PAWS OFF THE PEARL!
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

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**Money**

Seashells of all shapes and sizes

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**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.
Geronimo Stilton

CAVENICE

PAWS OFF THE PEARL!

Scholastic Inc.
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 CAVE MICE.

DANGERS SURROUNDED THE MICE AT EVERY TURN: EARTHQUAKES, METEOR SHOWERS, FEROCIOUS DINOSAURS, AND FIERCE GANGS OF SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS. BUT THE BRAVE CAVE MICE 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 CAVE MICE WILL MAKE YOUR FUR STAND ON END, AND THE JOKES WILL TICKLE YOUR WHISKERS! HAPPY READING!

Geronimo Stilton

WARNING! DON’T IMITATE THE CAVE MICE. WE’RE NOT IN THE STONE AGE ANYMORE!
It was a calm spring evening in Old Mouse City, and I was in a marvellous 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.
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, marvenouse, enchanting, elegant** rodent in not just Old Mouse City, but the entire prehistoric world: **Clarissa**

Sigh!

For a few moments, I was frozen like a Jurassic **GLACIER**. Then she said,
“Geronimo? Are you okay?”

“**Um** . . . 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 —
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?
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!”
“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!**
Hmph!

I have some fabulous news!
Trap looked at me with a smile on his snout. "I just got a message from Rocky Stonesmith, a friend of mine who lives in
CLEARWATER VILLAGE, the fishing town along the coast.”

“Okay,” I said. “But what does this have to do with me?”

Trap rolled his eyes. “Give me a minute! Rocky says that they found a GIANT OYSTER in the Clearwater Village lagoon.”

I blinked. “So?”

“Do I have to explain everything to you?” he squeaked with a groan. “A GIANT OYSTER means ... a giant pearl!”
I still didn’t understand a cheese crumb of what he was squeaking about!

Trap continued, “Rocky asked for help pulling the oyster from the lagoon. He and his fellow towns mice can’t do it themselves . . .”

“So you volunteered,” I finished. “Then what are you still doing here? It sounds like there’s no time to lose!”

Trap grinned. “Right, there’s no time to lose! Because if we pull the oyster from the lagoon, Rocky will reward us!”
“What do you mean, if we pull it out?” I squeaked. “And what do you mean by reward us? I’m not going anywhere!”

“ARE YOU SURE?” Trap said, raising an eyebrow. “Rocky promised to repay me with a bag of pearls!”

Fossilized feta! A bag of pearls?

THAT WAS A MOUSERIFIC REWARD!

“It won’t be easy for you to get a giant oyster out of the lagoon,” I pointed out to my cousin.

But Trap didn’t want to hear that. “Trust me, Geronimo! I have a foolproof plan!”

“But —”

“LET’S GET GOING!” said Trap,
clapping his paws. “It’s getting late! Pack your bags, Cousin — we’re hitting the road!”

“NO, NO!” I said firmly. “I have more important things to do than DUNK MYSELF in a lagoon to make you rich.”

But Trap wasn’t listening. “GREAT! So we’ll need some things to take along on the trip — one or two extra clubs, and —”

“Trap!” I interrupted. “I am NOT coming!”

“. . . and two autosauruses, naturally!” he went on, not listening to a word I was squeaking.

“AUTOsAURUSES?” I said. “You want to travel by autosaurus?”

“Of course!” he said. “Otherwise, how we will Haul a giant oyster out of the water?”
I had a feeling it wasn’t going to be easy to change my cousin’s mind . . .
“Do we really need to take two autosauruses?” I asked.

Trap nodded. “Absolutely — we need them both to pull the giant pearl out of the water!”

“But aren’t there any autosauruses in Clearwater Village?” I asked.

“Nope!” Trap said. “The village’s huts are built above the water, raised up on stilts. So the mice don’t ride on autosauruses to get around! Instead, they use skimmer rafts.”

Skimmer rafts are used for fishing and sailing around the sea. I’d heard
Thea talk about them, but I’d never had the chance to use one. They sounded like fun . . . even though boats always make me **queasy**!

“Okay, but can’t you ask **someone else** for help?” I protested.
“Don’t you understand?” Trap cried. “I can’t let everyone know that I’m going to haul up a giant pearl! It’s a super-top-secret mission, and you’re the only one I can trust!”

I sighed. He was right — if the citizens of Old Mouse City found out about the huge
oyster, they’d all run to **CLEARWATER VILLAGE** to get their **PAWS** on the pearl first!

“So . . .” I said, shaking in my fur, “wouldn’t it be better to just forget it? Some **TREASURES** are best left alone.”

**“WHAT ARE YOU SQUEAKING ABOUT?!”**

Trap asked.

**“WHEN WILL I HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS??!?”**

Then he added, “Don’t you think that your dear cousin, who has always worked so hard, deserves a **REWARD**?”

Thundering triceratops! I couldn’t believe my ears. Worked hard? The hardest work
Trap did was lie out in the sun and munch on **Volcanico quesadillas**!

"If you really worked hard and didn’t take **vacations** six days a week, you would already be rich, Trap!” I said.

He just rolled his eyes. "Come on, **Geronimo**! You’re the only one who can help me. I promise that I’ll give at least five — well, three — okay, maybe **half** a pearl to *The Stone Gazette*!"

"Gee, **THANKS SO MUCH**!" I snorted. "I think the *Gazette* can do without your **super-generous** offer.”

"Hmph,” Trap huffed. "You sure are **STONE-HEADED**!"

But before I knew what was happening, he was pushing me out the door of *The Stone Gazette*, calling, "**THEEEEEAAAAA!**"
A moment later, my sister, Thea, appeared on her autosaurus, *Grunty*.

Bones and stones! This was just what I needed!
As soon as Thea climbed off of Grunty, he began to lick me and nibble my tail.

**Ouch!**

**What a Paleozoic Pain!**

Then my sister stepped *between* us.

"Geronimo, you *have to go* with Trap!"

Oh, for the love of cheese!

Thea continued, "This *scoop* is too important"
to miss! Imagine the article you can chisel about it. Plus, if you don’t go and recover the pearl, some rascally rodent could steal it for himself!”

“No WAY!” I insisted. “If you think it’s so IMPORTANT, why don’t you go?”

“Oh, of course I’m coming, too, but Grunty is just a baby,” Thea responded. “He’s FAST, but he’s not strong enough to help pull the giant oyster out of the lagoon.”

Out of the corner of my EYE, I could see Thea whispering something to Trap. What were those two plotting?
“But, Trap,” said Thea loudly, shooting me a sneaky look, “why would Geronimo be interested in a lovely dinner with Clarissa Conjurat?”

Bones and stones! “What does Clarissa have to do with any of this?”

Trap shrugged. “DIDN’T I TELL YOU? If you come with me, once the expedition is over I’ll reserve a romantic table for you and Clarissa at the Rotten Tooth Tavern.”

“Just imagine it,” Thea said. “You and Clarissa . . .”

“All alone . . .” added Trap.

Thea sighed. “Lit by prehistoric candlelight . . .”

“Eating delicious Volcanico cheese . . .” Trap said.

“And at the end of the evening, you
offer Clarissa a necklace of **pearls** from Clearwater Village!” finished Thea.

Petrified cheese! A romantic dinner, just like in my **dream**!

“Well, I guess maybe I could ride to **CLEARWATER VILLAGE** on my autosaurus,” I said slowly, “just, you know, to **LOOK** around.”
“Fabumouse!” Trap cried.

“That’s the Geronimo we love — a mouse who’s adventurous, courageous, and up for anything!” Thea added, *jumping* up on Grunty.

*Adventurous? Courageous? Up for anything?*

*What had I gotten myself into?*
I suddenly felt like twisting my tail in knots. I was a goner, doomed, extinct! “On second thought —”

“YOU CAN’T MISS THIS!” Trap interrupted.

“You’ll never have this chance again!” Thea added.

As much as it ruffled my fur to admit it, they were both right.

Clarissa Conjurat was so FABUMOUSE that a regular rodent like me could never win her heart. But if I recovered a giant oyster — and a giant pearl — maybe she would notice me!
“Oh, all right,” I said with a sigh. “I’m coming!”

Thea and Trap exploded in squeaks of joy.

“HOORAY! MOUSETASTIC!”
Right away, Trap found an autosaurus who let us load him up in exchange for fresh snacks — the most efficient autosaurus fuel!

Thea took Grunty back to his den to prepare him some food.

