



# STONE AGE BOY









An amazing thing once happened to me.

I was wandering in the woods

when I tripped and found myself

falling down

down

down.











When I woke up, I was in a cold, dark place.  
I could see daylight in the distance and I stumbled towards it.

Outside, everything was different.  
I realized I was lost. Completely lost.  
So I walked and walked  
and walked...



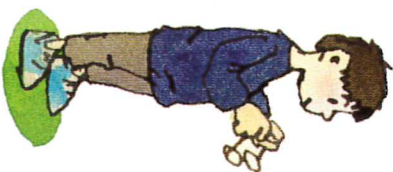
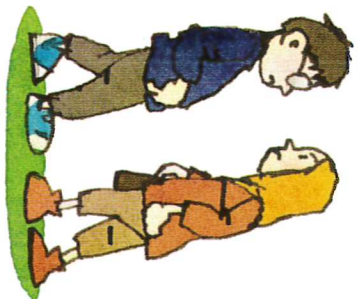
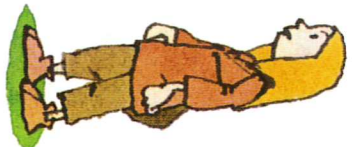
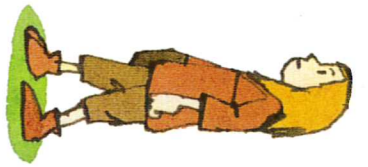
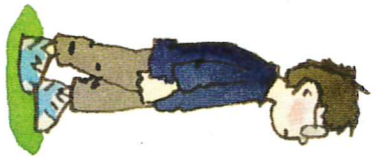




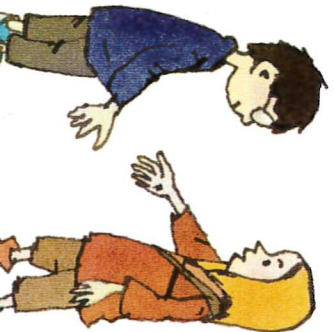
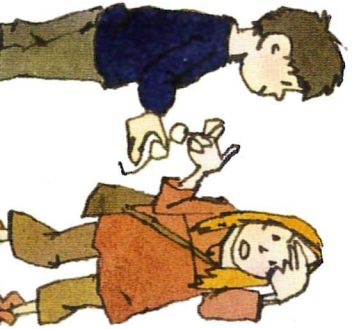
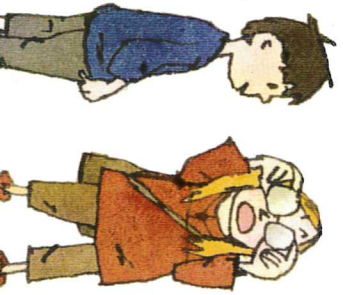
Then, to my relief, I saw someone – a girl.

She was about my age, but she didn't look like any of the girls I knew.





And I don't think I looked like any of the boys she knew.







She took me home to meet her family – and what a family it was!

They looked very strange, but they were kind to me and gave me some stew.

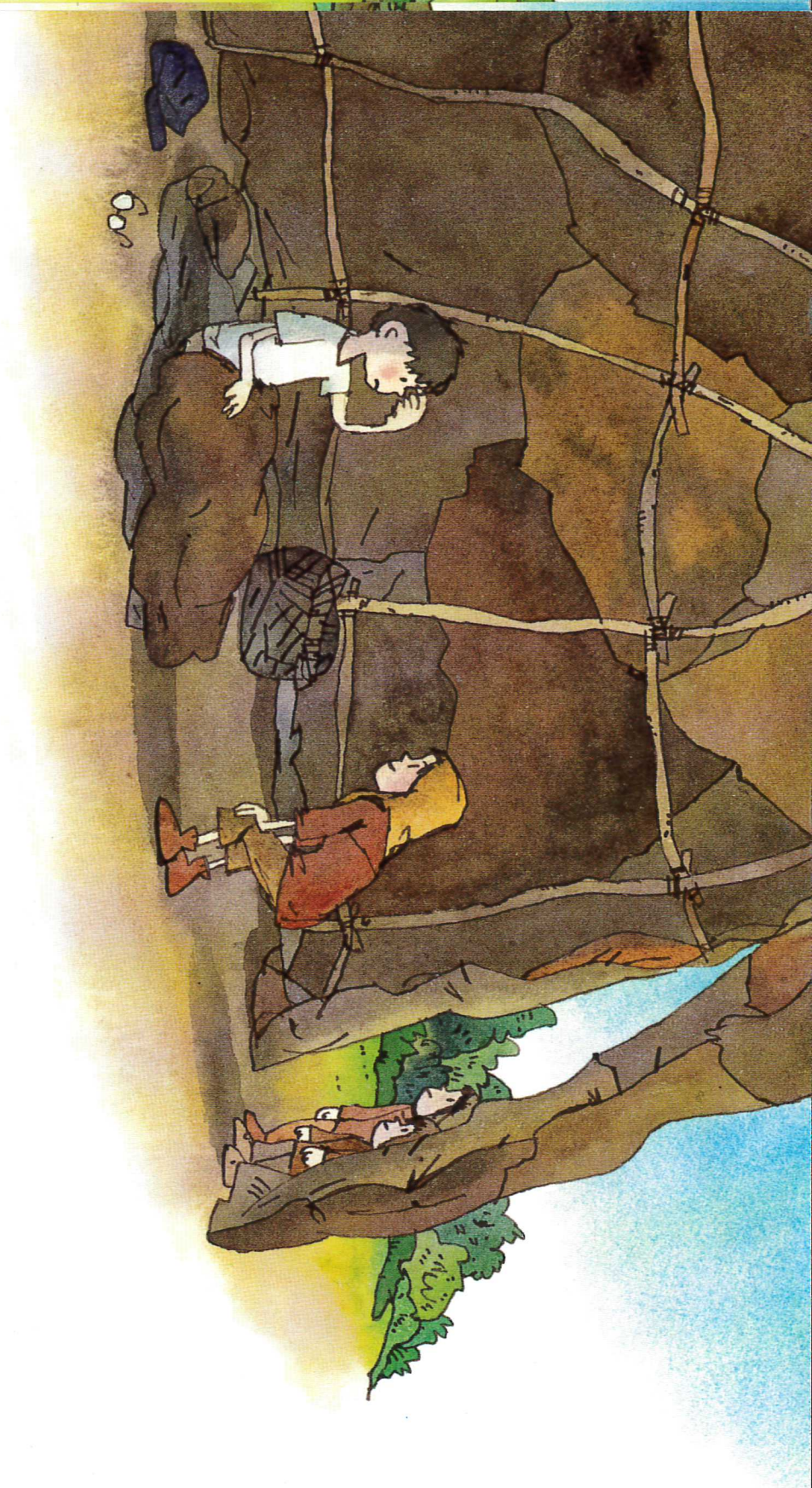
I couldn't understand anything they were saying,  
though I worked out my new friend's name was Om.

Then I must have fallen asleep.









The next morning, Om showed me round the camp.

Everyone seemed busy and had a job to do.

Over the next few days I saw so much I'd never seen before.

Om's people had no knives and forks, no plastic, no metal even.

Everything they had was made of wood, stone, animal skins or bones.

I saw them...



