



The **ICE CAVE**



Michael Salmon

The ICE CAVE

Written and illustrated
by
Michael Salmon



A note to readers: The animals in this story are based on prehistoric animals of the same names. In reality, however, they did not (necessarily) all live on Earth at the same time.

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ISBN 0 670 90610 7

DINOSAUR SWAMP

THE SEA

THE ICE CAVE

THE FROZEN RIVER

THE RIVER

THE VOLCANOES

THE OLD VOLCANO

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

THE SWAMP

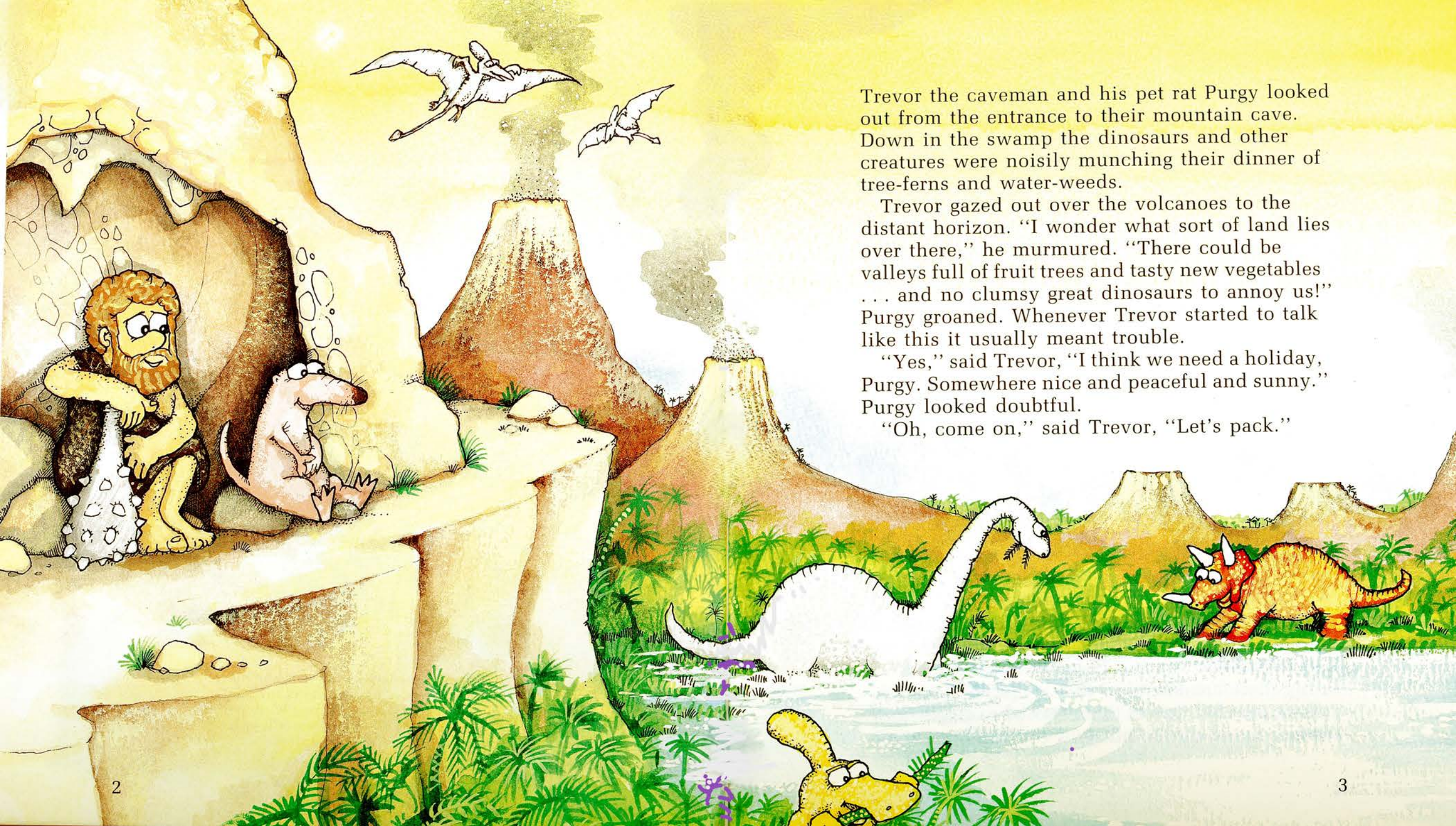
THE LAKE

THE CAVE

THE HOT SPRINGS

THE JUNGLE





Trevor the caveman and his pet rat Purgy looked out from the entrance to their mountain cave. Down in the swamp the dinosaurs and other creatures were noisily munching their dinner of tree-ferns and water-weeds.

Trevor gazed out over the volcanoes to the distant horizon. "I wonder what sort of land lies over there," he murmured. "There could be valleys full of fruit trees and tasty new vegetables . . . and no clumsy great dinosaurs to annoy us!" Purgy groaned. Whenever Trevor started to talk like this it usually meant trouble.

"Yes," said Trevor, "I think we need a holiday, Purgy. Somewhere nice and peaceful and sunny." Purgy looked doubtful.

"Oh, come on," said Trevor, "Let's pack."

