

Dear Diary,

I am fed up of being a scavenger and I have decided to make a strong stone spear to hunt animals with. It is made from a smooth, flat stone called flint and a branch from a tree that I have carved down to the right size. I have tied them together with the tough, stretchy tendons from a dead pig I found the other day. I think it was the leftovers of a meal from that terrifying sabre-tooth tiger I have to keep hiding from. It was horrible separating the tendons from the carcass, all squishy. I did not like that job at all.

Next, I found the flint in a cave. I dug it out with my hammer stone. I smashed my hammer stone on the wall of the cave. It was exhausting work. Thank goodness it was easier to find the stick.

Later, I sharpened the head of my spear by scraping it against another stone until the edges were jagged enough to stab an animal.

I am very pleased with my new spear and I have just enjoyed a lovely dinner of freshly killed, wild boar in front of a lovely, warm fire, in my dark, cosy cave.

After I have finished the berries I gathered this morning, I shall decorate my cave by painting a picture of my adventure today. Then I shall get ready for an early night in bed. I am very, very tired.

I will write again soon,

Cave Man Ryan