Charlie is a man that has a major disability, he doesn’t think like normal people. He is dumb, if you will, but there is a twist to it. He has wound up in the prehistoric era in Georgia. Charlie lives in a small cave with no one else. He has to hunt for his own food and of course he is part of a tribe. He goes with his tribe every other day on a hunt for food. The strange thing about Charlie is that he lives away from the rest of his tribe. He is ridiculed by his mates with strange noises, almost what we call a laugh today. His abilities are gives and takes. He has some things down and some not so much. He can throw a spear fast, but not accurately.

 Charlie eats what everyone else eats, due to the little amount of animals that existed then. He eats largely. Most of his food he has learned to store in little pots that his friend will make every so often. If Charlie was in our time, he would be fine physically. He would be well nourished as usual and an average man. But he would be extremely lacking in the ability to correctly socialize. Charlie is seen as a part-time clown. The tribesmen aren’t extremely surprised when he misses, because it is usual for him. There are a lot of times he will get a hit, so he is proud of what he does.

 He has a strange daily routine. He makes his rounds nodding a hello to the people of the tribe. He also takes some of his stored food to the children. Charlie is a very nice man and he pulls his weight around the tribe. Comparing him then to now, he wouldn’t be too satisfied with the complexity of today. Charlie likes things simple and ready to use. That’s what things were like then.

 His survival is not a worry, yet. He has not once faced a day where his life has been put at risk. He keeps his distance when hunting and he makes sure he does not get into any scruffs with the people of the tribe. His tribe understands him as the people of today would not. He keeps to himself when glum. He looks to cheer himself up usually, for no one pays attention to his ways when he is down. They wouldn’t dare take him on a hunt when he is upset, for it would put him at risk.

 Charlie gains a new strength and a new witt everyday by surviving. He understands what keeps him safe more and more everyday and he adds that to his knowledge. His intelligence does not classify or set him apart from people in that time, and charlie is happy with that. He becomes smarter ever so slightly. It is not noticeable until after a few days, for it is a small amount everyday. It doesn’t seem like a day would change intelligence, but it does. Think of how the people of that time slowly learned to communicate and make new objects. Those people set up communications for today, without them drawing inside caves all over the world, there would probably not have been a written language.

 Charlie helped influence the world, and the world influenced him. As he learned, he added to a list of things that would be made such as a basket or a ladder. He and a few others were learning at the same pace and they would get helped by one of the tribe’s few women. Charlie liked her a lot because she knew what he needed right away. She showed him how to weave a twine pot and how to fish. She could not help his hunting ability, for that was the job of the men.

 Ever since she started helping him, he had gained much more knowledge. Sadly, a few weeks later she had went away with part of a nomadic tribe. He was very upset and angry that she had to go, but he didn’t show it. That day was hunt day. He had went along, and while being flustered he got too close. He threw his spear exceptionally hard that day, and the mammoth they were hunting charged in his direction first. Luckily, one of the huntsmen was paying attention to Charlie and just before the Mammoth was about two yards away, he grabbed him and moved him out of the way. From that day forward, he trained himself to throw a spear very well. He was greatly inspired, but one day the woman that usually helped him came back. He had missed her very much, but he knew he could handle himself well.

 She came to show him something new she had learned from the trip. He refused her offer with a nod. She watched him for the next few days, figuring out why he refused. She had seen him crushing berries and milling them into a dye, she saw him throw a spear at a tree and practicing until there was a hole in the tree. She also saw him take a handaxe and attach it to a piece of wood. She knew Charlie was excelling past the people of their time. The sad thing was, the people in the tribe were not aware of this excel in crafting and hunting for quite some time.

 One morning he was chopping wood with his new axe. She was watching him, with a certain worry. The worry that he would not share his ideology and his abilities with the rest of the people. She did not want to disturb him or notify anyone yet. She was trying to think of how she would tell someone. Charlie knew exactly how. Charlie had devised a way to draw or paint pictures on cave walls. He practiced this art on his cave, but no one noticed for he was apart from them. Charlie was becoming exceptionally smart. He was devising so many new systems and ways of making things. He did not know what he was doing was much better than the rest of the world. He moved away because he had the idea of making a giant twine pot and covering the top and living in it.

