

70,000 BC: What I Want

by Lynn Beighley

I don't ask for much. No, don't grunt at me, it's true. Give me a smooth boulder and a stone I can hold in my hand for grinding, maybe a sharp bit of flint for scraping. A new stick I can dig with, my old one's really worn. Shrgk's mate just got her a new stick and he even smoothed it for her so she wouldn't get splinters.

Thoughtful, that Grlg is. Shrgk doesn't know how good she has it. All she does is sit on that stack of hides and pop out babies. Every time I look at her, she's all like, "Blrkg, look, a new baby. I just thought I was getting fat." Then she laughs. How I hate her laugh. Everybody oohs and ahhs over her babies. And there I am, bent over, grubbing around with this old stick, looking for roots. Her stick, I don't think she's even used it yet. I know what she can do with that stick of hers. Except that would be a waste of a good stick.

I could use some new hides. Yes, I know these are new, but they're too small. I'd have to stitch them together to do anything with them, and you know how much I hate sewing. Look, grab that piece of coal, I'll show you how you can hunt down a big animal.

Whaddya mean, I'm backseat hunting again?

