

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!



CRAAASH!

It was a quiet morning in late summer. The **sun** hung like a wheel of cheddar in the sky. The clouds played catch with one another, and the **flags** swayed gently in the chilly breeze in the harbor of Old Mouse City. The village was **buzzing** with excitement about the **RODENT RAFT RACE**, a thrilling Stone Age rafting competition.

I, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, was especially excited. I am the publisher of *The Stone Gazette*, the most famous newspaper in the Stone Age (probably because it's the only one!), and I was planning a **SPECIAL EDITION** about the race.



It was almost time for the rafts to shove off. I was **hanging around** the pier looking for a scoop with my assistant, **WILEY UPSNOOT**.

“Boss! Look!” he cried.

“Shh, Wiley, I’m busy!” I snapped. “And please don’t call me **boss**. Okay?”

“Okay, boss, sure,” Wiley said. “But it looks like the weather is **changing**. Look over there!”

“We’re not here to watch the **weather**,” I said. “We’re here to wor —”



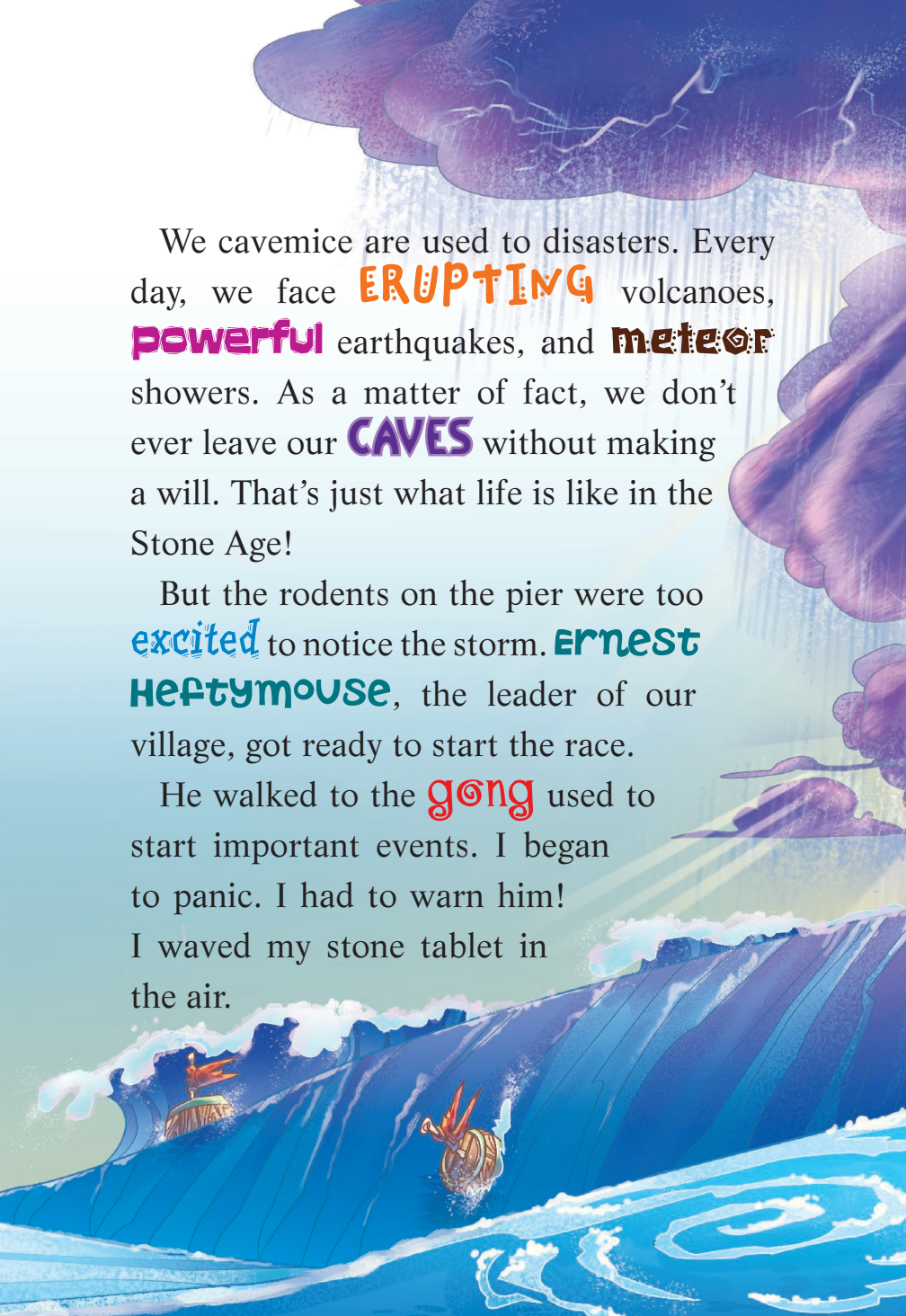
PETRIFIED CHEESE!

