

# RUMBLE, RUMBLE, RUMBLE . . .

It was a fabumouse morning in late **summer**. The sun had just come up, a light **breeze** blew from the sea, and the baby pterodactyls chirped happily. *Ahh* — it was a perfect morning to do some very **important** work!

My name is Stiltonoot, Geronimo Stiltonoot. I always have very important work to do because I run *The Stone Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper in all of prehistory! (So what if it's the **ONLY** one?)

Anyway, that morning I woke up **early** and climbed behind the wheel of an



autosaurus.\* I was ready to get my paws in gear!

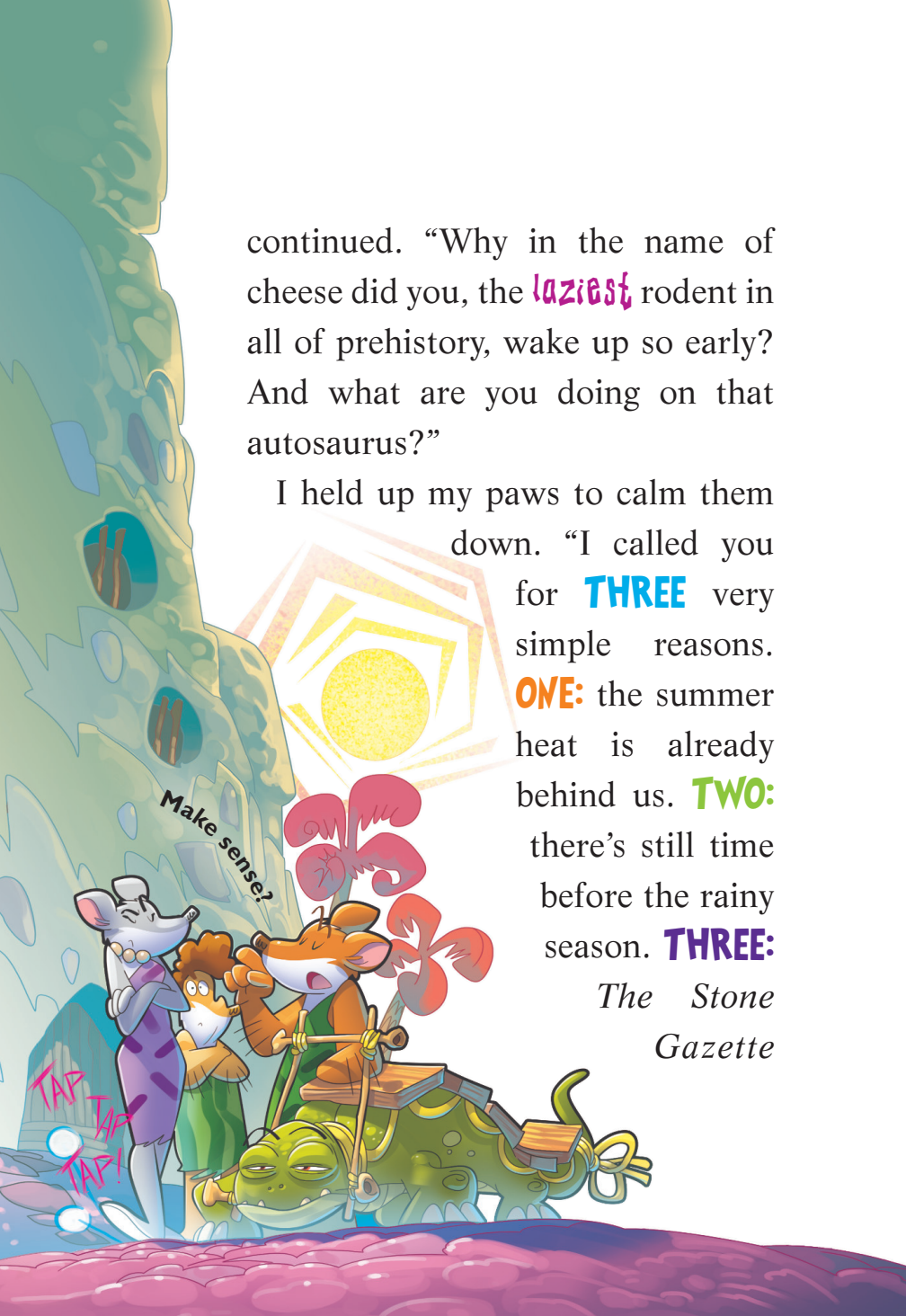
My sister, Thea, and my associate Wiley Upsnoot were waiting for me impatiently at the entrance to *The Stone Gazette's* office.

“Boss, you asked us to be **ready**, and we are!” Upsnoot squeaked. “But, um . . . what are we ready **FOR?**”

“Inquiring mice need to know!” Thea

\* Autosauruses are dinosaurs that transport objects and passengers.





continued. “Why in the name of cheese did you, the **laziest** rodent in all of prehistory, wake up so early? And what are you doing on that autosaurus?”

I held up my paws to calm them down. “I called you for **THREE** very simple reasons. **ONE:** the summer heat is already behind us. **TWO:** there’s still time before the rainy season. **THREE:**

*The Stone  
Gazette*



is more popular than ever! Make sense?”