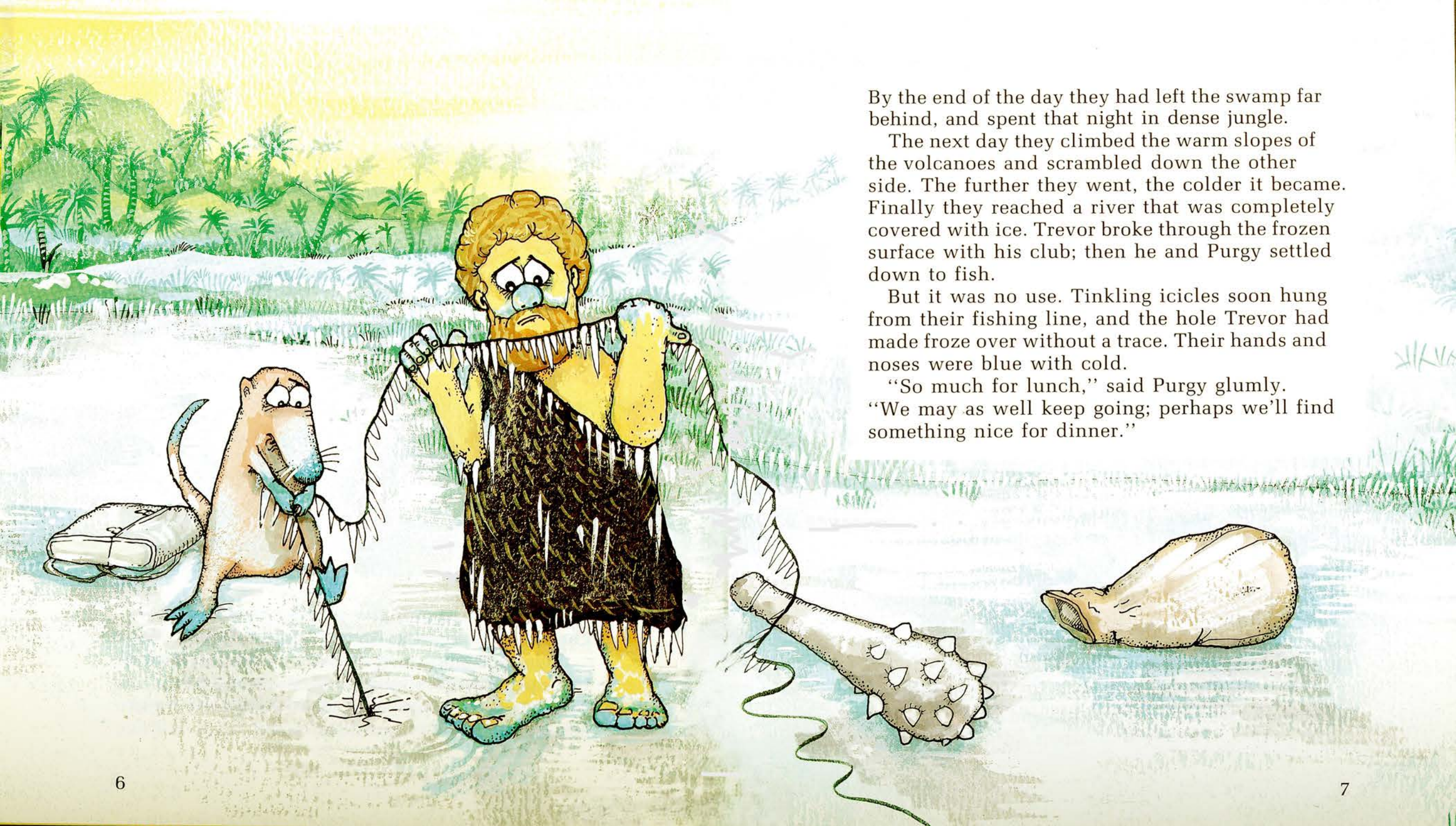


Trevor and Purgy set out very early the next morning. Each had a bag full of important things like fish-hooks, flint-stones and bread rolls.

Unfortunately, they weren't up early enough to avoid the dinosaurs. The *Plateosaurus*, the *Corythosaurus* and the *Polacanthus* stopped eating their breakfasts to watch the holiday-makers pass by. One of them started to giggle, and another made a rude noise.

Even the greedy *Edaphosaurus* stopped chewing its tree-fern and smirked at them.

"Ignore them!" said Trevor. "They are foolish, ignorant creatures with very bad manners. Besides, they're probably jealous because we're going on a holiday and they're not."



By the end of the day they had left the swamp far behind, and spent that night in dense jungle.

The next day they climbed the warm slopes of the volcanoes and scrambled down the other side. The further they went, the colder it became. Finally they reached a river that was completely covered with ice. Trevor broke through the frozen surface with his club; then he and Purgy settled down to fish.

But it was no use. Tinkling icicles soon hung from their fishing line, and the hole Trevor had made froze over without a trace. Their hands and noses were blue with cold.

“So much for lunch,” said Purgy glumly. “We may as well keep going; perhaps we’ll find something nice for dinner.”