But my autosaurus was a total lazybones and did not want to leave! To make matters worse, I had no ingredients in my cave for a Superfruit Smoothie, my autosaurus's preferred fuel. All I had in my pantry were two chives and a dried root. I held those treats out to my autosaurus, but...

HE WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM — OR OUR TRIP!

I climbed on the autosaurus and waved the chives under his snout — but he didn’t move a millitail!
Then I tried giving him a few friendly pats — but he didn’t move a millitail!

Finally, I spotted a bowl that I had used for my super-delicious dinner of cheese and beans the night before. I let my autosaurus sniff the bowl, then whispered, “As soon as we get back, I promise you a mega-smoothie, seasoned.
with a pot of cheese and beans!”

With that, my super-lazy autosaurus **jumped up** and darted out of my cave, faster than a strike of the Great Zap!

Trumpeting triceratops, what a **genius** idea!

**Reward no. 3**

The promise of a mega-smoothie, seasoned with cheese and beans
Now we just had to get to **CLEARWATER VILLAGE**, and the autosauruses would take care of the rest! And when we got back to Old Mouse City, my **dream** of impressing Clarissa would finally come true.

"Come on!" I called cheerfully to Trap and Thea. "Let's goooo!"

"I like your attitude!" said Thea, taking a seat behind me on my huge autosaurus.

"Giant oyster, here we come!" Trap added, leading the way on his autosaurus.

After traveling for a few hours under the
scorching sun, we reached the Rubble River and decided to take a break. The autosauruses needed some water and rest, and we were all as sweaty as Paleozoic sponges — YUCK! — so we took a nice dip in the river.

For a while, we had a fabumouse time SPALSHING around and jumping off a boulder near the shore.

"WATCH THIS!"

called Trap, jumping into the water and making a splash as tall as a mammoth.

“Now watch me!” I cried, leaping into the river with the grace of a swanasaurus.

As Trap and I swam around like
prehistoric pike fish, Thea *sunnbathed* on the shore.

Suddenly, the ground began to *shake*, and Thea jumped to her paws.

Bones and stones, what was going on?
Trap and I turned as \textcolor{blue}{\textbf{PALE}} as Mesozoic mozzarella.

A cloud of dust began to rise \textcolor{red}{\textbf{threateningly}} in the distance. Then, way up on a small, rocky peak, we could see ...
a charging mammoth!

**ROOOOAAAARRRRRRR! ROOOOOAAAARRRRRR!**

Fossilized feta, I was shaking in my fur!

Suddenly, **another** mammoth appeared . . .

and then **another** . . . and many, **many others**!

It was a whole herd of mammoths, and they were charging at **top speed**.

It looked like they were running away from someone — or something!
But the **WORST** part was that the mammoths were headed directly toward Trap and me, and we were **FROZEN** in fear like two blocks of stone!

There was no **time** to climb ashore, no **time** to swim to the other side, no **time** for anything! Great rocky boulders, we were finished — done for — extinct!
ROAARRRR

Noooo!

Careful!
Hoooo-eeeeeek!
Trap and I finally got our tails in gear and started swimming. In our *panic*, we didn’t realize that we were swimming against the current — so we hadn’t moved a *millitail*!
Now the herd was stomping into the water, making huge waves!

**SPLISH! SPLASH! SPLOSH!**

To make matter worse, Thea had disappeared. Fossilized feta, what if she had been trampled?

**SPLISH! SPLASH! SPLOSH!**

The mammoths were thumping closer and closer.

Trap and I squeezed our **EYES** shut and prepared for the worst, when . . .

"Geronimo! Trap! **OVER HERE!**"

Bones and stones — it was Thea! She stood on top of a nearby boulder,
getting ready to throw an enormous vine lasso out to us.

“WE’RE READY, THEA!” I squeaked.

Thea tossed the vine — and reached us on her first try!

We grabbed on, Thea and the autosauruses pulled the vine, and we were hauled out of the way just before the mammoths would have trampled us. Whew!

“We’re saved!” I squeaked, my whiskers still wobbling in fright.
Trap and I watched as the mammoths reached the other side of the river and continued stampeding, TRUMPETING, and huffing.

How strange! Usually mammoths are peaceful creatures. Why were they acting so crazy? What could have frightened them?

Soaking wet, we hugged my super-tough sister.

"Thanks, Thea!" I exclaimed. "If it weren't for you, Trap and I would have been mouse pancakes!"
SPLOSH  SPLOSH  SPLASH
Heave-hooooo!
Aaaargh!
There was no time to waste — we had to get back on the road to Clearwater Village!

We left the Rubble River and rode our autosauruses into a thick forest. But before long, I couldn’t shake the feeling that someone was hiding in the trees . . .

Watching us.

I mentioned it to Thea and Trap, but they both just rolled their eyes.

“Oh, don’t be such a scaredy-mouse, Geronimo!” Trap scoffed.

As we slowly continued through the woods, I thought I heard some strange sounds, too, such as . . .
Stifled laughter:  
Teeth chattering:  
Nails scratching:  

**HEE, HEE, HEE!**  
**Cha-cha-cha!**  

**SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!**
A **horrible thought** scampered through my mind: What if there were **saber-toothed tigers** hiding in the forest?

*Squeak!* How terrifying!

"Don’t you hear that?" I asked as I looked to the right ➡ and left.

"There’s no one here," Thea said calmly.

"You always think everything is so *fur-raising,*" Trap added with a wink.

But I was sure we weren’t alone — and now I could smell something, too. It was the unmistakable *stink* of moldy wild fur!

I was so busy sniffing the air that I banged my head right into a tree. *Whack!*

Then a branch slapped me square in the snout. *Vouch!*

I lost my balance and fell right on top of
a nest of **jumping ants** — the most dangerous insects in all of prehistory! Petrified cheese, what had I gotten myself into?

**"MOVE, GERONIMO, OR THEY'LL BITE YOU!"**

Thea yelled from her autosaurus.

“But they’re so fast!” I squeaked.

The ants were already jumping up and pricking, **NIBBLING**, and biting my tail with their super-**SHARP** little teeth.

**OUCHIE!**

Bones and stones, these ants were hungrier than a **T. REX** at dinnertime!

**CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP!**

I had to get out of there! I glanced over
at Thea and my **autosaurus**, but — bouncing boulders, where were they?

By now, the **ants** were everywhere. They were even jumping off the trees, with their jaws **wide** open and their **tiny fangs** in plain sight!

I began to run as fast as I could, but just
as I really got going, I **TRIPPED** on a root. Oh, what a day!

Before I knew it, the **ants** had surrounded me in attack formation. They weren’t
just **FAST**, they were also extremely organized — and ready to *finish me off* by unleashing their fangs on my tail!

**GOOD-BYE, PREHISTORIC WORLD!**
I was as dazed as a **dizzy dinosaur**, as immobile as a **MAMMOTH SKELETON**, and as petrified as a **FOSSIL**!

But just when I was ready to give up, something incredible happened.

The **jumping ants** suddenly began to sniff the air . . .
Wait a minute . . .
Were they sniffing me?
I had just taken a shower one month earlier — I was hardly smelly at all!

Continuing to sniff, the ants jumped away and disappeared into the shrubs.

I was left lying on the ground, stiff and stinging. I was expecting the ants to come back at any moment — but they didn’t.
Whew!

They must have found something more interesting to nibble on! But there was no one else around . . . or was there?

“Move it, Geronimo! What are you waiting for?” Thea squeaked, popping out of the
forest on my **autosaur**us.

As soon as I climbed up, I caught a whiff of the **stink** that I had smelled earlier.

“Do you smell it now?” I said.

“Smell what?” Thea said.

I wrinkled my snout. “That awful prehistoric **stench**!”
Thea and Trap both shook their snouts. They didn’t smell a thing!

“I think it’s the horrific smell of a SABER-TOOTHED TIGER!” I cried.

“What are you squeaking about, you megalithic worrywart?” asked Trap. “What kind of TIGERS would be in a place like this?”

But Thea looked thoughtful. “Well, it’s true that jumping ants’ favorite food is saber-toothed tiger,” she said. “Keep your EYES open and snouts up. Geronimo could be right!”

Before long, a FUR-RAISING scream echoed through the forest.

Massive meteorites, what was that? “AAAAAAAAAAAH!”
There was no doubt about it — that was a feline screech!

Just a few tails away from us, three (YES, THREE!) enormous saber-toothed tigers leaped out of the woods as if they had been PRICKED by a hundred Paleozoic pins!