 Thus the invention of the house, but only for Charlie. No one had any idea of this invention. One day Charlie started to miss the woman in the village horribly, so he went back and brought her to the new house. He created a way to carry items on his journey, almost like a backpack or sack. He went back and motioned for the woman to follow him. They reached the site within a day, and settled down in the twine construct. She admired his work greatly and he started to show her how to build one and paint. One day she had woken up and he had amassed a great amount of berries and turned it into a pot of dye. He then continued to paint the twine building. She was even more impressed with his work. She decided to stay with him, for he knew what do to do and what was right. Also, he could hunt and fend for the both of them.

 Days went by and they were both living together and each night they had deer and fish and this would make him smarter everyday. He has lived here for about a year now and was doing very well. Charlie had honed his survival skills, and he now had the ability to go back and take over as chief and teach his ways. He was midst decision when the woman influenced him to go, for it was necessary that they know. He made his way back, hoping that he would be bowed to and respected after he had showed them what he has learned. On his journey back, he had developed new ways of fishing with spears.

 He finally arrived, with many fish in his sack. The people of the tribe were greatly impressed with his work. He made one of his twine huts in less than an hour and the people were even more impressed. Charlie had worked overnight making many of these houses for the tribe’s people. They had woken up to a village. When they discovered charlie in his hut creating dyes they were in awe. He had given them all their own dye for their homes. The tribe now had a village. A few days later, Charlie wondered how he could make the houses better. His inspiration came from a little clay pot he had made.

 He applied as much of this as he could to his house and it became easier to apply color to and it seemed more fortified. He showed the people of the village how to do this themselves, and within a day they had the whole village revamped. Charlie was extremely proud of his work. From then on, Charlie had been almost worshipped as a chief, he kept learning and teaching his ways. One day, Charlie felt satisfied with what he has been doing, and he stopped learning. He kept teaching the last bits of information he had and he retired his way. For some reason, Charlie started to decline in knowledge. He could not remember how to do anything he developed. The people of the village were scared and worried. Charlie felt fine, but he wasn’t sure what was going on.

 Charlie works different than other humans. The way he excelled so much was from teaching himself and working and experimenting. Once he stopped doing these things, his knowledge was almost gone. Everyday, it kept getting worse. He struggled with the fact that he was losing himself. One night, he went back to the woman. He showed her through paintings that he was leaving for a little while, for he wasn’t feeling well. He thought to himself that he needed to rest and be alone. He wandered not too far from the village, for he was scared that he would forget where it is at. He tried retraining himself, but he couldn’t find out what he needed to do.

 He stayed many days and nights. Over those days and nights, he looked at the old house he had built of twine, trying to remember those memories that he once had. Charlie now has just got back to the village and does not remember how he got there. He started asking people how he got there and they all have the same answer, I don’t know. He wants to think but he just can’t, his brain is a black hole sucking up all the things he knows. He tries desperately trying to remember something just one little thing. His mind is breaking down and then he lays down and falls asleep. He wakes up in a home surrounded by people he has no idea who they are or how he got in the house. he stood up and walked around then walked outside and began to look around it was very hot and he said that he wanted to hunt for the people. They gave him a weapon, for they believed he still possessed much skill. he started to walk down a path and just kept walking and walking and walking. Finally he came to a huge field and that is when he saw a giant mammoth. He started to run to it and then threw the spear at it. The spear missed and kept running to it. Then he was inches away and the giant beast hit him with his tusk and he fell on the ground in pain. He would lay there for the years to come and sadly, he was never found by the people in the village and to this day. They believe he is still hunting in the mountains of North Georgia, but they did not know of this dire fate.

 The woman of the village remembered him and missed him terribly. That was the end of Charlie.