

CAVEGIRL

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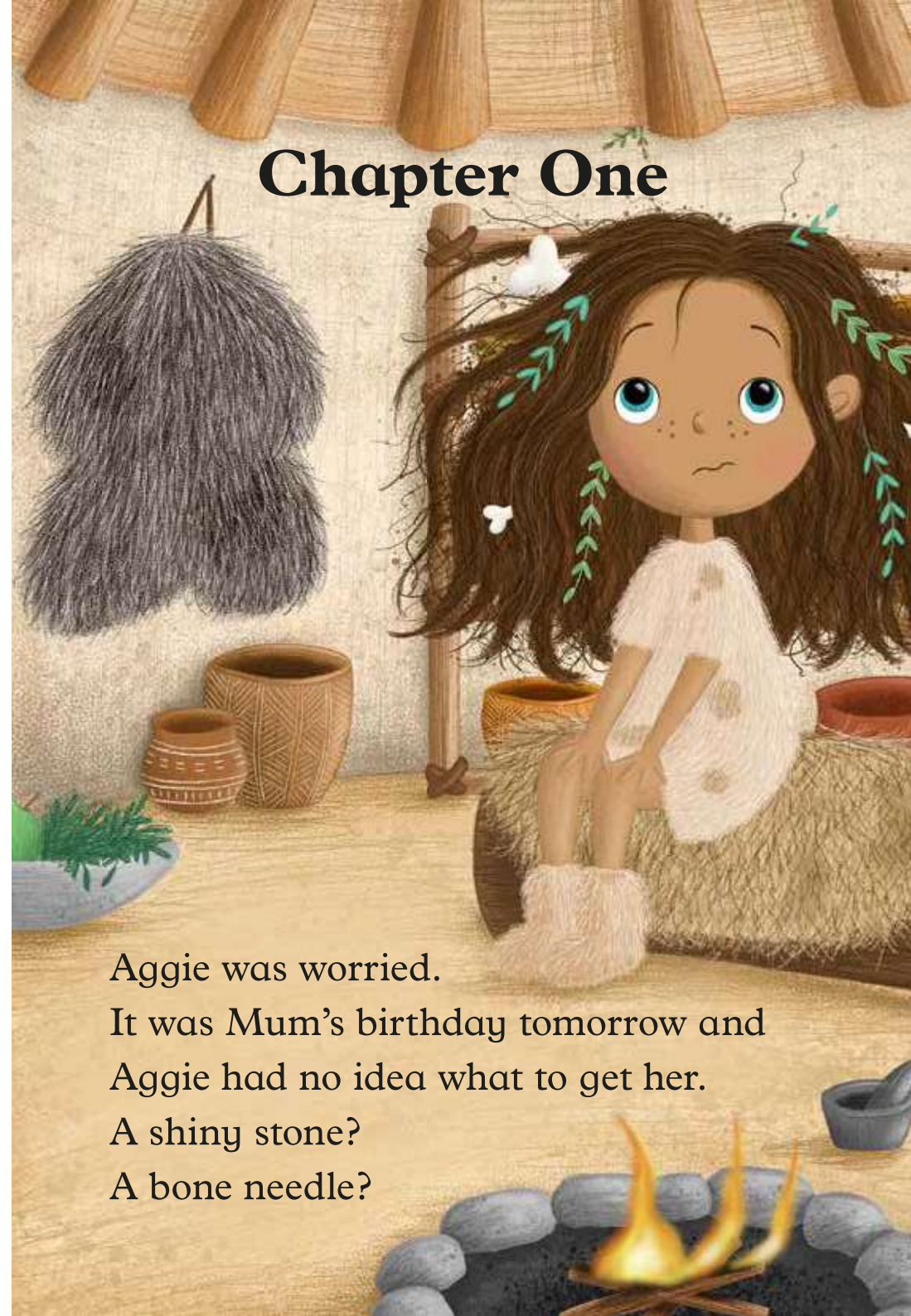
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Chapter One