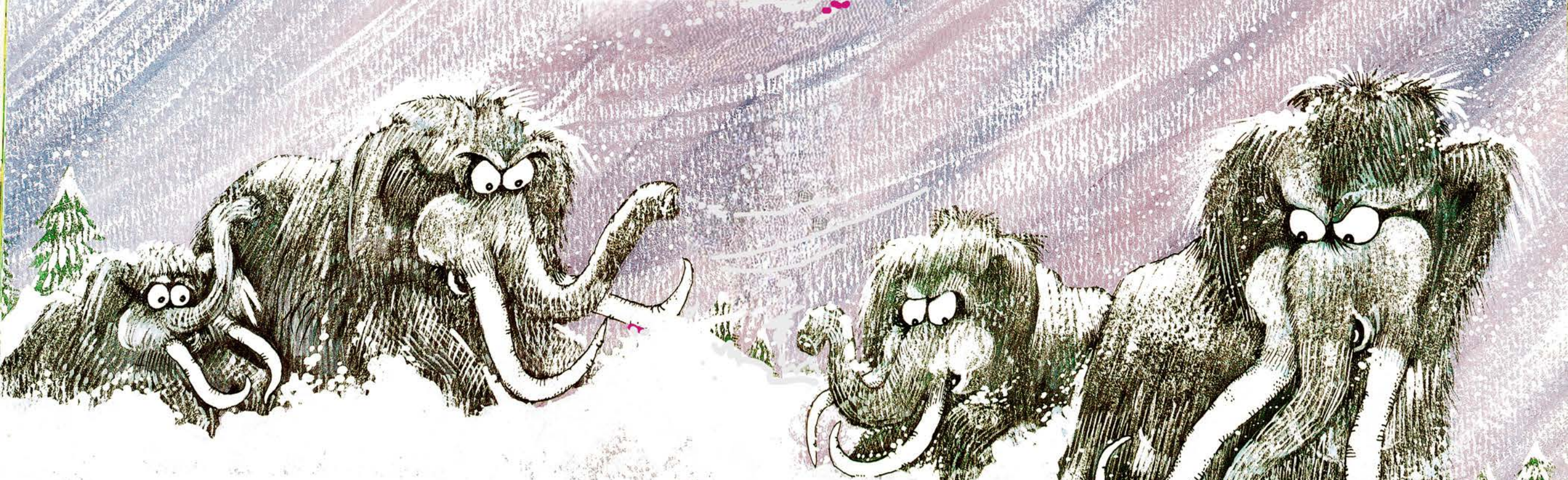


But things got worse and worse.

“What’s all this white stuff?” said Trevor, kicking at some snow. It was everywhere. Even the mountains in the distance were white.

Sparkling icicles hung from the rocks and bushes, and tinkled in the breeze. But nothing looked very appetising.

“I don’t think much of this as a holiday resort,” said Trevor. Purgy didn’t answer – flakes of the white stuff were falling out of the sky and sticking to his whiskers as they plodded off through the falling snow. They didn’t notice the *Megaloceros* sheltering in the trees.

