

26th December 2022

Dear Diary,

You won't believe what me and Stig did today!

This morning, when I eventually found Stig, fast asleep at the back of his cave, snoozing beneath his bracken, dried-grass and newspaper equivalent duvet, I realised he had a very bad cold: he couldn't stop sneezing! So, I came up with a plan. In order to help keep him warm and survive these cold, frosty mornings – like it was today, I suggested that we should go out into the woods and collect more fire wood. As Stig couldn't talk to me, he answered with a grunt and his eyes lit up; I took that as a secure yes.

When we arrived in the woods, I attempted to cut down a thin, thorn tree with Stig's axe, but quickly realised it was blunt and crumbly, so I went to Granddad's work-shed to grab his steel axe. Looking around the shed, I also picked up Granddad's coil of rope and his long, sharp cross-cut saw, which had large crocodile-teeth.

Excitedly, I sprinted back to find Stig trying to cut down a mammoth Ash tree! Fearing for his safety, I cried out to him, "STOP! Oh no! What are you doin'? Not that one!"