

One Million Years B.C.
(Chapter 1)

Prelude:

I know that modern humans did not inhabit the earth 1 million years ago, but for the sake of a more interesting story, I am going to pretend that they shared that time with saber tooth tigers and wholly mammoths.

The scientists use ma (million years ago), instead of B.C. now. My be another woke movement. The evolutionary time line begins 3.1 million years ago with Lucy the first ape like creature considered to be of human origin. She was only 3 feet tall, but was the first to walk upright instead of on all fours.

Around 2.5 ma Australopithecus used tools. This is an indication of some kind of intelligence beyond instinct.

Homo Erectus arrived 1.5 ma.

Neanderthals around 600,000 years ago and Homo sapiens 160,000 years ago.

Modern man did not appear until about 25,000 years ago.

Saber tooth tigers roamed around from 300K years ago until about 10K years ago.

For those skeptics who can not believe that we descended from the apes I offer two thoughts. First, we share more than 99% of our DNA with chimps. The major difference is that we walk upright and have a vocal box. Secondly, it is possible for Bible theory and scientific theory to exist at the same time? Who is to say that God did not plan our evolutionary path. Somewhere along that path he instilled a spark of conscientiousness and a soul.

I am going to start my story around 2 million years ago and pretend the saber tooth tigers and woolly mammoths all roamed around my characters time

frame.

So my story opens up with a group of hunter gatherers who used tools, crude weapons, and fire.

My given name is Mole. Not to be confused with the future's Mexican meat sauce, but with one who hides in a hole. Even my name demeans me. Our language progress is barely beyond grunts and howls, but sufficient enough to express humor, jealousy, and ridicule. That is where I come in. If we had a word for it, I would be considered a runt. Only 4' 6" tall and weighing in at 90 lbs. Where as, Grog is 5' 10" and weighs 140 lbs. So in a society that favors brute force, Grog is king. He mates with any woman he chooses and eats the first and the best of our killed bounty. I am given the scraps and women are not interested in me at all. I suppose it is in the best interest overall to produce the strongest offspring possible. As you will find out though, brute strength is not always the only indicator of what is best for our species.

The typical day begins with the men setting out on a hunting expedition. Because of my lowly status, I have been assigned to watch over the women. The women venture out picking seeds, nuts, and berries. Maybe I should consider that a blessing since there is less chance of me being eaten by a saber tooth tiger or trampled by a woolly mammoth.

Even though the women don't look to me as a possible mate, watching them is a pleasure to my eye. There is one in particular that I fancy. Her name is Sheena and she is Grog's favorite. She does not look down on me and even considers me of value. Without spending so much time on the hunt, I have lots of time to think about things. I am somewhat of an inventor. What I lack in physical strength, I excel in what I will call "practical engineering" for lack of a better word. I am always thinking of ways to make better tools and weapons.

We are lucky to live on the African Savannah. The fields and meadows are plush with vegetation and we are near a large river. This river will be called the Nile in the distant future.

We have built our shelters in a rocky outgrowth not far from the river. We call this our base camp. The rocks give us some cave like shelter from nighttime hunting beasts and other humanid tribes. Palm type leaves provide shade and protection from rains and winds. Here are some images. I am the hansom one.

Grog



Me

The group has returned from a very successful hunt. We will be feasting on roasted saber tooth. When a successful hunt like this occurs, we always have a big celebration. I might even get a chunk of real meat instead of scraps. The women have been brewing a drink from some fermented fruits. I am always wary of these times. Drunken cavemen often use this time to further ridicule me and I have been hurt badly in the past.

This night was to be no different.

