

**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.

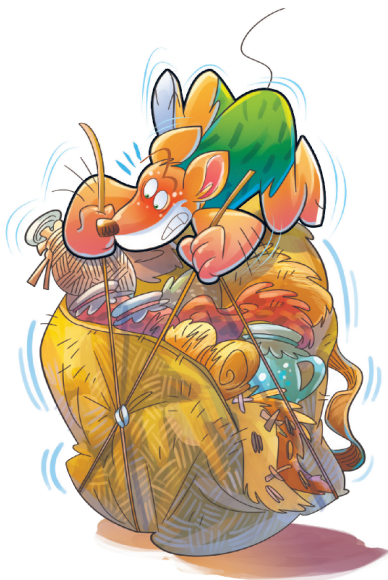
THE CAVEMICE



Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

SEA MONSTER SURPRISE!



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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!

BON VOYAGE, BART BARNACLE!

It was a beautiful *spring* morning. The sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and the air was *CLEAR* and as *crisp* as a cheese cracker.

I was about to witness a historic (I mean, *prehistoric*) moment. **Bart Barnacle**, brave *pirate* and friend to cavemice, was about to sail home to Black Rock Island in the Land of the Rising Sun.

All the furry citizens of *Old Mouse City* gathered at the port to wish him a safe trip.

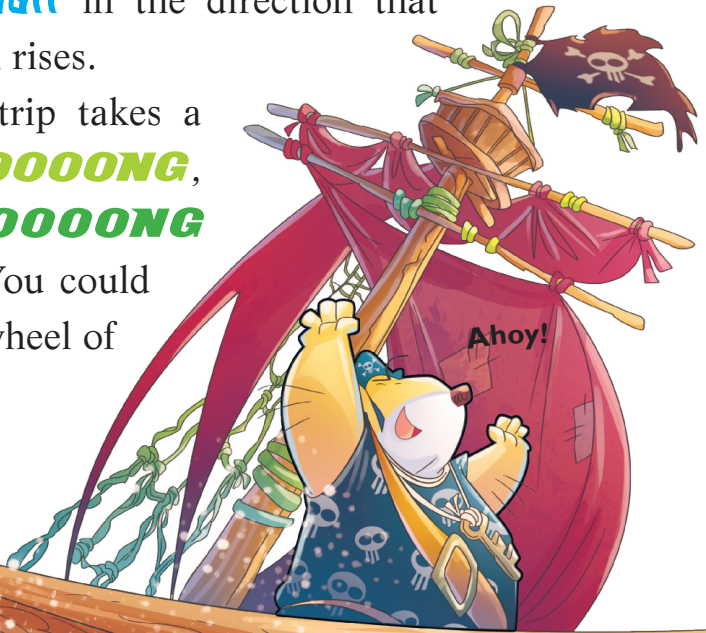
Sorry, I haven't introduced myself yet! I am Stiltonoot, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**,



and I am the editor of *The Stone Gazette*, the most famous newspaper in prehistory (maybe because it's the only one!).

Anyway, as I was saying, Bart was headed to the **Land of the Rising Sun**. It is a group of islands far, far away and is home to the **PREHISTORIC PIRATES**. To go there, you must **sail** in the direction that the sun rises.

The trip takes a **LOOOOONG, LOOOOONG** time. You could age a wheel of





cheddar while you're waiting to get there.

Speaking of **cheese**, Bart had plenty stashed on his boat! He had built a **STURDY** pirate ship while he was here. (At the same time, he taught us how to build ships, too. We just still had to learn how to **sail** them!)

Now, where was I? Oh, yes. My cousin Trap and I were headed to Bart's **CAVE** to escort him to the port. We were almost there when . . .

HEY! Why are you two up so early?"

**GREAT ROCKY BOULDERS!
IT SOUNDED LIKE . . . BUT IT
COULDN'T BE . . .**

It was my friend Hercule Poirat, the most famous detective in the **STONE AGE!**

"Bart Barnacle is sailing home," I told him.

"And we are bringing him to the port," added Trap.



"BONES AND STONES!"

exclaimed Hercule. "I would come, too, but I'm on my way to solve a mystery in **Thickrock Village**. I'm running late."

"Good luck!" I said.

"**THANKS, FRIENDS!**" said Hercule.





“Please tell Bart Barnacle that I wish him a safe trip.”

Hercule scampered off, and Trap and I arrived at the cave of our **pirate** friend.

“**Good morning**,” he greeted us. “I wish we could sit and chat one last time, but we have to get **MOVING**. There’s a long voyage ahead of me!”

We walked to the port, where a **crowd of cavemice** had already gathered. Some of them were wiping away **TEARS**. Everyone loved Bart Barnacle — he was such an amazing mouse!

He had impressed us by building such a **BIG** — no, **HUGE** — no, **ENORMOUSE** ship! Bart had named it the *Speedy Cheddar 3*. (The *Speedy Cheddar* and *Speedy Cheddar 2* hadn’t turned out so well. They had both



sank as soon as they were on the water. But the **SPEEDY CHEDDAR 3** was in much better shape.)

“**Bon voyage, Bart!**” called out my nephew Benjamin. “Say hi to everyone on Black Rock Island for us.”

“**COME AND SEE US AGAIN SOON!**” said my sister, Thea.

“And bring back some of those **tasty noodles** they make there!” Trap added.

“**GOOD-BYE, FRIENDS!**” Bart called back. He started to walk up the gangway. And then . . .

