He landed on the ground with a bump. It echoed in the musty cave. The boy stood up, feeling perplexed. Cautiously, he stepped out outside and heard the chattering of people. It was a camp! Trudging across a grassy plain to greet them, he could now hear the crackle of the fire. He gathered closer to feel its warmth. His t-shirt wasn’t as suitable for the weather as their heavy tunics and he felt embarrassed. A girl around his age held out her hand. She wanted to show him something. At first, he thought they were just rocks and he was quite unimpressed. She urged him to look closer. He could see careful carving and a sharp point. Had the girl made these? What could they be?