

Diary of a Stone Age Boy

Monday 9th November 10,000 BC

Dear Diary,

Today was the most incredible day of my life. Shall I tell you what I did?

In the morning, I woke up feeling cold and looked up to see my older brother, Stoat, leaving with my father. The fire had gone out and my deer skin blanket had fallen off during the night, so my bare feet could feel the chilly winter breeze blowing in. Emerging from the tipi, I looked out at the snowy hills beyond our camp to see the sun slowly rising. I wondered where they were sneaking off to so early in the day. Without thinking, I decided to follow them into the eerie woods.

The hunters didn't have a successful day out yesterday, so we were all ravenously hungry. I hoped that they wouldn't hear my empty stomach growling, spot me and send me back to do boring chores. Still, they did not see me...

Hours later, father and Stoat sat down to rest near a small stream as I watched as quiet as a mouse. Suddenly, I saw a prowling wolf slowly pacing towards my brother and father. "No!" I cried, as the dangerous creature leapt towards them. Luckily, I had my bow and arrow with me so I fired an arrow straight into the wolf's heart. Bullseye! All that training had paid off! Shocked and trembling, my father embraced me, thanking me for saving their lives.

When we returned to the camp, my father told the villagers how I had killed the cunning wolf and deserved to join the hunters despite my age. With a twinkle in his eye, the chief looked at me and nodded. The enormous wolf was taken away to be skinned and prepared for dinner. A feast was held in my honour! Although my mother was furious that I snuck out, she was extremely proud of me. In the morning, I will join the hunt and I am so excited to learn how to catch wild bison, galloping deer and even flying pheasants using my bow and arrow.

I'll write again tomorrow,

Poca

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Monday 9th November 10,000 BC

Dear Diary,

Today was the most incredible day of my life!

In the morning, I woke up and saw my older brother, Stoa, leaving with my father. The chilly winter breeze was blowing in and made me shiver. Emerging from the tipi, I looked out at the snowy hills beyond our camp. I wondered where they were sneaking off to. Without thinking, I decided to follow them.

The hunters didn't catch anything yesterday, so we were all hungry. I hoped that they wouldn't spot me and send me back to do boring chores.

Hours later, father and Stoa sat down to rest near a small stream as I watched silently. Suddenly, I saw a prowling wolf creep towards my brother and father. "No!" I cried, as the dangerous creature leapt towards them. Luckily, I had my bow and arrow with me so I fired an arrow straight into the wolf's heart. Bullseye! Shocked, my father embraced me, thanking me for saving their lives.

When we returned to the camp, my father told everyone how I had killed the cunning wolf and should join the adult hunters. Happily, the chief looked at me and nodded. The enormous wolf was taken away to be skinned and prepared for dinner. A feast was held in my honour! In the morning, I will join the hunt and I am so excited to learn how to catch wild bison, galloping deer and even flying pheasants.

I'll write again tomorrow,

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