

FROM CAVE TO KIEV – A REFLECTION ON MODERN TIMES.

'Times are changing, but not for the better,' said Mump.

'In what way?' replied Bing.

'I mean, we used to know what was expected of us. But since Uggski appointed himself King of the Caves, it all seems to be about following Due Process, *his* process. I mean, I can't go out there and club a sabre-toothed tiger across the head, without first asking permission from the committee, a bunch of 'Yes People' run by Uggski.

'I know what you mean, loved one,' said Bing, as she tried to offer her partner some consolation. 'Things aren't what they used to be, that's for sure.'

Bing nestled her head into Mump's bearskin, hoping to distract him. 'But darling, it's not that bad. We are the proud owners of the best cave in the district.'

But those words did not give Mump solace. At that moment, he snapped.

'That man!' he roared. 'Do you know we have to refer to sabre-tooth tigers as sabre-tooth fellow-beings now! Something to do with all creatures having to respect one another! I ask you, just when has a sabre-tooth tiger ever shown any respect for one of us?!'

Just at that moment, Uggski himself appeared at the cave entrance.

'What is going on here?!' he yelled. 'I have been standing outside listening to you two. This is insurrection, and for that you will have to pay a price!'

Then Uggski's followers appeared at the cave entrance, clubs in hand, seemingly ready to support their leader. Mump and Bing had been completely unaware, but Uggski had long-since been jealous of their cave, and had determined that it was his right to reclaim it as his own throne room.

His words signalled the attack. 'Now is time for revenge!' came the cry, as the club-wielding thugs stepped forward, Uggski grinning a smile of triumph. Justice would be done!

Unfortunately for Uggski, the cry did not signal an attack on Mump. Instead, the attack was on Uggski himself, as the cave people decided that now was the time to have a counter-revolution of their own.

One blow across Uggski's bald pate signalled the end of his regime. And at that moment, the world changed.

As Uggski hit the ground, remaining motionless, the assembled cavemen and women raised their clubs into the air in triumph. The counter-revolution had started, and a new era was about to begin.

As word spread, even the sabre-toothed tigers rejoiced because, despite Uggski's insistence amongst the cave people that he had fought for the tigers' equal rights, he had secretly created a compound for the creatures, which he accessed for food every time he felt he deserved to celebrate his own true greatness.

Anastasia then put the story book down. 'Times have really changed. Now we are in the twenty-first century,' she reflected. But had they? When she got home that evening and she listened to the sound of shelling around her, Anastasia wondered if that really was the case.

The attack had started.