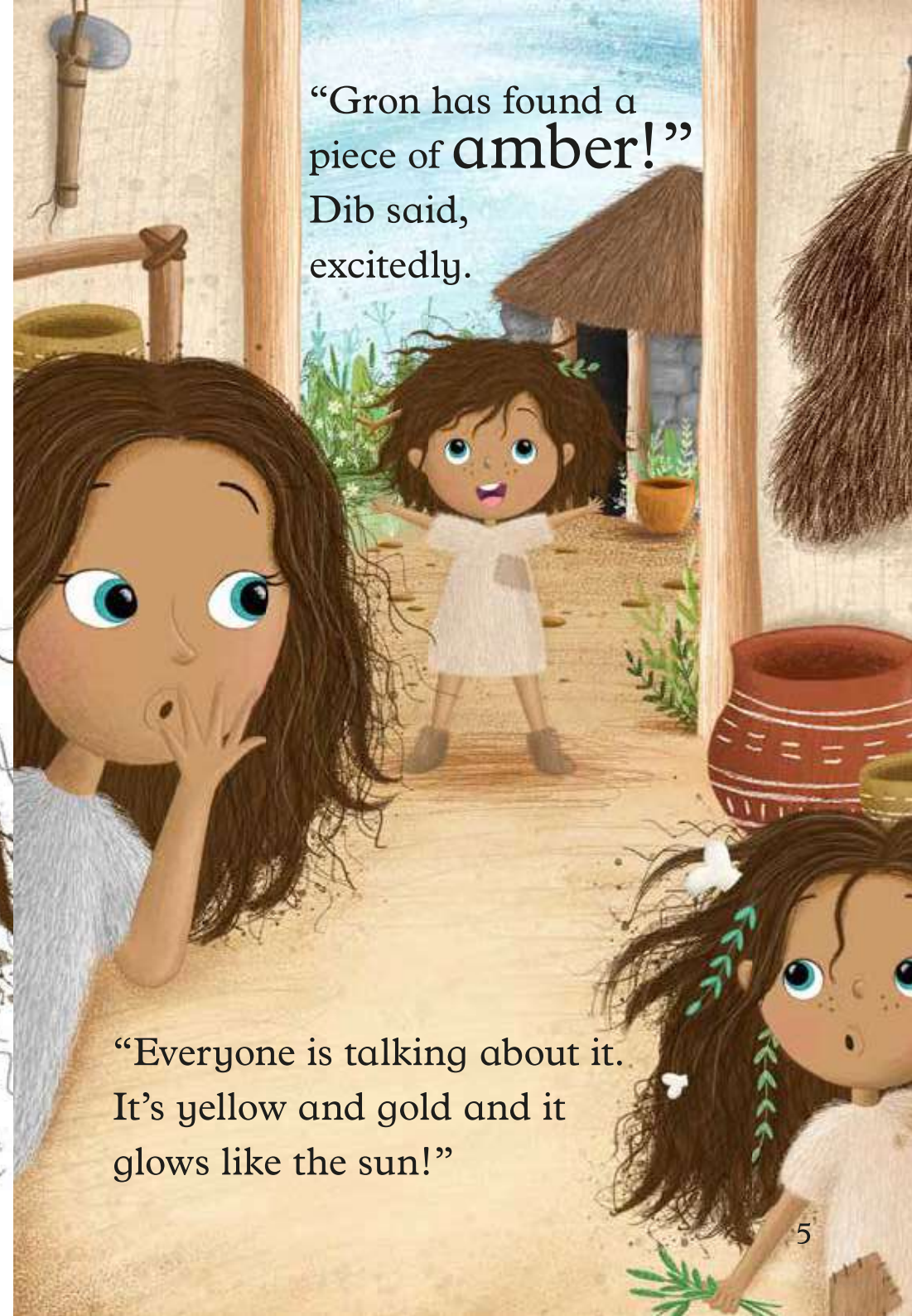


Aggie was worried.
It was Mum's birthday tomorrow and
Aggie had no idea what to get her.
A shiny stone?
A bone needle?

