

WIN ALLIANS MIGHT

# CAVE MAN

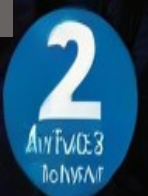


cave man - 3/23/2025, 1:44:25 AM

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Thirteen-year-old Max isn't just strong for his age; he possesses a superhuman strength unlike anything the world has ever seen. Unbeknownst to him, this incredible power is directly linked to his latent ability to manipulate time. When a freak accident triggers his temporal powers, Max is catapulted from his ordinary life into the distant past, landing smack-dab in the middle of a volatile prehistoric landscape.

Lost and alone, Max must rely on his incredible strength and quickly developing survival instincts to navigate a world teeming with colossal beasts and unforgiving terrain. As he struggles to understand his newfound time-traveling abilities and find a way back home, Max encounters a primitive tribe struggling for survival. His strength becomes their salvation, protecting them from predators and natural disasters. But his presence also disrupts the delicate balance of their existence, attracting unwanted attention from both rival tribes and even more dangerous prehistoric creatures.

'Cave Man - 3/23/2025, 1:44:25 AM' chronicles Max's extraordinary journey through time, exploring themes of survival, responsibility, and the unforeseen consequences of wielding immense power. Will Max ever find his way back to his own time, or is he destined to become a legend in a time long before his own?

# Chapter 1

## Chronoshift: The Strength Within

## Cave Man - 3/23/2025, 1:44:25 AM

\*\*Chapter 1: Chronoshift: The Strength Within\*\*

Twelve-year-old Max wasn't like other kids. He wasn't obsessed with video games, didn't spend hours scrolling through social media, and definitely didn't whine about chores. Max had a secret, a roaring, pulsing energy within him, a strength that defied logic and, as he was about to discover, the very laws of time.

It all started with a rusty old dumbbell in the dusty corner of his grandpa's attic. It looked like a relic from a forgotten era, heavier than anything Max had ever seen. Driven by an inexplicable urge, he reached out, his small hand engulfing the cold metal. With a grunt that surprised even himself, he lifted it. Not just lifted it, but hefted it above his head as if it were a feather. A strange tingling sensation surged through his body, a low hum resonating from deep within.

The attic shimmered. The air thickened, tasting of ozone and something ancient, like the breath of a volcano. Dust motes danced in a frantic ballet, swirling around Max in a dizzying vortex. He dropped the dumbbell, the clang echoing unnaturally loud in the sudden silence that descended. The room twisted, the familiar wooden beams blurring into streaks of color. Fear, cold and sharp, pierced through the initial thrill.

Then, just as abruptly, the swirling stopped. The buzzing in his ears faded. He blinked, trying to focus. The attic was gone.

Gone.

Replaced by a landscape that stole his breath away. Towering trees, their leaves a vibrant, unfamiliar green, clawed at a sky the color of amethyst. The air was thick with the scent of damp earth and unknown blossoms. Strange, bird-like creatures with iridescent feathers soared overhead, their calls echoing through the stillness.

Max stumbled back, his heart hammering against his ribs. Where was he? He looked down at his hands, flexing his fingers. They were the same, small and calloused, but the tingling sensation remained, a subtle vibration just beneath his skin. He looked back at the spot where the attic door should have been, but there was nothing but a sheer rock face covered in moss. Panic clawed at his throat.



## Chapter 2

## Cave Man - 3/23/2025, 1:44:25 AM

## Chapter 2: The Shifting Sands

The biting wind whipped Leo's dark hair across his face as he stumbled out of the temporal vortex. Gone was the sterile white room of the Institute; replaced by a landscape of swirling sand and scorching sun. He coughed, spitting out a mouthful of grit. The air was thick with the smell of dust and something unfamiliar, something ancient. He squinted, his eyes adjusting to the harsh light. Towering rock formations, sculpted by millennia of wind erosion, clawed at the sky. The silence was broken only by the mournful howl of the wind.