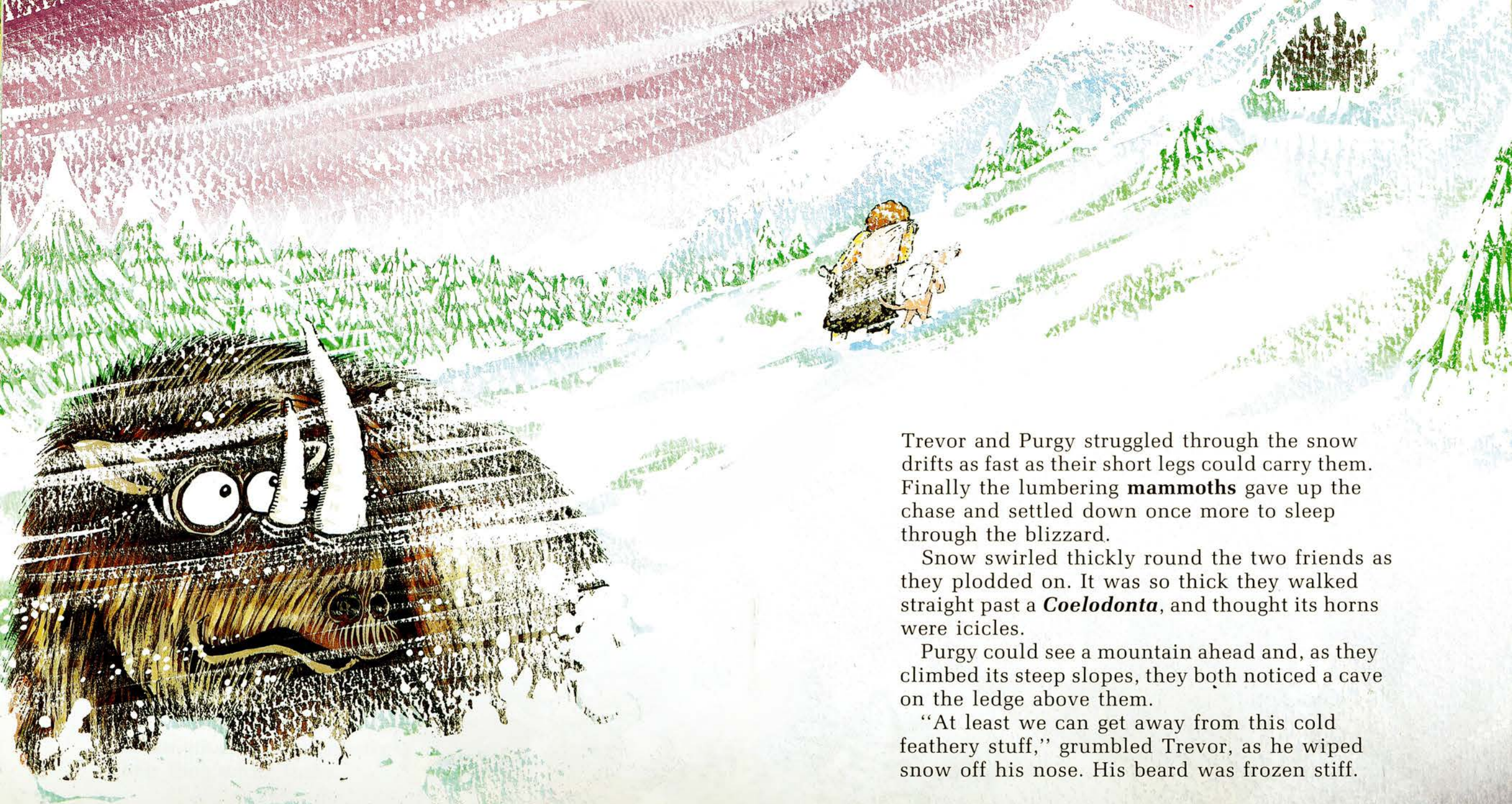


On and on they went. The snow got thicker and the day grew colder. “Some holiday!” growled Trevor, and swiped at a rock with his club. **BARUMMMPH!** The rock got to its feet, shaking off its blanket of snow. Then several other ‘rocks’ stood up too: it was a herd of **woolly mammoths**. Their long shaggy coats kept them warm while they slept in the snow.

“I don’t know what they are,” said Trevor, “but I think we’ve disturbed their afternoon nap.”

“Quickly – run!” yelled Purgy, seeing the angry **mammoths** shuffle clumsily towards them, tossing their long white tusks.





Trevor and Purgy struggled through the snow drifts as fast as their short legs could carry them. Finally the lumbering **mammoths** gave up the chase and settled down once more to sleep through the blizzard.

Snow swirled thickly round the two friends as they plodded on. It was so thick they walked straight past a *Coelodonta*, and thought its horns were icicles.