The fanged felines jumped and clawed at their fur, trying to get those terrible ants off of them.

“GROWWWWL! That itches!”

“Roarrr! That hurts!”

“Meoooooow! Owwwwww!”

“Serves you right, you crusty cats!” Trap declared, waving a paw. “Go de-bug
yourselves somewhere else! **SHOO!**

For once, the tigers didn’t have time to **ATTACK US**! Who would have thought that those terrible jumping **ants** would save our fur?

But there was one thing I still didn’t understand — what were three ferocious saber-toothed tigers doing on the road to **CLEARWATER VILLAGE**?
Serves you right! Yeah! Hee, hee, hee...
AAAAAHHHH!

Grooowl!

Meoowwww!
Once we made it past the jumping ants, the rest of our trip to Clearwater Village was **easy cheesy**.

The village sat on a bay, sheltered from the wind and the waves of the ocean. The houses were suspended on **wooden** stilts over the clear water of the lagoon. Everything was so beautiful and clean... except for the heaps of **rotten** algae everywhere!

**Great rocky boulders, it stunk!**

“What do the mice of Clearwater Village do with all this **stinky algae**?” I wondered.
Just then, Trap’s friend **Rocky** arrived. “Welcome to Clearwater Village, friends!” he greeted us.

“Hey there, Rocky!” Trap called. “We’re here to help with the giant pearl!”

Rocky led us over to the shore, where a fleet of skimmer rafts was ready to take us out to the **heart** of the lagoon.

Anytime I have to board a boat, I’m usually a teeny-tiny bit **scared**. But the water was so calm, and my **skimmer**
RAFT looked so sturdy. I felt safe — and not even the littlest bit SEASICK! It was a megalithic miracle!

Trap’s autosaurus followed us, stomping through the shallow water, while mine stayed on the shore. When we ARRIVED by the giant oyster, the skimmer rafts stopped.

“First,” Trap said, pulling a rope out of his bag, “we need to tie this rope around the oyster.”

The fishermice immediately DOVE into the water with the rope.

“FABUMOUSE!” said Trap. “The hardest part is done. Now the rest is up to you, Geronimo!”

“Me?!” I squeaked. “What am I supposed to do?”

Trap winked and explained what he had in mind.
Then Rocky and his friends headed back to shore with me, towing the end of the rope. On shore, I tied the rope to my autosaurus and jumped on his back. We were ready!

Out in the middle of the lagoon, Trap’s autosaurus began to push the giant oyster with his snout, while my autosaurus pulled the oyster from the shore.

**HEAVE-HO!**

"It’s starting to move!" Thea cried.

**GREAT ROCKY BOULDERS — THIS WAS A RATTASTIC IDEA!**

The plan was working perfectly!

Once the oyster was safely out of the water,
Rocky and the others carefully tickled it to open it up.

Tickle ... tickle ... tickle ...
When the shell finally opened, we were **BLINDED** by a brilliant light.

**Fossilized feta, what a spectacular sight!**

That’s good!
It was one of the most amazing moments in prehistory!

We could see that the pearl inside the shell was enormous, perfectly round, and marvemously sparkly.

“Mission accomplished!” Rocky rejoiced.

“HOORAY FOR THE STILTONOOTS!” everyone cried, jumping for joy.

But just then . . .

ROOOOOOAAAARR!

A horrible roar made our whiskers tremble and our fur stand on end. We all
spun around, ready to protect our tails.

We were really in **hot lava** now!

Striped **FUR**, pointy **FANGS**, angry **EYES**, super-sharp **CLAWS** — it was **TIGER KHAN**, the ferocious leader of the saber-toothed tigers!

Our fishermice friends were as petrified as hunks of **GRANITE**!
After all, the mice of Clearwater Village are peaceful. Their city is protected by the water on one side and **jumping ants** on the other, so they never expect to see **saber-toothed tigers** storm in!

Tiger Khan took a step toward us, followed by three **bandaged** tigers. Those were
the same fearsome felines we’d seen in the **FOREST** earlier!

Bones and stones — they had followed us all the way to Clearwater Village!

“**SO WE MEET AGAIN!**” Tiger Khan snarled. “My henchcats have done an excellent job tracking down the **giant**
pearl of Clearwater Village.”

Rocky stepped in front of the pearl, ready to protect it.  

Shaking in our fur, Thea, Trap, and I followed his lead. We weren’t about to let a mangy feline get his paws on the pearl!

Tiger Khan HISSED, “If you cooperate, I won’t tear out a single one of your whiskers.”

I gulped.

“But if one of you DARES to fight back,” he added wickedly, licking his lips, “you will be served on a PLATTER at my table this evening, with Paleozen onions and Jurassic potatoes as a side dish!”

Yikes! No one squeaked a single word.

We outnumbered the four tigers, but the rodents of Clearwater Village were no
help. They were scared squeakless! What could we do? The giant pearl was in danger — and we were one step from extinction!

**GOOD-BYE, PREHISTORIC WORLD!**
Combing his long claws through his Fur, Tiger Khan ordered his henchcats, “Get moving!”

The three tigers jumped to attention. Quick as arrows, they darted to gather strips of wood and construct a stretcher for carrying the pearl back to their home in Bugville.

We watched helplessly as one tiger tried to lift the giant pearl onto the stretcher — but it was Meegalithically Heavy!

“Careful, you Fearsome Fuzzball!” Tiger Khan snapped. “If something happens to the pearl, I’ll make sure those jumping
ants know exactly where to find you!”

“Y-y-yes, of course!” the tiger stuttered, trying not to lose his balance.

Holey prehistoric cheese, was this the end
of the magnificent pearl?

Meanwhile, sneaky as a rat, Rocky had assembled some fishermice up on the stilt houses. Now he was whispering something to them.

A moment later . . .

"FIRE, FISHERMICE!"

Rocky yelled so loudly that my fur stood on end. "Paws off the pearl, tigers!"

The mice darted into their huts and came out armed with strange contraptions . . . wooden catapults!

The fishermice loaded the catapults with heaps and heaps of the rotten algae we had seen piled around the village.

YUCK!
The **CATAPULTS** had fabumouse aim, so before they knew what hit their feline fur, the tigers were covered in algae. It was **REALLY** slimy, **REALLY** stinky, and **really, really, really** itchy!
"How stinky!"
"How painful!"
"How itchy!"

Now that they were stinky, in pain, and had a megalithic itch to scratch, the ferocious saber-toothed tigers scampered around like frightened kittens.

“This algae from the lagoon is our secret weapon!” Rocky explained to us, winking. “Since Clearwater Village’s only natural DEFENSES are the sea and the jumping ants, we always make sure to have a backup plan.”

“The catapults are fabumouse,” Thea said in admiration.

“Not to mention that algae,” Trap added, plugging his snout. “PEE-YEW!”

The tigers had been forced to retreat from the rain of rotten algae. They’d scurried
off after their leader, meowing and mangy.

The air was **megalithically stinky**, but the rotten algae smell was still better than being surrounded by Tiger Khan and his fanged gang!
SPLOF  Retreat!

SPLASH!

Groooowl!
When the felines disappeared from sight, we all breathed a great sigh of relief. Massive meteorites, that was a close call! But I didn’t feel calm . . .

“What happened today could happen again!” I worried.

“Geronimo is right,” Thea said. “The giant pearl is still in danger. Tiger Khan won’t give up such a precious treasure without a fight!”

Trap elbowed me and whispered, “Listen, Geronimo, I thought that maybe . . . how can I say this? Well . . .”

“What is it, Trap?” I asked.
But he clapped a paw over my mouth.

“Shhhh! I don’t want them to hear!”

Then Trap whispered, so quietly I could barely hear, “I think that maybe the giant pearl should **STAY** where it was.”

“**HUH?**” What in the Stone Age was my cousin squeaking about?

PSST... PSST... PSST...
“I know, I know!” he added. “It would be a terrible waste — that precious jewel, down there in the mud. But the pearl would be much safer back inside the oyster . . .”

I couldn’t believe my ears! Trap, the greediest rodent in all of prehistory, was trying to protect a natural treasure?!

“Trap!” I exclaimed. “I’m so proud of you!”

Thea, who had been listening, announced loudly, “Friends of Clearwater Village, Trap just had a marvemouse idea — we’ll return the pearl to its natural habitat!”

“But then no one can admire it!” one fishermouse said.

