The Hunter with a Heart

I'd been hiding in the undergrowth for what seemed like hours before the beast appeared – my stomach growling with hunger so loudly that I was scared it might give my position away.

I'd sharpened the tip of my flint spear and made three extra arrows out of twigs and animal bone. I was ready to become the hero of my village; ready to bring back the biggest catch we'd had in months. It was so big it would feed our families for weeks.

I approached – tiptoeing silently behind the trees. Just as I was about to fire, I saw it... a baby mammoth, trundling and stumbling behind its mother, weaving in and out of her legs.

I knew I couldn't do it. I couldn't kill them... but what would we do for supper?

