

By 3T



An awesome thing once happened to me.  
Wondering in the woods one day I suddenly changed direction. I tripped and found myself falling down, down, down.

When I woke up, I was in a cold, gloomy place. I could see glistening water meandering in the river, green fields and beautiful animals under a blue sky. Soon I realised I was lost. Really lost. Totally lost.



Just then, I saw I saw someone...a girl? She didn't look like any other girl I knew. She wore a pointed tooth necklace and a grubby, old toffee coloured tunic. "Hello, who are you?". Hello, I'm Robert" I managed. "What's your name?" Then someone made a noise that sounded like 'Om'. It looked like she was trying to take me somewhere.

Om took me home to see her family. Even though they looked a little unusual, they were really kind to me. We huddled by the campfire. Pop! Hiss! Crack! My stomach began to rumble! I was desperate for some smoky sizzling steak and fresh flavoursome fish



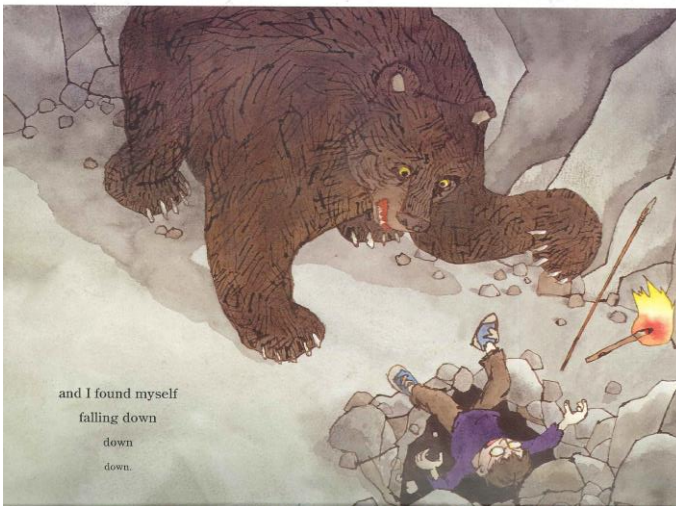
The next day when I woke up Om shoed me around the camp. People busied themselves striking flint to make campfires, drying deer skin and preparing tents. Om's people had none of the materials we have today. Everything was made of wood, stone, animal skin or bone.

One afternoon, we went to watch the men fish. They gripped their spears perfectly still like soldiers guarding a palace. Their spears pierced the water, plucking out the gleaming silver fish! Splat! Slap! Smash!



As it was getting darker we spotted a deer sipping some fresh water. Men shouting, spears flying, ground shaking, heart thumping, we caught the deer! How amazing that we caught a real life deer! I felt like I had won gold at the Olympics.

One mysterious evening, Om took me to a secret cave. She taught me how to draw howling wolves, roaming beasts and soaring sky birds. Whilst I was drawing, I glimpsed a shadow moving. A big shadow. A colossal, horrifying shadow. A bear!



I shouted to Om to run! Then I stumbled and found myself falling under, under, under. When I awoke, I was back at home. Fumbling in a trouser pocket, my fingers clasped a smooth, cold stone. Flint!

Then I fell in a deep, deep, hole. When I awoke I was back home. Fumbling in my pocket I grabbed a piece of woolly mammoth fur.

**By the children of 3T**