“And someone could secretly try to dig it up again,” another added.

“Wait, I’VE GOT IT!” Rocky interrupted, clapping his paws in triumph. “We can
return the oyster and **pearl** to the water, and everyone will still be able to see it — because we’ll surround it with transparent walls in the middle of the **lagoon**!”

Pointy triceratops horns, what was he squeaking about?

“Did you say **TRANSPARENT WALLS**?” I asked. “How is that possible?”

“Come with me,” Rocky said, waving a paw.

He led us to the Cave of Crabs, a small cavern nestled in a **ROCK** wall near the lagoon. There, Rocky told us a truly **incredible** story!

“The fishermice seek shelter in this cave when it **RAINS**,” he explained. “Once, when I was here with my friends, we decided to light a **FIRE**. But since we didn’t have any wood, we **SCRATCHED** a strange,
Geronimo Stilton
CAVEMICE
SEA MONSTER SURPRISE
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

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**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 CAVENMICE

Geronimo
Trap
Thea
Benjamin
Bugsy Wugsy
Hercule Poirat
Grandma Ratrock
The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

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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!
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 **LOOOOOONG** 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, enormous 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 . . .
Farewell!

Good luck!

Bon voyage!
Good-bye, friends!
Bart stopped on the gangway. He stood as still as a block of cheese.

We stared at him, wondering what was happening. Suddenly, he burst into tears! Bouncing boulders — they weren’t just tears. He was crying a waterfall!

“WAAAAAAAAHH!” he sobbed. “I don’t want to leave you, friends.”

We were squeakless. Bart Barnacle didn’t
want to leave because we meant **SO MUCH** to him!

“But all your friends on Black Rock Island are waiting for you,” Benjamin encouraged him.

“And so is your grandfather **BLACKBEARD BARNACLE**!” said Thea.

“You can come back to Old Mouse City whenever you want,” I told Bart. “But now that you have built this giant **pirate ship**, it’s time to set sail!”

Bart blew his snout. “Sniff! It’s true. The *Speedy Cheddar 3* is a fine vessel. I can’t let it stay tied to the dock like a mussel **CLINGING** to a rock.” Then he brightened. “I have a solution! You, my friends, can all **come with me**!”

I quickly raised my **paw** to get his attention. “I’m sorry, but I can’t—”
Then I heard the booming voice of our village leader, Ernest Heftymouse. “Good for you, Stiltonoot!” he cried. “You bravely raised your paw to volunteer to accompany Bart Barnacle on his long journey to the Land of the Rising Sun!” Everyone applauded.

“Grandson, how brave!” called out Grandma Ratrock. “Just like your grandma!”

“Very brave indeed,” said Bluster Conjurat, our village shaman. “Who would have guessed?”

“Bravo, Stiltonoot!” cheered Leo Edistone, the brilliant inventor.

“Um, but I — um, I didn’t volunteer,” I tried to protest.

“You’re amazing, Uncle!” exclaimed Benjamin. “Can I come with you?”

“I want to go, too!” added Thea. “Bart can
teach me to **navigate** the seas.”

Grandma Ratrock chimed in. “Some **life at sea** will do you good, Grandson.”

**“ARE YOU JOKING?”** I asked. “The ocean is filled with dangers. **We will all go extinct!**”

I was not going to change my mind. **Nothing** could move me. Zero. Zilch.

“What a good friend you are, Geronimo. **Always so helpful.**”

Bouncing boulders! The mouse who said that was . . . but it couldn’t be . . .
“Cl-Clarissa?” I stuttered.
I turned and found myself looking at Clarissa Conjurat, the mouse of my dreams.
I stared into her **eyes** for a moment. They were the color of **blue cheese**. Her lashes were as long as . . .

“It’s very **brave** of you to do this, Geronimo,” Clarissa said. “You’ll be facing storms, hurricanes, high winds, hungry sea monsters . . .”

“St-storms? H-hurricanes? H-highwinds?”
I stuttered. “And **hungry sea monsters**?”

Grandma Ratrock
slapped me on the back. “Isn’t my grandson the most **COURAGEOUS** journalist you’ve ever met?” she asked proudly.

Clarissa **smiled**, and I knew I was sunk. I could not back down now.

I had to journey the seas with Bart Barnacle!
Grandma Ratrock decided that Bart’s ship would **DEPART** the next morning at **dawn** — with Thea, Trap, Benjamin, and me on board.

“Couldn’t we leave at noon?” Trap asked with a long **YAAAAAWN**.

“Or two? Or three? Or never?” I suggested.

But Grandma was more stubborn than a **BOULDER**, more solid than a **GRANITE** wall, and more determined than a charging **MAMMOTH**.

**NO EXCUSES!**” she said firmly. “This trip will make you all as sharp as cheddar!”
“Why aren’t you going, Grandma?” I asked.

“Because I’m **sharp enough** already!” she snapped (and that certainly was true).

I sighed. There was nothing left to do but run back to my cave and pack my bags. I had no idea what to expect in the **Land of the Rising Sun**, so I packed everything I could think of. I started with my favorite pillow. I like to be **comfy** when I sleep!

Then I packed my clothes: my **heavy** winter loincloth, my
LIGHT spring loincloth, my fancy loincloth for special events, and lots of extra underwear. Finally, I added a hot water bottle to help me in case I got a tummyache on the high seas.

**Fossilized feta!**

My bag was so stuffed that I could barely close it! I pushed and puffed and pant ed until finally I tied it shut. By then, I was hungry, so I was glad that it was time to eat. Trap had invited us to the Rotten Tooth Tavern for a
dinner in honor of Bart Barnacle.

The pirate had an appetite as **BIG** as his ship! In just a few minutes, he devoured a pot of **stew**, a cheese **omelet** (made from pterodactyl eggs), a basket of cheddar **biscuits**, and a megalithic roast of **MEAT**!

To be honest, Trap, Benjamin, and I stuffed ourselves, too.

**BURP!**

“Watch out, or you’ll get a stomachache,” Thea warned.

Thea was right, but I couldn’t help myself. Trap almost never offers me food for **FREE**!

To show my gratitude, I stayed to help Trap **clean up**. I was clearing dirty dishes off the tables when . . .

“**Psst, Ger!**” whispered Trap. “Two thieves are walking off with the leftovers in the kitchen!”
“What? Are you sure?” I whispered back. He took my paw and then, as quiet as a rat at a cat party, he led me to the dark kitchen.

It was so dark that I couldn’t see my whiskers in front of my face.

Then Trap lit a torch, and we could see two large, dark, furry shadows!

“Heeeelp!” I shrieked.

“WHO ARE YOU?” Trap yelled in a threatening tone.

Quick as lightning, the shadows dashed off. Trap went after them, but he tripped over a bowl . . .

CRAAAAAASH!

By the time we caught up to the thieves, they were diving into the water!
We **raced** to Thea’s cave and told her what happened.

“I think the thieves were saber-toothed tigers!” I said. “They were big and furry!”

Thea shook her head. “What would **tigers** be doing in the tavern? It sounds like you were having a **nightmare**. Go back to bed.”
“But I wasn’t sleeping,” I protested.

“Maybe Thea’s right,” Trap said. “It’s late, we’re tired, and we might have been seeing things. Let’s get some sleep.”

So I went home and fell asleep — but I dreamed all night of fanged cats ready to gobble me up for a midnight snack!
At dawn, a loud noise jolted me out of bed.

"What's happening?" I cried. "Did the **CHEDDAR VOLCANO** erupt? Is it an earthquake? A **meteorite crash**?"

But it was not a natural disaster.

"**GET OUT OF BED, LAZYBONES!**" a voice yelled.

I sighed. It was Grandma Ratrock, using the village **GONG** to wake us up!

Grandma kept **BANGING** the gong until I came out of my cave and Thea, Trap, and
Benjamin came out of theirs.

“Look sharp, SLEEPYHEADS!” she demanded. “Tails up, EYES open, and WHISKERS straight! And when you get to Black Rock Island, behave yourselves! Say please and thank you and don’t act like cheeseheads! Make Old Mouse City proud!”

We CARRIED our bags on board the Speedy Cheddar 3.

I thought I had the HEAVIEST bag in all of prehistory, but Thea had me beat.
“What . . . Huff . . . is inside . . . Puff . . . this trunk?” Bart Barnacle snorted as he carried it up the gangplank.

