**Stone Age Kid**

Have you ever wanted to travel back in time and see things from another age? Ever wondered what it was like for people during the Stone Age? Well, I have seen these things and let me tell you it’s not quite what the story books or TV would have you believe.

It all started when I decided to go to the local park with a few of my close friends. As it was a hot sunny day, we all thought it would be good fun to have a kick around with some other kids from school. After deciding on teams and setting up the goalposts, with some jumpers, the game began. Not long into the match, I quickly gained possession of the ball. Running up the field, I dribbled the ball easily past three defenders. I had the goal posts within my sights. Suddenly, I hit the ground with a thump. I had been tackled. My chance of scoring and gaining glory had gone. Who had done this? Embarrassed, I lay still for some moments. I couldn’t quite face my friends. After a while, I looked around and dusted myself off. In the distance, I caught a glimpse of a piece of flint lying on the soft green grass. Slowly, I reached out for it as it looked really ancient. As soon as my hands held it, the ground beneath me started to shake and tremble. Terrified of what was about to happen, I tried to grab on to the nearest object to avoid being pulled down below the muddy depths. Unfortunately, there was nothing to hand and so I was swallowed whole by the greedy ground. Tumbling down deeper and deeper, I desperately tried to cling onto something which would slow me down. Then everything went black. I fainted.

When I woke up, I tried to look around. I was dazed and confused. Where was I? What had happened? Feeling the top of my head, I noticed I had got a rather large lump. Blood covered the floor. Was it mine or something else’s? Like a statue, I sat very still as I was scared of every little noise and movement. Some minutes passed and soon my eyes got used to the darkness. I was in a cold damp cave. My fear increased. What animals lived here and where were they now? Reaching out, I felt a bumpy wall and pulled myself along in hope of finding the entrance. After some time, the cave started to become lighter. I could smell wood smoke, raw meat and unwashed bodies. Hopefully this was a sign that people were nearby. Maybe they could help me get home. I had to be careful though as they might not take kindly to an eight-year old boy joining their feast.

Before long, I saw the mouth of the cave. Sunlight streamed down on my face. It was good to be outside again. Looking at the cave walls, I could saw stick figures with weapons chasing strange animals. Recently at school we had learned about Stone Age man and how they had used cave paintings as a way to communicate. This would be something to tell my friends if I ever got home safely. Nervously, I took a few steps outside of the cave. What would I find?

Strange sounding noises filled my head. It was as if I was hearing a primitive type of talk. Turning around, I noticed a group of filthy hairy people hunched over some stones. One ugly looking brute, who was only wearing animal fur, was rubbing a piece of wood around furiously on the ground in between some dry grass. After what seemed like a very long time, smoke started to appear and then fire. The group all looked quite happy and started making even weirder noises like zombies. It suddenly dawned on me that I had been transported back in time to the Stone Age. How had I got here and more importantly how could I get back? If they saw me, they might think I was food. I had to find a way of getting home.

A little while later, the unwashed group of cavemen and women started to eat their freshly cooked meal. It was the most disgusting sight I had ever seen. Juices from the meat dribbled down their chins; bits of food got stuck to their beards and they slobbered as they talked to one another. I couldn’t watch as it was making me feel quite ill.

Quickly and cautiously, I tiptoed along a narrow path. I had to find an escape. After some time, I again saw some more cavemen. Like lightning, I dashed behind a small bush. Peering from my hid-out, I could see ten or more men holding wooden sticks with sharp flint tips. It was clear that they were hunting as they crouched down waiting for an animal to appear. Minutes passed, and nothing happened. As I looked on, I suddenly had a thought. I remembered that before I was transported back in time I had touched a piece of flint similar to the ones on the hunters’ sticks. If I could get hold of one, I would be able to get back home. The problem now was trying to get hold of some flint without the cavemen noticing.

Without warning, a giant brown bear came running towards the hunters. Fleeing from the scene, the men tried to escape. Weapons were dropped and screams could be heard. Some brave hunters stood their ground and threw their spears at the charging bear. Roaring loudly, the angry bear came crashing down with a loud thud. Excited, the cowardly hunters returned and threw more spears at the poor bear to make sure he was dead. During the fight, some of the hunters had dropped their weapons. This was my opportunity to grab some flint and get home. Without making a sound, I crept up to one of the spears. Picking it up slowly, I turned around so I could retrace me steps. Unfortunately, I stood on a fallen branch which made a loud crack. The hunters turned and saw me making off with a spear. Running as fast as my legs could carry me, I sprinted back the way I had come. The hunters followed hot on my heels. As I ran, I grabbed hold of the flint tip. Like before, the ground trembled and opened up. Diving in to the muddy hole, I was swallowed up and saved from the savages that chased me. Everything went black.

Opening my eyes, I could feel the sun’s rays touching my face. Excited and a little nervous, I looked around to see where I was. At first my vision was a little hazy. Suddenly an arm grabbed me and pulled me to my feet. Fortunately, it was my best friend, Tom. He said that I had taken a nasty dive and that I had been on the ground for some time following the tackle. With a big smile, I thanked him and decided to go home. On the way there, I reached into my pocket and guess what I found?