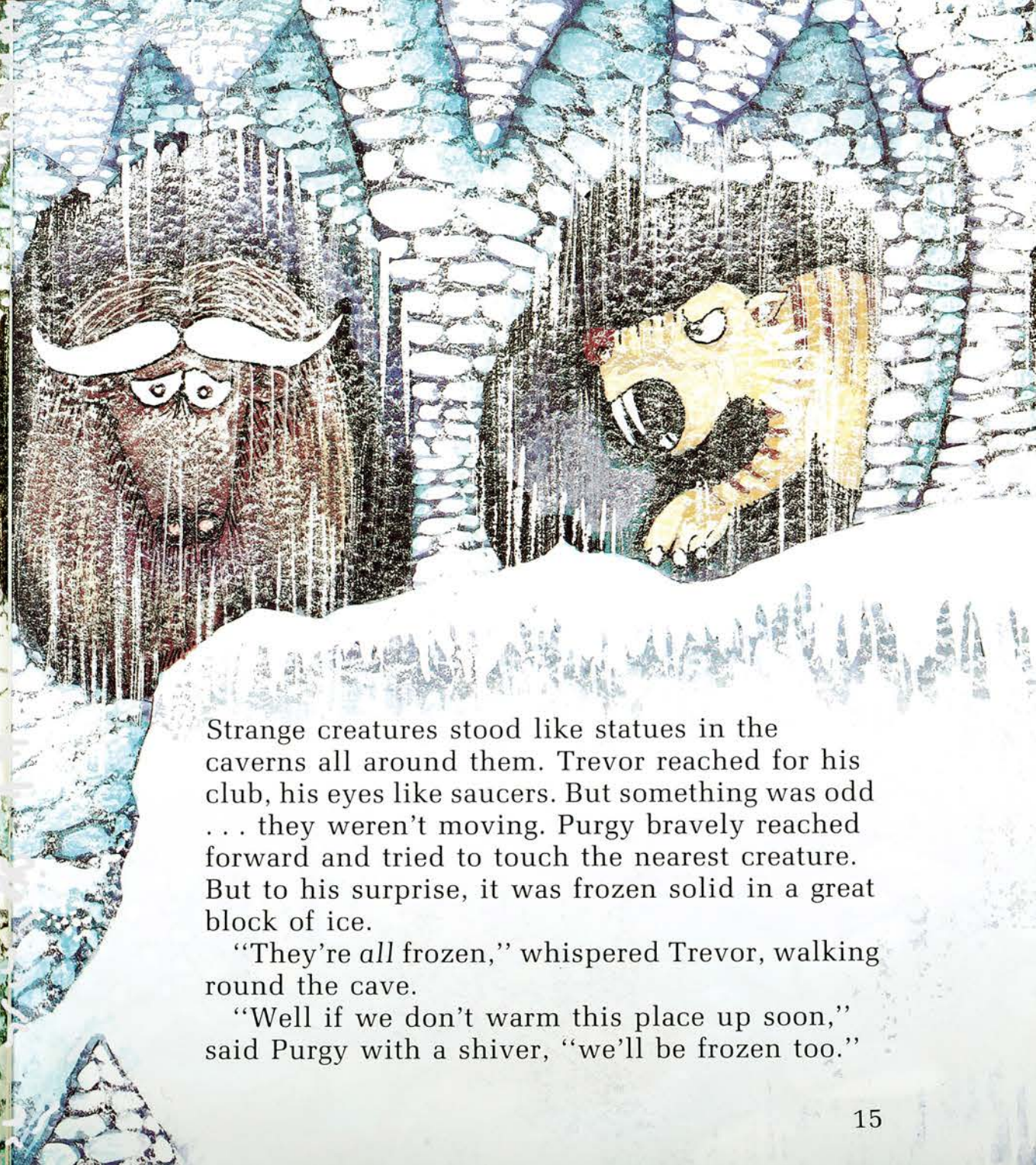
Purgy could see a mountain ahead and, as they climbed its steep slopes, they both noticed a cave on the ledge above them.

“At least we can get away from this cold feathery stuff,” grumbled Trevor, as he wiped snow off his nose. His beard was frozen stiff.

Trevor and Purgy squeezed past some icicles at the mouth of the cave and staggered inside, away from the blizzard. They flopped down exhausted on the floor of the cave.

Gradually, though, Purgy had a strange feeling that they were not alone.

“What’s that?” he whispered.



Strange creatures stood like statues in the caverns all around them. Trevor reached for his club, his eyes like saucers. But something was odd . . . they weren't moving. Purgy bravely reached forward and tried to touch the nearest creature. But to his surprise, it was frozen solid in a great block of ice.

“They’re *all* frozen,” whispered Trevor, walking round the cave.

“Well if we don’t warm this place up soon,” said Purgy with a shiver, “we’ll be frozen too.”



That night they built a huge fire with some old logs and dry twigs they found at the back of the cave. Trevor struck a spark with his flint-stones and they soon had the logs blazing. Purgy warmed his paws and started to cheer up a bit despite his empty tummy. But it was an eerie feeling having those animals in the ice looking on.

It didn't take long for the fire to heat the cave, and Trevor and Purgy settled down to sleep. Neither of them heard the drip, drip, drip of melting ice . . .



Purgy woke up in a pool of cold water. The fire was out and he could hear strange snuffles and sneezes in the gloomy cave. The ice was almost melted – and the creatures were waking up from their long sleep.

“Trevor! Trevor!” Purgy shook him awake just in time. The **sabre-toothed tiger** was almost out of its icy prison and looking around for its first breakfast in years.



