

CAVEGIRL

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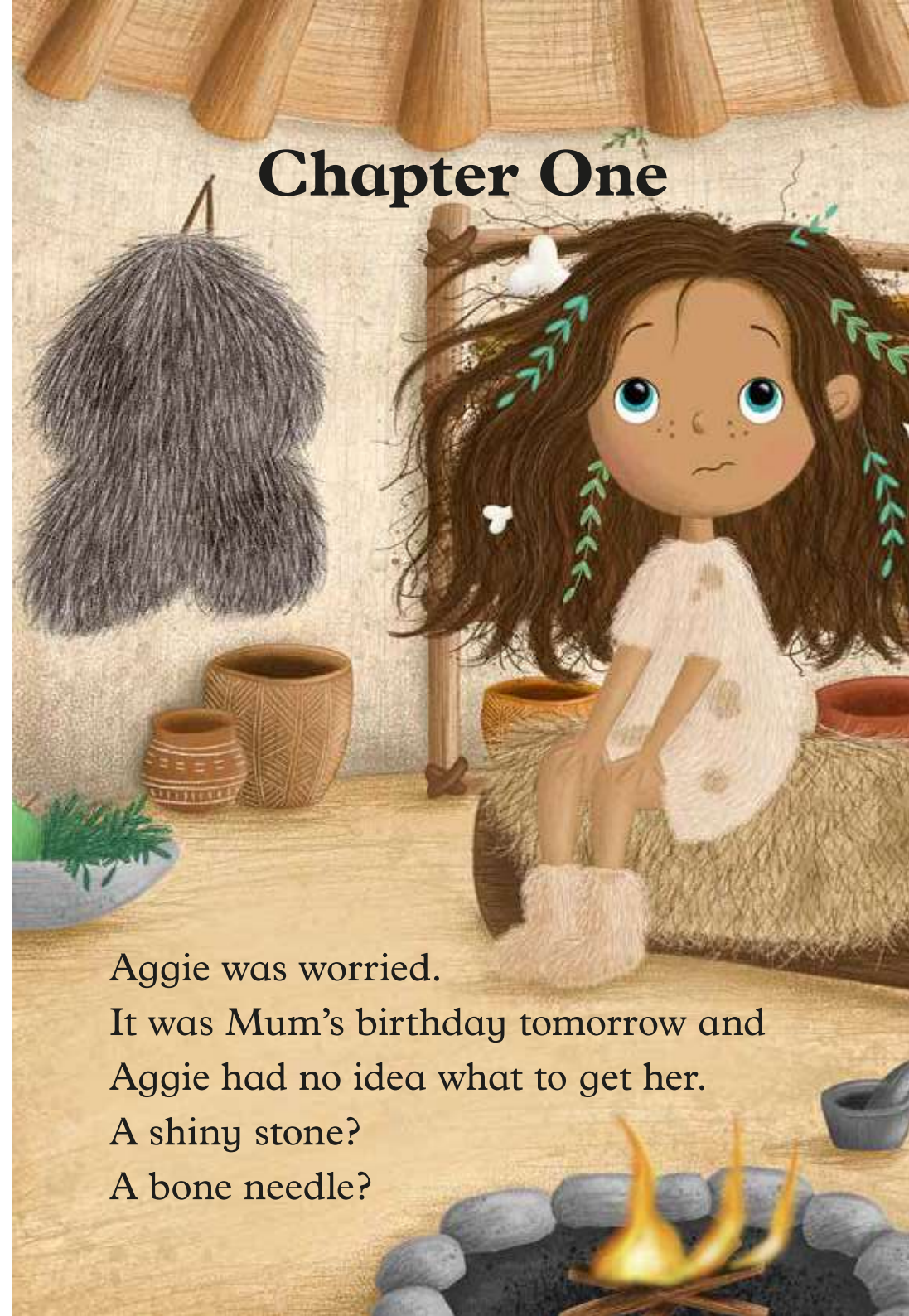
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Chapter One



Aggie was worried.

