

**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
WELCOME TO THE**



STONE AGE!

WELCOME TO THE STONE AGE . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE CAVEMICE!

CAPITAL: OLD MOUSE CITY

POPULATION: WE'RE NOT SURE. (MATH DOESN'T EXIST YET!) BUT BESIDES CAVEMICE, THERE ARE PLENTY OF DINOSAURS, WAY TOO MANY SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS, AND FEROCIOUS CAVE BEARS — BUT NO MOUSE HAS EVER HAD THE COURAGE TO COUNT THEM!

TYPICAL FOOD: PETRIFIED CHEESE SOUP

NATIONAL HOLIDAY: **GREAT ZAP DAY**, WHICH CELEBRATES THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE. RODENTS EXCHANGE GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES ON THIS HOLIDAY.

NATIONAL DRINK: MAMMOTH MILKSHAKES

CLIMATE: **Unpredictable**, WITH FREQUENT METEOR SHOWERS



cheese
soup



milkshake

MONEY

SEASHELLS OF ALL SHAPES
AND SIZES



MEASUREMENT

THE BASIC UNIT OF MEASUREMENT IS BASED ON THE LENGTH OF THE TAIL OF THE LEADER OF THE VILLAGE. A UNIT CAN BE DIVIDED INTO A HALF TAIL OR QUARTER TAIL. THE LEADER IS ALWAYS READY TO PRESENT HIS TAIL WHEN THERE IS A DISPUTE.

THE CAVEMICE



Geronimo



Trap



Thea

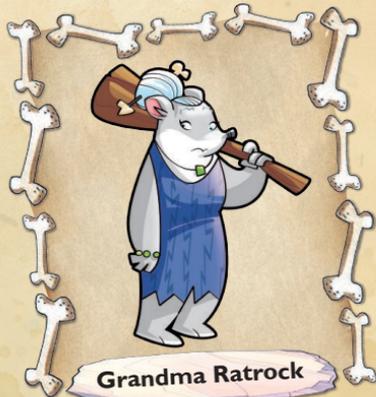


Benjamin

Buggy Wugsy



Hercule Poirat



Grandma Ratrock

Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

**DON'T WAKE
THE DINOSAUR!**



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www.geronimostilton.com

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MANY AGES AGO, ON PREHISTORIC MOUSE ISLAND, THERE WAS A VILLAGE CALLED OLD MOUSE CITY. IT WAS INHABITED BY BRAVE *RODENT SAPIENS* KNOWN AS THE CAVEMICE.

DANGERS SURROUNDED THE MICE AT EVERY TURN: EARTHQUAKES, METEOR SHOWERS, FEROCIOUS DINOSAURS, AND FIERCE GANGS OF SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS. BUT THE BRAVE CAVEMICE FACED IT ALL WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR, AND WERE ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HAND TO OTHERS.

HOW DO I KNOW THIS? I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT BOOK WRITTEN BY MY ANCESTOR, GERONIMO STILTONOOT! HE CARVED HIS STORIES INTO STONE TABLETS AND ILLUSTRATED THEM WITH HIS ETCHINGS.

I AM PROUD TO SHARE THESE STONE AGE STORIES WITH YOU. THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE CAVEMICE WILL MAKE YOUR FUR STAND ON END, AND THE JOKES WILL TICKLE YOUR WHISKERS! HAPPY READING!

Geronimo Stilton



WARNING! DON'T IMITATE THE CAVEMICE.
WE'RE NOT IN THE STONE AGE ANYMORE!

BOSS, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

If I say “spring,” what do you think of?
SUN? Flowers? Little baby **pterodactyls**
happily chirping in their nests? Well, it was
spring in *Old Mouse City* — but there
was nothing springlike about it. To start
with, it was **freezing** cold!



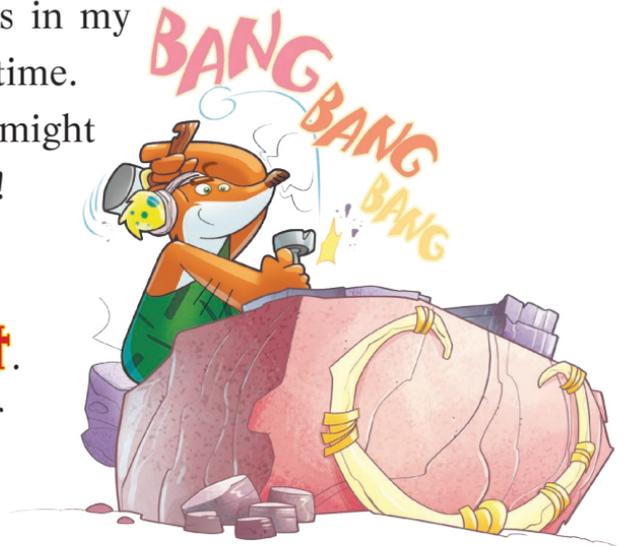


There was a brisk north wind **blowing** that chilled me down to my bones. Dark, gloomy **clouds** filled with rain hovered in the sky from morning till night. Every few hours, the clouds would unleash sudden **torrential** showers that crashed down with prehistoric power.

It was so cold that my cheese was turning into cheesicles. In other words, it was a truly **CH-CH-CHILLING** spring!

But luckily for me, I stayed **warm** because I was in my office all the time.

Oops! You might not know me! My name is **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**. I'm the editor





of *The Stone Gazette*, the most famous prehistoric newspaper (probably because it's the only one!). Each issue has to be chiseled out of stone.

In fact, I was so busy **CHISELING** a stone slab that I didn't notice my assistant, **Wiley Upsnoot**, who had planted himself behind me.





He made sure I noticed him when he lifted up my earmuffs and shouted in my ear with all his might, “**HEY, BOSS! CAN YOU HEAR ME?**”

Squeak! He scared me so much that I let go of my hammer. It **FLEW** up and then dropped down onto my skull . . .

BONK!





“Are you trying to make me extinct before my time?” I asked.

Wiley smiled, embarrassed.

“Hmm, well, boss . . .”

“Don’t call me **BOSS!**” I said.

“Okay, boss.”



“SPIT IT OUT! WHAT IS IT?”

“Well, it’s about the big *Cavemouse Idol* competition tonight, boss . . .

I mean, sir . . . I mean, Geronimo!” Wiley said.

“The whole village is talking about it.”

Of course!

**CAVEMOUSE
IDOL!**

It was organized by a rather *unpleasant*

GREGORY GRUNT





rodent named Gregory Grunt.

The reason I called him “unpleasant” is because he had never **laughed** in his life. That’s why Gregory started the contest — to see if someone, anyone, could make him **laugh**! He had put up a very valuable prize: a **STONE CUP** sculpted by the famous prehistoric artist, Leonardo da Fossil. It was so valuable that Gregory had a huge **DINOSAUR** guarding it!

“Everyone is most excited to see the act by the **STENCH BROTHERS**,” Wiley continued. “Can you believe it, boss? They’ve only been here a couple of hours and all of Old Mouse City is already **buzzing**!”





HOLEY CHEESE! WHAT A MOUSETASTIC PIECE OF NEWS!

Rumor had it that the Stench Brothers were some of the funniest **COMEDY STARS** in the prehistoric world. And here they were in my village! I couldn't pass up this chance to **interview** them.

I left my cozy office and, struggling against the powerful north wind, I made my way to the **STENCH BROTHERS'** traveling wagon.

WOOOOOSH!
WOOOOOSH!