

**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 Stilton

CAVEMICE

SURFING FOR SECRETS



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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!

WAKE UP, GRANDSON!

It was **EARLY** morning — really, really early. And I was really, really **snoring**, tucked under my mammoth fur blanket in my cave in *Old Mouse City*

when suddenly . . .

Oh, excuse me, I haven't introduced myself. My name is Stiltonoot, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, and I am the editor of *The Stone Gazette*.

The Stone Gazette is





the most famous newspaper in prehistory. (It's also the only one!) Anyway, I was snoring louder than a **ROARING** T. rex when suddenly I heard a loud call.

"ROCK-A-DOODLE-DOOOOO!"

I **JOLTED** awake. The sound of my cave rooster had roused me from my sleep by its crow!

I had just closed my eyes and put my **pillow** over my head when I heard a thundering voice.

"WAKE UP, Grandson! This is no time for snoring!"



CAVE ROOSTER

This alarm helps me get up on time!



"WHO? WHAT? WHERE?"

I yelled, jolting awake again.

The voice kept thundering. "Wake up! The sun is high in the sky, the pterodactyls are **flapping** around the forest, the villagers are busy working, and here you are, **snoring** under your covers like a **MAMMOTH** with a cold!





“Look at you!” the voice went on. “You’re as **PALE** as provolone. Your measly muscles look like strings of mozzarella. You need to get up and get some **EXERCISE!**”

Now, I am a **patient** mouse — but this abuse was just too much. I lifted my pillow to confront the rodent who had woken me, and then I understood.

It was my **GRANDMA RATROCK!** She is one strict mouse, all right. She is so **FIERCE** she could make an angry T. rex turn tail and run.

“But, Grandma,” I protested. “I have the right to **rest** a little bit. I work very hard at the newspaper.”

“Rest? You’re a Stiltonoot. **Stiltonoots don’t need rest!**” Grandma Ratrock scolded me. “Now get out of that bed and follow us!”



I scratched my head. “What do you mean ‘**FOLLOW US**’? I only see one of you.”

That’s when I heard another voice.

“**Good morning, Uncle Geronimo!**”

That was my beloved nephew Benjamin.

“**Rise and shine**, big brother. It’s time to go!”

And that was my sister, Thea.

Well, I couldn’t say no to my entire family!

“**Bones and stones!**” I muttered as

they pushed me out of

my cave before I

could even eat

breakfast.

But where was

I going? I

didn’t even

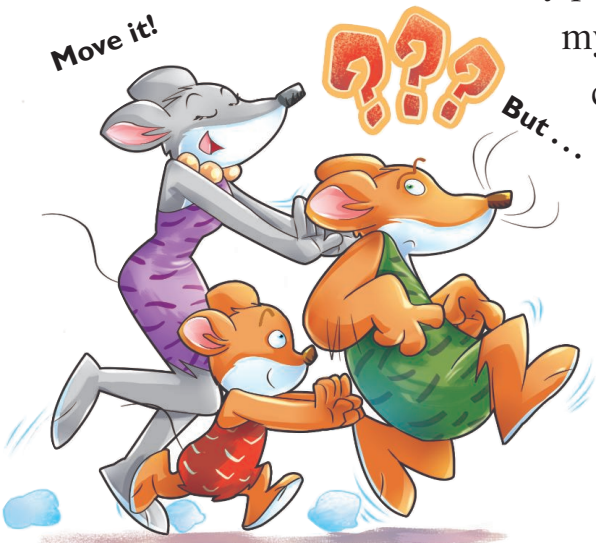
know!

“Pick up the

Move it!



But...





pace, Geronimo,” my sister urged. “We need to get to the port **right away!**”

A strong gust of wind hit us as we rushed to the port. The hot and rushing wind marks the beginning of summer in Old Mouse City.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!

“Can somebody please tell me why we are going to the port?” I asked, exasperated.

“We are going to see **LEO EDISTONE'S** new invention!” Benjamin answered.

“Yes, he calls it a **Wavebreaker Board**,” my sister, Thea, added.

Wavebreaker Board? That sounded dangerous to me. In fact, it sounded like a **SEA** of trouble was in store.

Oh, how right I was!