

WHUOLA -The Stone Age Girls new life

When Whuola wakes up she sleepily watches the shadows of the fire on the cavewalls for a while.

Slowly the memories of the day before coming back to her mind...As some of the shadows resembling galloping horses she feels again the pleasure and joy of the happenings of the past day:

It was a great event that had occurred, something she had been wishing for and yearning to live to see for a very long time... since the day, she had spotted them for the very first time: horses!

A herd of horses in the bushes beneath the trees.

Whuola had seen a lot of different animals before during her wanderings with her father through the forest, but when she descried her first sight on this herd and after watching them for a while grazing in the underwood, she somehow knew, that they weren't animals of the kind her father had warned her about. She had exerted herself not to make any noise, but when the limb cracked beneath her foot and she saw them raise their heads, she felt more like being one of them than being in danger. ..when she saw their deep dark eyes gazing at her, and smelled their scent, it provided a kind of confidence to her, that she hadn't felt before and she knew, that she had found a new purpose in life, just by slowly and patiently getting closer to the herd and becoming acquainted with their way of living. Whuola used to look out for them every day from this moment on and she was willing to cover far distances to trace their ways and when, one day, she saw them galloping across the lowlands, she had the vision of riding their back and by being part of their companionship and by moving in the same powerful and elegant way like they gave the impression of, never being in danger again.

From that day on she knew what she was aimed at, when she was trying to be close to them and bit by bit there were moments of amity and intimacy, so she slowly achieved being accepted as a fellow.

So it was only a question of time, until the opportunity occurred and Whuola jumped at the chance.

It was the light brown mare, that she had recognized first of all because of her white tuft hair. She seemed to be one of the younger ones, but suited for being a leader one day, because the others often tried to guard her. When Whuola saw her standing just next to the tree trunk, she didn't had to think.

Often enough she had been considering what to do and how to move to mount the horses back, and, most important how to grab hold by putting her arms around their neck and clutching their mane.

And when the mare started to run Whuola felt like flying and didn't know what was more thrilling to her: the beating of her own heart or the drumming of the horses hooves on the forest floor. For instants, she felt so blessed, sensing the warmth of the horses body, the softness of the coat and the strength of their run, that the fall finally didn't hurt at all. When she had picked herself up again and caught her breath, she still felt her heart-throb and kept standing there for a long while gazing after them and listening to the rhythm of their hoofbeat...

The contours of the fires shadow-play on the cavewalls seem to blur, as the sun meanwhile has fully risen outside the cave-chamber.

While she still lies on her bearskin reminiscing about the ongoings with the horses during the previous weeks,

Whuola knows, that by riding the mare, she has discovered and seized something, which opens a whole new world to her, a world of endless possibilities and experiences and a world in which she will not have to hide or sneak, but be in full possession of her freedom and able to set about everything her imagination offers. Whuola leaps to her feet, curious about the new day and what it is going to exhibit, her heart filled with confidence. And as she is stepping outside the cave, her eyes targeting on the vastness of the flat open country, she feels ready for her new adventure and able to take any action.