

First printing: March 2007

Copyright © 2007 by Master Books. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations in articles and reviews. For information write:
Master Books, Inc., P.O. Box 726, Green Forest, AR 72638.

ISBN-13: 978-0-89051-508-2

ISBN-10: 0-89051-508-5

Library of Congress Catalog Number: 2006937548

Cover Design: Bryan Miller
Interior Design and Layout: Bryan Miller

Printed in China.

For information regarding author interviews,
please contact the publicity department at (870) 438-5288.

Please visit our website for other great titles:

www.masterbooks.net

Dedications:

We dedicate this book to our grandchildren:

Jeremiah, Jacob, Elena, Madison, Hailey, Tia, and Launna.



A Division of New Leaf Publishing Group

Table of Contents

PART I

Preface	4
Chapter 1 – From Caves to Huts	6
Cave Life	7
The Mystery of the Disappearing Mammals	8
The Abandoned Caves	8
Chapter 2 – The Great Escape	10
Bare Survival in Northern Siberia	10
Leave or Die	11
Sledding to Lake Baikal	13
Thin Ice	14
Chapter 3 – The Rescue of the Siberian Tribe	16
The Rescue	17
New Friends	18
The Wild Pig Hunt	20
Chapter 4 – Siberia – Once a Land of Plenty	22
Early Siberian Wanderings	23
The Great Flood and the Tower of Rebellion	27
Metal Tools	29
Chapter 5 – On the Edge of Survival	30
Siberia – A Death Trap	30
Woolly Mammoths Trapped on the New Siberian Islands	32
The Land of the Rising Sun	32
Woolly Mammoth Buried in Blowing Dust	33
The Westward Journey	35
Chapter 6 – A New Life for the Siberian Tribe	38
The Long Journey Has Ended	38
The Tribes Work Together	38
The Siberian People Accept the Creator God	40

PART II

Chapter 7 – The End of the Great Ice Age	42
The Ice Age — Still a Major Mystery of Science	42
Telltale Signs of Past Ice Sheets	43
The Genesis Flood Caused the Ice Age	44
Leaving the Caves	44
The Changing Climate of Siberia	46
Dust Storms While Ice Sheets Melt	48
Flood Legends	49
Chapter 8 – Life and Death of the Woolly Mammoth	50
The Elephant Kind	50
Woolly Mammoths Spread into Siberia Early in the Ice Age	51
Mammoth Bone Huts and Figurines	53

Part I Chapter One



From Caves to Huts

Jabeth, Eric's father, was barely in the lead.

"I won, this time," Jabeth gasped. "It won't be long before you can run faster than me."

Twelve-year-old Eric laughed and said, "That was fun!" Steadying their breath, they looked down the steep trail they had just run up. Nearby, streams hurried nimbly down from the mountain into the river that ran through their valley. Far below them lay their little village. It was early in the summer, so the river was still high. Light rays from the setting sun streamed down through the clouds. The sky was slowly filling with soft shades of rose and orange. A feeling of contentment and joy spread over Eric and Jabeth. Eric knew this was his father's favorite place to go when he needed to be alone. He sensed that his father had invited him here for a special reason.

Jabeth was the leader of the tribe, so he came here often when he had important decisions to make. It was here that he liked to remember the stories his grandfather told him as they sat around the cave fire talking late into the night. The stories reminded him of how the Lord had blessed and guided His people. Lately, he had been thinking about

how his father Lathan taught him about life and had prepared him for leadership.

Lathan had moved the tribe into the valley ten summers ago. Not many years later Lathan went the way of his ancestors.

Thinking of his father, Jabeth recalled his first woolly mammoth hunt. He remembered the pride he felt when Lathan had chosen his plan for the hunt.

The hunters used a wall of fire to drive the woolly mammoths over a cliff. Jabeth thought wistfully, Lathan was a good and wise father and leader. Jabeth was hoping he would do as well.

Jabeth knew it was time to start training Eric to become the next leader of their clan. He had been watching his son to see if he had the gift of leadership. He noticed that Eric was protective of the younger children. The older children listened to him.

Eric already considered others before he made his decisions. Jabeth decided he would no longer come to his special spot alone.

Excitement shivered through Eric as he sensed the reason for Jabeth's invitation.

CAVE LIFE

“Eric, I have been waiting to see if you have the qualities necessary for leadership. I have been pleased with what I have seen. Now that you are twelve years old, it is time to begin your training.” Jabeth thought the best way to begin was to teach him how decisions were made. “You must never forget a leader is always accountable to the Creator God and responsible for his tribe’s well being. Let me give you an example by telling you how we decided to leave the caves beyond the hills. The caves protected the tribe from bears, saber-toothed tigers, hyenas, and other wild animals. But the caves were cold and damp. My father and grandfather kept the fire at the entrance burning every night. This frightened away the fierce animals that were searching for food and shelter. Sometimes warring tribes traveled through. The caves protected us as we fought to keep our homes and food. But, as our family grew, the caves became too small. It was harder and harder to find enough food for everyone. We needed to find a place that had plenty of game, water, and rich land.

