





# A VERY SPECIAL REQUEST

It was **nighttime** in New Mouse City.  
Rodents everywhere were sound asleep in  
their beds, snoring peacefully.

**ZZZ . . . ZZZ . . . ZZZ . . .  
ZZZ!**





I, too, was **cozy** and **warm**, asleep in my little bed.

But at midnight on the dot, my cell phone rang loudly.

**RING... RING... RIIING!!!**

I woke up in a complete **daze** and grabbed my phone.

“Gilton here,” I mumbled. “Steronimo Gilton. **Squeak!** I mean Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!* Who’s calling?”

“Grandsonnn!” a voice squeaked shrilly. “I have some **news!** It’s very, very **URGENT!** What are you doing, huh? Sleeping?”

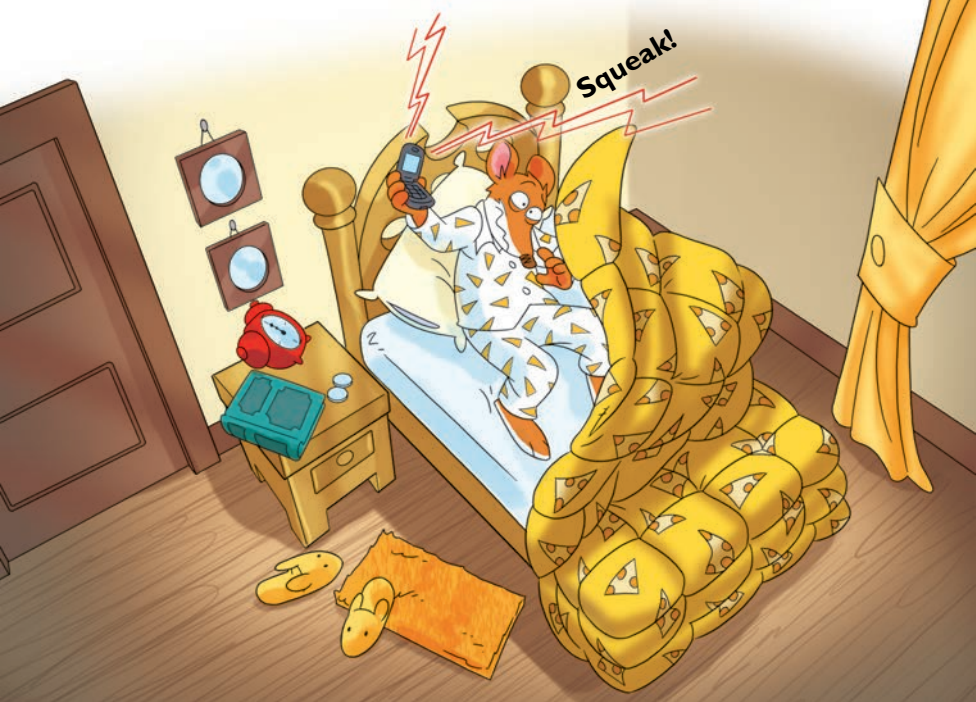
I sighed. I recognized that voice. It was my grandfather, **William Shortpaws.** Who else would be calling me in the **middle** of the night? I hoped nothing



was wrong at the paper. You see, I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper on Mouse Island.

And, unfortunately, my grandfather is the newspaper's founder — and my **BOSS!**

“Hello, Grandfather,” I replied. I knew from experience that I had no choice but to listen. If he had something to **say**, I was going to **HEAR** it, one way or another! “Go





ahead: *I'm all ears!*"

"The news is that the students at **New Mouse City Elementary School** have a special request," he squeaked. "They want you to write a new story to help them

celebrate the **HUNDREDTH** day of school. So come on, get out of **BED!** And don't try to

tell me that you're already up, because I know you, Grandson. You're barely **awake!**"

Get up,  
Grandson!



"Well, yes," I replied, exasperated. "But that's because you called me in the **middle of the night!**"

"But if I hadn't called you, you'd still be sleeping!" Grandfather replied. "And if you were still sleeping, you wouldn't be



writing. And that's what you need to do right now:

*write, write, write!*

The hundredth day of school is next week, and the children need that story! And I expect it to be very, very *special*. It can't just be something to fill up pages. No, it has to be your **GREATEST STORY YET!** It has to be **unique** and amazing. In fact, it has to be one in a million!"

Then he *hung up* on me.

Holey cheese! Why does my grandfather always know just how to get **under my fur?**

It's true that it was the middle of the **NIGHT**, but there was no way I would be able to go back to sleep now. I was **WIDE AWAKE!**

I decided I might as well start writing. You



see, in addition to being publisher at *The Rodent's Gazette*, I'm also an author. And I only had **Seven Days** to write a brand-new book! **Squeak!** That's hardly any time at all!



I put on a recording of the **New Mouse City Orchestra** playing some relaxing instrumental music. Then I sat down at my desk and turned on my computer.



**Then I started thinking, and**

But I couldn't figure out what to write. This book had to be super special! Thundering cat tails, it was too much **pressure!**

I had a **TERRIBLE** case of writer's block. What was I going to do?



thinking, and thinking . . . I thought and thought and thought . . .

Argh!







... MY LAST TRIP TO  
TRANSRATANIA?

Hmm, maybe I could write about ...





... OR THE LATEST MYSTERY I  
SOLVED WITH HERCULE POIRAT?



... OR MY TRIP TO THE  
EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS?