Irvine Unified School District

Cave of the Moving Shadows

By Thomas Millstead

The boy watched the hawk. He wished he was the hawk so he could fly and find the herds of animals his Tribe needed to live.

He was drawing the Mighty One on a stone. The Mighty One was a giant wooly elephant. It was one of the animals they hunted for food.

His Tribe lived in a cave. But, they needed to leave the warm cave to find food.

He thought of himself as a hunter. He had seen twelve summers. Every boy of the Tribe became a hunter. But, Kimba was different. He was not born of the Tribe and he was raised different. He would show the Tribe that he could be a hunter.

Kimba saw a small hawk. He whistled and the hawk came to him. The boy stroked the feathers. He had always been able to call small animals and birds. Utrek said it was a sign that Kimba had the Power.

The old man, Utrek, called to Kimba. Utrek was the sorcerer of the Tribe. Utrek said, "You were forbidden to come here today and I did not tell you to make a Mighty One." Kimba bit his lip. He did not talk back.

Utrek had the power to paint, to find game, to interpret dreams, to heal, to recount the tribal legends, to work wonders.

Kimba was to do this also, but Kimba wanted to be a hunter. Suddenly Kimba saw a Mighty One. Utrek told Kimba to tell the Tribe.

Rab was Spear-Maker for the Tribe. He led the way. Rab and Urda had taken Kimba in when the Tribe found him ten summers before.

Kimba tried to go to hunt the Mighty One. Utrek called him back. Rab told him to go back. Kimba said, "I saw the Mighty One first." Utrek said, "That does not matter! You are not a hunter!"

Kimba was mad he could not go hunt the Mighty One. Urda tried to cheer him up.

His friend Tabok wanted to practice with the throwing sticks. A throwing stick was a small piece of wood with a rawhide strap attached. The heel of a javelin, a shorter spear-almost a dart-was placed on this loop. With a thrust of the throwing stick, the javelin could be thrown farther than if thrown by hand.

Tabok took his turn. Kimba was next. Kimba said, "That is my Mighty One. You must not tell anyone what I am doing, especially Utrek."

Kimba raised his spear. He broke into a run. The other hunters had a long start on him. But he would catch up! He ran after the Mighty One and the hunters.

The land where the Tribe lived was full of huge, flattopped, limestone cliffs that were separated by broad, winding valleys. There was a lot of grass and moss and some small trees.

Where were the hunters? They must not kill the Mighty One before he joined them. Never hunt alone was the rule of the Tribe.

He was near the river but there was no sign of the Mighty One. He saw some figures coming out from bushes near the river. They were wolves. Kimba walked slowly and imagined himself as a shadow. Utrek had said, "You can do nothing until you imagine yourself doing it first."

He saw the wolves growing smaller in the distance. Then he saw a dark hill that had not been there before. Then it moved. The Mighty One!

Kimba had to cross the river to get to the Mighty One. The river was icy and cold. The water shoved him and spun him and tried to push him under. He could not swim and water gushed into his mouth. His hand loosened, but he would not let go of his spear. Finally,

he made it across and let the sun warm and dry his skin.

Now he would get the Mighty One.

Kimba looked but he could not find the hunters. And he did not want to let the Mighty One get away. Kimba knew that he was small, but he was fast. He knew that one hunter-one small hunter-could trick a Mighty One.

Kimba found a place where there was a dropoff twice the height of the Mighty One. If the beast fell, it might well be killed. He could not chase him into the drop-off, but he could lure him. Then there was a thin shelf of rock just below the edge where Kimba could be safe.

Kimba rubbed his lucky wolf tooth and ran straight at the Mighty One until he saw the red rimmed eyes, blazing with fury. Kimba stopped and raised his spear, then he turned and fled. He ran with the sound of the mammoth's feet thundering in his ears. The beast was too close. In his mind he could feel the long, sweeping tusk. Right behind him now!

Kimba made a final effort and leaped at the drop-off. He waited for the enormous body to come crashing down but the mammoth had stopped. Then the Mighty One's trunk, like a deadly snake, slithered down searching for Kimba.

Kimba imagined himself a tiny lizard, so tiny that the mammoth would not see him. He commanded himself to be tiny, almost invisible. The One-Tusk gave a loud trumpeting and left.

When Kimba came out he saw a figure sliding down one side of the ravine. It was Rab. In an instant Kimba knew what had happened. Rab and the hunters had been hidden just beyond him on both sides of the ravine. They had planned on rolling boulders down on the Mighty One as he passed. Kimba had ruined their plan.

The boy saw the anger in Rab's face. More anger than he had ever seen before. Kimba turned and ran. He could not face Rab or the Tribe. Would he ever be a hunter now?

Kimba saw branches flutter in the breeze, but when the branches moved he saw the antlers of a brown deer. A deer would not compare with a mammoth, but at least he could bring back meat for the Tribe. The deer jumped over a crevice. It was wide but Kimba could not let him get away. Kimba jumped, missed the edge and clawed wildly for an instant. The spear flew out of his hands and he slid to the bottom of the crevice.

Kimba was in a natural trap.

His spear was gone. A sabertooth was pacing along the edge. Kimba grabbed the skull of a hyena and was ready to throw. The tiger was hungry, and old. He looked at Kimba with hunger.

Suddenly, Kimba heard another sound. He saw something large and red leap at the tiger. It was not a wolf. It was a wild dog that the Tribe feared as much as wolves or lions.

It was a horrible fight. The dog caught the tiger by surprise and tore off a chunk of its shoulder. Then the tiger scratched the dog from spine to belly. The dog jumped on the big cat's back and bit twice. The cat tried to run away, but the dog chased after.

Why had a wild dog taken on a sabertooth? He didn't look hungry. Did he want Kimba for himself? Then the dog was back. He and Kimba stared at one another. Suddenly the dog whirled and was gone.

The next noise he heard was not the dog or the sabertooth. It was Rab. Rab poked Kimba's spear down into the crevice and helped bring Kimba up over the edge. Rab checked the boy for injuries.

The boy followed the man back to the village. Rab had broken a rule of the Tribe by coming to find Kimba alone. Stay with the Tribe or perish that was the rule.

When they got home, Rab gave the special whistle to the lookout. No one moved but Kimba was sure they all watched and noticed his late return. Urda held him tightly and said his name. Then Kimba fell into a deep sleep on his blanket.

The next morning, Kimba could hear voices shouting. They were telling Rab and Urda that Kimba must go. His power was bad. He was not one of the Tribe. He was different.

Rab and Urda insisted that he stay. They knew he had good power and would learn to use it.

Kimba felt terrible. The people wanted to banish him. Kimba could not cry in front of the others. He slipped away without them seeing him. He went into the dark of the cave, walking down passageways that led to rooms covered with wall paintings. Kimba had come back here with Utrek. At first he had been frightened, but now it was very familiar even in the dark.

Kimba was no longer crying. He felt safe in the darkness. He did not want the Tribe to be angry. He

would make them proud of him. He would go back and stand tall with Rab.

But suddenly there was a bright shaft of light. A form moved toward him. It was a gleaming whitish green face with wide antlers, claws and a long tail. It looked like an animal, but it walked on two feet.

Kimba froze with fear, but realized he knew this figure. It was Utrek. Utrek wanted to know why the boy was back in the dark part of the cave. Kimba told of the Tribe wanting to send him away. Utrek took Kimba into his secret den. He told the boy that he could come here whenever he wanted. It was time for him to learn the special secrets.

Utrek took a big bison skin that still had the horns on it. When Kimba put it on he started to do a slow dance. He felt different. Was this the Power? Why would he learn the secrets now?

Utrek said it was time for the Tribe to know that Kimba was the one chosen to follow Utrek and learn the skills of the sorcerer. Utrek knew that Kimba had been born with much of the Power and he must show the Tribe.

The two went back into the cave. Utrek led Kimba in front of the hunters. He told them that Kimba had good power. They must stop this talk of sending him away. Then Utrek stopped them by saying he would do a Summoning Rite. This would bring animals to the Tribe and meat would be plentiful again.

The hunters prepared for the ceremony by putting paint on their bodies. Utrek and Kimba also prepared. It was a dance full of costumes, shadows, lights and yells. They all wanted the Mighty One. Utrek gave a shout and sent them on their way.

The hunters all ran out and Utrek looked at Kimba. He realized the boy was still a boy and wanted to be near the hunt. He sent Kimba to be with the hunters. But he was to make a picture on a drawing block. He would be close to the animals so he could let the animals know their lot was to feed and clothe the Tribe. And the Tribe would know he had the Power.

There was a doubtful look on Rab's face when he saw Kimba. He was afraid the boy had disobeyed Utrek again.

Kimba told Rab he had been sent and walked along with Rab. Narik and his son Mrodag still were not happy. They did not know of Kimba. They were not sure he had good power. Kimba could feel their anger.

The hunters moved along looking for meat. Some carried spears to catch the Mighty One. Others had throwing sticks and axes for smaller animals. Pretty soon Rab heard some noise in the bushes. Narik didn't think there was anything there, but Rab sent Odlag to look.

Odlag found a dead boar and scared off the animal who was eating it. It was the dog who had saved Kimba from the sabertooth tiger.

The dog started to attack Odlag, but his eyes met Kimba's and his snarling stopped. Narik yelled for the hunters to kill the dog. Kimba yelled, "The Mighty Ones!" and he pointed toward the east. The dog was able to get away when everyone looked to see the mammoths.

Rab told the hunters to forget the dog and look for the Mighty Ones. Now Kimba was worried. He had not seen anything. He just knew he had to help the dog escape. He was about to tell Rab the truth even if it meant trouble with the Tribe, when suddenly they all could see the mammoths up ahead in a grove of trees.

Kimba began to think the Power was at work.

Two Mighty Ones were fighting to be head of the herd and one of them was One-Tusk. The hunters had never seen such a sight before. They watched in amazement, but then they got ready to kill one of the waiting mammoths.

Kimba watched as the hunters got closer to the cow mammoths. He drew the picture of the battle but then he decided to join the hunt. As he ran down the hillside he could hear One-Tusk make a loud roar. He had beaten the other bull and was heading for the hunters.

The hunters scattered, but One-Tusk picked one up and smashed him to the ground. Then he turned and killed another. Now the Mighty One was close to another hunter. It was Rab. Rab pushed his spear into the mammoth and dodged away, but the mammoth hooked his tusk into Rab.

Kimba tried to hurry the hunters back to the cave. He wanted to have Utrek ready to help Rab. Rab had lost a lot of blood on the long trip home. A few times he thought the hunters would leave Rab to die. The Tribe was more important than one man and they were bringing meat to the Tribe.

That night there were sobs and cries for the two dead hunters. The Tribe had eaten well but it did not make up for the loss of two good men.

Utrek was taking care of Rab, but things did not look good. Narik came up and started blaming Kimba for their problems. Again, he talked about Bad Power. He wanted Kimba to be gone.

Urda asked Utrek what would save Rab. It was the touch of the Mighty One's tusk. Not just any Mighty One, but One-Tusk, the one who had hurt Rab. Kimba ran around trying to get the hunters to go in search of One-Tusk, but no one would go.

Kimba decided to go on his own. He quietly got Rab's knife, flints and moss and started to leave. He turned when he heard a sound behind him. It was his friend, Tabok. Tabok held his spear and was ready to go with Kimba.

"You are too small. You are not a hunter yet," said Kimba. He realized that he sounded the way the hunters spoke to him. But Tabok would not be of help to him and Kimba could not let the boy get hurt. "You will be a hunter soon."

Kimba went out alone. He knew he was breaking a Tribe rule again. They would never forgive him... unless he was successful.

Kimba moved through a forest of oaks and firs. He could hear the birds and rodents move through the branches. He heard a branch snap, but he couldn't see anything. Kimba tripped over a branch, dropped his spear, his face in the mud.

He reached for his knife when he heard a ticking sound almost on top of him. It was the large red dog. Its eyes were on him again. Kimba pointed his knife at the dog's chest. Neither one moved.

Kimba realized that the dog was not going to attack. Carefully, the boy got to his feet. He got his spear and began walking. The dog stayed close to his side.

They walked together.

Kimba did not pay attention to the dog. He figured the dog would wander off when he got hungry.

The dog sniffed the air. A small antelope bolted into the open and the dog gave chase. Kimba did not think he would come back.

He was alone with his thoughts. What could he do if he met the Mighty One? He had his spear. Rab had made it just for him. He had the Power. Utrek had told him and sometimes he felt it.

Kimba climbed slowly down a slope. A big shape went past. It was the red dog. Now he was back. They walked past the place where the two hunters had died. He looked at the footprints left by the mammoths. One-Tusk's were the biggest.

It began to get dark. Kimba gathered some twigs. He built a small wall of rocks and started to make a fire. The dog went off into the dark. Kimba looked into the fire and he studied the stars. He kept the fire small and soon was asleep.

A growl made him wake and then he heard a snarl. The snarl was from the red-speckled dog.

Kimba could hear bodies snapping and thrashing about. A howl split the night and then there was silence. He could see the dog's head. The dog had killed a wolf.

Now the wolf pack was getting closer. Kimba tried to make the fire stronger. The blaze flared up and scared the wolves away.

Kimba cooked the meat of the dead wolf. He did not feel like he could sleep. The wolves might return. He fell asleep again. He felt something big and furry touch him. It was the dog. It was not afraid of the fire anymore.

The dog ate some of the meat that Kimba had roasted. It liked it. It had never had cooked meat before. The dog looked at Kimba with eyes that begged for more. Kimba laughed and cooked more meat for the dog.

Now he could sleep. The dog would awaken him if danger was near. The dog would keep him safe.

Kimba was not alone anymore.

The next day was chilly and bleak with a pale sun.

They picked up the trail of the One-Tusk with no trouble. The dog would wander off to explore. Kimba could see dried blood from the battle with the wolf. But the dog acted as if he had not been hurt at all.

Kimba studied the land carefully. He had never been this far before and he would need to remember how to get back. He could follow the tracks easily. One-Tusk was not in a hurry. He did not know he had a hunter after him.

Kimba and the dog stopped at a shallow creek and drank the cold water. The dog looked up and the hairs on his back stood up. Kimba looked in the same direction and could see some creatures moving. What were they? The Others.