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So our celebration was proceeding nicely. I did get a big chunk of tiger meat and also consumed some strong brew. This emboldened me to approach Sheena just for some conversation. I should have known this was a bad idea. Grog spotted me and whispered something into his next in command's ear. The next thing I knew I was thrown to the ground by Tram. What are you doing talking to Grog's woman? I tried the innocent look and gave a simple explanation, but Tram was too drunk to take notice. He charged me and would have inflicted some serious damage on my person, but I sidestepped him and he fell down. This infuriated him all the more, especially since his fellow pals were laughing and hooting loudly. This had elevated into a dangerous situation for me. I could see anger mixed with humiliation in Tram's eyes. I was about to have some real damage inflicted on my being. As one of my duties to protect the woman, I always scouted the terrain and picked the safest area to forge. My tactical abilities improved over the years. It was time to put some of that experience to use. I moved over to a large stone wall. I made some faces and expressions that just enraged Tram all the more. He charged at me and at the last minute, I sidestepped again and he ran straight into the side of the rock wall and knocked himself out. Being little also meant I was quick and limber. Almost everyone laughed at this change of events, but I could see that Grog was not pleased. It would be in my best interest to retreat into the background and keep a low profile. As I backed away, I saw some concern in Sheena's eyes. This small acknowledgment made my dangerous move worthwhile. I spent the next few hours thinking of what I could do to change my status. Before I drifted off to

sleep, a spark of an idea entered my brain. I would think more about this in the next few days.

The next morning, it was the same old same old. Me left behind with the women. In order to raise my status, I needed to figure out how to outsmart Grog or at least Tram. To go head to head in some kind of combat would be insane for me. I needed some kind of secret advantage. The idea I had last night started to form in my brain. How could I beat the brutes without getting within their reach. I found some thin reed string like material. I also found a long round stick that was tapered on both ends. I tied the reed to one end of the stick and pulled it tight. Then secured the reed to the other end. Now I had something that eventually would become a bow. So how to use this? What if I found some flat rock and ground a groove into it. Could this be used to fling the rock? I spent some time that day searching for prospective rocks. Back at the home camp, I used one of my harder rock edges to carve a small groove. I was excited to try this out the next day. I walked a short distance away from the woman's group to see how this would work. I tried all of my rocks, but my success was limited. I was better off just throwing the dam rocks. Back to the drawing board. Someone in the distant future would say necessity was the mother of invention. It was definitely necessary for me to come up with something. My life, as it was, did not bode well for happier times. The next day I found some long round sticks. These were not tapered like the other and were relatively uniform. What if I cut a slit into the end of one and tried to fling that out instead of a rock. This seemed more likely to succeed than my rock idea.

The next day I did the same as before. Wandered off a little and tried my stick idea. I was pleasantly surprised when the stick flew quite a distance from where I was standing. This was definitely an improvement. Many more attempts later, I realized that I could not accurately place the stick. It would fly off with sufficient force to do some damage, but it was just luck if I hit what I was aiming at. I needed something to stabilize the flight. One of my former improvements for weapons was to fashion some eagle feathers at the back of our throwing spears. This improved our aim and also resulted in longer throws. I was even awarded some decent meat by Grog for this. This same technique should help my unstable long sticks too. I cut three slits into

the back of my long sticks. Using some heated up tar, I glued eagle feather in three places on the back. The next day, when I tried my invention, the accuracy and distance improved amazingly. For the next couple of days I practiced using my bow and sticks until I was able to hit any target from a distance of 20 feet.

A few days later the hunting party returned.

It is evening again and again the hunters had a fantastic haul. This was going to be another celebration party. I knew that Tram was not going to let my humiliation from the other night go unpunished. It was time for me to step up.

One of our traditions was that any tribesman could challenge another for their ranking. If he won, he would replace that tribesman in the pecking order. I was about to do something unheard of. Me, mister puny, was going to challenge Tram for his position. To do this I must insult him. If he accepted, we would face off in the arena. This was a circular space about 20 yards in diameter. We could choose any weapons that we desired.

Sometimes the best defense is offense. Wow! I am probably the first humanid to come up with that phrase. It is now or never. It is time to do or die. I am overflowing with idioms as I approach possible death. I don't even know what idioms means, but it made me feel more intelligent just thinking it.

