

Geronimo Stilton

---

# CAVEMICE

## THE GREAT MOUSE RACE



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](mailto:foreignrights@atlantyca.it), [www.atlantyca.com](http://www.atlantyca.com).

ISBN 978-0-545-64654-3

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

International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A.

English translation © 2014 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](http://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](http://www.stiltoncheese.com).*

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Per mille ossicini, vai col brontosauero!*

Cover by Flavio Ferron

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

Graphics by Marta Lorini

Special thanks to Tracey West

Translated by Julia Heim

Interior design by Becky James

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

14 15 16 17 18 19/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First printing, June 2014

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!

# SOUND THE ALARM!

I was having another **sleepless** night in Old Mouse City!

My day started when I reported to work at the newspaper office of *The Stone Gazette*. I **CHISELED** article after article.

Then my coworkers had more questions for me than Swiss cheese has holes.

“Should that article about the vegetarian **T.REX** go on the front page?”

“Can we get more **RED INK** for our pelican painters?”

“Does the **giant spider** in the Cheddar Cave have eight or six legs?”

I answered questions until the moon was



high in the night sky!

By the time I was done, it was almost dawn. With the last of my strength, I looked around: The **SLATES** of newspaper were piled on the floor, waiting to be delivered.

In case you don't know, *The Stone Gazette* is the most famous newspaper of the Stone Age. And I, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, am its publisher!

I finally **dragged** myself back to my cave, exhausted but satisfied.

Zzzz ... Zzzz ...





When I got home, I planned to do the following things:

- 🥚 Take a **hot Bath** with a lot of cheese-scented bubbles!
- 🥚 Eat a bellyful of **stinky blue cheese** (one of my favorites)!
- 🥚 Take an epic **snooze** until the next day!

Instead, when I entered my cave, I found an unpleasant surprise waiting for me. . . .

First of all, my cave was a **primordial mess**: Dirty pots and pans covered my kitchen counter; Parmesan rinds littered the floor; and to complete the **disgusting** scene, a terrible stench filled the air.

“**Hey, Cousin!**” a familiar voice called out.

My stomach sank like a **BOULDER**. I knew the cause of all this mess.

It was none other than my bumbling cousin **Trap!** He was hunched over the table with



his snout in a bowl of fondue and beans.

“Trap!” I said. “What are you doing here? And why are you **scarfing** down all my food?”

“Don’t you see, Cousin?” he snorted. “I’m **TRAINING!** Or have you forgotten the **BiG event** tomorrow?”

I was so tired, I couldn’t think straight.

Big event? What **BiG event?**

Then it came

to me. . . .





## PETRIFIED CHEESE, I HAD TOTALLY FORGOTTEN!

(Even though I had just chiseled the news into hundreds of slabs of *The Stone Gazette*.)

Tomorrow, the greatest sporting event in prehistory was about to begin:

### ≡ THE STONE AGE GAMES! ≡

Every year, Trap entered the **Fondue and Beans Eating Competition**. I was about to ask him why he wasn't eating at the Rotten Tooth Tavern, which he owns, when a yell shook all of Old Mouse City.



**"SOUND THE  
ALAAAAARM!"**



# A FAIR CHALLENGE?

Great rocky boulders! What was happening?  
We had to find out!

Trap and I jumped on my lazy **AUTOSAURUS**.  
I steered him toward the city walls. Suddenly,  
he **STOPPED SHORT** — and Trap and I fell  
off!



**OW!** What a Paleolithic pain!

“Why did you stop?” I asked the autosaurus. But then I **SAW** the answer for myself.

Every citizen of Old Mouse City had rushed to the city walls. A **crowd** of rodents had piled up as everyone waited to find out why the alarm had been called.

Curious, Trap and I climbed up the **MOUNTAIN** of mice and looked over the walls. When we reached the top, we became frozen with shock — and **fear**.

Just outside our city stood a **huge** band of saber-toothed tigers! They were huge, fierce beasts, with sharp claws and long, pointy fangs.

I had seen these tigers before. It was **Tiger Khan and his Saber-Toothed Squad!**

But what was most shocking about this scene was that the tigers weren't attacking.

