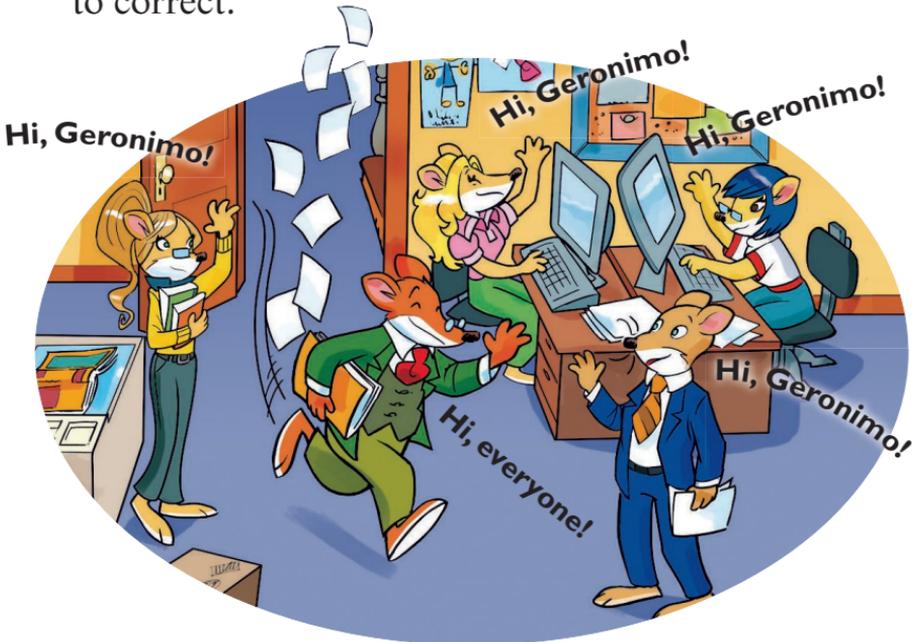




ANOTHER CRAZY BUSY DAY . . .

That **morning** started out just like any other day at the office. I waved hello to my staff, then **scurried** off to my desk. I already knew that there was a **PILE** of work waiting for me — contracts to sign, manuscripts to evaluate, proofs to correct.





Yep, just another **CRAZY** busy day.

It's a good thing I **love** my work, otherwise . . .
Oops! I just realized you probably have no idea what I am **squeaking** about. Let me explain. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, as I was saying, it's a good thing I **love** my job, otherwise I'd probably want to pull my fur out! From the minute I set paw in the office, the work never stops.

And this Friday was no different. Well, one thing was different. I had decided I would work extra **fast** so I could leave early and get started on my relaxing weekend. The next day was my **BIRTHDAY!**

But as soon as I sat down, I immediately noticed a **mysterious** envelope on my desk.

It said: **For Geronimo Stilton. PERSONAL.**



CONFIDENTIAL.
EXTREMELY
URGENT!



I picked it up and stared at it for a long time. *Should I open it?* I wondered.

I don't know why, but for some reason, the envelope filled me with **DREAD**. My mind raced. My heart pounded. What if it was **BAD NEWS**? What if someone had died? What if I was being

Should I open it?