So to get things going. I called out to Tram. Hey you, 4 pod ugly monkey face. This is about the worst insult anyone could utter. It is ironic that I would use this because I also was a monkey face. We all knew that our ancestors were apes. It was fairly obvious. Still, calling another this was extremely demeaning. At first, Tram just stood there. He could not believe what was just said and who just said it. The other tribesmen were just as stunned. He finally got it and a big smile came over his face. He was about to erase the humiliation he had suffered before. Tram chose a long spear with a sharp tip. One thrust from this would end the contest and most likely would end my life. My weapon of choice was my most recent invention, the bow and stick. Instead of cheering and looking forward to a real battle, others

thought they were just going to witness an execution.

We positioned ourselves at opposite ends of the arena. My bow was within reach. Tram motioned for me to enter the center of the ring. I just stood there and reached back to retrieve my bow. Not wanting to drag this thing out, Tram made his move. He started to charge. He got to the center of the ring and I nocked my stick. This is a term that was later designated to place an arrow in a bow. He was about 10 feet away when I let loose my stick. It struck him right through the chest and heart. He fell face first about 5 feet from my position. There was another stunned silence. I walked out to where he lay. I performed what we refer to as “The last rites of a fallen comrade”.

I retrieved my stick and silently walked back to the shelter. For the rest of the evening, I was treated with silence. I believe that no one could fathom how I could defeat Tram. I wasn't even hungry and retired early. I imagine the stress of the events took its toll. I slept as soundly as I had ever slept before. The next day, Grog motioned for me to approach him. As is the custom, I knew that I was supposed to take Tram's spot in the hunt. I wasn't sure if Grog was going to honor our tradition since this was such an unexpected turn of events. But what I would find out now and in the future, Grog was an honorary man. He did indeed grant me that lofty position. As he backed away, I noticed a dark shadow appear across his brow. I think he is starting to be wary of me from now on. If I could defeat someone as formidable as Tram, what could I do in the future to threaten his position.

My life from this point on definitely changed for the better. I was no longer a pariah. Even some of the women wanted to mate with me.

Five years have past since that eventful night. Since that time I had been able to take part in the best of the bounty. It is a wonder what protein will do for you. I was not destined to remain a runt. In a spurt of growth I reached 5' 8” and gained 30 lbs. I was still not as robust as Grog, but I changed my name from Mole to Rock. Things were going fairly well for me, but other events opened up even further privileges for me.

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Grog now values me as his second in command, even though I am not as strong a fighter as Tram was. I had taught the rest of our tribe how to make and use what I now call a bow and arrow. This has greatly improved our hunting ability and our defense against hostile invaders. Grog has no idea how I can come up with these ideas and he hasn't a clue how to think of any of these inventions himself. If we had X-rays, like they will have someday in the future, they would discover that my body size was small at birth, but my brain was 1/3 larger than Grog's. Of course we had no clue about this back then.

As I grew stronger, more and more women wanted me as their mate. I still had my eye on Sheena. I could sense that she was attracted to me too, but I would not step over that line. She was still Grog's woman and I had my own integrity and sense of honor. Besides, I was never alone with her without Grog near by. He didn't seem to mind me talking to her. I found that she was also very bright besides being the most beautiful. So I told her that I admired her for her mind. She just laughed and knew that was just a line of B.S. She did not take offense. I am sure that some man in the future will use that line to get a woman into bed.

My latest idea was to fabricate some protection against the spear. One of my recent inventions was a snare. We had successfully used this to capture some of the crocks that occupied our river. I wanted to use the snare idea to capture a mastodon. Carve up its hide and use the tough hide as protection against spears. We knew how tough the hide was because we could never penetrate it using our own spears. We had only killed one in all of our history. That warrior paid with his life. He ran up under the mastodon and thrush his spear up through it's neck. The mastodon was killed, but fell on our hapless warrior ending his life.