Trevor and Purgy didn't wait around to see what it would be. They dashed out of the cave as the **tiger** shook itself free and bounded after them with a mighty roar.



Trevor and Purgy fled down the mountain as the **tiger** sprang from the cave. It landed just behind them and swiped at Trevor with its long claws, barely missing his foot.

“Look out!” yelled Trevor as he tripped over Purgy. The two of them fell headlong over a ledge and rolled down the mountain in the snow, arms and legs waving in all directions. The further they tumbled the more snow they gathered, till they were stuck in the centre of a huge snowball.

The **tiger** watched in disbelief as the snowball bounced off down the hill, spinning faster and faster until . . .

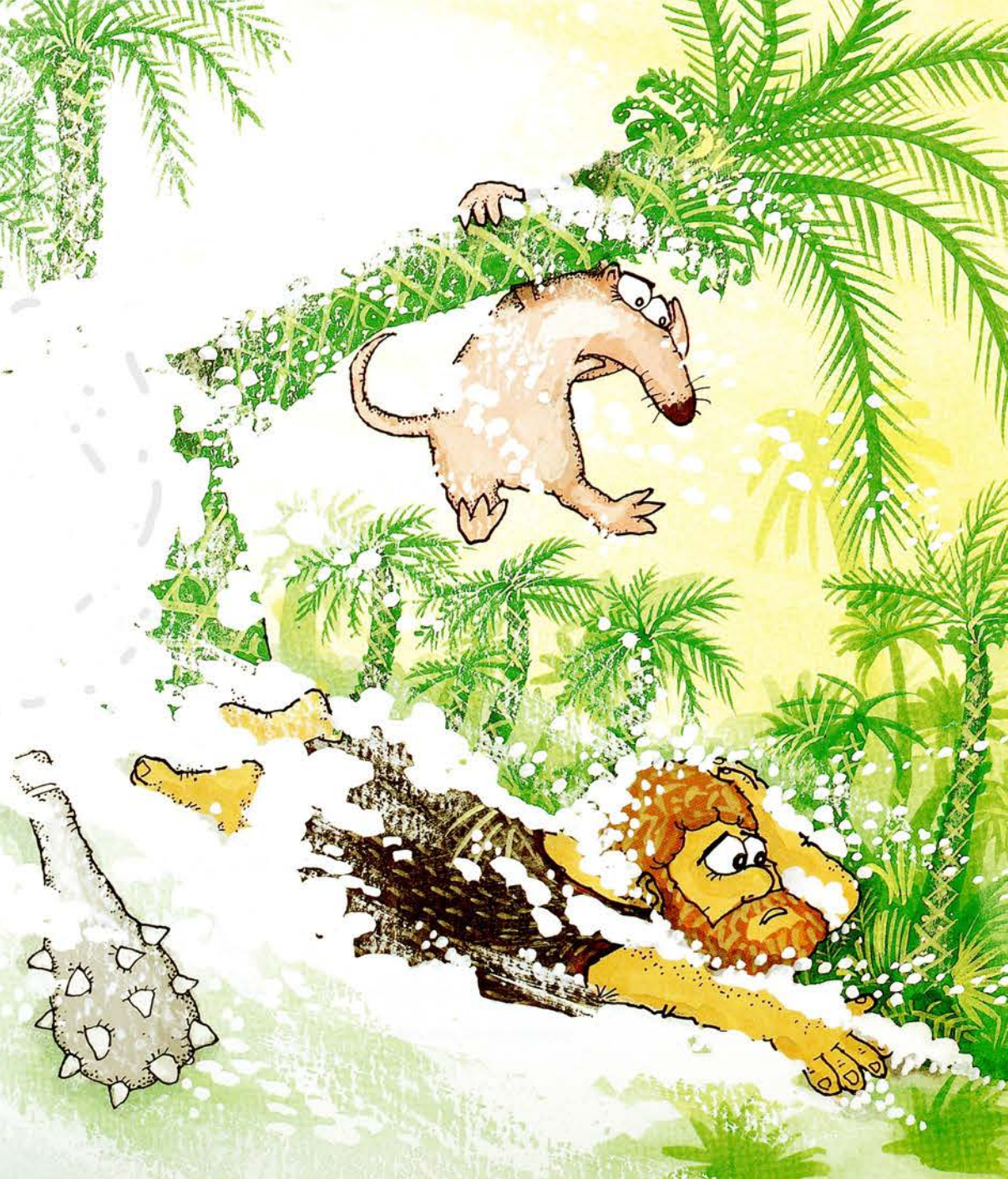


SMMMMASH! The giant snowball crashed into a tree-fern and Trevor shot forward into some grass. Purgy clung to the broken fern. The world still seemed to be spinning much too fast.