Kimba had heard about the Others. They were like Kimba and the Tribe. They walked on two feet and knew about fire. But they were short and hairy. They did not know how to use throwing sticks. They hated beings like Kimba. Kimba watched the Others. They were hunting for meat and they were near the mammoths' trail. Kimba could see seven of them. He tried to stay away from them.

The wind shifted. Kimba worried that the wind would carry his scent to the Others. He must leave this place. He turned to the dog. "Come!" he called.

It was the first time he had spoken to the animal.

Kimba walked through the grass. When at last he dared look up, the Others were nowhere to be seen.

The wind was getting colder and stronger. The dog sniffed the air. The sky was getting dark and Kimba knew a storm was coming. He must find the trail again before the snow covered the tracks.

The dog was no longer visible and Kimba could not even see a bird that was nesting in front of him. He knew then that he would not be able to see One-Tusk's footprints unless he fell into one.

Kimba was blinded by the snow. He shouted to the dog. No answer. He tried to keep warm. He could not shout again. Then he heard a bark from a wolf or a dog. It was his dog. He put his arm around it but the dog pulled away. The boy followed until they reached a large deer. It was dead. The dog must have brought it down.

The boy had listened to hunters' stories. He knew what to do. With his knife he cult along the deer's belly. He took out the insides. Now it would be a shelter for Kimba. Thank you brother, Kimba silently told the roebuck.

Kimba and the dog stayed in the deer, keeping out of the cold and away from the bitter wind. Kimba tried to keep his thoughts off of the cold. He began to concentrate on One-Tusk.

Where would he lead his herd? Kimba let his mind go blank the way Utrek had taught him. He no longer felt cold. He no longer felt free. He began to feel the way the mammoth must feel with its big, clumsy body.

He could smell the odor of the Mighty Ones. He could see One-Tusk ahead of him. He was one of the herd. One-Tusk was leading them along a small stream toward a triangular notch cut into the top of a distant plateau.

Kimba awoke with a sneeze. It was morning and the storm had ended. Had he dreamed last night or was it the Power? He had seen the herd traveling in the direction of the Forbidden Mountains with the sun on the left.

Kimba and the dog went out. The boy slowly looked around. He could see the mountains and a large number of cliffs. There! It was a triangular shaped notch. It was just as he had seen it during the night. Now he knew which way to go.

Kimba and the dog headed toward the notch. There were the prints of the Mighty Ones. Kimba took his spear and drew a picture in the snow. He hopped and danced around the mammoth. Then he threw his spear into the snow. Now at last Kimba would be a hunter.

He would do what he must to save Rab.

Late in the morning, Kimba came to a stream he knew the Mighty Ones must be following. The stream twisted and curved. If Kimba went in a straight line he could get ahead of the mammoths.

Kimba and the dog made their way and began climbing toward the notch. Suddenly they heard the roar of the mammoths. It wasn't One-Tusk, but one of the females. And then came One-Tusk chasing behind.

Kimba hid in the grass, but he was afraid that One-Tusk would crush him. So he started to scramble up the slope where One-Tusk could not follow him. The Mighty One was getting very angry, but so was Kimba. He began to yell, threw his spear and then he threw rocks. One-Tusk turned away.

Kimba felt excitement. He had faced the OneTusk. He had not beaten it, but it had not beaten him either. Next time he would have a plan.

The boy and the dog had almost reached the notch. Kimba looked at the open space before him. He looked ahead and saw a steep cliff wall that dropped to a gully far below. Kimba had a plan. Somehow he would frighten some of the herd so they would rush forward and push against their leader. He would be forced over the edge and fall to the bottom. Then Kimba would have the tusk.

Kimba could hear the sound of the mammoths They were getting closer. He was deciding how to surprise the herd when he heard the shouting of many men. There were hunters. They were not the Others. They looked like those of the Tribe but they were not.'

The group of hunters had done what Kimba wanted. They sent the herd right toward OneTusk. He could not get away. Their bodies pushed him over the edge and he dropped into space.

Kimba watched as the Mighty One hit the rocks below. The hunters cheered and tried to make other mammoths fall. Kimba headed down the cliff to get the tip of the tusk. Rab would live.

Kimba hurried. He knew the hunters would be down to get their meat. The tusk had been cracked by the fall. It was almost broken off already. Kimba had the tip and was ready to go back home.

The dog stopped and made a snarl. There was a man with a throwing stick and a spear. There was another man and another. The boy fought them off until he was grabbed from behind. They took his spear and they took his knife, but Kimba slipped the tusk tip into his fire starter pouch. The dog ran away and Kimba was pushed to the ground.

"Kill him!" said one of the men. "He is bad He is not like us."

"No," said another, a young man who Kimba knew must be a wizard like Utrek. "We will take him with us. Now go and get the meat. Tonight our tribe will feast." Kimba was made to carry a big slab of meat. It was much heavier than the load he had carried for his own tribe.

