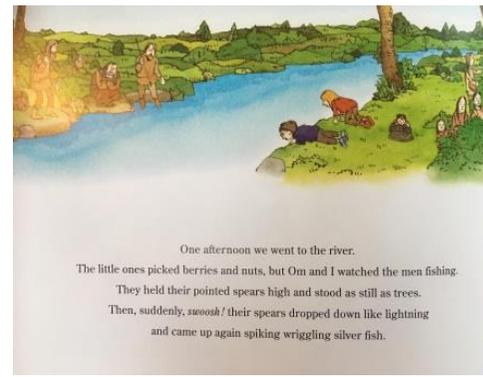
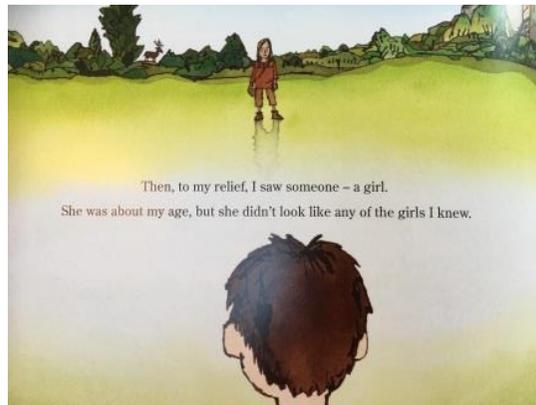


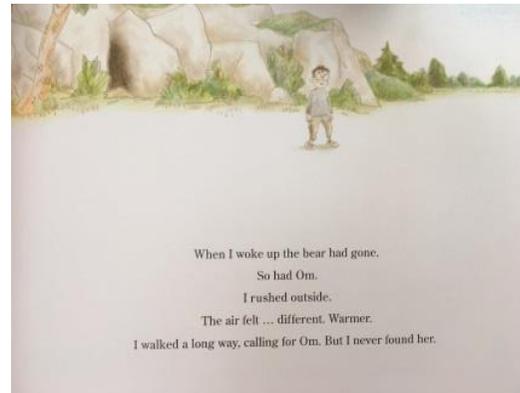
It was a bear, a big furious cave bear!
I shouted at Om to run
and turned to face the bear with my spear.
I felt very small.
Suddenly the ground gave way ...



One afternoon we went to the river.
The little ones picked berries and nuts, but Om and I watched the men fishing.
They held their pointed spears high and stood as still as trees.
Then, suddenly, *swoosh!* their spears dropped down like lightning
and came up again spiking wriggling silver fish.



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.



When I woke up the bear had gone.
So had Om.
I rushed outside.
The air felt ... different. Warmer.
I walked a long way, calling for Om. But I never found her.

Years passed, but I never forgot my friend Om. I am an archaeologist now (that's me in the glasses). Everywhere I go, I look in the past for signs of Om. And I never stop learning from her and her people.

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.

One afternoon we went to the river.

An amazing thing once happened to me. I was wandering in the woods when I tripped and found myself falling down down down.

Then one day Om took me to a special place. We walked a long way until we came to the mouth of a cave.

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

It was a bear, a big furious cave bear!

Suddenly the ground gave way...and I found myself falling down down down.