

AH, WHAT A FABUMOUSE DAY!

I woke up one Monday morning feeling *bright-eyed* and bushy-tailed. I gobbled down a slice of petrified cheddar quiche with a side of blueberries for breakfast.

Yummy!

Then I chiseled a few tablets of notes for two articles that I would chisel later for *The Stone Gazette*.



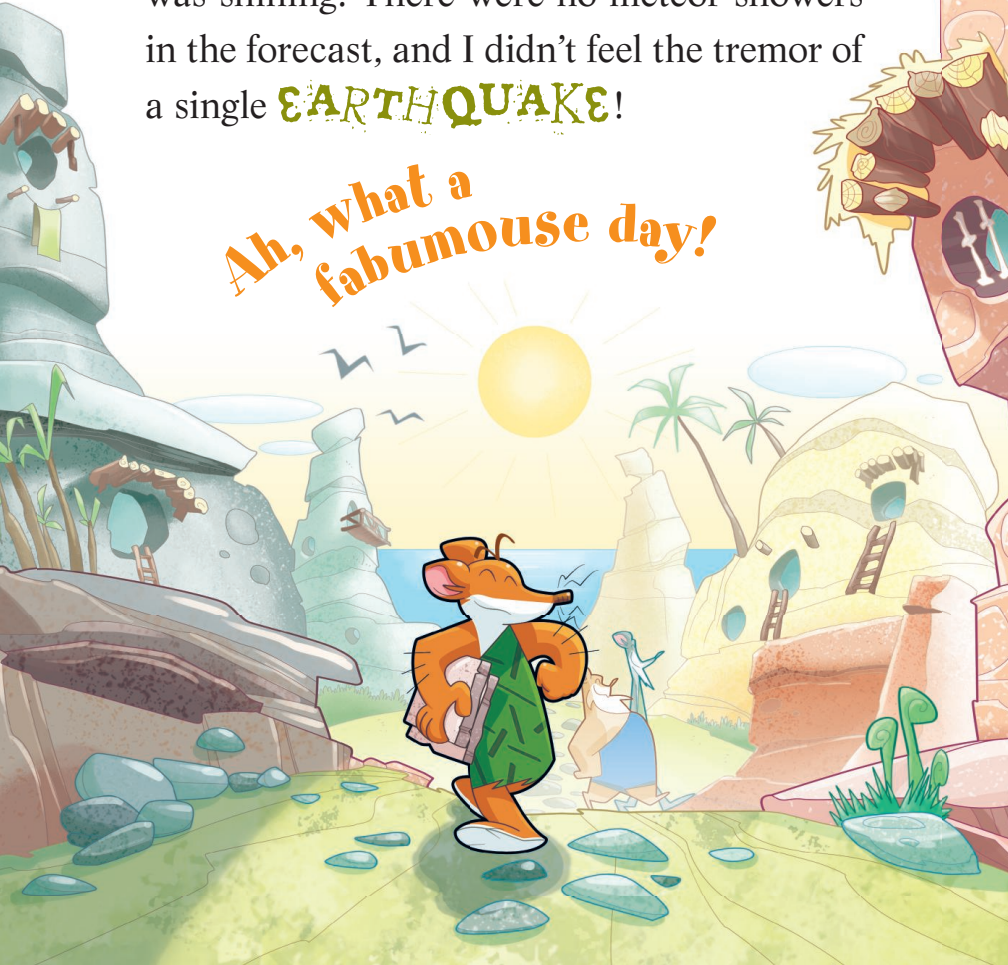
Bones and stones! I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Geronimo Stiltonoot, and I'm a cavemouse. I run the most famouse (well, the only) **PREHISTORIC** newspaper in Old Mouse City! (Actually, it's a stone



slab. Paper hasn't been invented yet!)

I left my cave and headed toward my office at *The Stone Gazette*. It was a **beautiful** morning: The **sky** was clear and the **sun** was shining. There were no meteor showers in the forecast, and I didn't feel the tremor of a single **EARTHQUAKE!**

Ah, what a
fabumouse day!





As I walked down the street, the rodents of *Old Mouse City* greeted me with happy **smiles** and **waves**.

When I arrived at the office, my coworkers were all working **Peacefully**. I thought to myself once again:

Ah, what a fabumouse day!





At my desk, I had a burst of inspiration. I started to **CHISEL** busily, working on my article. Midway through the morning, I took a mammoth milkshake break. **Yummy!**

Ah, what a fabu-

But before I could even finish the thought, **DISASTER** struck. A **cat-astrophe** had interrupted my peaceful morning!