“Just what’s necessary,” Thea replied. “You never know what we might encounter.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“Mountains or beaches or volcanoes or snow,” Thea replied. “I need the right gear for any environment!”

Trap, meanwhile, had packed a bag
full of cheese. Only Benjamin had a lightweight backpack with just the essentials.

When we were all aboard, the citizens of Old Mouse City called out their good-byes.

"HAVE A SAFE TRIP!"

"WATCH OUT FOR SEA MONSTERS!"

"Did you remember to make a will?"

"If you don’t come back, I get Geronimo’s cave!" exclaimed Grandma Ratrock.

"And I get Trap’s supply of cheddar!" said Bluster Conjurat.

Wasn’t the crowd supposed to be encouraging us? They weren’t doing a very good job!

Luckily, it was time to leave. Bart Barnacle
was ready to train us to become the **crew** of his **pirate ship**.

“The **anchor** keeps the boat from drifting away,” he explained. Then he handed us the end of a thick rope. “On the count of three, **pull** with all your might. One . . . two . . . THREE!”

We **yanked** on the rope, and the anchor, carved from solid granite, came unstuck! Not only that, but it **splashed** out of the water, swung in the air, and landed right on the top of my furry head!

**GONNNNG!**

“Ha, ha! Cousin, your head rang like Grandma Ratrock’s **gong**!” Trap teased.

“Funny,” I mumbled, rubbing the dino-
egg-sized **bump** on my head.

It was a **sign**; I was sure of it. A sign that we were headed for a **sea of trouble**!
Bart Barnacle was an expert sailor, and he tried very hard to turn us into an EXPERT CREW.

But that wasn’t an easy task!
As soon as the *Speedy Cheddar 3* left the port, he called for our *attention*.

“Now we will learn how to *set the sails*!” he announced. He climbed up a rope ladder leading to the tall pole that was the main mast. “*WATCH ME* and do as I do!”

I looked up. The mast seemed to touch the *clouds*!
"Do we have to climb up there?" I asked. "Isn’t there an easier way?"

"This is the only way," Bart replied. "Do as I say and everything will be fine!"

So we climbed up after him. The ladder jiggled like Jurassic jelly with each step we took.

"It’s so shaky!" Trap wailed.

"Just climb with confidence," Thea said as she quickly climbed up the set of ropes across from us.

Benjamin was right behind
her. "This is fun, Uncle Ger!"

The ropes I was climbing were shaking so hard I thought I might fall off! I closed my eyes.

When I opened them, Thea and Benjamin had already reached the sails. They each untied a rope attached to a sail. Then they gracefully swung back down to the deck, unfurling the sails as they went.

"We have to do THAT?" I asked nervously.

"Just reach up and loosen the knots!" Bart called. "Then swing down."

Trap loosened the knot just above his head. He gripped the rope and tried to swing down.

"Whoaaa!" Trap shrieked. The rope twirled, wrapping around him. He was dangling from the mast like a fish on a line!
“Maybe I should just climb down,” I suggested.

“You can do it, Uncle Ger!” Benjamin cheered me on. “Just pull the rope.”

I didn’t want to disappoint him. With a gulp, I pulled it.

FRUUUSSSHHHHHHHHHH!

The sail quickly unraveled. I clung to the rope as tightly as I could and slid down toward the deck. Before I could breathe a sigh of relief . . .

“LOOK OUT! FIRE!” yelled Benjamin.

Oh no! The rope I was on was starting to catch FIRE!

“Aaaaahhhhh!” I squealed.

“The FRICTION of Geronimo’s fur against the rope is causing it to burn!” Bart called out.
Trap threw a bucket of water on me.

**Splash!**

I was safe but **wet**. This trip was getting off to a terrible start!
With our sails blowing in the wind, the Speedy Cheddar 3 set out to sea. Destination: the Land of the Rising Sun!

For the first few days, the voyage went smoothly. The waves were gentle, the wind was strong, and the weather was warm and clear.

Benjamin and Thea were having fun. Bart taught them how to use the helm.*

On the other paw, I was not having fun. The waves made me seasick. The strong winds made me seasick. Even the warm weather made me seasick!

* The helm is the wheel used to steer the ship.
My complexion was as **green** as moldy cheese! But I wasn’t the only one who was having trouble. Trap was strangely quiet, and he wasn’t eating!

“**Are you seasick, Uncle Trap?**” Benjamin asked.

“Maybe it’s just indigestion,” he said. **“BURP!”**

“That makes sense,” said my nephew.
“The pantry is almost **EMPTY**. If you ate all those snacks, it’s no wonder you’re sick.”

“That wasn’t me!” Trap protested. “I didn’t eat **EVERYTHING** in the pantry. Just a hunk of smoked cheddar. And a dozen **MOZZARELLA STICKS**. And a cheesecake. But that was **TWO DAYS** ago!”

Thea put her paws on her hips. “Oh, yeah? Then what happened to all the rest of the food in there? Did it **JUMP** into the ocean?”

“I swear, I haven’t eaten in **TWO DAYS**!” Trap insisted.

“Well, if it’s indigestion you have, my friend, then I know a great cure,” said Bart. Trap brightened.

“When I feel sick, I **clean!**” Bart said cheerfully.
Trap groaned.

“I **WASH**, I **DUST**, and I **polish**,” Bart went on. “I scrub the ship from top to bottom until I’m feeling better.”

Trap rubbed his **belly**. “Thinking about **cleaning**
just makes my stomach hurt more!"

"There must be something else you can do to feel better," Thea said. "Could you take a walk? Read? Sing?"

"THAT'S IT!" cried Bart.

The pirate DASHED belowdecks and came back carrying a stringed instrument.

"This instrument is called a MANDOLIN," he explained. He began to strum the strings. "You play it like this."

A light, delicate tune came from the instrument.

"Thanks, friend," said Trap, taking the mandolin from Bart's paws. "I really am in the mood to sing something."

Trap opened his mouth wide, and a SOUND came out . . . a sound like a
WALRUSAURUS with a sore throat!

GREAT ROCKY BOULDERS!

It was Jurassically awful!
Trap’s singing did not help my seasickness. I felt terrible! But the worst hadn’t happened yet . . .

The next morning, the water began to foam. The waves began to swell. Benjamin, who was acting as lookout in the crow’s nest on top of the mast, shouted out:

"Sea monster on the port side!"

Trap stopped singing. Bart, Thea, and I ran to the port side of the deck and looked out into the water. We couldn’t see a thing!

"Are you sure, Benjamin?" I yelled up to him.

* The port side is the left side of the ship when facing the front.
“Down there! Down there!” he yelled, pointing to the water.

Suddenly, we could all feel the boat *rising up* from the water. Before we could react . . .

*SWOOOOOSHRRRRH!!!*

The *Speedy Cheddar* leaned way on its side. Something was *underneath* us, pushing us up!

We looked down into the water.

Thundering triceratops! Benjamin was right. An
ENORMOUS sea serpent stared at us with two terrifying eyes. Its body was long and green. Huge, SHARP teeth stuck out of its massive jaws.

Its long tail was lifting the boat!

Bart ran into the cabin to get the longeye* and pointed it directly at the SEA MONSTER.

*The longeye is the prehistoric telescope developed by Leo Edistone, the inventor from Old Mouse City.
“It’s a SERPENTS AURUS!” he cried. “This is bad news!”
“Will it eat us?” I asked.
“It won’t eat rodents, but this type of sea monster loves to eat WOOD and fabric,” Bart explained. “We’ve got to get away from it before it gobbles up our ship and we’re lost at sea!”
Bart raced to the helm and turned the wheel with all his might, changing the DIRECTION of the ship. Thea and Benjamin scurried to set the sails.
We got lucky! The WIND caught the sails and pushed us away from the serpentsaurus.
Trap became bold. “Hey there, chubby!” he called out. “It wouldn’t hurt you to skip a meal, would it?”
Then the wind died. The serpentsaurus
The bow is the front of a ship.

NsT UNDERWATER ATTACK!

swam toward us with an ANGRY gleam in its eyes.

The sea monster lashed out at the Speedy Cheddar 3. It opened its massive jaw and...

* crunch!

It chewed off a chunk of the bow!

* The bow is the front of a ship.

swam toward us with an ANGRY gleam in its eyes.
“AAAAAH!” I yelled.

“I didn’t mean it!” Trap called to the monster.

But the serpentsaurus did not accept Trap’s apology.

