

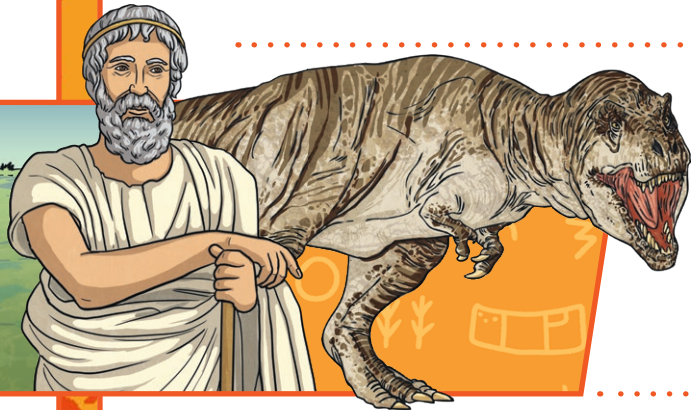
Back to the Stone Age

I've had an odd day in my time machine.

You'll never believe where I've just been.

I selected a date: 4000 BC.

Excited, I wondered where I would be.



I knew that BC was a long time ago.

Would I see T. rex or an ancient Greek show?

Perhaps I'd be happy, perhaps I'd just panic.

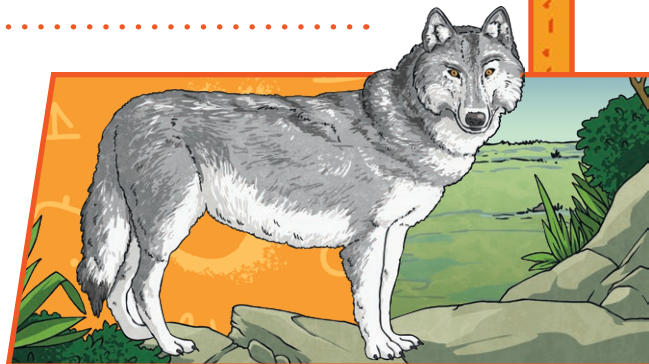
What if I'm stood on the sinking Titanic?

No, as it turned out when I opened the door,

I'd gone to the Stone Age, set to explore!

Huge, sprawling plains and rocks everywhere;

scary, grey wolves with thick, matted fur.



At the foot of a hill, plumes of smoke filled the air and, spotting small huts, I headed straight there.

I tensely approached then a figure appeared with the furry body of something he'd speared.

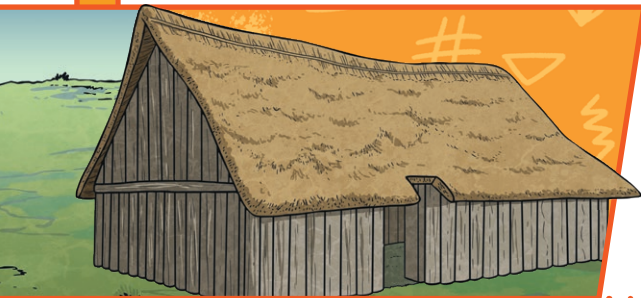
I said, "Hello," but he just grunted back.
Should I run away now in case of attack?
Thankfully for me, he smiled with a wave
and beckoned me over to a dark, gloomy cave!





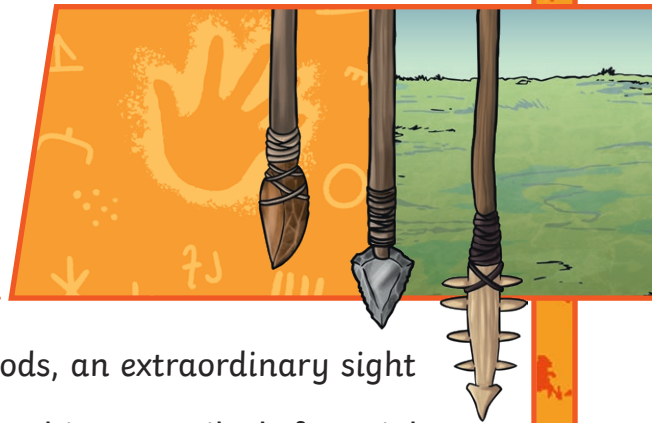
I peeked inside and was shocked to see
a huge, brown bear was staring at me.
With a stretch and a yawn and a roar so deep,
I relaxed as it then snuggled up for a sleep.

With the light from the flash on my phone on the wall,
I caught sight of paintings; I was so enthralled!
Filled with the pictures of places they'd been,
with maps and creatures to show what they'd seen.



With no bricks or windows, no sturdy front door,
their homes were constructed from timber and straw!
They mixed dung with mud to make the walls strong:
this wattle and daub caused a terrible pong!

No oven, no fridge, no microwave meals.
No plasters on hand to help as a cut heals.
Axe heads of flint, wooden arrows and bows.
Animal skins warm their bodies and toes.



Out in the woods, an extraordinary sight
of two males crouching to strike before night.
A man and boy hunting; the twigs snapping 'crunch'.
They see a deer roaming: it's perfect for lunch.

The boy grabbed his arrow by its stony head.
He fired at the prey but it saw him and fled.
A blanket of fields full of barley and wheat;
I'm stunned to see farming. That is no mean feat!



Nearby, the river flows: peaceful and calm.
Then, a fish darts along but the hunter is armed.
With a thrust of his weapon, he claims his food.
That is dinner sorted for him and his brood.



Sadly, time was up and I had to return
but, when I got back, I was desperate to learn.
I did my own research to find out more
about what I had seen when I opened that door.



Neolithic was the 'new' Stone Age.
Then, that was replaced by the next stage.
Bronze was created, mixing copper and tin;
As the Stone Age has ended, the Bronze Age will begin.

