The Stone Age Artist



A cold wind blew but Red Fingers didn't shiver. She pulled her fur skin tight around her shoulders and bent down to look at her painting. The sun was low in the sky, lighting the cave with a bright, orange glow.



A voice called out. Red Fingers turned to see Fire Man walking towards her. He had his hands above his head, trying to make them look like antlers.

Red Fingers grunted and shook her head. She tapped her finger into some brown-red paint and rubbed it along the outline of her artwork.

Fire Man mumbled something and patted his belly. "Eat," he seemed to say.

Red Fingers shook her head again and dipped another finger into the paint.

"Eat," Fire Man repeated. He rubbed his hands together and blew on them. Then he flicked his arms into the air. He was trying to tell her about the fire he was making to cook their meal.

Red Fingers felt annoyed and her lip curled up. She waited for Fire Man to leave before carrying on with her painting.

All day Fire Man had been hunting in the icy wastelands searching for food. He had returned with the others, carrying a beast with magnificent antlers on his back. She was hungry but Red Fingers didn't want to eat. Her painting was far more important.

She could hear Fire Man grunting and grumbling to the others but she didn't care. She held a red-looking rock over her paint and scraped at it with a stone. Tiny fragments of dust sprinkled down like rain and she watched as they spread into her mixture. Red Fingers then spat into the paint, mixing it all together with a stick.



Red Fingers could smell the food and her stomach

visit twinkl.com

rumbled. The Old One came hobbling towards her and she greeted Red Fingers with a whistle-like grunt. In her hand was a slice of meat. She offered it to Red Fingers. Red Fingers waited, then accepted the gift. She bit in and nodded thankfully. She was hungrier than she thought. The Old One gave her a toothless smile before hobbling away again. Even though Red Fingers was busy, the Old One was right to make her eat.



As darkness came, Red Fingers turned back to her picture, brushing the rock with her painted fingertips.

Pack hunters howled outside as she sat back to view her work. Red Fingers could just about see her painting in the gloom. It was a beast with magnificent antlers running free across the icy wastelands.

That night, as she stared at the stars, Red Fingers thought about all her other cave paintings. She wondered how long they would last for and whether her children – or even her children's children – might one day get to see them.

A cold wind blew and Red Fingers pulled her fur skin tight. Soon, she was asleep, dreaming of pack hunters, night creatures and the beast with magnificent antlers.

visit twinkl.com

Questions

1. What time of day do you think it is at the start of the story? Explain why you think this.

2. Fire Man had his hands above his head, trying to make them look like antlers. What animal was Fire Man trying to act like? Tick **one**.

   - ○ woolly mammoth
   - ○ sabre-toothed tiger
   - ○ cow
   - ○ deer

3. **Red Fingers shook her head again.**
   Why did Red Fingers shake her head?

4. Why had Fire Man been in the icy wastelands?

5. Number these to show the order that they appear in the text. The first one has been done for you.

	Red Fingers tapped her finger into some brown-red paint.
	Red Fingers spat into her paint.
	Fire Man said, "Eat."
	Red Fingers stared at the stars.
1	The sun was low in the sky, lighting the cave with a bright, orange glow.

6. Link the characters to the word that describes them best.

Red Fingers	hunter
Fire Man	carer
Old One	artist

7. Why do you think Red Fingers is called Red Fingers? Give reasons in your answer.

8. Why do you think Red Fingers dreamt of the beast with magnificent antlers? Tick **two**.

- ○ It inspired her.
- ○ She was scared of it.
- ○ Fire Man liked it.
- ○ She was full of respect for it.

visit twinkl.com