“Uh, Boss?” Upsnoot said, tugging on his tail. “I didn’t understand a single **coconut** of what you just said . . .”

“Holey boulders, I left out the most **important** thing!” I squeaked. “I asked you to meet me at this unmousey hour because we have no more slabs on which to etch *The Stone Gazette*.”

“**What?**” Thea cried. “But how will I write my articles?”

Upsnoot launched into a Paleozoic **panic**. “And how will I publish my famouse, informative, thirty-slab supplements like ‘How to Pick Your Autosaurus’?”

“Well, that’s why I called you,” I said. “I need your help getting some extra stone slabs from the cavern. This is the **paŵfect** time to do it!”



Without a second to waste, we rode the autosaurus up the plateau above Old Mouse City. When we reached the cavern, we got to work. Extracting slabs from the rock is a mousetastically **exhausting** job!

Even so, we worked all morning . . . until Upsnoot accidentally dropped a slab right on my paw.

**“OWWWWWW!”** What megalithic pain!” I hollered so loudly that it started a **landslide** from the top of the plateau!

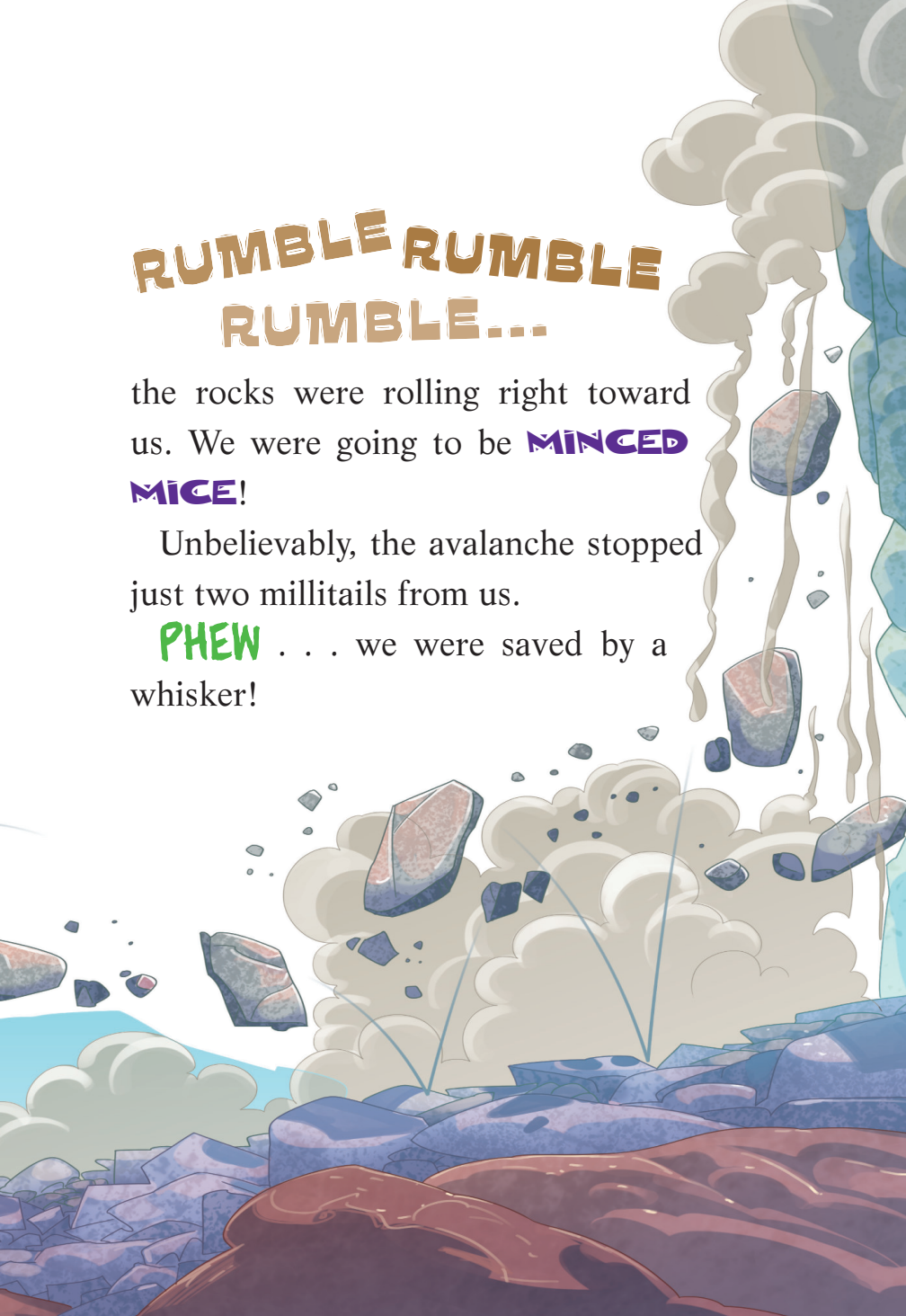


# RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE...

the rocks were rolling right toward us. We were going to be **MINCED MICE!**

Unbelievably, the avalanche stopped just two millitails from us.

**PHEW** . . . we were saved by a whisker!



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# CAVEMICE

## A MAMMOTH MYSTERY



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