

Stone Age Boy - Written by Whales Class

One day something unbelievable and magical happened. Travelling through the woods, suddenly I turned the wrong way. I slipped and saw myself falling deeper, deeper and deeper.

When I woke up, I was in the middle of a foggy, icy cave. The fields shone like diamonds under the bright, blue sky. I stumbled towards them. Soon, I realised I was lost. Unbelievably lost. Unbelievably, utterly lost!

Out of nowhere, I saw someone - a girl? She didn't look like any of the girls I knew. She wore rust-orange clothes made out of deer skin, and she had dirty, ochre-coloured hair. "Hello" I announced. "What are you wearing?" Then someone said, "I am wearing animal fur"

Om took me to meet her family. Despite them looking odd, they were helpful and offered me a place to stay. We were all seated around a campfire. Sizzle! Pop! Bang! My tummy rumbled in hunger at the fresh fish, delicious deer and mouth-watering meat!



At sunrise, the tweeting morning birds sang their song whilst Om showed me around the camp. People busied themselves: collecting firewood to keep them warm; gathering food to keep people fed and repairing houses to keep people dry. Om's people had none of the materials we have today. Everything was made of wood, stone, animal skins or bones. I sat down near the fire. I swaddled myself in the puffy fur, feeling like a baby kangaroo in its mother's pouch.

Later that afternoon, we went to watch the grown men fishing. They stood up straight and gripped their spears. They were standing still like thick black clouds before a storm. Splash! Gurgle! Clash! Their aggressive spears striked the water, pulling out the wriggling, flapping fish.

As the sun relaxed into the afternoon, we spotted a horse sprinting. Spears gliding through the air, men screaming, hooves crashing, we caught the horse. That was so dramatic! I was glad the Stone Age people had food but I felt sad at the same time that the animal had died.

Just before dawn, Om took me to an enchanted cave and taught me how to draw soaring sky birds, woolly walkers and plodding beasts. While Om was drawing, I saw something. It was a huge shadow. A gigantic shadow. A monstrous shadow. I stood back. It was a bear! I shouted at Om to run. Then I tripped and found myself falling deeper, deeper, deeper. When I awoke I was back home. Fumbling in my pocket, my fingers clasped a small, pointed rock. A Spearhead!