**CRUNCH!** The serpentsaurus bit off a chunk of railing. Then it started munching on the sails.

Bones and stones, we were done for — doomed — **EXTINCT**!

But just when we were about to lose **HOPE**, Bart got an idea.

“Leave it to me,” he announced, and then he dashed off.

He came back **dragging** Thea’s heavy travel trunk.

“What are you doing with that?” she asked.

“If we give it your **clothes** to eat . . .
huff! . . . the monster will leave the ship alone . . . puff!” Bart explained. He opened the trunk and began to throw her gear into the water.

“My snowsuit! My raincoat! My beach towel!” she moaned. “Noooooo!”

**CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!**

The serpentsaurus greedily gobbled up each piece.

“It’s working!” I cried.

Thea ran downstairs and came back holding . . . my travel bag!

“Take this, too,” she said, thrusting it into Bart’s paws.

“Nooooooo!” I shrieked. “My underwear! My water bottle! My best loincloth!”
The **Serpentsaurus** began to float on its back, leisurely munching on my clothes. (UGH!) But at least it had stopped eating our ship!

**CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!**

Bouncing boulders, we were saved! But now we had no luggage or changes of clothes.
The Speedy Cheddar 3 continued its journey. It had lost two \textit{sails} and the bow and railing had some chunks bitten off, but all in all it was in good shape.

By \textbf{sunrise}, things had calmed down. Bones and stones, we were \textit{tired}! Thea and Trap straightened up the cabins. Bart stayed by the captain’s wheel, on \textit{alert} for danger. Benjamin and I \textit{curled up} by a coil of rope.

“What a day,” I said, \textit{yawning}. “And soon we will arrive on Black Rock Island. \textit{Zzzzzz!”}

I had just \textit{dozed off} when I felt
something **tickle** my back.

“Benjamin, you know I’m ticklish,” I mumbled sleepily.

Benjamin **yawned**. “I didn’t touch you, Uncle Ger!”

If it wasn’t Benjamin, then who was it? I opened my eyes.

**AAAAAAAAH!**

A giant **purple tentacle** was poking out of the sea, tickling me!

It was attached to a huge **CREATURE** with a bulbous head and two enormous **EYES**!
Bart yelled. “Save your fur!”

I tried to jump up, but I couldn’t. The tentacle was wrapped around me!

**BY THE GREAT ZAP, IT WAS GOING TO SQUEEZE ME LIKE A LEMON!**

Thea ran out on deck. “Free yourself, Ger!” she called out.

**HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO THAT?!**

The octosaurus had no intention of letting me go. And to make things **WORSE**, it began wrapping its other tentacles around the ship! The *Speedy Cheddar 3* started to **SLOW DOWN**.

“We’re doomed!” I cried.
“WE NEED A PLAN!” Thea yelled.

“The octosaurus is even more DANGEROUS than the serpentsaurus,” said Bart. “We’ve got to get out of here, fast!”

Thea’s eyes lit up. “I know!”

Thea raced below the deck. We heard loud noises.

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**OCTOSAURUS**

**NAME:** Octosaurus  
**HABITAT:** the deepest parts of the ocean  
**DESCRIPTION:** short-tempered, solitary, and a little slimy  
**Eating habits:** It mostly eats plankton and algae, but its favorite dish is cavemouse meatballs.  
**If you see one:** Get far, far away as fast as you can, and try not to make it angry!
Gulp!

Oh no!

Let me go!
She came back with her arms full of splintered wood.

“I broke up the furniture in our cabins,” she explained. “Trap, help me light a fire!”

Thea and Trap heaped the wood on the ship’s deck. My sister took a piece of flint and an iron rock and struck them together. They sparked, and then the wood caught fire.

A cloud of smoke wafted up from the flames.

The octosaurus began to cough. Its eyes teared up.

Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough!
Then it began to **slowly, slowly** loosen its grip, until only I remained a prisoner in its tentacles. BONES AND STONES, why does everything happen to me?

“Um, could you please **Let me go**?” I asked.

Then the tentacle holding me passed over the blazing fire. I **BURNED** my tail!

“Owwww, what a Paleolithic pain!” I wailed.

The **FLAME** singed the octosaurus, too. The tentacle loosened — right above the fire! I saw my furry life flash before my eyes.

“**Nooo, Don’t let me fall!**” I wailed. “**Not noooooow!**”

What other rodent in the prehistoric world could be in danger of **BURNING UP** in the middle of the **sea**? Only me!
Then I felt someone pull my tail and . . .

**OWWWWW!**

It was Bart Barnacle! He caught me in his arms.

**BOUNCING BOULDERS, THE PIRATE HAD SAVED ME!**

The octosaurus swam away. When we couldn’t see it anymore, Thea put out the fire. We continued to sail toward **Black Rock Island**.

Whew! Once again, we escaped extinction by a whisker!
When **night** fell, we settled down to sleep on the deck. Our cabins were a mess of **splinters** after Thea had chopped up the furniture to make a fire.

We didn’t mind sleeping outside. Bright **stars** shone in the clear sky. It was a **magical** night.

Trap decided to add to the mood by **singing** us a song and strumming on the mandolin.
"I beat two monsters with courage and ease. Now I deserve a big chunk of good cheese!"

"Enough!" I burst out. "Trap, don’t you think of anything besides food?"

Trap thought about it. "No!"

Shaking my head, I plugged my ears with cheese cubes so I could fall asleep. I was awakened hours later by Benjamin yelling from the crow's nest. "Land ho!"

Bart looked through his longeye. "He’s right! That’s Black Rock Island up ahead! I’m home!"

We all moved to the bow to look. We saw the island in the distance — and then we saw a dark shadow moving toward us under the water!"
“Oh no! Another monster!” Thea cried.

“Not another octosaurus!” I exclaimed.

“NO, NO, NO!” Bart replied. “Stay calm. That’s not a monster. Well, it is, but it isn’t.”

“Do you feel okay, Bart?” Trap asked. “You seem a little confused.”

“I’m fine!” Bart replied. “What I mean is, Spotty is a monster, but he’s friendly. He’s the GUARDIAN of Black Rock Island.”

Just then a happy creature jumped out of the sea, splashing water all over the ship’s deck.

“WONK! WONK! WONK!” he cried, clapping his fins together.

He was a Jurassic walrusaurus with a big snout and SPOTS on his smooth skin (which I guess is how he got his name).
Spotty swam to the stern* of the ship and gave us a **BIG PUSH** with his tail. It propelled us right to the shore!

A group of **PREHISTORIC PIRATES** waited for us on the beach.

They all wore **colorful** clothing. The biggest one wore an eye patch. Each one of them had a **MUSTACHE** or beard and wore a bandanna on his head.

Bones and stones, they were pirates, all right!
“Shiver me whiskers! Look who it is!” one of them cried.

“Bart Barnacle! Where have you been?” asked another.

One of the pirates pointed at us. “Who are these scalawags with you?” he asked. “They look too pale and puny to be pirates!”

An impressive-looking pirate pushed his way through the group.

“Let me introduce our leader, my grandfather Blackbeard Barnacle,” Bart said proudly.
Blackbeard approached us and shook my paw. What a grip! He nearly crushed my paw. But it was a friendly pawshake, just the same.

“Any friends of my grandson are friends of mine!” Blackbeard BOOMED in a powerful voice.

Startled, I jumped up, and he caught me in his arms.

“Welcome!” he said, hugging me tightly.
“Er, thanks, Blackbeard,” I said. “I mean, Captain Blackbeard.”
Squeak! That was a **CLOSE ONE**. I didn’t want to disrespect the pirate captain. Even though he was **friendly**, he was still a pirate!
Blackbeard Barnacle
Captain of Black Rock Island

Name:
Captain Blackbeard Barnacle

Occupation:
Leader of the Prehistoric Pirates

Personality:
Speaks loudly and forcefully

Hobbies:
Gardening, cooking, and crocheting (He might be a pirate, but he has a domestic side, too!)
The **village** of the prehistoric pirates wasn’t far from the beach. The pirates provided us with four **dinosaurs**, and we rode on their backs to get there. We had a **tour** of the island as we traveled.

It was **enchanted**! Tall palm trees towered over us, dripping with **sweet** and **juicy** dates. Colorful **flowers** grew all around us. A fresh **breeze** blew in from the sea. And at the top of the hill waved the pirates’ **flag**.

Then the dinosaurs carried us across a plain full of **tall stones**. “These are the menhir* of the

* A menhir, or standing stone, is a large, upright stone planted into the ground, usually of prehistoric origin.
ancient prehistoric pirates!” Blackbeard boomed.

