Stone Age Boy

As I light heartedly trampled over the dark-brown broken twigs I could hear the snap and then the crunch of them breaking and then they would splinter and lie there lifeless. The smell of the mud filled my nose not only did the mud fill my nose but it belched and grabbed at my boots it was like someone had spread super glue all over the ground. Trees towered over me one tree was as tall as a sky scraper! Due to the bad weather everything was wet or damp, one part of a puddle was so deep it was like a river. Above the puddle was a family of birds singing wonderful melodies. The tree they lived in was very old. Most of its fine dark brown bark had been picked off and now lay there below the tree in a pile. The tree was as tall as a giant and under the birds were so many branches, it was impossible to count. Each branch was coiled around each other as if they had twisted into a handhold so tight it looked like a knot. Leaves fell down – it was like a shower of red, gold and brown lava.
Suddenly, I tripped over a huge rock and the next thing I knew I was falling into a deep, deep, deep hole. The ground had crumbled. All too soon, all the trees were falling down so were the leaves. Just at that moment, I hit the ground. I don’t know what time it was when I woke up but my head was throbbing like mad. The pain was intense. It was like a lightning bolt had shot through me. I took a while to realise that I was in a cave. I called out for help but the only reply I got was my own, lonely echo. The cave was freezing and pitch black but I could just see a blur of drawing on the walls which looked like cave art. The cave was as big as a classroom and as I wondered around, I spotted a light that was flickering like a light bulb which was about to go out. The light grew bigger as I approached it and I found myself in a beautiful little field. The grass waved about in the soft breeze. It was like a picture book.

Just as I was about to walk back to the cave, something caught my eye. It was a little girls who was very dirty. Her hair was like a mop. Instead of
fine outfits, she wore some itchy, rough, second-hand animal skins. She was holding a spear which looked very dangerous. She started to walk towards me and I backed away in case she tried to attack me with her spear but I was too slow and she caught up with me within a second. She smiled at me, displaying a row of yellow, stained teeth. Then she said “who you?”

“My name is Ben,” I replied and then I asked for the girls name.

“Me Om,” and she told me to follow her. I did so and she took me though even more beautiful fields which were full of beautiful flowers. The cold breeze blew through my hair as the girl dragged me along. We walked for about half a mile until we reached a large camp. It was full of people and they too wore animal’s skins. Then a thought came to me – Have I travelled back in time? Am I in the Stone Age?

The camp was full of tents that were also made out of animal skins. The place was also overflowing with campfires. Each one burned a crimson-red and grumbled a low crackling noise. It
was like the sound of coco-pops popping after they had been fed freshly poured milk. The girl took me to a large corner and in that corner was a huge tent. Then she said “Boy got best tent” and with that, she turned a disappeared off to her own tent. I lay down on the soft, silky animal skin and fell asleep.

The next day, Om took me to another little field. It had a stream and a little bridge where the men would stand fishing. The women would pick berries and nuts from the nearby hedges. Om and I watched the men plunge their spears into the pale blue water and then they lifted them out with shining wriggling fishes.

Suddenly, a boy came running and said “me found deer”. At that moment, all the men sprang into action and started running frantically towards the deer, shouting and throwing their spears. I didn’t have a spear nor did Om but we still shouted. It was great fun. Just at that moment, a spear hit the deer in the side. It fell to the ground. Blood exploded from its chest.
That night, we had a party. All the women danced around the dead deer while the men cooked and carved flutes from the dead deer’s bones. Once dinner was made, we all sat around the fire, warming our toes. Om’s parents and the rest of her family ate the deer while I told them stories of what it was like to live in modern times. Then I went to bed. Om said goodnight to me but she was too late as I was already asleep, snoring away. That night, I thought about all the exciting events which had happened over the last two days.

The next day, Om was acting very strange. She was not loud and bright as she usually was and she refused to go hunting (which was her favourite thing to do). After all of Om’s family had gone off to pick berries, Om took me to a cave. This one was a lot smaller than the first one I had been in. The cave was jam-packed with cave art. They looked so real like people were popping out of the walls.

All of a sudden, a bear appeared from a small, dark corner. It was very big and started to pounce.
I called out for Om to run but she already had. Then there was a familiar feeling. The ground started to crumble. I woke up and I was back in normal time.