To catch a mastodon, I placed a rope like snare near a steep cliff. The other end of the rope was tied around a big boulder. My plan was to get the

mastodon to step into the snare loop, then push the bolder over the cliff. If this worked, the mastodon would fall off the cliff and we could scramble down and finish it off and skin it. To my amazement and the rest of the tribe, this actually worked. We skinned and butchered the beast. Since the amount of meat we carved from the carcass was far too great a quantity for us to consume, before it became rotten, I figured out how to preserve it. I had been experimenting with using a salt solution and marinating the meat in it. Then we hung the meat up in the sun's rays to dry it out. This was the first time beef jerky made its way into the world.

We fabricated vests and helmets out of the tough hide. This could not have been at a more opportune time.

Our hunting party had spotted a group of invaders three days journey away from our location. They were moving in our direction and it was inevitable that they would find our base camp. They outnumbered us 3 to 1 and had many strong warriors. Without a miracle, we would be defeated for sure.

We hurried back to our base. I took over tactical defense of our camp. Grog had no questions about my abilities and it was his idea to put me in charge.

We took the sharp bones from the mastodon, that we had recently killed, and buried them in pits we dug all around our perimeter. Then we covered the hole openings with brush. Anyone falling into the hole would be impaled by the sharp bone tips. We also strategically placed piles of brush that we could ignite with our tar tipped arrows.

Still, this was going to be an epic battle. I positioned our best archers behind the boulders near our cave entrance. They would be protected from assault and would be free to fire upon the enemy.

I am sure that the invaders had sent scouts ahead of their troops. So they knew we were there. I had instructed our people to act as if we did not know of the impending danger. I wanted to lure them close enough without alarming them so that our surprise defense would be the most effective. As expected, they planned their assault at night thinking that we would be at our

most vulnerable still asleep. That was not going to happen. We didn't need any kind of alarm. As they made their approach, several of their warriors fell into the pits. Their screams rebounding off of our rock face. Next, our archers fired into the brush stacks and we could see many enemies being lit up and burned to death. The fires also lit up the battle field and our archers started making them pay. Even after all these preemptive strikes, we were still outnumbered. The rest of the battle would return to hand to hand combat.

As we battled on, our mastodon vests saved many of our tribemen's lives. In fact, the enemy was starting to believe we were invincible. As these thoughts sunk in, we witnessed a sudden change in the battle. The enemy was starting a mass retreat. I looked over to see how Grog was bearing up. I saw that he was in mortal combat with the other tribe's leader and he was losing. If we lost our leader, the retreating tribe might decide to attack again. I grabbed one of my newest snares. It had a loop tied on the end of a long pole. I rushed over to where Grog was as he was about to meet his end. The other leader was raising his club to render the fatal blow. I quickly slipped the noose around his neck and pulled hard. He immediately dropped his club and reached for his throat. Grog did not hesitate. He grabbed the dropped club and with a mighty swing almost knocked his opponent's head off of his shoulder. If we had had a ball park, the announcer would have said, that one is out of the ball park.

Even so, Grog was badly hurt. We took him inside our cave. Sheena rushed over to give him aid. He waved her away and motioned for me to approach. He said, you saved my life. I owe you a great debt. You have advanced from wimp to warrior. I am sorry for all the harassment you had to endure in the past. You can have any one of my possessions and even replace me as the leader of the tribe if you so desire. I was humbled by his offer. I expect he thought I would jump at the chance to take over the top spot. He was wrong. I told him that as long as he was alive he was our leader. But there was one thing that I did want. I pointed toward where Sheena had just left. He understood and nodded his answer. My only worry now was would she also agree. I would not force her to accept me. I left him for a while and found Sheena. I explained to her what had just happened and that it was up to her

to decide who she would be bound to. Without words I saw a smile appear on her face. I guess that was a good enough answer for me. Then I asked her to get some other women to help attend to Grog.

Besides defending our home base, the battle did one other thing. During my lifetime, no other tribe ever tried to attack us again. Fact mixed with fiction built up our tribe to be of legendary force. We could not be killed. Spears just bounced off our bodies. We spit fire from our mouths and could kill without even leaving our homes.

