!

It was dawn on a **frigid** December day. I was snuggled in my comfy bed when the sound of the phone cut my snoring short.

Ring, riing, riiing!

Holey cheese, who could that be?





I opened one **EYE**, yawned, and lifted the receiver. “Hello? This is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*,” I mumbled, still half-asleep. “I’m the publisher of *The Rodent’s Gazette*, the most famous **newspaper** on Mouse Island . . .”

At the other end, a voice **bellowed**, “Oh, really? Well, my name is William Shortpaws! And that paper is only famous because I founded it! **WAKE UP**, Geronimo — this is your grandfather! You need to get up **immediately!**”

“G-grandfather? Is that you? It’s very e-earl—” I stammered.

“You’re a cheesebrain, Grandson!” he barked. “I just finished reading a copy of today’s *Gazette*, and I didn’t see any articles in it — not even a sentence or a single photo — about the **BLACK PAPYRUS!**”



Black Papyrus? Moldy mozzarella, I had no idea what he was squeaking about!

Grandfather went on. “When I was running the paper, that kind of thing didn’t happen. Do you have even a **morsel** of an idea of what I’m talking about?”

I didn’t, but I tried to make something up. “**OHHHH . . . UMMM . . .** the Black Papyrus?” I said slowly. “Papyrus . . . You’re talking about **Egypt**, right? Well, it’s black because . . . they probably made it out of very dark plants? That makes sense! **Uh . . .**

right? Gulp!”

Blushing with embarrassment,

I finally admitted, “Cheese niblets, I’m sorry, Grandfather — I don’t know what





the **BLACK PAPYRUS** is!”

There was a long pause.

“Are you still there?” I asked **timidly**.

Grandfather William suddenly howled, “**I KNEW IT!** What planet do you live on, Geronimo? Get up! **GET YOUR TAIL IN GEAR!** Go to the Egyptian Mouseum in New Mouse City right away! I want you to write an exclusive article about the Black Papyrus. **GOT IT?**”

Before I could answer, he slammed the phone down. Rat-munching rattlesnakes, my grandfather was **ANGRIER** than a caged cat!

That was the first time I’d ever heard anything about the **MYSTERIOUS** Black Papyrus. I had so many questions! There was only one thing to do — I bounded out of bed, and in two shakes of a mouse’s tail I was headed to the Egyptian Mouseum.



I wondered: What would I learn?

I wondered: What was the Black Papyrus?

I wondered: Why was it so important?

*I wondered . . . I wondered . . .
I wondered . . . I wondered . . .*