It was Mum's birthday tomorrow and
Aggie had no idea what to get her.

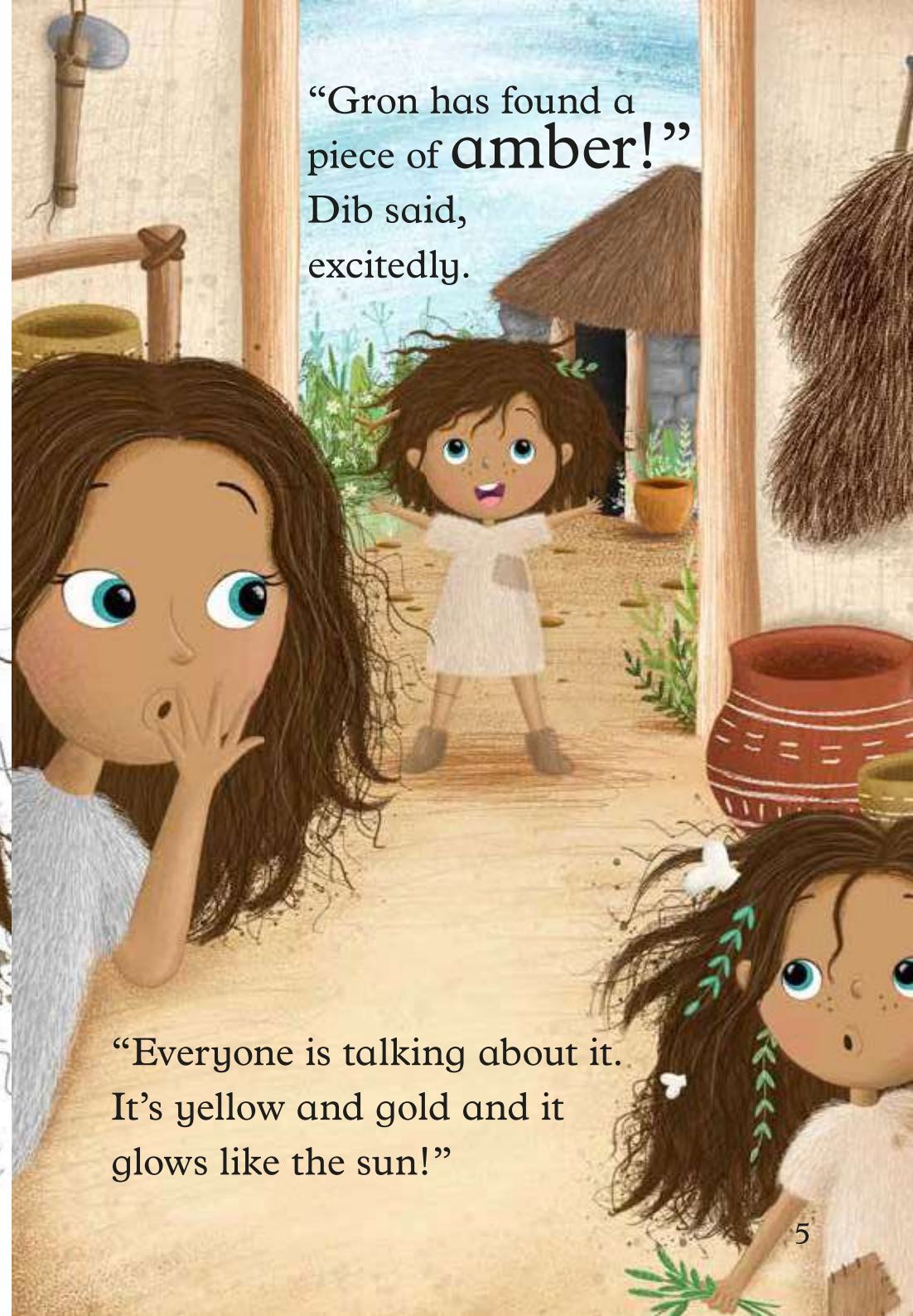
A shiny stone?

