

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!

GERONIMO0000!

It was a calm spring evening in *Old Mouse City*, and I was in a marvemouse mood!

Ah, springtime! Quiet mornings, **sun-soaked** afternoons, and cool **NIGHTS** filled with stars . . .

Oops — I haven't introduced myself!

My name is Stiltonoot, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, and I run *The Stone Gazette*, the most **famous** newspaper in prehistory.

Ahhhhh!





As I was saying, **spring** had arrived in Old Mouse City, and I was full of energy. I had even finished my work at the office early!

Since it was such a **FABUMOUSE** evening, the idea of going right home to my cave didn't seem like much fun. I decided to treat myself to a delicious **dinner** of Paleolithic cheeses and seasonal vegetables.

Where? At the **Rotten Tooth Tavern**, of course! That's the restaurant my cousin Trap runs with his business partner, Greasella Stonyfur — a cook so good, she'll make your **WHISKERS WOBBLE**.

“Geronimo!” Trap hollered when I walked into the tavern. “What a surprise! We were just finishing the last of the **Volcanico cheese quesadillas**.”

“Finishing?!” I squeaked.



Volcanico is a special, **SUPER-STINKY** cheese made with sour milk and hot lava peppers. It's rare — and delicious!

Trap gave me a friendly **THUMP** on the back. “Don't worry, we saved some for you! Sit down.”

I headed for a table, but before I **reached** it, I was distracted by a familiar squeak. “Geronimo! Eating alone? Why don't you come over here?”

Gulp — it was the most **fascinating, extraordinary, FABUMOUSE, intelligent, marvemouse, enchanting, elegant** rodent in not just Old Mouse City, but the entire prehistoric world: **Clarissa** *Conjurat!*

Sigh!

For a few moments, I was frozen like a Jurassic **GLACIER**. Then she said,



“Geronimo? Are you okay?”

“**UMM** . . . no — I mean, y-yes — I mean . . .” I stammered.

Whenever I see Clarissa, my brain turns to **MELTED CHEESY MUSH!**

I sat down across from her, as red as a Paleozoic pepper. But just then —





GERONIMO00000!

"WAKE UP!"

The tavern had disappeared. The table had disappeared. And, worst of all, *Clarissa* had disappeared!

It was all just a **dream!**

I looked around, confused. Rat-munching rattlesnakes — I was in my **office** at *The Stone Gazette!*

Great rocky boulders, I must have **fallen asleep** at my desk! But who woke me?



Huh?





I looked up and saw **Trap** snickering in satisfaction.

“**GOOD MORNING, COUSIN!** Slacking off, I see!” he exclaimed, thumping me on the back so hard that it put my tail in knots.

“What?” I mumbled. “But I worked **all night!**”





GERONIMO00000!

“**Oh, calm down!** I’m not here to fight.” He bent down, looked me square in the eye, and said, “I’m here to give you some **FABUMOUSE** news!”

Massive meteorites! That’s not what I wanted to hear. When Trap says he has fabumouse news, it usually means there’s about to be

AN AVALANCHE OF TROUBLE!