

Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

**WATCH
YOUR TAIL!**



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ISBN 978-0-545-44775-1

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English translation © 2013 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

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Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

www.geronimostilton.com

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Original title *Attenti alla coda, meteoriti in arrivo*

Cover by Flavio Ferron

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (design) and Daniele Verzini (color)

Graphics by Marta Lorini

Special thanks to Tracey West

Translated by Emily Clement

Interior design by Becky James

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

13 14 15 16 17 18/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

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First printing, May 2013

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!

METEOR SHOWER IN OLD MOUSE CITY!

Dawn fell over *Old Mouse City*, the great village of the **CAVEMICE**. (Well, we think it's great, anyway!)

The first rays of sunlight, as **yellow** as cheese, shone across the entrance to my cave. I had a full day of **HARD** work ahead of me — work as **HARD** as the stone I have to carve all day to write news articles.

But I, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, was still asleep in my cozy straw bed. I rolled on my side and continued to snore loudly.

Zzzzzz snore zzzzz

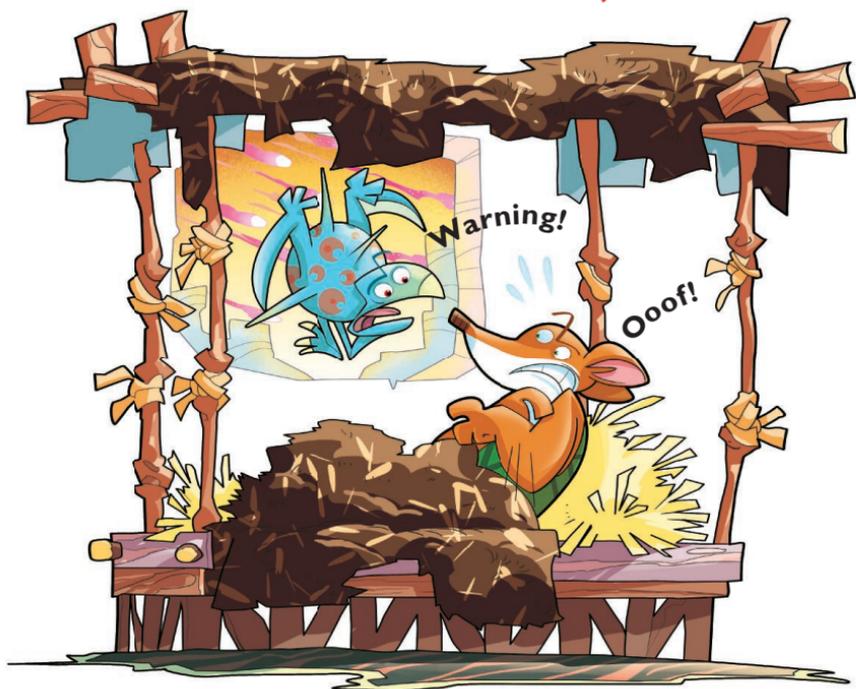




METEOR SHOWER IN OLD MOUSE CITY!

I was dreaming that I had won a battle against the **FEROCIOUS** saber-toothed tigers. Everyone was calling me a **hero** and showering me with grated cheese. Suddenly, a shriek as sharp as the claw of a T. rex shattered my eardrums:

**"METEOR SHOWER COMING TO
OLD MOUSE CITY!"**





I recognized that shriek immediately: It was the **weathersaurus**, a dinosaur that predicts the weather.

A moment later, a tremendous thump **shook** the walls of my cave. **Bam! Bam! Bam!** This wasn't just a meteor shower — it was a meteor storm!

“Great rocky boulders!” I cried, **jumping** up. “This flying reptile makes useless predictions. He doesn't announce something until it's already happening!”

I leaned out of the entrance of my cave and saw the **meteors** falling like giant hailstones.

“Anyone could make **predictions** like that,” I grumbled.

Bam! Another meteor fell right in front of me, missing me by a whisker!

I tumbled **BACKWARD**, and the weathersaurus



laughed at me.

“Close one!” he said. “And now that you’re done **complaining**, I’ll tell you my next prediction. There’s going to be an earthq —”

Before he could even finish the word, the ground started to **SHAKE** under my feet!