It was night when they reached their home. The meat was pulled off his back and he fell to the ground to rest. The young man, the sorcerer, pushed him and told him to go with the women. He would not listen when Kimba started to talk about Rab.

One woman turned to Kimba and said, "Get wood! Fast!" Kimba searched at the edge of the cave. Maybe he could escape. No, there were hunters watching him. Kimba brought the wood back and then he was left alone.

The people were treating Kimba like a dog. They left him in the cold and did not feed him. All of the tribe seemed to be asleep. He could not run away because he was too tired, and he could see guards or lookouts all around.

Kimba became aware of a savory smell. There was a young girl holding a stick with a smoking piece of meat. She held it out to Kimba. "Eat," she said, and Kimba did. Then the girl pulled a fur covering over to him so he could be warm as he slept. The girl's name was Nupa.

The next morning the women awoke and began to work. Kimba was told to pick at the bones from last night's dinner. When Nupa came up to talk to him she was sent away.

The hunters took Kimba with them when they went to get more meat from One-Tusk. Again, Kimba looked for a time to escape, but he was always being watched. The boy carried another large slab of meat back to the cave.

Four days had passed. Kimba felt afraid and angry. Was there still time to save Rab? He took a drawing rock and began to make a picture with his flint. He put all of his feelings into it. He was drawing a butterfly. He could see one sitting at the edge of the camp. It sat still while Kimba cut its image into the rock.

He could feel someone behind him. It was Nupa. Quickly he threw the rock aside. She picked it up and studied the picture. "Mine?" she asked.

Kimba said yes. The girl said, "You have the Power. Like Sabo." The two sat and talked about Sabo and how he claimed the Power when the old sorcerer had died. No one else claimed it. Then Kimba told Nupa about Utrek and how he was teaching Kimba. He also told her about Urda and Rab and why he must get back to save Rab. He even showed her the tip of the tusk.

Nupa thought about what Kimba had said. "You must return," she said. "I will help you."

Just then the old woman came up. "Stay away from him!" She would not listen to Nupa's pleas. "He is not one of us! You are not to talk to him!" She shook the girl and the stone picture fell to the ground.

The woman called Sabo. When the sorcerer came she showed him the picture. Kimba told him it was his. The sorcerer was not sure. He tried to make the boy change his story, but Kimba was not afraid.

The sorcerer took Kimba away from the rest of the tribe. He ordered him to draw something else on a rock. Kimba drew a wild horse. Sabo watched him closely. When Kimba was done, he took the rock and studied every line and curve of the picture.

"You stay with me," he whispered. And as they walked back he threw the stone away.

Sabo took the boy to a corner of the cave. He was glad to have shelter but again he tried to get Sabo to let him leave.

"I must go. I have helped your people. Now I must-"

"Quiet!" Sabo said. "Remain here. Do not leave!"

Sabo left and a hunter stood at the cave's entrance so Kimba could not leave. Kimba walked around the cave. It was very small. At one end, he saw the costumes and tools of the sorcerer. He looked at the pictures on the cave's walls. They were not as good as the ones that Kimba could make.

Kimba saw that Sabo had paints ready. He looked for a brush but there was none there. Sabo did not know how to make one yet. The boy dipped his finger and began to draw a reindeer on one of the blank sections of wall.

The next morning he woke to see Sabo studying the painting of the reindeer. Had Kimba used the Power. He knew it was better than Sabo's.

Two hunters came in. When they saw the picture they told Sabo how good it was. They knew it would be a good hunt. Sabo called all the hunters. He let them see the picture. He let them dance. The men cheered and then they left.

Kimba sat and watched the sorcerer. Sabo sent him away, but also sent two guards. Kimba walked along the cave watching the people. He saw Nupa taking care of small children. The people did not treat him badly now. They knew he was staying with Sabo.

Kimba went outside the cave and his guards followed. He knew he could run faster than them, but they had their throwing sticks.

Soon Nupa joined him and they talked more about their lives. Nupa told him that her parents were dead. Her job was to take care of the smaller children who also had no mothers. Soon she would be married to a hunter, maybe from another tribe.

They saw a flash of red in the trees nearby. Nupa became afraid and started to call the guards. Kimba stopped her. It was the dog. Kimba told the dog to stay away. He did not want the guards to see him.

Nupa was amazed at the idea of Kimba being close to a wild dog. "It has not attacked you?"

"It is my friend," said Kimba.

Sabo came out and ordered Kimba back to the cave. Sabo had a lot of questions about Utrek and the Power. Kimba told him more than the truth. He was trying to make Sabo realize how much better Utrek was.

When the hunters returned, it was not to celebrate. The hunt had not been a success. Sabo blamed Kimba. "He brought bad Power. He has spoiled your hunt!"