Leo, all of twelve years old, felt a thrill course through him, a potent cocktail of fear and exhilaration. He'd done it. He'd actually *done* it. He'd ripped through the fabric of time and landed... somewhere. He glanced down at the temporal displacement device strapped to his wrist – a sleek, silver bracelet humming softly. Its small screen displayed a jumble of glyphs, then stabilized, flashing "2100 BCE. Mesopotamia."

Mesopotamia. He'd read about it in school, ancient civilizations, the cradle of civilization. Now, he was standing in it. He clenched and unclenched his fists, feeling the familiar surge of power within him. It was this strength, this unnatural, almost superhuman strength, that had made the time travel possible. The scientists at the Institute had discovered his unique physiology, his ability to generate and channel bio-energy on a scale never before seen. They'd harnessed that energy, amplified it, and woven it into the very fabric of the temporal displacement device. He was the key, the engine that drove the machine.

He took a tentative step, the sand hot beneath his worn sneakers. He was dressed in the same clothes he'd been wearing at the Institute – jeans, a t-shirt, and a thin hoodie. Not exactly ideal attire for a Mesopotamian desert. He needed to find shelter, water, and figure out how to get back.

The temporal bracelet vibrated again, projecting a holographic map of the surrounding area. A small blinking dot indicated his location, while a larger, pulsating icon marked a settlement several miles to the west. Hope flickered in his chest. People. He needed to find people.

He started walking, the sun beating down on him mercilessly. The sand shifted beneath his feet, making each step a struggle. He focused on the pulsating icon on the map, his only guide in this alien landscape. He walked for what felt like hours, the landscape unchanging, the sun an oppressive presence. His throat was parched, his head throbbed, and his legs ached. He was starting to regret his impulsive decision to jump through time.



## Chapter 3

# Paradox Point: 3/23/2025, 1:44:25 AM

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## Chapter 3: Paradox Point: 3/23/2025, 1:44:25 AM

The air crackled, a static hum vibrating through Leo's bones. He squeezed his eyes shut, the kaleidoscope of colors behind his eyelids intensifying. His muscles, usually a source of immense power, felt weak, like overstretched elastic bands about to snap. He was pushing his gift – his curse – to its absolute limit. He'd jumped further than ever before, aiming for a precise point in time: 3/23/2025, 1:44:25 AM. His own time.

When he opened his eyes, the swirling vortex of temporal displacement had vanished. He stood in his bedroom, the familiar glow of his digital alarm clock confirming the date and time. 1:44:26 AM. One second off. Close enough. He'd landed.

But something was wrong. Terribly wrong.

His room, usually a chaotic mess of discarded clothes and half-finished projects, was impeccably clean. His posters of superheroes and nebulae were gone, replaced by framed botanical prints. A faint scent of lavender hung in the air, replacing the usual aroma of stale pizza and soldering fumes.

He stumbled out into the hallway, his bare feet sinking into plush carpeting instead of the worn wooden floorboards he knew. The house, his house, was transformed. Gone were the creaky stairs and the water stain on the living room ceiling. In their place was an unsettling, sterile elegance. Modern art sculptures adorned polished surfaces, and the soft glow of recessed lighting illuminated everything with an unnerving precision.

"Mom? Dad?" he called out, his voice a shaky whisper.

Silence.

He descended the stairs, his heart hammering against his ribs. He found the kitchen, not his cluttered, lived-in kitchen, but a gleaming expanse of stainless steel and granite. A single orchid sat on the countertop, a stark contrast to the usual overflowing fruit bowl.

Then he saw it. A photograph on the refrigerator, held by a sleek, silver magnet. It was him, older, maybe eighteen or nineteen, standing beside a woman he didn't recognize. She was beautiful, with flowing black hair and a dazzling smile. They were both dressed in formal attire, radiating an aura of wealth and sophistication. He looked... happy. Content. A stranger to the restless, driven boy he knew himself to be.

