















And I don't think I looked like any of the boys she knew.











She took me home to meet her family – and what a family it was!

They looked very strange, but they were kind to me and gave me some stew.

I couldn't understand anything they were saying,
though I worked out my new friend's name was Om.

Then I must have fallen asleep.





The next morning, Om showed me round the camp.

Everyone seemed busy and had a job to do.

Over the next few days I saw so much I'd never seen before.

Om's people had no knives and forks, no plastic, no metal even.

Everything they had was made of wood, stone, animal skins or bones.

I saw them:..