Kimba was left as a prisoner in Sabo's cave. He let his mind go blank to try and summon the Power. Nupa brought him some meat. She also told him what the hunters and Sabo were planning. They were going to leave him tied to a tree and let a beast destroy him. Then his evil Power would enter the beast and leave the Tribe.

Kimba knew he must leave tonight.

The hunter who was guarding the cave was very tired. He could not stay awake. Suddenly, he saw someone come out of the cave. It must be Sabo. He was wearing a white skin. The hunter watched the figure in white move toward the spring outside the caves.

The lookout shouted as the figure went past a row of boulders. Sabo came out of his cave. He was filled with rage. "Kill him!"he told the hunters. They threw their spears but missed.

Kimba tried to run but the sorcerer's costume slowed him down. He tore it off and ran toward the trees where he and Nupa had seen the dog. The hunter was very close to Kimba. The boy could hear the sound of his feet on the ground.

Just then the sound stopped. Kimba turned and saw the dog throw himself at the hunter. Kimba raced on and the dog soon joined him.

Kimba knew Sabo and the hunters were still after him. The boy kept running. He had told Sabo that the Tribe lived to the west and north. So Kimba thought it would be wiser to head south toward the Forbidden Mountains.

When they felt safe, they stopped for the night. Kimba had two dreams. One was of two eyes that watched him and followed him. They were like two moons watching him with hate.

The other dream was of freedom. He felt like a bird flying upward where nothing could follow.

Kimba decided that the dreams meant Sabo would not stop in his hunt for Kimba. Kimba would have to go upward to find safety.

Kimba headed toward the Forbidden Mountains He had always been told to stay away from them because their Power was bad. As he and the dog climbed up, the sky got dark. There was thunder and lightning. But Kimba could not stop.

When the rain came, Kimba looked for shelter. He found a large cave, much larger than the one the Tribe lived in. He looked for signs of people. There were no paintings on the walls, but there were bones and animal skins. He could see daggerlike rocks hanging from the ceiling and reaching up from the floor.

The boy looked around and found a tunnel that led into darkness. Kimba came back to the main place and drew a large bison on the blank wall.

Suddenly, the dog growled. They could hear feet against stones. It was the Others. They were the ones who lived in this cave.

Kimba and the dog moved into the shadows and could watch the people as they ate and fought. Finally one of the older men saw Kimba's picture. The Others stood and stared at the drawing.

Kimba did not notice a little child that had crawled over to the tunnel. The child saw the dog and let out a wail. The mother ran up and she too saw the dog. She screamed and the hunters reached for their spears.

Kimba and the dog pulled back further into the tunnel and the darkness. He did not think the Others would follow, but soon they came with their torches. Kimba and the dog had to move again.

Kimba tried to follow the sound of the dog as they ran deeper and deeper into the tunnel. They found a hole and crawled through. Now they would be safe. But no, another hunter had followed them.

The boy and the dog hurried along. Suddenly the dog stopped and Kimba tripped. He had to keep running, but why was the dog in his way. Kimba took a step forward and his foot touched-nothing.

They stood at the edge of a cliff, if the dog had not tripped him, Kimba would have fallen over the edge. The Others were getting closer. Their torches were like comets falling from the sky They must go.

Kimba knew their might be a path around but there was no time. He climbed over the edge and reached with his feet. Finally he had to let go. He heard a splash and soon was in the icy water. Spears were thrown. Kimba ducked and tried to swim away the way he had seen wolves swim through a stream. The dog paddled along with him They had to get to the other side.

Kimba tried to use the Power. He thought of himself as a fish. He moved through the water and felt more at home. Soon he could see light. Was it from a torch? No, it was daylight. He was on the other side. He reached out to help the dog and then they ran out of the cave.

They were in a green valley Kimba could see herds of oxen, bison and reindeer. The meadows were green and the sun was warm and friendly. He found a place where he and the dog could rest.

The next morning Kimba woke. Nothing had come to bother them. He and the dog walked around and found mushrooms, berries and other edible plants. This was a wonderful place. Kimba could not wait to bring the Tribe.

Would Rab be able to see this place? Kimba knew he must go. He looked for another way back, but found none. Their was a trail around the lake, but they would have to go through the home of the Others. He knew he could get back to his Tribe and the Others would not stop him. He had the Power.

Kimba and the dog walked along the trail. He could see now that the lake was not very big at all. Then they started through the tunnels and finally got back into the chamber where the Others lived.

Kimba could see the snoring bodies. He knew there must be a lookout or two. He and the dog moved toward the entrance as silent as fog.

He kept his eyes on the lookout and stepped on the hand of one of the Others. Kimba had moved into the shadows. The people awoke and stared at the wild dog.

The dog glowed in the dark. The Others looked in fear. "Tor," they whispered. Kimba dashed for the entrance and the dog sprang after him. The lookout did not follow. He just said, "Tor."

