

# Life in the Great Ice Age



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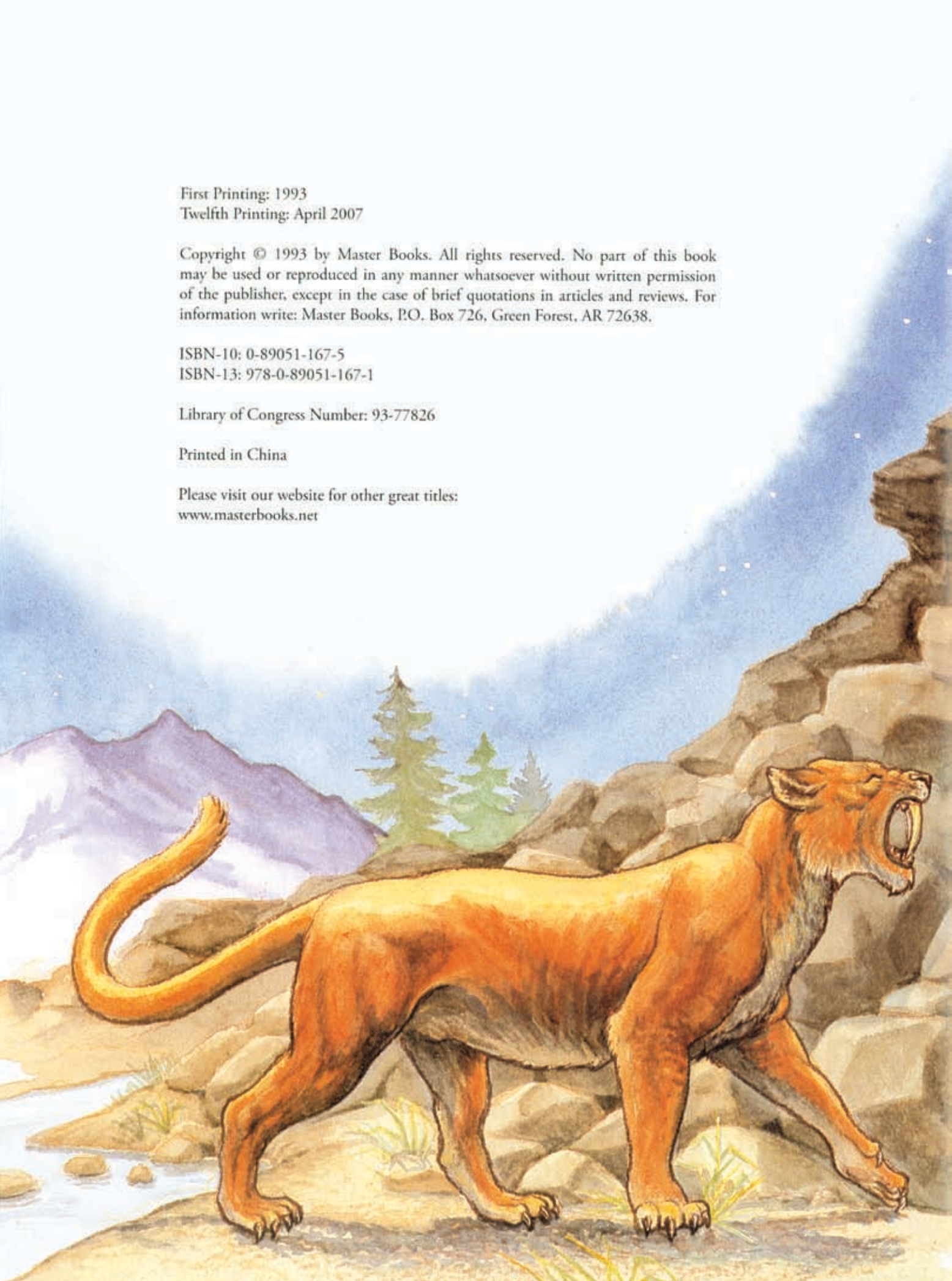
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## Part I — Chapter 1

### Survival in a Harsh World

The scream of an enraged saber-toothed tiger pierced the stillness of the night. Jabeth, jolted out of a deep sleep, sprang up to a sitting position as a shiver of fear went down his spine. Thar, ready to defend his master, began snarling and tried to lunge toward the cave entrance. Jabeth quickly put an arm around the shaggy neck of his wolf dog to calm him.

Grandfather was already on his feet throwing more wood on the fire. The fire was all that separated them from the pacing tiger. The tiger turned and disappeared into the blackness of the

night. Jabeth felt safe. The tiger would stay away for the rest of the night.

Jabeth lay back down and burrowed deeply into his warm animal furs. A stream lay outside the cave, and many animals would come there to drink at night. The saber-toothed tiger the children called “the old-toothed one” often hunted antelope and reindeer by the stream. Sometimes he would climb the slope leading to the cave, but the fire near the entrance would keep him out. Tonight, he would seek easier prey elsewhere and leave Jabeth and his family alone.







## Daily Life

**M**any thoughts wandered through Jabeth's mind as he lay waiting for sleep to come. "This was one of the best days I've ever had. I trapped and killed my first rabbit; it was delicious. Father was very impressed with my hunting skill.

"It was fun helping Father dig a pit trap, yesterday. It was hard work and took all day. I hope an antelope or reindeer falls into it.

"Grandfather said there was a time when we didn't need to preserve food for winter. The weather was warm all year around. It must have been wonderful with no cold snow or freezing nights. I can hardly wait for Grandfather to tell us more of what it was like. Grandpa is so wise; he knows just about everything. He's been through many hunts and is very brave." A feeling of comfort stole over Jabeth as he drifted off into dreams of life before the cold.

The next day, Jabeth could hardly wait for the sun to set so Grandpa could start telling stories.

Grandfather was his favorite story teller. Evenings by the cave fire were special times. With the fire close to the cave entrance and the strong walls around them, they felt entirely safe. Ten fur tents lined its walls and kept them warm in the clammy cave. Five tents lined one side and five were on the other. Two adults or three children slept in each tent. The cave walls were equal to the combined height of five men. Columns of rock, covered with black soot, reached down to the floor in the back of the cave. Small tunnels led off the main cave room into small chambers where the children loved to play.

From his cliff home, Jabeth looked down on the grass blowing in waves across the plain. A few scrubby trees dotted the landscape. Jabeth saw a herd of reindeer grazing in the distance. The sun was slowly sinking behind the hills. The sky displayed a brilliant array of reds and oranges. Winters might be very cold, but the summers were very beautiful.



