

Stone Age Boy

Whilst playing football, I glimpsed a piece of flint lying on the soft green pitch. Slowly, I reached down to pick it up and before I knew it, I was swallowed beneath the greedy ground!

I was inside a cave when I woke up! I was dazed and confused. Some minutes passed and my eyes got used to the darkness. It started to become lighter and I smelled wood smoke, raw meat and unwashed bodies.

Across the cave walls, I noticed paintings of stick figures with weapons chasing strange animals. Turning around, I observed a group of filthy, hairy people hunched over some stones. Smoke and then fire gradually began to appear after what seemed like a very long time,

I spotted more cavemen approaching. Like lightning, I quickly dashed behind a small bush. Peering from within my hide-out, I watched ten or more men holding wooden sticks with sharp flint tips. Hunters! A giant brown bear came running towards them. Excitedly, the men threw their spears at the poor bear until it was dead. I crept up to one of the spears and picked it up carefully. Turning around, I retraced my steps, but the hunters followed hot on my heels. As I ran, my hand caught hold of the flint tip.

Weirdly, I felt the rays of the sun upon my face. I looked around nervously to see where I was. Suddenly an arm grabbed me and pulled me to my feet.

"What are you doing mate? You've been out cold following a nasty tackle!" said my best friend, Tom.

As I stood up, I reached into my pocket and guess what I found?

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