Kimba had thought of Utrek. He remembered the moss that Utrek had taken from the base of a dead tree. He had rubbed it all over the dog's hairy coat. To the Others, the dog had looked like a ghost.

Now they could go to Rab and bring the tusk.

Kimba figured by now that the Tribe had found meat. They would welcome him with a feast. A deer crossed their path. It could only run on three legs. The dog gave chase and brought the animal down. Kimba had sliced a small chunk of meat and a dozen wolves appeared. He left the rest of the meat for the wolves.

The next day they went without meat but there were roots that they could eat. They were getting close to their home. Kimba felt again for the ivory tusk.

"Come," he called for the dog. For the first time he realized that he needed a name for the dog. He remembered what the Others had said "Tor."

It had a good sound to it. He touched the dog's shoulders. "Tor," he repeated.

Kimba could not stop himself from running. He knew he was very close to the cave where he lived. He did not hear any one. Maybe the men were hunting. But what about the women and children?

They were gone. But what about Rab?

Kimba looked up. It was Rab. "What are you doing in there?"

Kimba tried to speak. He pointed at the bog, then at the dog. Tor wasn't there. It didn't matter. They hugged and laughed and didn't care about the mud.

The boy had been so sick, he could not stay awake. The next thing he remembered was seeing Urda.

They had washed him and trimmed his hair but he did not remember. He looked for Rab but Rab had gone hunting. Now he remembered Tor. Urda said the dog had run off. And where was Utrek? He had gone off to listen to the Power so he could know where to lead the Tribe.

Kimba began to tell Urda about the beautiful place at the Forbidden Mountains. As he told her more and more, others came to listen. He told the stories the way a hunter would. Kimba had not killed any animals, but he had been a part of the hunt. His stories were very exciting and all the women and children enjoyed them.

Soon the hunters returned and they wanted to hear about One-Tusk. And then Kimba told of Tor.

No animal lived with the Tribe, said Rab. Kimba thought Tor should be the first. Utrek must decide.

Utrek approached. He looked at Kimba but did not smile. A look of surprise and sadness came over his face when Kimba told of the tusk.

The old sorcerer took Kimba where they could speak alone. It was then that Utrek told Kimba that he really didn't have the power to heal Rab. The old man knew many things, but not <u>all</u> things.

When Utrek had said Rab could be saved with the tusk of the Mighty One, he did not think Kimba would go after it. He thought no one would go.

"The tusk has no power?" said Kimba. Kimba felt like when he had jumped into the underground lake.

It had been for nothing. All the dangers and the pain were for nothing.

He tore off the wolf-tooth necklace that Utrek had given him. Angrily, he threw it at the sorcerer's feet.

Kimba spent the night stretched out, too sick to find shelter. Tor had stayed nearby and twice he hearsd the dog growl to scare away intruders.

Kimba's body shook with chills and then seemed to burn like the sun. By morning he could drag himself to the creek. He put water on his face but did not drink.

Kimba had to find the tribe, so he walked on. He came to a place from where he could see a long plain. He thought he saw four dozen people- a tribe.

The boy did not want to make a mistake. He kept looking and then he could see Utrek, Urda, Narik, and Odlag. Many more.

He held out the piece of tusk and ran to the group. "See, Tor! The Tribe!"

As he ran, the tusk flew out of his hand. It came down into a small bog. It began to sink below the surface. Kimba screamed and reached out for the ivory, but could not get it. He finally jumped in and a voice called, "Kimba, come out of there!"

Kimba looked at the Tribe's burial ground. There was nothing new, nothing different. Kimba still had hope.

Kimba knew that the tribe had moved to look for better hunting. He hoped he was going the right direction but he had not found any prints.

He stopped at a creek. The water tasted sour The dog just sniffed and walked away.

Tor found something in the bushes. Kimba saw that it was something that Utrek had made-a small mammoth. The sorcerer must have dropped it. Now Kimba knew it was the right direction.

Was it his Power that had sent him the right way? Or was it Utrek's Power guiding him?

Just then Kimba began to feel sick. His vision was bad, his legs got wobbly, it must have been the water. Kimba sank down.

Now Kimba could be a hunter. He was no longer going to listen to Utrek's instructions.

He was full of mixed feelings. He was very happy that Rab lived. But he thought of One-Tusk, Sabo and the Others and how afraid he had been. He had only faced them because he had believed Utrek.

Kimba sat alone but soon Tor came up and sat with him. He knew he could not bring the dog into the camp. The Tribe was too hungry and would kill him.

Utrek came up. He must speak to Kimba. "Soon you will wear my robes. There are more things that I can teach you."

"No," said Kimba. "I will be a hunter."

"But I do have the Power," said Utrek. "And you do too."

"There is no Power!" Kimba cried out. The boy remembered how Sabo had tried to trick his tribe and so was Utrek. "The tribe does not need tricks. It needs meat.' Kimba ran to the Tribe. He wanted to talk to all of them. He told them of the green valley he had found and the great herds. He had traveled through a cave under one of the Forbidden Mountains.

