

Geronimo Stilton

THE CURSE OF THE CHEESE PYRAMID



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WAKE UP! WAKE UUUUUUUP!

It was just before dawn in the middle of winter. The moon shone down over the mouse holes of New Mouse City. I was fast asleep under my comfy, cozy blankets, snoring away.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

I stumbled out of bed, sinking my paws into my new cat-fur rug. It was so *soft*. I had bought it last weekend at The Fur Mart with my uncle Nibbles. It was expensive, but worth every penny! Still half asleep, I stared down at the fluffy carpet.

Then I *picked up* the phone.

Ring!
Ring!
Ring!
Ring!



WAKE UP!



WAKE UUUUUUUP!

Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that I run a newspaper. It is called *The Rodent's Gazette*. It is the most popular newspaper on Mouse Island! I'd like to say the paper's a success just because of me. But I have lots of help. Still, I'm the big cheese at the office.

As I was saying, I got to work at nine o'clock sharp. I opened the door to my office wide . . .

. . . and found myself snout-to-snout with my grandfather **William Shortpaws** — also known as **Cheap Mouse Willy**.

Grandfather William is a tough-talking mouse. Everyone at the office is afraid of him. That's because he is the founder of *The Rodent's Gazette*!

