

Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

**I'M A SCAREDY-
MOUSE!**



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Text by Geronimo Stilton

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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!



Ahhh, I love the beginning of summer! Trees are blooming, the sun is shining, the breeze ruffles your whiskers . . . how **peaceful!**

Even I, Geronimo Stiltoonoot — the most **COURAGEOUS** journalist in all of prehistory (sort of!), the most **tireless** reporter in all of Old Mouse City (maybe!), the most **famous** editor of *The Stone Gazette* (well, the **only** editor!) — decided to take a few days of vacation. Yes, that's right: I said **vacation!**

I rented a cute little **STILT-HOUSE** on the Rapidfire River. I couldn't wait to **RELAX** with my sister, Thea, and my



sweet nephew Benjamin.

Once we arrived, I spent my time reading, drinking **BIG CUPS** of fern juice, and taking megalithic naps. Nothing could disturb this *dreamy* atmosph —

OOOOUUUCH!

A Ballasaurus hit me square in the snout!

THE BALLASAURUS

The Ballasaurus is an armored reptile found only on prehistoric Mouse Island.

It is very playful! When it is in the mood for pranks, it rolls itself up into a ball, which is how it got its name. The Ballasaurus is a fairly lazy creature and doesn't like to stray far from home — so it is the only ball that voluntarily goes back into the hands of whoever threw it!





OUCH!

“**BALLLLLLLLLL!**” a voice shouted as I rubbed my sore snout. What Paleozoic pain!

“Hey, Cousin! Get off the **BALLASAURUS** court!”

Oh, I almost forgot — my obnoxious cousin Trap had come with us, too. That mouse never misses a **vacation!**

“Do you really have to **play** right here?!” I squeaked.

“Where else would we play?” he scoffed, getting ready to throw again. “Come on, enough lounging around, lazybones! At this rate, by the end of the vacation you’ll be even **flabbier** than before.” He flexed his arms. “Look at me! Check out my abs and my bulging muscles.”

Then Trap burst into a series of goofy poses, **spinning around** on his tail and making his stomach flop up and down



Got it!

Ouch!



OUCH!

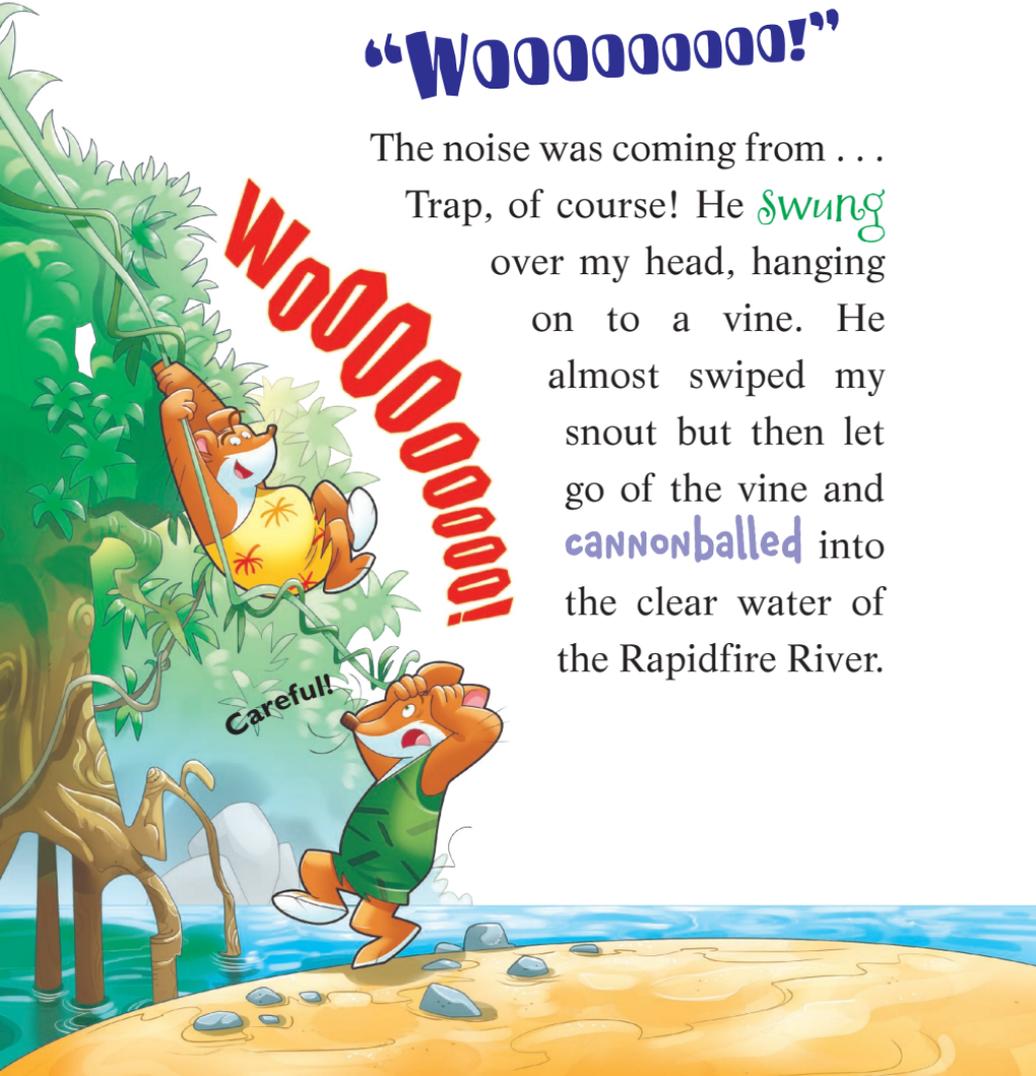
with the grace of a hippopotamosaur.

I was about to leave, but a wild yell made my fur stand on end.

“Woooooooooooo!”

The noise was coming from . . .

Trap, of course! He **swing** over my head, hanging on to a vine. He almost swiped my snout but then let go of the vine and **cannonballed** into the clear water of the Rapidfire River.





SPLASHHHHHH!

A massive wave **soaked** me from the ends of my whiskers to the tip of my tail. Petrified provolone, I was wet!

“Not bad, huh?” Trap said, strutting out of the water and **splashing** all over me. “Am I an expert diver, or what?”

UGH!

Soaked and fed up, I decided to take a walk in the forest. I had to get away from the **chaos**, away from the **splashing**, and most of all, away from my cheese-brained cousin’s **bragging!**