# TIGER KHAN

**WHO HE IS:** THE  
FIERCE LEADER OF  
THE SABER-TOOTHED  
TIGERS

**FAVORITE HOBBY:**  
BOSSING AROUND HIS  
TIRED ARMY

**FAVORITE ACCESSORY:**  
A FRAGMENT OF FLINT THAT HANGS AROUND HIS  
NECK. HE USES IT TO SHARPEN HIS LONG FANGS

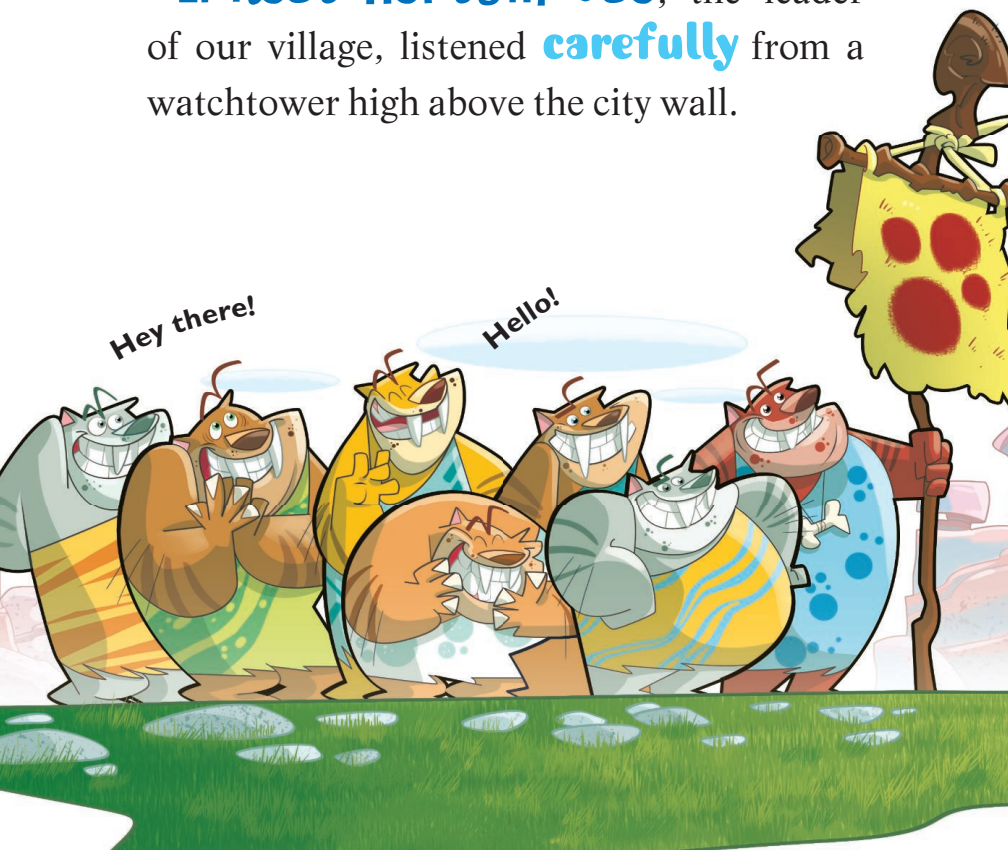
**FAVORITE PHRASE:** "A MOUSE A DAY KEEPS  
WEAKNESS AWAY!"

**HIS SECRET DREAM:** TO INVADE OLD MOUSE CITY  
AND MAKE THE MICE INTO MEATBALLS



Tiger Khan was talking in a *gentle* voice. Behind him, all of the members of the Saber-Toothed Squad were *smiling* and behaving nicely. One of them waved the squad's official flag. It was made of fur, with an image of a tiger *PAW PRINT* on it.

**Ernest Heftymouse**, the leader of our village, listened *carefully* from a watchtower high above the city wall.





Next to him stood the old **SHAMAN**, Bluster Conjurat.

“**GREAT LEADER OF OLD MOUSE CITY!**”

Tiger Khan declared.

“We would like to participate in the Stone Age Games.

We propose a **truce!**”

*We come in peace!*





Wait a minute. . . . **HAD I HEARD THAT CORRECTLY?**

The leader of the Saber-Toothed Squad wanted a truce?

Ernest and Bluster whispered to each other. Bluster **thoughtfully** stroked his long white beard. Then he turned to Tiger Khan and spoke.

“How can you **guarantee** that you won’t harm us?” he asked.

I couldn’t even believe that they were considering the tigers’ proposal. Those saber-toothed tigers were **sneaky**, disgusting, and meaner than a rat who has run out of cheese. Their offer of a truce sounded **SUSPICIOUS** to me.

Tiger Khan had a smooth reply. “We **promise** to respect the truce during the games. And to prove it, we will give you all



of our clubs and spears.”

Ernest looked **shocked** to hear this.

Trap turned to me. “You know, including the tigers would make the games more exciting,” he said.



I saw his point. The other teams competing were the **MUSKY MICE** of the Great North and the **ARMADILLO RODENTS** of the Swampy South. Neither team was as good as the Old Mouse City athletes. We won **easily** every time. The





past few years, the Stone Age Games had been a **prehistoric bore!**

Ernest must have been thinking the same thing.

“**We accept your truce!**” he announced. “The Saber-Toothed Squad may participate in the Stone Age Games. It will be a totally **fair** competition between **rodents** and **FELINES**. May the best team win!”

A happy **CHEER** went up from the tigers. The city gates opened and the cats marched in, smiling and waving. Some mice **nervously** waved back.

Not me. I had a **BAD, TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE** feeling about this!