

Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

THE FAST AND THE FROZEN



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, www.atlantyca.com.

ISBN 978-0-545-64291-0

Copyright © 2011 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Corso Como 15, 20145 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

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.

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Per mille mammut, mi si gela la coda!*

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, February 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!



HURRY, GER!

The sun was shining on *Old Mouse City*. Down by the port, the rays were as **HOT** and **golden** as cheese sauce. Boats from all over the world were docked at the port, and the place was crawling with rodents **rushing** here and there.

That morning I had an important task to carry out: I was in search of slabs of rock! I, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, know a little something about rocks. Every week I stock up on slabs of **MARBLE** for *The Stone Gazette*, the newspaper that I run. (Yes, we call it a newspaper, even though paper hasn't been invented yet.)



Some mice say that *The Stone Gazette's* news is really **HEAVY**. And by “heavy,” they mean that it weighs a lot! Each issue is **etched** into really heavy slabs of rock, like the one I am chiseling this into now. The slabs are **HARDER** than a hunk of stale cheddar!

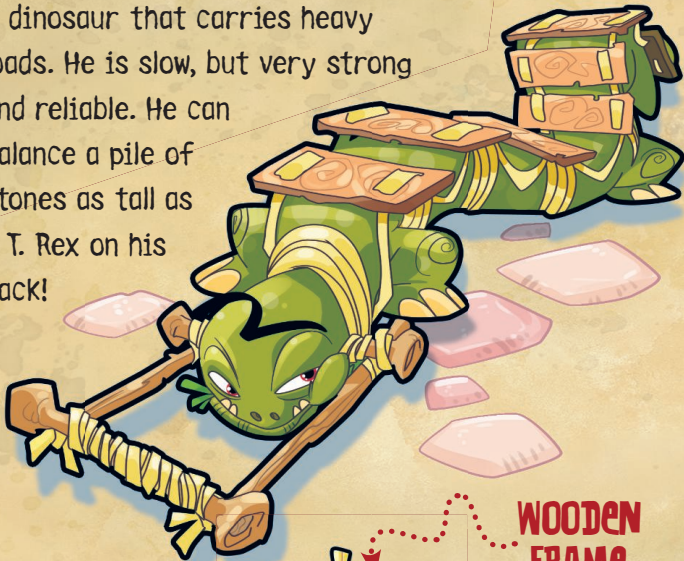
As I walked through the port, my **CARTOSAURUS** followed me. He is the dinosaur that helps me transport heavy loads. We stopped in front of a tall pile of **STONE SLABS**. A mouse popped out from behind the pile, **SURPRISING** me.

“I assure you that this is the **best** stone you will find in all of Old Mouse City!” he exclaimed, picking up a slab of marble to show me. But I wasn’t so sure. It didn’t look much **THICKER** than my tail!

“To tell the **truth**, it looks a bit

CARTOSAURUS

A dinosaur that carries heavy loads. He is slow, but very strong and reliable. He can balance a pile of stones as tall as a T. Rex on his back!



REINS

To steer the Cartosaurus



WOODEN FRAME

To support the load

FERN NUGGETS

Used for fuel





It's an excellent slab!

Well ...



FRAGILE,”

I told him.

“**Fragile?**”

Nonsense! This slab could support a **T.REX!**” the merchant bragged.

As we tried to make a deal, I heard a loud **ROAR.** My

sister, Thea, had trotted up on Grunty, her autosaurus. She can't ever seem to control that beast: When she **SKIDDED** to a stop, her dinosaur **STOMPED** on my poor cartosaurus!

“**HURRY, GER, JUMP ON!**” Thea yelled. “We have to get to Trap's tavern right away!”

Before I could **OBJECT,** Thea lifted me onto the saddle and **RACED** off at full speed toward the Rotten Tooth Tavern. It's run by



our cousin Trap, and is the most **popular** tavern in Old Mouse City. (Maybe because it's the only one!) **Fossilized feta, what was the hurry?**