I suddenly noticed that Wiley was right! The sky had become dark — very dark. The big, fat clouds weren't playing nicely anymore. They were moving fast — very fast. A **WIND** of megalithic proportions was sweeping over the sea.

The waves began to **churn**, and they rose up tall — very tall. Then the giant waves charged right toward the pier!

TRUMPETING TRICERATOPS! I HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

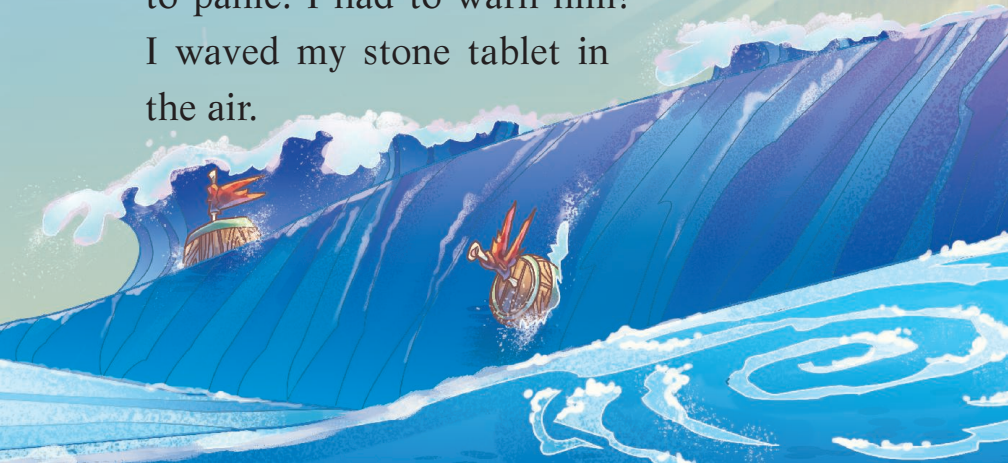




We cavemice are used to disasters. Every day, we face **ERUPTING** volcanoes, **powerful** earthquakes, and **meteor** showers. As a matter of fact, we don't ever leave our **CAVES** without making a will. That's just what life is like in the Stone Age!

But the rodents on the pier were too **excited** to notice the storm. **Ernest Heftymouse**, the leader of our village, got ready to start the race.

He walked to the **gong** used to start important events. I began to panic. I had to warn him! I waved my stone tablet in the air.



Let the race
begin!



WHOOOOOSH!

A gust of wind swept across the bleachers.
My stone tablet flew from my paws.

CRAAAASH!

Ernest looked at me, annoyed.

I called to him. “Sorry, I just wanted to tell
you that —”

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!



A gust of wind, much stronger than the first, ripped the club from Ernest's paw. It flew up, up, up, and . . .

BONK!

. . . landed on my skull! Ouch! What a Paleolithic pain! Then . . .

WHOOOOOOOSH!

The wind knocked me over! I **toppled** off the pier and fell headfirst into one of the rafts.

I sighed with relief. (**Squeak!** At least I didn't end up in the water!) But that was the end of my good luck.

BAM! A wave hit the raft, sending me and the crew **SPLASHING** into the water.

Huh?

Hooray!

Ready?

Let's go!





BOING

Uh-oh!

**May the best ...
... mouse win!**

Grunt!



CRAAASH!

“Cavemice overboard!” yelled Ernest.

The **FIRST AID** team jumped in to save us. Ernest Heftymouse must have finally noticed the storm, because he announced, “A storm is coming! The Rodent Raft Race is postponed!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!”

