As dawn approached, I was sleeping peacefully until I was awakened by a plethora of loud, distinct noises. Curiously, I quickly laced up my shoes and urgently stepped out of my tent. The first thing I saw was the blinding sun rising over the horizon, then I saw where the noises were coming from. Stone, loads of stone, huge mounds of stone were being moved and shaped with tools. Ulek, our chief was stood in the middle commanding the people of our village. Although, considered not the smartest, he was the loudest and biggest so no one argued with him. Many hours later, the first structure was almost done, I took a step back to look at what we had did and couldn’t believe what we had managed to do when working as a team. Like a Black widow spider weaving a web we used thatching to create a roof and finally we had finished. “This will be the first home of our village, we will build many more to keep us warm and safe from the elements!”, Ulek’s voice boomed across the camp like a lighting bolt crashing in to the earth. At dinner time, the celebrations were under way. Our cook had prepared chicken casserole, lemon lambchops and a mix of vibrant vegetables, I was stuffed full with dinner like a Tyrannosaurus Rex after hunting. The following weeks we created another seven houses and finally had a place that we could call home, wheat farms were set up to make bread, the hunter had his own shack where he could make arrows for us and Ulek our chief had his own chair that no one was allowed to sit on apart from him. It felt nice to finally have a place to call our home.