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 HUNDREDTH KEY

PLUS a bonus Mini Mystery and cheesy jokes!

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# THE HUNT FOR THE HUNDREDTH KEY

# 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 famouse 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!"

"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!

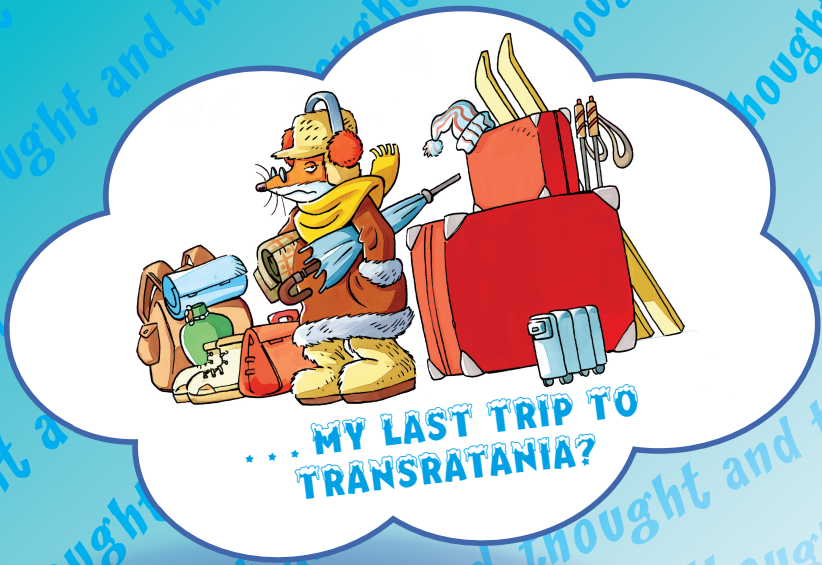
I put on a recording of the New Mouse City Orchestra playing some relaxing instrumental music. Then I sat down at my desk and turned on my computer.

Then I started thinking, and

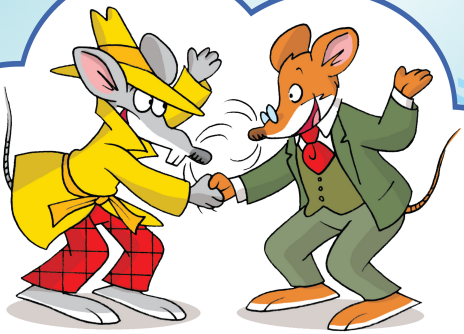
But I couldn't figure out what to write. This book had to be super special! Thundering cat tails, it was too much **pressure**!

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

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


. . . 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?