A bone needle?

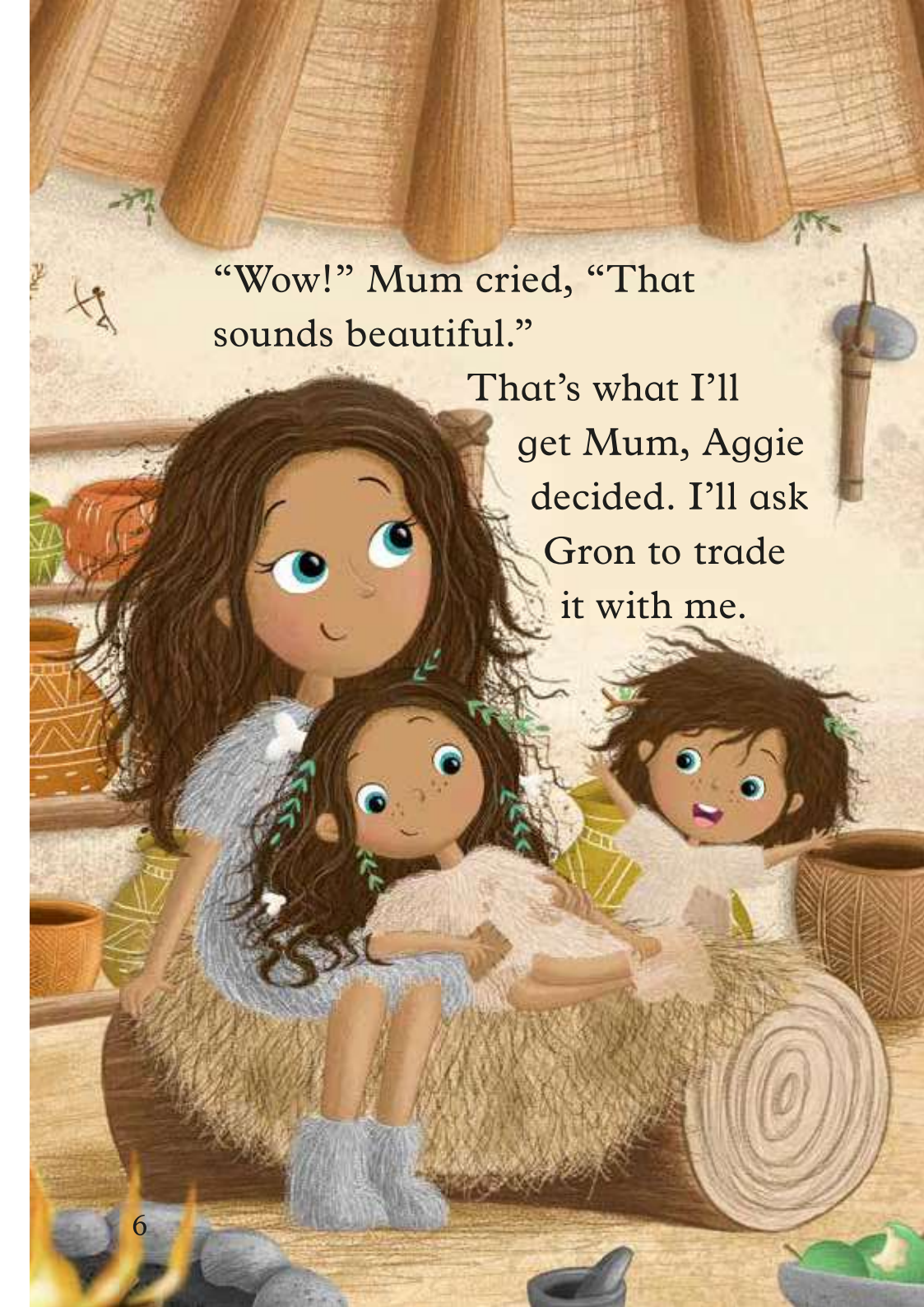
A tooth dropped by a woolly mammoth?
No. Too boring.
Mum deserved something special.
Aggie's brother Dib came rushing in.



