

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!

PICKAX HAS RETURNED!

It was a mouserific spring morning. The cactus flowers were **blooming**, the pterodactyls were **cawing**, and a cool breeze was **blowing**. What a perfect day for a celebration in *Old Mouse City*!

On that day, the greatest explorer in prehistory, **PALEO PICKAX**, was returning from his latest exploration. Oh, I'm so scatterbrained—I haven't introduced myself yet! My name is Stiltonoot, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, and I am the publisher of *The Stone Gazette*, the most famous newspaper in prehistory (*umm . . . it's also the only one*)!



PALEO PICKAX is one of the many friends I've met during my cavemouse adventures. I don't know if you know this, but a few months ago Pickax set off for a place called **Mount Mishmash**, and he's been living there ever since! No one has ever been there before (well, except Pickax!), and legend has it, the weather there is very **STRANGE**. In one small area, you can find mountains, the desert, snow, the forest, a **volcano**, and even a **river** full of fish!

Anyway, as I was saying, that



PALEO PICKAX
IN ACTION

It's really him. It's Pickax!

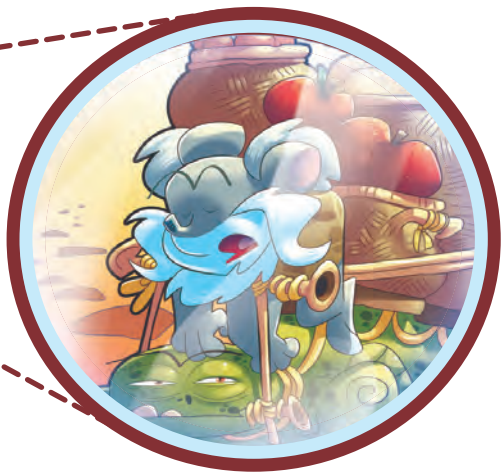


morning at dawn,
LEO EDISTONE, the village inventor,
pointed the longeye, our prehistoric
telescope, toward the horizon.

“It’s Paleo Pickax!” Leo gasped.

Immediately, Gossip Radio, the most
confusing radio station in prehistory (run
by my rival, **SALLY ROCKMOUSEN**),
spread the word.

“**SPECIAL EDITIOOOONN!**”
the first shouter from Gossip Radio yelled.
“Pickax has returned!”



“**SPECIAL EDIT10000NN!**”
the second shouter called. “Pickax has been
burned!”

“**SPECIAL EDIT10000NN!**”
the third shouter yelled. “Sick rats have been
burned and churned into cheese!”

HOLEY BOULDERS, WHAT RIDICULOUS JOURNALISTS!

To spread the news the right way, Old
Mouse City needed a **REAL** journalist (which
I am proud to report I am!). So, still **half
asleep**, I darted to the wall that surrounds



our city. Almost all my fellow citizens were gathered there, including my candid sister, Thea, and my **obnoxious** cousin Trap.

“Well, look who made it out of his cave before **noon** today!” my cousin teased. “Thanks for joining us.”

“Of course I’m here,” I squeaked, **ROLLING** my eyes. “I’m the only one who can **report** the news responsibly.”

Meanwhile, the citizens of Old Mouse City waited impatiently for Pickax to appear.

“What do you think Pickax brought back for his **beloved** village leader?” Ernest Heftymouse wondered aloud.

“Maybe he found a **pretty** dress for me,” his daughter, Harriet Heftymouse, added. “But then, everything looks **pretty** on me, right, Geronimo?”

I gulped.

Harriet had a huge **crush** on me. Though I didn't feel the same way, I didn't want to be rude.

"Y-yes," I stammered.

"Uh, very p-pretty."

By then Pickax was at the doors of Old Mouse City.

He was sitting on the back of a **CARTOSAURUS** with a caravan of other cartosauruses bearing **gifts** following close behind. The explorer wore a **WHITE** beard, a happy smile, and . . .



SNOOOOOOORRRREEE!



Suddenly, Pickax was struck by one of his famous **STONE AGE SLUMBERS!**

That's right — our explorer friend is also known throughout the land for one strange trait: He falls **asleep** without warning! And nothing — not even the trumpeting from the horn of a **TRICERATOPS** — can wake him!

At that exact moment, **disaster** struck.

“Look!” Thea shrieked.





We turned to find **TIGER KHAN**,
the fanged leader of the terrible saber-
toothed tigers, and his band of felines
DROOLING over Pickax!

