

One early morning in the sunlight, I went to the dark woods to see the autumn leaves falling off the trees.

I heard the leaves crackling under my feet. It smelled like flower and smelled sweet. It was as warm as fire. The birds were singing a sweet melody. The bird's song echoed across the woods.

As I was walking through the woods again the ground started to tremble, then I found I was falling down, down, down.

One minute after I fell down the vast hole, I found out I was in a cave.

There was all kinds of paintings, some were small, some were big, some were short and some were tall but in the distance I saw a light and I decided follow it.

I found out it was a girl holding a stick with bright fire on it, I went over and said "who are you?"

The girl came forward "my name Om" replied the strange girl.

"Where am I?" I said

"You in Stone Age, come meet my family" said Om.

Om had a big family.

The next thing I knew, I was asleep and was dreaming of going back home.

The next day, Om woke me up and said “let’s go fishing with hunters”

The hunters catch lots of fish, someone shouted to say they saw a deer.

Om, me and the hunters went to kill the deer.

One hunter caught the deer in the thigh and killed it.

We went back to the town holding the deer.

I felt surprised! I had never held a dead deer.

As soon as I, Om and the hunters got back, we had a party, Om was playing the flute and I was pretending to play the air guitar.

All Om’s family were dancing away to the music and then I went to sleep.

The next day, Om took me to a dark, damp, wet cave.

At first it was pitch black, then Om made a fire, then it lit up.

“WOW” there was lots and lots of paintings.

In the flickering light of the torch, they looked red as if they were running all around us.

Suddenly, I saw something move in the darkness.

It was a bear, a big furious bear.

I shouted at Om to run, the ground started to give way

I found myself falling down, down, down.

When I woke up, the bear had gone, so had Om, I was back home.

When I grew up, I was an archaeologist.

Maybe it was a dream????? May be not!

The End