“Gron has found a piece of **amber!**”
Dib said,
excitedly.



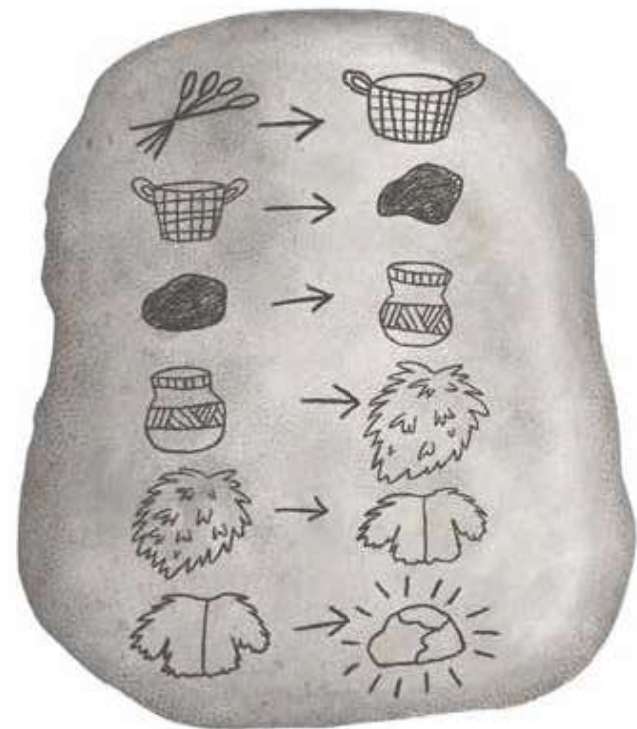
“Everyone is talking about it.
It’s yellow and gold and it
glows like the sun!”

An illustration of a woman with long dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a blue dress, sitting on a large log. She is holding a young girl with long dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a pink dress. Another young girl with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a yellow dress, is sitting next to them. They are in a hut with a thatched roof and various items on shelves, including pots and baskets. A fire is burning in a hearth in the foreground.

“Wow!” Mum cried, “That sounds beautiful.”

That’s what I’ll
get Mum, Aggie
decided. I’ll ask
Gron to trade
it with me.

Aggie thought and thought.
What would Gron want?
She shivered. It was cold.
Suddenly she knew what Gron
would want.



Chapter Two

The next day, Aggie picked the strongest reeds she could find.



She spent all morning weaving them together. Her fingers grew sore and tired. But she didn't stop until she had made...