We did nothing to dispel these rumors.

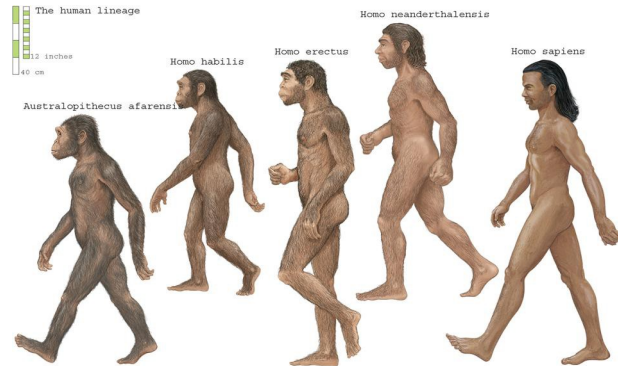
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Four years have past since our battle victory. Grog is still our leader, although he never fully recovered from his injury. The tribe still acknowledges his position, but knew that I was really calling the shots. Grog did not mind this. He realized without my tactical planning and last minute rescue, neither of us might be alive today. I am now a father of a boy and girl. If you think raising kids in the 20th century is tough, try doing it with two wild untamed cave kids. Sheena and I had our hands full. She gets the worst of it because I still go out on the hunting parties. Some days I even extend the hunt so I don't have to face the problems with those two brats.

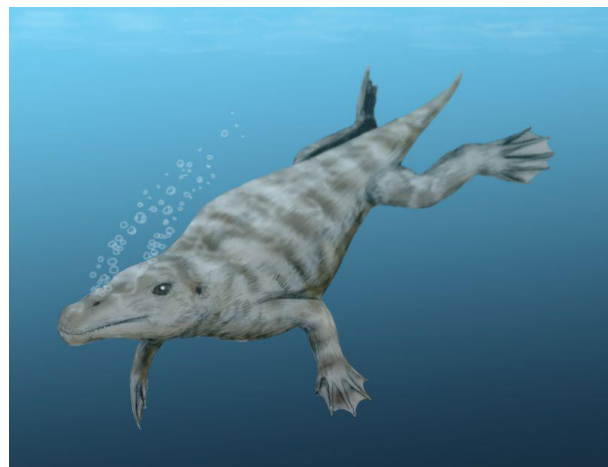
I have been spending time strengthening my legs. I have given this some serious thought. For one, our survival is based on our ability to run from danger. This may sound like some kind of racist statement, but why do you think black men run faster than others? It is Darwin's theory of natural selection. Only the fastest can escape from the danger's of the African Savannah. Lions, tigers, crocks, and many other fast moving predators live and hunt in our immediate area. You need to be fast. So over time, only the swiftest survive to propagate. The slow ones die out. Those African Americans, who exist today, have inherited the genes of their swift ancestors. One of Hitler's greatest embarrassments was the 1936 Berlin Olympics. He had been touting the Germans as the superior race. This was the beginning of

the Neo-Nazism movement. It was Jessie Owens, a black athlete, that smoked the competition, as the fastest man alive.

Progression of me to you



Here are some images of some of the wild animals that existed and roamed around during my time frame.





The other thing that crossed my mind was that hand-to-hand combat was still the prevalent form of battle. My arms are of average length. Many others have a far better reach than me. But my legs are long. So I had been practicing swinging my legs into a tree trunk with a piece of hide wrapped around it to soften the blows. This had been going on for several months and I could feel the difference in my power.

During the last battle we captured a couple of the invaders alive. We wanted to get more information about what is going on near us and farther down the river. Our two tribes have different language. The two prisoners have learned out language and we theirs. We have treated them fairly but have

kept them in the dark about are defensive secrets. They have not tried to escape. I wanted to meet up with some of the other tribes. It would be good for our tribe if we could trade with others.

