

**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 CAVERNICE





Geronimo Stilton

# CAVEMICE

**MY AUTOSAURUS  
WILL WIN!**



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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!

# WHAT A STONE-AGE STENCH!

It was a hot summer night as my sister, Thea, and I walked through *Old Mouse City*. When we reached the port, we stopped to admire the **SUNSET** over the ocean.

The sun reminded me of a wheel of **orange cheddar**, and my stomach rumbled. Thea and I quickly headed into the **Rotten Tooth Tavern**, owned by my cousin Trap and his friend **Greasella Stonyfur**. The place was famous throughout the city for its excellent **food** and its warm and **welcoming** atmosphere.

It was no coincidence that Thea and I had walked to the tavern at dinnertime. You





might not **believe** this, but Trap had actually invited us there for a **FREE** meal! Trap **never** gives away anything for free. So this was a pretty **BIG DEAL**!

When we arrived, Trap greeted us with a big **smile**.

“**My dear cousins!**” he exclaimed.  
“How nice to see you. Greasella has prepared





a mountain of **cheesy** macaroni for you that will make you lick your whiskers!”

A mountain of macaroni? For free? That was not like Trap at all. He was acting **very strange** . . .

Before I could question him, he placed a **CHISEL** in my paw and pushed me in front of a little mouse who was having dinner with his family.

“**GERONIMO STILTONOOT**,” Trap began solemnly, “let me introduce Squirt, a young friend of mine who has something to ask you.”

The young mouse **timidly** approached me, holding a tiny slab of stone in his paws.

“Are you r-really G-Geronimo Stiltonoot?” he asked **nervously**.

“Yes,” I answered. “It’s really me.”

The little mouse **blushed**. “How



exciting! The editor of *The Stone Gazette*, the most famous newspaper of the Stone Age, is here in front of me! Could . . . could I **please** have your autograph?”

I am always happy to give my **fans** what they want (especially when I find out that I have fans!). So I etched an **autograph** for him and then Thea and I sat down at our table.





Trap and Greasella overloaded our table with plates of food! We each ate:

- **7 ENCHILADAS** stuffed with swamp grass and swimming in cheese sauce;



- **11 BALLS** of mammoth mozzarella;

- **14 PLATES** of cheesy macaroni;

- **21 CHEESE DUMPLINGS** on a bed of kale; and

- **5 CUPS** of ricotta ice cream topped with fossilized berries!



It was the most **DELICIOUS**

Paleolithic dinner

I had ever eaten!



**BURP!**  
**BURP!**

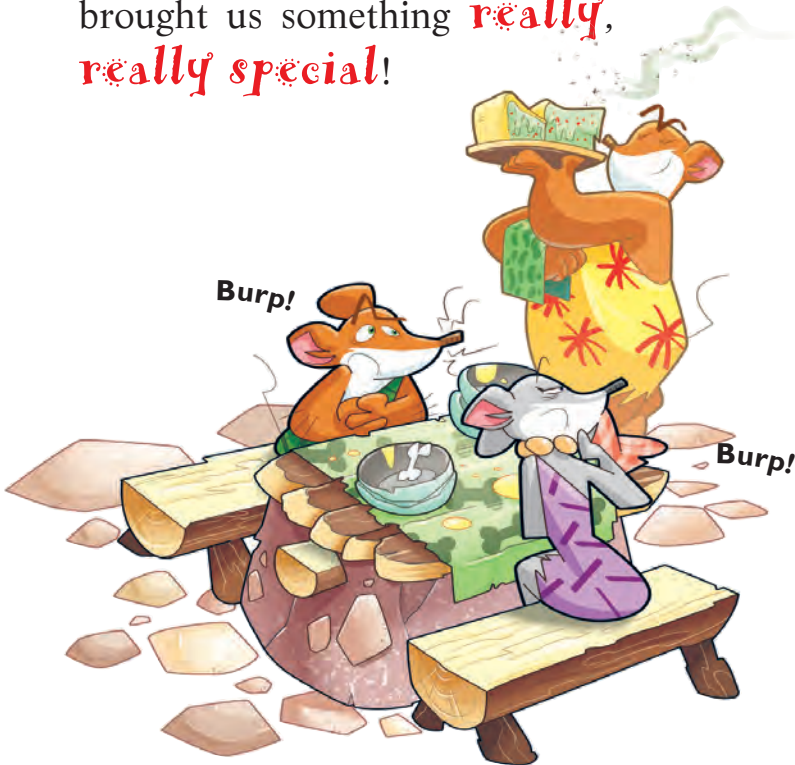


I felt like I had swallowed a **BOULDER!** But Trap wasn't done. He brought us one last **SURPRISE** dish.

“**NO MORE**, Trap, please,” said Thea, **exhausted** from all the feasting.

“I couldn't **eat** another bite!” I protested.

But we quickly realized that Trap had brought us something **really, really special!**





Trap set a platter in front of us, and a familiar **STENCH** spread throughout the tavern. Thea and I exchanged **stunned** glances. There was only one thing in all of Old Mouse City that smelled like that: **VOLCANICO CHEESE!**

It is a special cheese made with **hot lava** peppers that only grow in Boulder Bay.

**VOLCANICO**



**INGREDIENTS**





“Attention, cousins!” said Trap. “These are the very last **TWO CHUNKS** of Volcanico in all of Old Mouse City!”

Volcanico is so **RARE** and **wonderful** that Thea and I could not resist. We ate it very slowly, savoring every bite. *Oh, what a treat!*

## VOLCANICO



**NAME:** VOLCANICO CHEESE.

**FLAVOR:** POWERFUL, INTENSE, AND EXTREMELY SPICY!

**SCENT:** IT'S A SMELL SO STRONG YOU CAN ALMOST TOUCH IT. IT IS TRULY A **STONE-AGE** SCENT!

**MAKERS:** THE ONLY MAKER OF THIS CHEESE IN THE WHOLE PREHISTORIC MOUSE WORLD IS **SUNNY ROTTENCHEESE**.