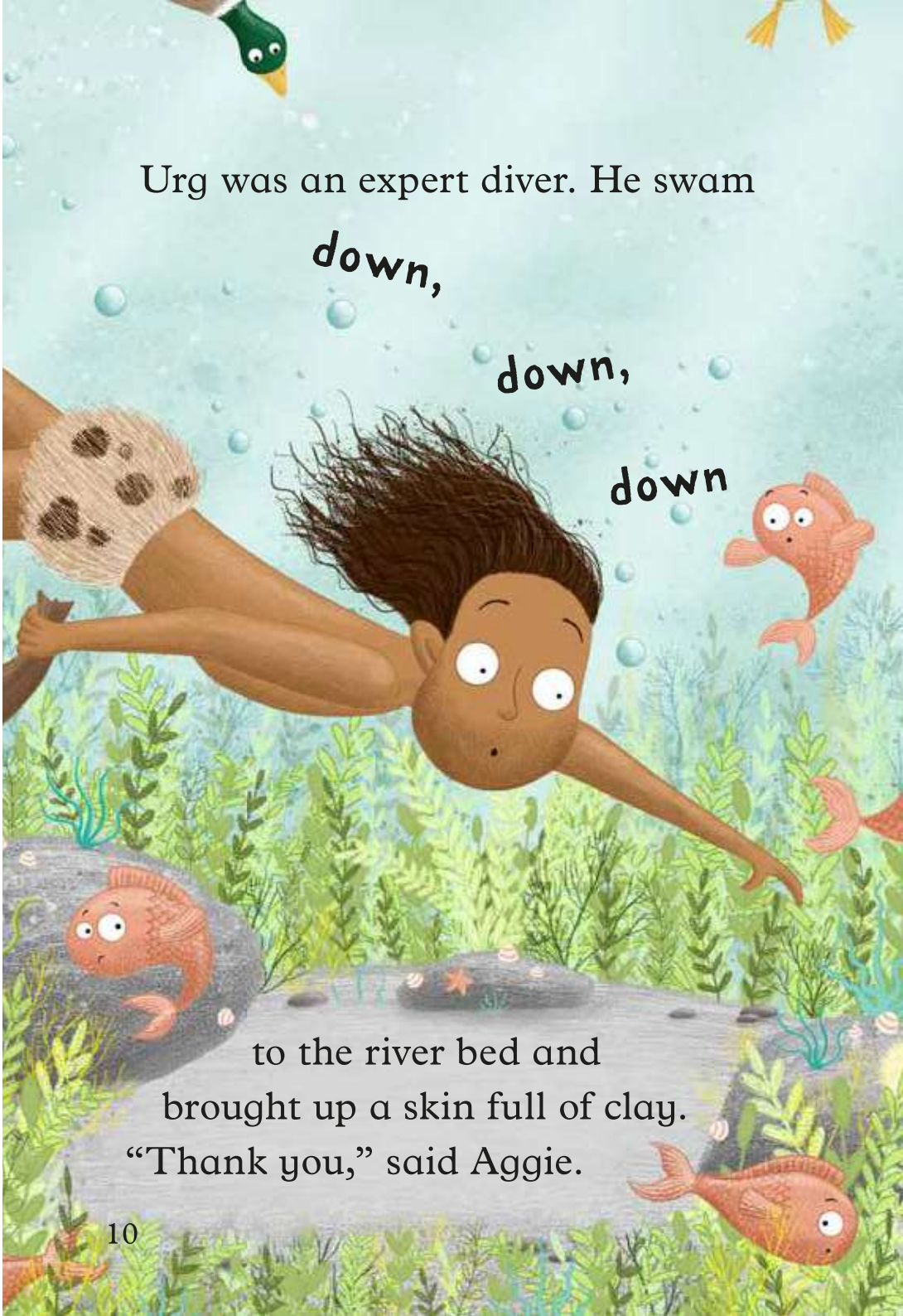
A basket!

Aggie took the basket to Urg, the fisherman.

"That's lovely," said Urg, "It would be perfect for catching trout."

"You can have it," said Aggie. "I'll swap it for some clay from the river."



A cartoon illustration of a young boy with brown skin and long, dark, wavy hair diving underwater. He is wearing a simple, light-colored loincloth with dark spots. His eyes are wide open, and his arms are outstretched. Bubbles are rising from him. In the background, there are green seaweed plants, a red fish, and a duck's head and tail visible at the top of the frame.

Urg was an expert diver. He swam

down,

down,

down

to the river bed and
brought up a skin full of clay.
“Thank you,” said Aggie.

Chapter Three

Aggie mixed the clay. She added a bit
of sand. She pressed it and shaped it.
Before long, she had made a large pot.



“That’s lovely,” said Frina, the pelt trader, when she saw it. “Perfect for storing herbs.”

“You can have it,” said Aggie, “I’ll swap it for some pelts.”

Aggie put the pot in the fire pit to harden.

Frina gave Aggie strips of pelt in all different colours and sizes.

“Thank you,” said Aggie.