Our caves and some of the land around us have this brilliant yellow stone. It is too soft to be of any use as a weapons material but our woman use it to create some decorative artifacts. I talked to Grog about my idea of trade. He thought it was a worthwhile plan. He was not interested in much travel these days so I gathered a party of some of our best warriors to venture out and meet our neighbors.

It was about a four days journey. As we approached a village, we could here a warning cry go out. We let our captured prisoners lead our group. I wanted them to tell the villagers that we came in peace and have some gifts. At first they all hid. After all, we were dressed in the mastodon hide vests and appeared as the legendary invincible devils. Eventually our translators convinced some to come out and meet us. We had brought some of those gold adorned artifacts, some cured beef jerky, and a tiger skinned robes to present to the village man and woman leaders.

After a few uncomfortable minutes, they loosened up and decided that we were not an attack squad. I told our prisoners, as a gesture of good will, that I would release them back to their own tribe. This further advanced our agenda. We spent an evening and half the next day visiting and sharing. They gave us some parting gifts too. Some interesting woven baskets, snake skinned belts, and some vegetables from their garden. This was something of a surprise to me. They were actually growing real food in the ground. No need to go hunting the wild beasts where the chances of survival was about 50/50. These might have been the first farmers. I did not know about any other parts of the world. These vegetables could be produced in our own fertile soil too.

We returned to our base camp several days later. I told Grog about what I had witnessed. He seemed impressed. I still consulted him on every aspect of our daily life. I think he appreciated my respect for him and he returned it.

Later that night, Sheena told me some unsettling news. She said, one of the younger warriors, Trog, had been making lewd remarks toward her. Like some day you will be mine and your mate is not that great. I told her not to worry, I would take care of it. She said, don't do anything foolish I can just ignore him. I knew it would just get worse and ignoring him would not work. I suspected that he might want to take my position on the privileged ladder rung.

Trog knew better than to challenge Grog, even though I am sure he could win. Grog had never fully recovered from his near death battle. The rest of the tribe would not have followed Trog anyway. He decided to challenge me instead. He was bigger, younger, and stronger than me. He initiated the challenge by telling me that he was going to take my position and my woman. I had anticipated that it would come down to this and I had a plan in mind. If my plan failed I would never see what came next.

We headed for the arena. I decided to chose no weapon. This was a kind of insult to him, but I am sure he was confident he could win no matter what. He chose a hatchet like weapon with a sharpened rock tied on. I was glad that he did not chose a spear. That would have made my plan harder to carry out. I positioned myself on the far end of the arena with the sun in my eyes. The sun was low in the horizon as dusk was approaching. My choice for this position was also part of my plan. Trog was still wary of me due to my reputation for surprises. We slowly approached each other. When we were about 10 feet apart, I turned away with my back toward him. I am sure he was confused by this move. I just waited there stationary in that pose. If you recall, I had been practicing strengthening my legs by hitting the hide wrapped tree trunk. As Trog approached me, I could see his shadow and could judge the distance he was from me. When he was within range, I saw him raise the hatchet for a fatal blow. That is when I made my move. I spun around and imagined his midsection as the tree trunk. I aimed for 6 inches beyond his torso. Of course it was impossible for me to bludgeon all the way through his body. But the force I used was sufficient to totally smash his ribs. He dropped his hatchet and fell to the ground moaning loudly. The challenge was over. I didn't even try to help him up. I just causally walked out of the arena without saying a word. From that point on, no one ever challenged me

again. Certainly not Trog. He will live in pain for the rest of his life, if he even survives the broken ribs. Perhaps I should change my name to Kung Fu Caveman

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Five more years have passed. Our camp base has grown and we are now something of a village. We have lived in peace and still trade with other tribes. Our good will that we showed up on our first exposure allowed us to meet with more tribes up and down the river. Our trinkets and beef jerky were widely desired. We planted some seeds and grew some of our own food. This has been a real boon for us. Although we still go out on hunts. Nothing beats a good mastodon BBQ rib.