I climbed off my dinosaur to get a closer look. “They’re so tall,” I remarked.

“Yes, they are!” agreed Blackbeard enthusiastically.

His voice was so strong that it caused a piece of the stone to crumble and hit me on the head!
WHAT A PALEOLITHIC PAIN!

Bart clapped. “You are LUCKY, Geronimo! The largest menhir on the island has welcomed you.”

“Lucky me,” I said, rubbing my SORE snout.

Then we passed between two rows of GIGANTIC STATUES.

“These are my ancestors, the earliest pirate captains,” Blackbeard explained.

I went to get a closer look again. This time,
I tripped on a rock and bumped into one of the statues.

**OUCH! OUCH! OUCH!**

“So, do you like our island?” asked Bart, smiling.

“Um, well . . .” I began, rubbing the newest bump on my head. “This tour is giving me a big headache!”

“Oh, I have the best cure for headaches,” said Bart. “A dinosaur race!”

“Er . . . um, how is a race going to make me feel better?” I asked. But Bart pulled me back up onto a dinosaur.

**READY, SET, GO!** he yelled.

The dinosaurs charged forward, racing toward the pirate village. My stomach lurched.
Heeeelp!

Follow me!

Yes!
“Noooo!” I wailed. “I’d rather have a headache!”

The dinosaurs skidded to a stop when we reached the pirate village.

**SCREEEENNEECH!**

All the prehistoric pirates came out of their tents to greet Bart Barnacle.

“When did you get back? What have you brought? Where did you put the loot?” everyone asked at once.

Bart motioned to us. “I have brought the most precious loot of all . . . my friends!”

The pirates clapped, and Bart brought us inside the village pantry.

Petrified provolone! It held a mountain of food: baskets of tropical fruit, barrels of buns, platters of pastries, and stacks and
This is our pantry. Yum! Wow!
stacks of **stinky cheese**!

As Bart gave us a tour of the village, the **friendly** pirates prepared a great **feast** for us. They set up the **banquet** at a long table, and soon we were all squeaking and **laughing**. Then Trap began to strum the mandolin and sing:

**“NOBODY THROWS A FEAST LIKE OUR PIRATE FRIENDS, LET’S DANCE AND EAT UNTIL THE NIGHT ENDS!”**
We jumped up and started dancing. Even Blackbeard joined us!

When the feast was done, we all fell asleep. And the music was replaced by a concert of snores.
We awoke the next morning to loud yelling. "**Stop, thief!**"

"The pantry’s been ransacked!"

"Someone stole **twenty** steaks, **forty** wheels of cheese, and **sixty** cheesy buns!"

Benjamin and I **ran out** of our hut as fast as meteorites.

"The pantry is empty," Bart told us. "Someone **stole** all the food!"

The **Pirates** wandered around the huts looking for tracks, but there were no
on the ground.

“Hmm, there’s nothing here,” I observed. “Just cheese crumbs and lots of stones.”

Captain Blackbeard’s eyes lit up. “What did you say?” he bellowed.

I almost jumped out of my fur! “I said, there’s nothing —” I began, but he interrupted me.

“No! What did you say after that?” he boomed.

“I . . . I said that there were only stones —” I replied.

“No! Before that! What did you say before that?”

My ears were ringing — that rodent had quite a voice!
I yelled back. "I SAID THAT THERE ARE ONLY CHEESE CRUMBS ON THE GROUND!"

Blackbeard elbowed me, almost knocking me over.

"Bravo! You found a trail! Let's follow it!"

The cheese crumbs zigged and zagged across the village.

STRANGE!

The thief didn’t seem to care that he was leaving a trail.
Very Strange!
The cheese crumbs led right up to a table.
And sitting at the table, sleeping, was Trap!
Extremely Strange!
And that wasn’t all. There were two pieces of cheese next to Trap!
"Here is the thief!" bellowed Blackbeard.
"Mmmmff... five more minutes," Trap mumbled sleepily.
Benjamin sighed.
"There’s only one way to wake up Uncle Trap when he’s sleeping like this," he said.
He passed a chunk of stinky
cheese under Trap’s snout. My cousin woke up with a smile.

“Good morning!” he said cheerfully.

“Good morning?” boomed Blackbeard. “There’s NOTHING GOOD about you, thief!”
“THIEF?” Trap asked, confused.

“My grandfather thinks you stole all the food from our pantry,” Bart explained.

Trap turned as **pale** as mozzarella. “That’s impossible! I was sleeping!” he protested.

“**Uncle Trap is innocent!**” defended Benjamin. “He loves to eat, but he isn’t a thief.”

Captain Blackbeard shook his head.

"**THIS TRAIL OF CRUMBS IS PROOF! HE IS NO FRIEND OF OURS.**

**PIRATES, CAPTURE HIM!**"
The pirates **TIED UP** Trap and carried him to their jail hut.

**FOSSILIZED FETA! NOW WHAT???

Take him away!

Let's go!

Huh!!
Trap gave me a **panicked** look as he was being carried away.

**POOR TRAP!** I had never seen him so frightened!

“Cousin, do something!” he pleaded. “Convince them that I am **innocent**!”

“Don’t be **scared**, Trap! Leave it to me,” I promised.

So I went to Captain Blackbeard and took a deep breath. “My cousin is an **Honest Rodent**! He isn’t a thief. It couldn’t have been him!” I said bravely.

"**THE TRAIL SPEAKS CLEARLY, GERONIMO!**"
he boomed. The pirate captain was convinced that Trap was guilty.

"To pay for his crime, Trap must work in our village kitchen," Blackbeard announced. "He must spend his days washing dishes. And we will put him on a diet of water and dry bread!"

At these words, Trap fainted. **WATER AND DRY BREAD?** But he has the appetite of a T. rex!

"There must be some way to prove that Trap is innocent," Thea said.

"**BUT WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN?**" Bart wondered. "Last night we all fell sound asleep after the party."

"Maybe someone only pretended to
sleep,” I suggested.

“Or maybe someone landed on the island during the night,” Benjamin chimed in.

“Of course!” Thea cried. She took my arm and dragged me toward the beach. Bart and Benjamin followed us.

We soon came across Spotty, who looked hot and miserable.

We quickly found out why. The sand under our paws was sizzling hot!

Spotty flopped over on his belly and slid toward the sea at **Super Speed**.

“I have an idea!” Bart cried. He grabbed a big palm frond, sat on it, and started
SLIDING after Spotty.

“Come on, Uncle G!” Benjamin cried.

“This is fun!”

I couldn’t say no to my nephew. I HOPPED onto the leaf behind him and then . . .
VROOOOOOOOOOOOM!

We **HURTTLED** toward the beach like lightning! Thea zipped down alongside us.
“Are there any brakes on this leaf?” I yelled, but of course there weren’t. We had no choice but to CRASH-LAND into the soft sand on the shore.

Thea JUMPED UP first and ran onto the Speedy Cheddar 3. We followed her.

“Look! The pantry is even emptier than before!” she exclaimed. “And look at the deck! It’s full of the remains of a feast. Cheese rinds, bread crumbs, and HALF-EATEN steaks!”

HOW STRANGE!

“So this means that Uncle Trap was right!” Benjamin said. “We thought that he had RAIDED the pantry during our voyage. But . . .”

“Someone must have SECRETLY come on board!” Thea finished.
“But who could it be?” Bart wondered.

And then it came to me. I knew who the **REAL THIEVES** were! I quickly came up with a plan.

It had to work — for Trap!
A few hours later, Bart went to Blackbeard and told him that we could not prove that Trap was innocent.

“Then Trap is guilty!” Blackbeard boomed. “Let us hold a feast and put this unpleasantness behind us. We will use our emergency supplies.”

“Huzzah! A party!” cheered the pirates.

But poor Trap was not cheering. First he had to wash all the dirty pots and dishes from yesterday’s banquet. He scrubbed and scrubbed.

Then he had to sweep the entire village and polish the swords of
all the **Prehistoric Pirates!**

I approached him right before the **banquet** began.

“Cousin, you’ve got to **help me**!” Trap pleaded. “I have never **worked** so hard in my life!”

“Hang in there,” I whispered to him. “We have a **plan**!”

“How long do I have to wait?” Trap asked. “I’m working my poor **paws** off! And my tummy is so **empty**.” He
rubbed it, and it growled.

