

Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

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



Scholastic Inc.

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission from the copyright holder. For information regarding permission, please contact: Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, www.atlantyca.com.

ISBN 978-0-545-74616-8

Copyright © 2012 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Corso Como 15, 20154 Milan, Italy.

International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A.

English translation © 2015 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

www.geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.
SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to www.stiltoncheese.com.

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *La tremenda carica dei tremendosauri*

Cover by Flavio Ferron

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

Graphics by Marta Lorini and Yuko Egusa

Special thanks to Shannon Penney

Translated by Julia Heim

Interior design by Becky James

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

15 16 17 18 19 20/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First printing, March 2015

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!

“**BALLLLLLLLL!**” 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!

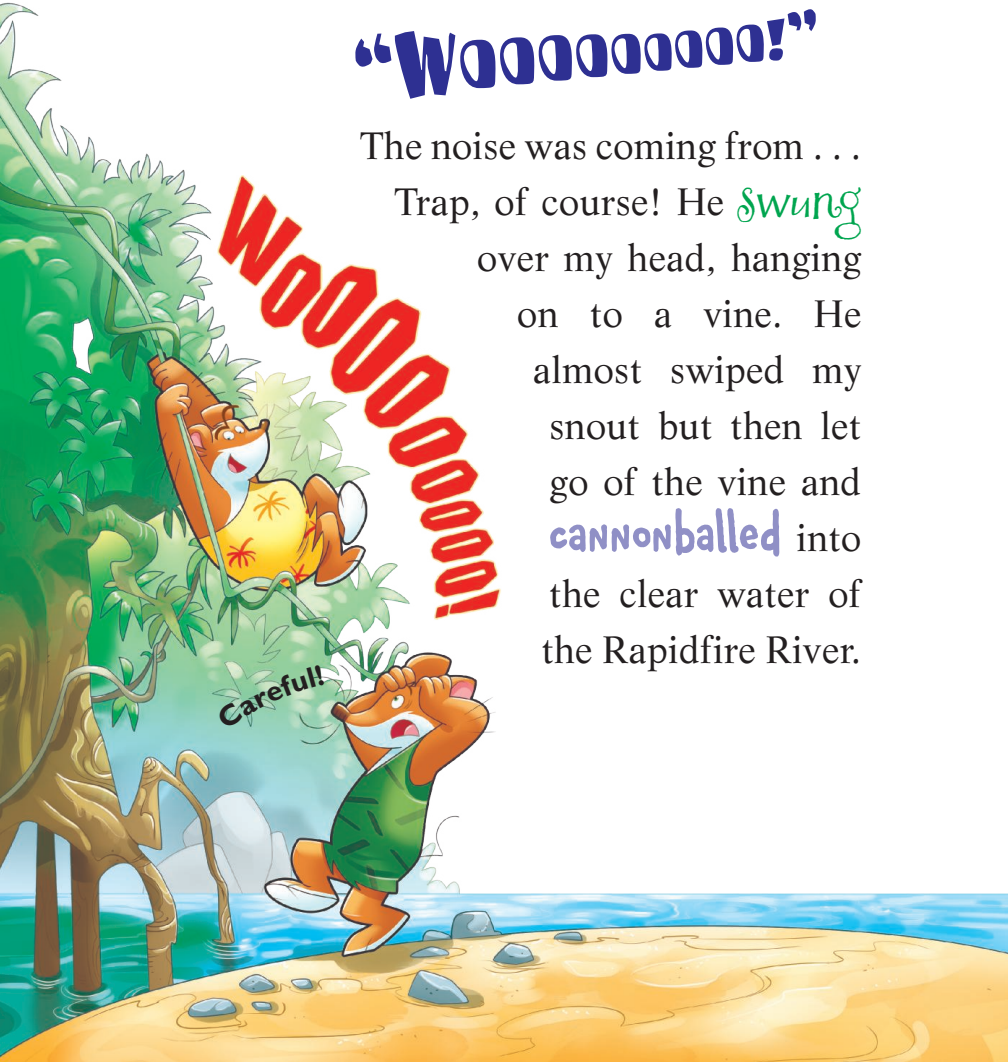
with the grace of a hippopotamosaur.

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!**