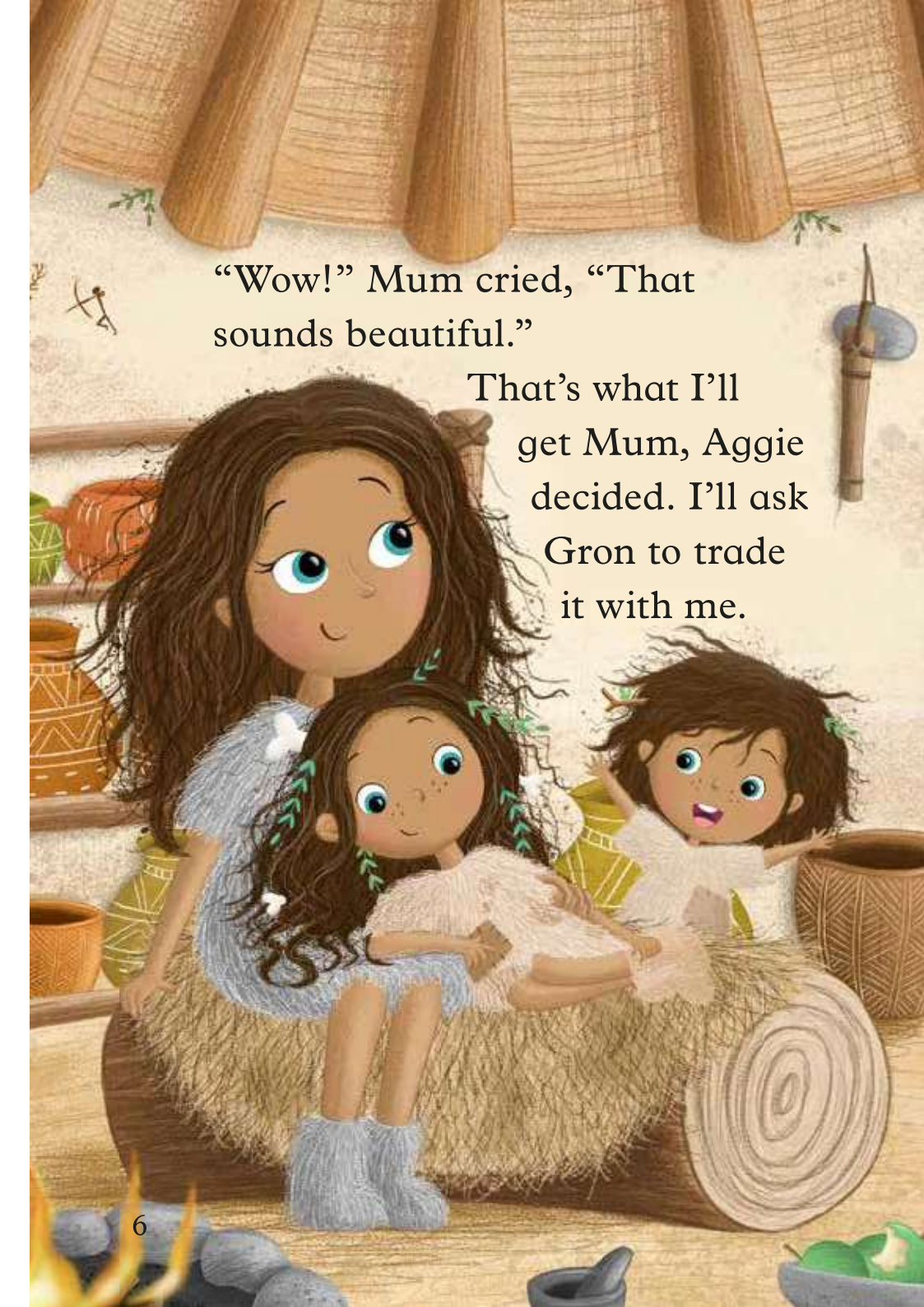
A tooth dropped by a woolly mammoth?
No. Too boring.
Mum deserved something special.
Aggie's brother Dib came rushing in.



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



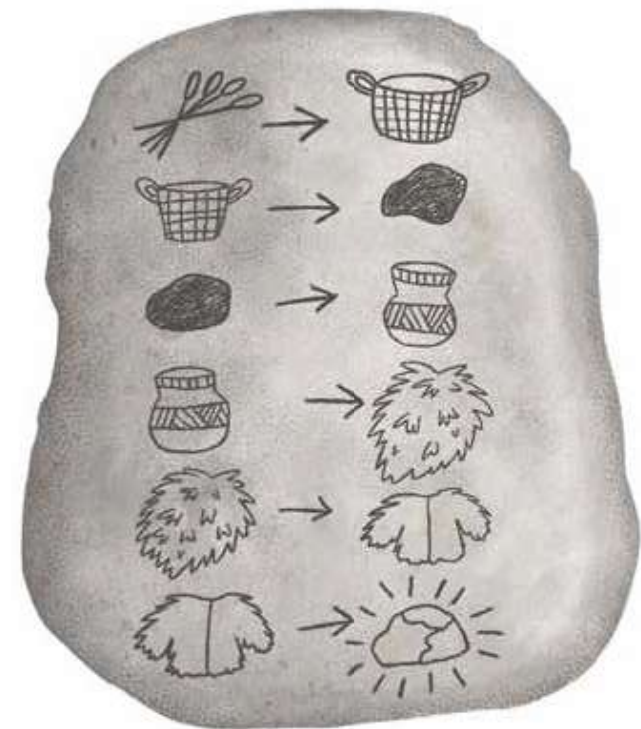
“Everyone is talking about it.
It's yellow and gold and it
glows like the sun!”

A woman with long brown hair and blue eyes sits on a large log, holding a young girl with long brown hair and blue eyes. Another young girl with short brown hair and blue eyes sits next to her. They are in a rustic setting with a thatched roof, wooden shelves with pots, and a fire pit 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.”



An illustration of a young boy named Urg diving underwater. He is wearing a loincloth and has a surprised expression. The water is light blue with bubbles and green seaweed on the river bed. Several orange fish are swimming around him. A duck is visible at the top of the page.

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.