"You’ll be FREE before the night is over," I promised.

And then the feast began, and the pirates ate and sang and danced like they had the night before. Exhausted, the pirates fell sound asleep.

Thea, Bart, Benjamin, and I only pretended to sleep. We were keeping an eye on the pantry, which still had some food left in it.

Suddenly, we saw two dark shadows approach.

These weren't just any shadows. They were SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS!

I flashed back to that night in Old Mouse City before we sailed off. I was sure I had seen tigers that night. Now it all made sense!

Those rotten felines had stowed away in the Speedy Cheddar 3! They had sailed with
us for days and days. My fur **bristled** in fear at the thought of it.

Those tigers had been **sneaky**. But now it was our turn to sneak up on them. As soon as they tiptoed out of the pantry, we pelted them with **coconuts**!
Go away!

Got you!

BONK

Snort!

BONK

Growl ...
We pummeled them from the tops of their heads to the tips of their tails!

This megalithic **racket** woke up Blackbeard and the prehistoric pirates, who dashed to the pantry.

**“What is going on here?”** yelled Captain Blackbeard angrily.

But as soon as the pirates saw the fierce saber-toothed tigers, they **froze** in fear. And we were out of coconuts! The tigers started to **roar** and snarl, threatening us with their fangs and **claws**.

**“Growl! We will eat you up!”** threatened one.

**“Meeeeeow! We will serve you stewed** with a side of Jurassic onions!” said the other.
**Squeak!** How scary!

The once-tough **PIRATES** were all **trembling** with fear — all except for Blackbeard Barnacle. He stayed very **calm**.

“Rooooaar!” growled the first tiger.

Blackbeard just yawned. “Is that all you’ve got?” he asked.

“**ROOOOAAR!**” growled the second tiger.
“Are you **finished** yet?” Blackbeard asked calmly.

He didn’t wait for an answer. He brought his paw to his mouth and whistled.
A second later, the ground began to **shake**. A huge creature slid into the village. It was **Spotty**, the walrusaurus guardian of Black Rock Island!

Seeing his friends in **DANGER**, he launched himself at the tigers. He sat right on top of them, **PINNING THEM DOWN** with his fins!

"**LET US GO!**" shrieked the tigers.

Now it was their turn to be terrified!
“Let you go?” I cried out as bravely as I could. “Absolutely not! Unless you want to be Spotty’s lunch, you must tell the truth.”

Being so close to these terrifying tigers was making my heart beat like a drum. But I had to save Trap.

“What truth? We haven’t done anything wrong,” said one of the tigers.

“Did you slow away on our ship?” asked Thea.

“NO, NO, NO! Absolutely not!” the tigers protested.

Bart nodded to Spotty. “Enjoy your meal.” The tigers looked up at Spotty’s huge tusks and quickly changed their story.

“Tiger Khan asked us to go to Old Mouse City and kidnap Bart Barnacle,” one of them said.

“And then ransom him for the
treasure of the prehistoric pirates,” finished the second.

“But the chubby mouse saw us inside the tavern . . .”

“And we dove into the water to escape!”

“And we hate water!” the two tigers exclaimed together. “We swam to your ship and hid aboard.”

“So it was you who stole the food on the ship and here in the village?” I asked.

They nodded. “Yes! It was us!”

Captain Blackbeard marched over to Trap.

“YOU ARE FREE! THE PREHISTORIC PIRATES ASK FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS!”

he bellowed.

Then he clapped his paws. “Another Feast!”

I couldn’t believe it. We hadn’t had so many
parties since Grandma Ratrock’s birthday!

While the pirates **cheered**, the tigers slid out from under Spotty. But before they could scurry away, Spotty whacked them with his fin. He sent them **flying** into the sea.

*SPLASH!*

Benjamin and I hugged the walrusaurus. He was a true hero!
GOOD-BYE, FRIENDS!

With the help of Bart Barnacle and the prehistoric pirates, we **REPAIRED** the *Speedy Cheddar 3* and prepared to return home.

Our friends filled the **galley** with enough cheeses, tropical fruits, and treats to last the **long voyage**. This time, we would be sailing without Bart as our captain. But thanks to his **TRAINING**, we knew what to do. Thea took the wheel. Benjamin and I **scurried** up the mast to set the sails. And Trap helped by organizing the **food**, of course!

*The galley of a ship is the kitchen.*
When the ship was **READY** to go, Bart and his grandfather Blackbeard Barnacle came aboard to say good-bye.

"**IT WAS AN HONOR FOR THE PREHISTORIC PIRATES TO MEET YOU, FRIENDS!**"

Blackbeard roared. "**WE HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON!**"

Then he hugged me tightly. I could hear my **BONES** cracking under his grasp! On shore, all the prehistoric pirates **CHEERED** and waved.

Then it was Bart’s turn. He hugged each one of us (more gently than his grandfather had, thank goodmouse). Then he gave us a chest filled with **shells**, enormous **pearls**, sparkling **emeralds**, and other fabumouse pirate **jewels**!
Bouncing boulders, what a **mousetastic** surprise! If the saber-toothed tigers had seen this, they would have pulled out their whiskers with **JEALOUSY**!

“**Thank you, my friend,**” I said, shaking his paw. “We will miss you!”

“But our paths will cross again,” Bart replied with a **WINK**. “A pirate never stays in one place for long! I’m sure I’ll soon set sail on another **adventure** and see you again.”
“In Old Mouse City, I hope!” I said with a sigh.

Black Rock Island was beautiful, but I really wanted to go home.

“I will return to your city,” Bart promised. “It’s not every day a mouse meets friends like you!”

Then Bart and Blackbeard headed back to shore. Spotty helped push us out to sea while the prehistoric pirates happily waved good-bye from the beach. With Thea at the helm, the sails swelled, and we glided away through the waves toward Old Mouse City.

“I’m sorry this vacation is over,” Trap remarked.

“Vacation? The pirates made you do all that work!” I reminded him.

“Yes, all that work was terrible, but those
Good-bye, friends!

Have a safe trip!
Bye!
See you soon!
feasts!” Trap got a dreamy look in his eyes. “So much food!”

“Well, there’s food waiting for you at the Rotten Tooth Tavern,” I pointed out.

“This was a great trip!” Thea chimed in. “I’m glad I learned how to sail a ship.”

“And I’m glad I learned that I’m a great singer,” Trap said. He grabbed his mandolin and began to strum and sing.

“Let’s sail back quickly on the ocean breeze, So we can get home and eat some more cheese!”

Bones and stones, his singing was torture!

I plugged my ears and sighed. I almost preferred the danger of saber-toothed tigers
to this. Almost! My cousin’s singing was terrible . . . but maybe it would keep away the sea monsters!

And that’s the truth, or I’m not . . .
Don’t miss any adventures of the cavemice!

#1 The Stone of Fire
#2 Watch Your Tail!
#3 Help, I’m in Hot Lava!
#4 The Fast and the Frozen
#5 The Great Mouse Race
#6 Don’t Wake the Dinosaur!
#7 I’m a Scaredy-Mouse!
#8 Surfing for Secrets
#9 Get the Scoop, Geronimo!
#10 My Autosaurus Will Win!
#11 Sea Monster Surprise
#12 Paws Off the Pearl!

Up Next!
Be sure to read all my fabumouse adventures!
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#22 The Secret of Cockloaf Castle
#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure
#26 The Mummy with No Name
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory
#28 Wedding Crasher
#29 Down and Out Down Under
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon
#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief
#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons
#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent
#35 A Very Merry Christmas
#36 Geronimo’s Valentine
#37 The Race Across America
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure
#39 Singing Sensation
#40 The Karate Mouse
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro
#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief
#43 I’m Not a Supermouse!
MEET
Geronimo Stiltonord

He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!

#1 Attack of the Dragons
#2 The Famous Fjord Race
#3 Pull the Dragon’s Tooth!
Meet Geronimo Stiltonix

He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship MouseStar 1. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!
Dear mouse friends,
thanks for reading,
and good-bye until the next book!
WHO IS GERONIMO STILTONOOT?

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton’s ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!

SEA MONSTER SURPRISE

Bart Barnacle, the prehistoric pirate who has been visiting the cavemice, is ready to return to his pirate island home. It’s so far away that the Stiltonoots offer to accompany him on the long, treacherous journey over the sea. On the way, they encounter megalithic danger and hungry sea monsters! What an adventure!

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