

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

When I woke up, I was in a cold, dark place. I could see daylight in the distance and I stumbled towards it. Outside, everything was different. I realized I was lost. Completely lost. So I walked and walked and walked....

Then, to my relief, I saw someone - a girl. She was about my age, but she didn't look like any of the girls that I knew.

She took me to meet her family - and what a family it was! They looked very strange, but they were kind and gave me some stew. I couldn't understand anything they were saying, though I worked out my new friend's name was Om. Then I must have fallen asleep.

The next morning, Om showed me around the camp. Everyone seemed busy and had a job to do.

The night, we had a party to celebrate. We cooked the reindeer over a great fire and there was music and dancing.

Then one day, Om took me to a special place. We walked a long way until we came to the mouth of a cave. We walked a long way until we came to the mouth of a cave. Om lit a torch and we went in.

I suddenly saw something move in the darkness. 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 and I felt myself falling down, down, down.

I found my way back home. Years passed and I never forgot my friend Om. I am an archeologist n. Everywhere I go, I look in the past for signs of Om. And I never stop learning from her and her people.