

So Easy, Even Cavemen Can Do It

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Long, long ago, there lived a tribe of early humans known as *Homo Habilis*. They lived on the outskirts of the great mountain Very Tall Hill and were a peaceful tribe. They made it day to day by hunting the local wildlife and picking fruits and berries.

One day, one of the hunters of the tribe named Ug discovered a cave on Very Tall Hill as he was angrily roaming. He had recently lost claim over his precious sharp and pointy stick and wanted to throw some rocks for a while. Luckily for Ug, this magical cave was full of rocks. From that day on, Ug would henceforth refer to the cave as Dark Place With Many Rocks.

With gusto, Ug threw a rock at the wall of the cave. The rock bounced off the wall, leaving a white mark where it had impacted. Intrigued, Ug grabbed the same rock, licked it for taste, and then drug it along the wall, making a long white streak. Enormously excited about his discovery, Ug jumped around in a circle, waving his hands around wildly. With a sloppy hand, Ug took the rock and began drawing his feelings on the cave wall. He drew his enemy, Pointy Stick Taker – also known as Gru – and then he drew a “Giant Furry Creature With Tusks” stomping on his stupid body. Laughing manically, Ug then drew himself holding his dearly missed sharp and pointy stick in a victory pose.

Meanwhile, in a land not so far away, Gru strolled thru the tribe, holding his newly claimed Stick of Power. Gru felt he had it all. He picked the most berries that day, slung a moderate amount of poop, and he had defeated the tiresome Ug in a battle of witty grunts. To add insult to injury, he had taken Ug’s most prized possession – his pointy stick. Now, all the tribeswomen would want him to protect them with his newly named Stick of Power.

Gru was gearing up dramatically beat his chest at a particularly hefty tribeswoman when he heard something. It was unmistakably the laughter of Ug. How could he ever forget such an irksome noise? And why would he be laughing? Had he not just lost everything he had to Gru?

Frustrated, Gru followed the sound of laughter until he discovered Ug in a cave inside Very Tall Hill. Gru stomped in, chest puffed out, and looked to what Ug was doing. He saw wonderfully artistic lines on the wall that made shapes that looked a lot like him. He knew it had to be him because he often saw himself in the water when he was debating bathing or not. He had a distinct forehead.

Gru saw himself holding Stick of Power but there was a dreaded Giant Furry Creature With Tusks standing on top of him. Next to that stood Ug with his ridiculous hair holding Stick of Power once again.

Infuriated, Gru shoved Ug and grunted at him fiercely, gesturing at the admittedly detailed drawings. Ug responded with his own vicious grunt and beat his chest with his Magical Rock. The two tribesmen continued like that for a while, exchanging insulting grunts back and forth. After another one of Gru's fairly witty grunts, Ug turned around, scratched his butt at him and then left the cave. He was tired of Gru always putting him down.

Insulted by the extremely rude butt scratch, Gru charged out of the cave and flung his body at Ug. They rolled all the way down Very Tall Hill and right into the middle of camp. All the tribesmen and women gathered around, chanting grunts at the two warriors. Ug was not going to let Gru defeat him. Not again. Not in front of what used to be his friends and family.

Gru was just as determined to put Ug in his place. He was sick of Ug and his carefree ways. Everybody liked Ug and nobody liked Gru. That was going to change! With some kind of never before heard battle screeches, the two tribesmen charged at one another. They kicked and clawed and pulled at each other's body hair. They rolled around in the dirt and threw well-aimed rocks when necessary. They were both out of breath and the area reeked of body odor, but neither wanted to give up.

The two men stared at each other while they panted. Ug was missing a chunk of his lavish yellow hair and Gru had a cut that bled from his giant forehead. They were getting nowhere.

Sick of it all, Ug knew what he had to do. This all started because Gru wanted his sharp and pointy stick. With much internal suffering, Ug grabbed his precious stick off the ground where it had fallen and proceeded to snapped it in half. Gru gasped, dropping the rock he had been about to throw at Ug's left knee.

Ug slowly approached Gru and handed him the sharper end of what was once his pointy stick. After all, he could always make another one. This way, they both got what they wanted. And no one had to get hurt anymore. Deeply touched, Gru accepted the newly shortened Stick of Power and nodded at Ug. Ug nodded back and then they both turned and walked off.

Thoroughly entertained for the day, the tribespeople went about their business, thinking about what they had just seen. A new grunt was formed that day. A grunt that would roughly translate to the word "share" in today's language.

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