“Ooooh, I feel giddy,” said Purgy clutching his head. But apart from a few bumps and bruises they were both safe and sound. The ice cave and its strange creatures were far behind them.

Trevor got shakily to his feet, and leant on his club.

“Come on Purgy,” he said with a grin. “Holidays at home with the dinosaurs and the other reptiles may not be much fun, but they’re a lot safer!”





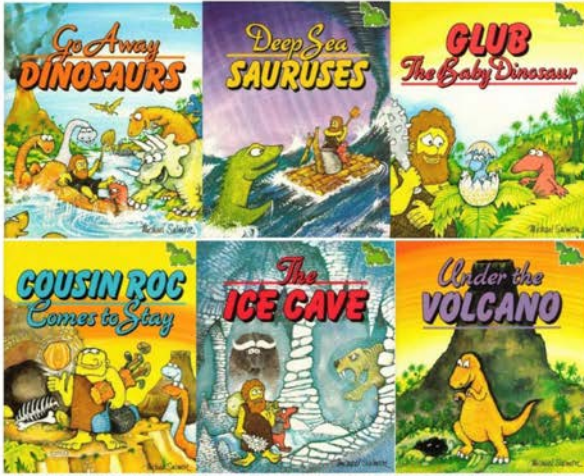
Pronunciation guide

<i>Coelodonta</i>	see-loh-DON-tah
<i>Corythosaurus</i>	ko-rith-oh-SAWR-us
<i>Edaphosaurus</i>	ee-daf-oh-SAWR-us
<i>Megaloceros</i>	meg-al-OSS-er-us
<i>Plateosaurus</i>	plat-ee-oh-SAWR-us
<i>Polacanthus</i>	poll-ah-CAN-thus

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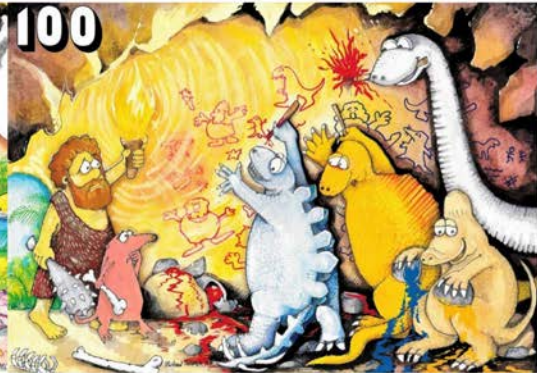
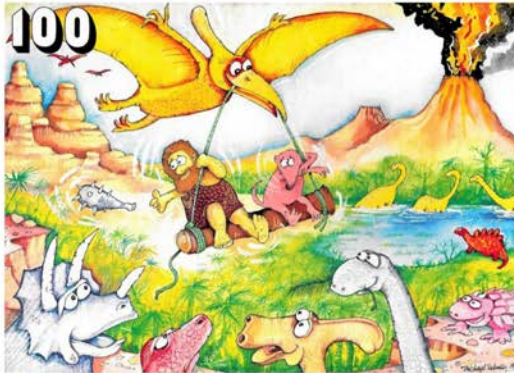
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The adventures of Trevor the Caveman and his pet, prehistoric, rat, Purgy