Narik said it was the boy's bad Power again. Rab said if there was game, they must go. Utrek must decide.

Utrek had listened to the boy and to the hunters. Kimba came up and dared the sorcerer. "What has your Power done? The tribe is hungry."

The Tribe was shocked. No one had spoken to Utrek like that. The old man decided they should follow Kimba. He knew the boy had the Power. The Tribe prepared for travel.

It was not an easy trip. They did not find much food and there was still much fear about the Forbidden Mountains. At one point one of the women fell into a ravine and hurt her leg.

Utrek ordered a fire and he went to gather some purple and white flowers. He boiled them. Then he told Kimba to get some berries. Kimba refused and the old man got them himself. The sorcerer put the hot mixture on the woman's leg. The next day the bleeding had stopped and she could go on with the Tribe.

Utrek walked by Kimba and said, "The Power is not all a trick."

They kept walking and were closer to the cave. Kimba knew he should tell them about the Others, but he was afraid they would turn back. He still had not seen Tor, but that night he could hear two animals growling and one of them was Tor.

Kimba saw the entrance to the cave and he went ahead first. He saw no signs of people. For the first time he told Rab about the Others. The man was angry and wanted to know everything. As they moved forward, the lookout for the Others let out a shout. They had a row of boulders ready to ward off enemies. With a roar, the first boulder came down and then the second.

Rab was able to save himself and Kimba. Only two hunters were hurt. The Others got ready to roll a third boulder and began throwing smaller rocks.

Kimba's hunters came down. Narik yelled at Kimba and his bad Power. Others began crying to go back. Utrek came up. He stood tall and young He faced the top of the mountain. "My power is Mighty! The mountain speaks to me."

The people stared. They could see new power in the old man. Utrek began stamping and spinning in a wild dance. His howling continued. The Tribe was excited. The hunters were dancing, too. Soon everyone was caught up in the Power.

The hunters moved up the hill. They could not be stopped. Kimba tried to join them, but Utrek would not let him. Again he must listen to the Power. The Others were afraid as the hunters came at them. The boulder came down but did not harm anyone. The Others began to flee in panic. The Power had won.

Kimba began to understand. They had been better warriors because they believed.

The Tribe took torches and went through the tunnel and through the mountain. Kimba remembered how it had been when the Others had chased him and Tor.

He felt safe with the Tribe, but he did miss the big red dog. Kimba did not expect the dog to be around. It was not natural for a wolf or dog to climb so high.

Kimba took the people through the slit in the wall and then around the lake.

Soon they were standing at the edge of the valley that Kimba had discovered. They stared at the herds of animals. Soon they remembered their hunger. The men were going to hunt and the women were to prepare homes in the caves.

Kimba grabbed his spear, ready to go. Rab told him to stay with Utrek. He had the Power and must help the old sorcerer. Kimba was not happy but he knew he must.

Where was Utrek? Had he already gone to look for his cave? Kimba went off to look. Then he heard a familiar growl.

Kimba knew it was Tor. He went toward the sound. There was Tor facing an angry bear. Utrek must have disturbed the bear when he went in the cave. Tor had come to help the old man.

Kimba took his spear and yelled the way the hunters do. Utrek lay bleeding behind the bear, but he told Kimba to run. But the boy and his dog both began to attack the bear.

His first attack with the spear did little damage. But the dog added bites here and there. Kimba took the spear and stuck it in the bear's chest, but it was not a fatal blow.

The next time, Kimba used all his strength and pushed the spear up. The bear collapsed.

* * *

That night the Tribe enjoyed their feast. Utrek lay near the fire. He had treated his own wound and told the tribe he would be well soon. Kimba threw some meat to the shadows. Tor was welcome in the camp. Utrek had decreed it because of the battle with the cave bear.

Kimba had not realized that he was now a hunter. And the Tribe knew it too.

But he was not like other hunters. He enjoyed the thought. One day he would go back for Nupa and show her more of the Power.

Kimba thought of the cave Utrek had chosen. It was larger than any of the others in the valley. He knew they would have to go back to the old cave and get Utrek's magical gear. He found himself eager to learn.

The boy was sorry he had thrown away the wolf tooth. Utrek had it in the cave. This was a cave of strong Power. But it had no paintings.

Kimba knew Utrek could not paint until his arm healed. Kimba wanted to put a Mighty One on the wall near the entrance, a wild horse galloping, and maybe a reindeer.

But first of all he would draw Utrek. He would show him in his sorcerer's costume. Utrek had never made pictures other than animals. Kimba wanted to show other things. Perhaps his power was different than Utrek's.

Kimba began his painting. He could not stop. He could not wait for Utrek. But wait. Why were the paints all laid out? Was this Utrek's Power? This was a puzzling thing. Kimba kept painting.

The End