Geronimo Stilton



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PHONE CALL FOR Mr. STILTON!

It began like any other ordinary morning.

As usual, I woke up in a great mood.

As usual, I scurried over to my office.

As usual, I squeaked "good morning" to all my colleagues.

Oh, excuse me. I almost forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am the editor of the most famouse



newspaper in New Mouse City, *The Rodent's Gazette*.

The staff began our daily editorial meeting. We were in search of an IDEA for a new column. But none of us could agree on what it should be About.

As the reporters were pitching a few concepts, the phone rang.

Ring, ring, ringnanang!

I picked up the receiver. "Hello, Stilton here. *Geronimo Stilton*!"

Bzzzzz . . . bzzzzzzzzzzzz It was a bad connection.

An operator with a nasal squeak cut in. "Mr. Stilton, will you accept a **collect call**?"

Bzzz...bzzzzzz...

The line kept buzzing.

Who could be calling me

collect? It was so **Strange!**

"A **collect call** means **YOU PAY** for the phone call!" the operator explained. Well, of course I knew that! "Do you accept the charges? Hmmm? Do you accept or not? I need an answer here! I don't have all day to twiddle my whiskers while you make up your mind, you know!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was a bit distracted by the buzzing on the line," I explained. "I accept, of course!"

Suddenly, I heard a **familiar** voice squawk, "Geronimo? Is that you, Geronimo?"

Bzzzzzz bzzz

I recognized that squeak right away. It belonged to my Uncle Samuel S. Stingysnout!