

Model Text
First Person Narrative

An extraordinary thing once happened to me. I was foraging in the forest when I tripped and found myself tumbling down, down, down.

When I woke up, I realised I was in a dark cave surrounded by strange paintings and a dimly light fire. At the cave entrance I saw dazzling daylight and a silhouette of a person. It was a girl dressed in ragged clothes with a dirty face. I worked out her name was Om but she didn't speak my language.

The next morning, Om showed me round the little camp. Everyone seemed very busy and they all had a role to do. Over the next few days I witness so much but everyone was patient with me. She took me to her dwelling to meet her family. They all looked completely different to me. Om's people had no knives and forks, no plastic, no metal even and certainly no houses to live in. Everything they had was made of wood, flint, animal pelts or bones. I saw them hunting animals and foraging for food. They were wearing animal furs and carrying spears. I couldn't understand anything they were saying - they just grunted and groaned at me.

Om took me to a special place. We arrived at a cave of wonders. It was full of incredible paintings of animals. My flicking torch made them look so real. Suddenly, I saw something lurking in the darkness.

It was a sabre-toothed tiger, a fierce and furious sabre-toothed tiger! I yelled at Om to run for it and turned quickly to face the fierce beast, wielding my flint dagger. I was scared and alone. Suddenly, the ground gave way and I found myself tumbling down, down, down.

It felt different. I was home. The surroundings weren't Stone Age anymore and I missed my friend, Om. I grew up wishing to find out more about our history.