My two children have also grown. Chubni, my daughter is the oldest at 9. Tsaro, my son is 7. They have both grown out of that sassy age and have become pleasant company for Sheena and I. Chubni has a small frame, but is wiry like I was at her age. She is also very fierce. I have taught both self defense moves and also how to be aggressive. In the past, some of the boys had tried to harass Chubni, but she showed them that she is not someone to be trifled with. Now no one bothers her. Tsaro doesn't have a large frame either, but he is the fastest runner in the camp of those near his age.

Grog has grown tired of just sitting around the camp and decided to take part in the next hunt. I can understand his feeling. Being one of the top hunters all his life, he longs for the good old days. We were one day into our hunt when we had a saber tooth tiger trapped in a dead end bolder box canyon. Grog went in for the kill, but the tiger leap at him, but he was too slow to move out of the way. We attacked with our spears, but it was too late. The tiger had sunk his tooth into Grog's neck. We made a kind of stretcher out of some wood and brush and carried his body all the way back to camp. We gave him the kind of burial his dedication as a long time leader deserved. He would have liked that. Grog was only 37 years old. Very few of our tribe age past 50 years old. At present, I am only 22. Later, Sheena will become a grandmother at age 40.

Our tradition was that we would vote for a new leader. I was selected unanimously. Even Trog, having difficulty raising his arm, voted for me. I guess he realized that I could have ended his life after our battle instead of just walking away.

There were animal trails a half days journey from our camp. Chubni came up with a novel idea on how to catch some without exposing ourselves to a perilous situation. Well, I might have to modify that assessment. Her idea was to use Tsaro as bait to lure predators into a pit with those mastodon bones pointed upright. She had determined that Tsaro was fast enough to elude the beasts and could run past the pit on the narrow dirt strip on either side. The beast would have no option other than running over the brush covered pit. I would never have condoned such a plan, but as I said before, parents have little control over their kids and don't always know where they are every single minute of the day. Tsaro worshiped his older sister. He would do anything she proposed. Chubni had enlisted the help of some of the older teenagers to help her with the plan. Being the daughter of the tribe leader gave her unearned status. They accompanied her and Tsaro to the area I had mentioned earlier. They dug the pit and waited for some unsuspecting beast to wander along. One prospective candidate did approach. It was one of those wild boars with big tusks in front. Tsaro did his part. When the boar saw him, it started its charge. Mister fleet foot skirted around the pit and the boar fell in killing it instantly. The boys had to fashion some ropes around the carcass to pull it out. When they returned to the camp/village, they thought they would be sung out as some kind of heroes.

I had other plans for them. Going on an unauthorized hunting party and endangering my children wasn't something to praise. Secretly, I was proud of them, but I had to maintain discipline. They would all have preferred I just beat them, but that would have been too easy on them. All, including my kids, had to clean out all the latrines for a month. Not only was this the most disgusting chore, but also the most humiliating. I don't think they will try something like that again. I did admire them all for their implementation of Chubni's plan. The wild boar made for a tasty BBQ. I was lenient enough to let them partake in the roast. I added this style of hunting to our growing list

of achievements.

Being the tribe's leader, I had the privilege of mating with any of the woman in our tribe. And many of the woman, including the young and beautiful ones, gave me inviting looks. This is a subjective assessment of beauty. There were not any Marilyn Monroes among our beauties. I had spent too much time and effort winning Sheena to jeopardize my relationship with her. She had proven to be a caring partner and always satisfied any desires I had. She deserved my respect and exclusiveness. Monogamy was not a common practice among our species at this time.

So you humans living in the 20th century, need to thank me for my enlarged brain. My children also passed along this attribute. If not for me and others like me, you would never have survived the 100 year drought that almost caused an end to our species. Only the intelligent beings made it through.

Sheena and I lived to the ripe old age of 47. She passed away before me, but I followed her a year later. Chubni married a stout young warrior and she chose wisely. He eventually became the new tribe leader after I had passed. I wish I could have been around to see if he was truly the leader or just following Chubni's orders. She was that strong and stubborn.

The End