

Paul Lambrecht  
[www.typeabpositive.com](http://www.typeabpositive.com)

about 1,205 words

**NEW YEAR'S EVE, 500,000 BC—**  
**(a story about cavemen)**  
By Paul Lambrecht

Grok was cold. So was Og.

Many moons and storms had passed since there were females to mate with.

Grok liked Og but not that way, but he was still lonely.

The fire was cold. There was a single burning chunk of fiery brand and not much wood around. Both Grok and Og

were too cold to go forage for more, so they huddled in their furs and shivered in the cold.

Grok hated Og sometimes because he was so ugly. Why had he paired up with such a hairy misshapen brute?

The sun was setting beyond the lip of the horizon. Soon after the tangerine glow subsided, it would be dark, and colder.

Grok was sad. Was this related to the absence of females? He stared at the minute flaming embers, and the grey wind-whipped coals.

Belek had been a nice female. Where had she gone?

Oh yeah, she had followed the elk herd with the rest of the tribe. Og had used to be chief of the tribe, but had been kicked out by a younger alpha named Dago. Grok thought Belek liked Dago. She would prefer him as a mate. This hurt Grok's feelings.

Perhaps that's why he chose to stay here and be cold with Og.

Og was ugly but was friend. Had helped Grok before. Had gave him meat when he was sick.

Og felt old in the cold. He wondered if death was near. He was sad, too. He looked at Grok and felt sorry. Young boy was wasting his life with him. But if he was going to be there, he might as well go get some wood.

He would go in the cave and sleep soon.

He could claim all the furs. Grok was the younger. But then again, he'd just been replaced in the tribe by a younger and ostracized. He eyed Grok suspiciously now.

He grunted and broadened his shoulders to appear bigger and tougher.

Grok didn't notice, so Og stopped and shivered some more.

Grok missed Belek and the Medicine Man, Minik, too. Minik made tea and potions, some of which might make you warm. The wind whistled across the vast plain below them. There might be wolves tonight, and their fire would not pose much of a scare to them.

Og was stirring uncomfortably, as if he was going to go somewhere, puzzling Grok. Grok looked back at the cave. Og followed his gaze and moved again, more threatening this time.

It was dark now, and stars started to sprinkle the sky.

Belek used to bathe in the river, Grok remembered with a smile. She liked being clean, and she often smelled nice. And her skin was soft, like a fresh caught fox.

With Dago as her mate, she would get a lot of respect. She would eat well and get fat and be considered very beautiful. But would she be happy, wondered Grok.

He looked at Og. Did he understand happiness?

At that moment Og farted, causing himself to smile.

Belek was probably fat with child at that very moment. Far away, following the elk herd.

The clouds had been threatening snow all week, and now fat flakes fell. Dark colorless clumps.

Og stood up. This was the last straw.

Grok snarled at Og, anticipating a fight over the allocation of furs that night.

Og beat his chest and fanned his hands dismissively at Grok.

A resentful situation could turn deadly with clubs lying around the fire at the ready. They both eyed them, but a bloody painful fight in the cold appealed to neither man.

It had been getting colder. The ice was moving south.

The bears were angry being forced from their dens, and had eaten several cave-people. Grok admired the ferocious bears.

The fire was a mere crisp now.

Grok and Og were nearing a crisis point now. The decision to chase more wood in the dark and snow or fight over a limited quantity of furs in the near vain hope of staying warm that night.

\*\*\*

Belek was dead. She had drowned in a fast-moving river. Dago had abandoned the tribe to wander in the wilderness with his grief.

Minik and the rest of the tribe were heading back to the cave at that moment, marching through the snowy night along the river trail, and they had wood.

They were sad because with the elk herd and their leader gone, food would be scarce or non-existent.

They were angry and depressed too because they had warned Belek against bathing in the white water. Dago had proved a dim-witted tyrant, as well. They missed Og's good-natured and steady hands.

That night, Og and Grok curled together like spoons and were warm and secure. The wind whipped and whistled and the wolves howled and the bears grumbled and roamed. The tribe was exhausted and they were still far from the cave. They prayed to Bog in the Sky, but the snow still fell in dark colorless clumps.

And the wolves howled and the bears roamed in the cold dark nearness of the night.

Grok woke in a start from dreaming about Belek. Og stirred but did not wake up. My did he smell foul!

The wolves were howling nearby in a chorus. Had the elk come back?

Then he heard human screaming. He rushed from the cave with his cub.

Belek!

Minik.

They were pinned against the river by wolves and ferocious bears, huddled in a cowering clump.

Og, Grok shouted, and the wolves and bears took notice and turned to face him.

Grok stood as a savior before his people, and they hollered and shouted praise and encouragement at him. He raised his club in response.

The wolves and bears were not impressed.

Grok did not see Belek among the tribe there assembled. A flash of lightning singed the wooly sky, illuminating the huddled horde and the beasts' slavering fangs.

The ravening wolves and the bears were angry and impatient. The appearance of Grok on the scene had bought time for Minik, the Medicine Man.

He had taken the lightning as a sign from Bog in the Sky. He had various salts in his hip-bag which lit up when exposed to the air. He now flung these into the snouts of his adversaries. They sneezed but that was about it.

Now Og emerged from the dark bushes with a night-shimmering blade, and by the light of the moon and a few sparkling salts on the ground, sliced into a wolf. This emboldened Grok to strike at a bear's back with his club. This allowed Minik to get some deeper fierier salts which he again flung brilliantly into the enemy snouts, and this caused them to scatter and flee.

Og, the Chief, had knifed two wolves. The tribe ignited a fire with their wood, and ate the wolf-meat, and when the morning sun surfaced, they all felt warmer and happier.

Grok heard rudimentary fragments of what had happened to Belek and Dago.

Og looked comfortable and calm.

Grok looked at all the females and saw pieces of his  
Belek. . .

**End.**