“While we were living in the caves, the weather changed. The winters became colder and lasted longer. The weather changes were so gradual that no one seemed to notice them at first. But, I remember one very cold winter day long ago; the older men were sitting around the fire. They were talking about the time when they were children. They remembered cool summers and mild winters. Back then, the snow was soft and deep and lasted until the early summer. After the snow disappeared, it rained heavily for months. Now winter snow is light and summers are dry.

“Back then, the great wall of ice retreated about thirty feet each summer. The thaw caused the rivers and streams to overflow. Once in a while a dust storm would blow through our area, but soon they came more and more often. Each time they came they were stronger. We would hide in our caves until the storm ended. Gath, Zorak, and some of the others liked to keep busy. So they painted the cave walls or carved on woolly mammoth tusks.”

THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING MAMMALS

Eric and Jabeth suddenly heard a branch crack nearby. Eric reached for his spear and scanned the undergrowth. Eric whispered to his dad, "Maybe it is a woolly mammoth." He then disappeared into the undergrowth and crept quietly to where he had heard the noise. Then, a beautiful elk raised its head and looked at Eric. The elk carried huge antlers that had at least six points.

There were many deer and elk in the valley, but they were hard to hunt because they moved quickly once they were startled. Often hunters would wait for them early in the morning near the streams or high in the mountains. If the men were downwind from them and very quiet, sometimes they were able to get close enough to throw a spear. Eric knew he had to aim well because he wouldn't get a second chance. He slowly raised his arm and let the spear fly. But just as he threw, the animal moved and the

spear dropped to the ground. The stately elk trotted away before Eric could throw again.

Disappointed, he walked back to his father. Jabeth was seated on a boulder, wearing a broad grin. "Did you get your woolly mammoth?"

Eric protested, "If that was a woolly mammoth, I would have killed it."

Jabeth laughed and said, "It would have taken ten grown men and twenty spears just to slow it down. There are better ways to kill a mammoth. We used to run them off cliffs, or if there was a bog nearby, we would drive them into the mud."

Eric remembered, "Didn't you say that Ungar of the Beetle-Brow tribe told us that the woolly mammoths and the other large mammals are disappearing?"

"Yes," answered Jabeth. "Ungar noticed many of the large mammals were becoming scarce. It had been a long time since they had seen a saber-toothed tiger or a woolly rhino. He thought the animals might have starved to death or died in a dust storm."

"I heard him say he thought it was because the grassland was taken over by trees, so there was less for them to eat," said Eric.

"That is probably correct," Jabeth added. "The tigers were dangerous and the hippos mean, so it is safer now for everyone. I miss hunting the woolly mammoth because it could feed us for a moon or more. Now we have to hunt more often and eat smaller game."

Fact Box

- 1) The ice sheet was retreating rapidly northward during deglaciation.
- 2) More land became exposed every summer.
- 3) Deglaciation was windy, with frequent dust storms.
- 4) The large Ice Age animals commonly went extinct during deglaciation.
- 5) People rapidly moved out of caves at the end of the Ice Age.
- 6) Civilization with the building of homes and planting of crops spread rapidly during and after deglaciation.

Fact Box

THE ABANDONED CAVES

"What made everyone decide it was time to leave the caves?" Eric asked.

Jabeth still remembered the arguments surrounding the decision to leave the caves. "Do you remember what I told you about how we came into this valley?" Jabeth responded. "Your grandfather was convinced that it was best for everyone to find a new home. Gath and Zorak argued that the tribe must stay. They were afraid to leave the safety of the caves. They had lived there south of the ice wall ever since they were born.

"Lathan said we needed more room since the tribe had grown. Gath and Zorak argued that it would be hard to protect the tribe from warring tribes if

they left the safety of the caves. Your grandfather had given protection of the tribe much thought. He showed them a miniature rock and clay longhouse that he had designed. 'If we build this longhouse on a hill next to a river, the women and children can run to it when we are in danger. If we have a long mound near it, the men can hide in safety and fight if we have to. We would be as safe as we are in the caves if we build it right.' Lathan asserted.

"Then, it was my turn to speak," Jabeth related. "The tribe listened to my opinion, since some day I was to be their new leader. I remember saying: 'The ice wall melts back more each summer. Each year more land opens up. First grass covers the area up to the ice. And then within a few years trees and bushes fill in where the ice was. The land in front of the ice wall is well watered and filled with game. If we move, we will still be close enough to the caves to run into them if we are in danger.'

"I was right, every year the ice continued to melt back, but one year it uncovered a large lake instead of land. The tribe named it Lake Baltica. That year, Lathan made his decision to move from the caves. He had been praying about it since they first discussed the need. Father sent several men to scout for a new home. Everyone prayed that God would lead them to a safe place where we could settle. I learned how important it is to ask God for wisdom before every important decision and to carefully weigh what is best for the tribe.

"My cousin, Baylock, found a broad valley that was protected from the winds and full of deer, elk, wild pigs, and many small animals. It was only two days away, toward the North Star. As far as they could tell, no one else lived there. The valley had a small river running through it and was surrounded by hills. We left the caves one moon later. We journeyed toward the North Star and found the valley to be just as Baylock had said. We chose a site close to the river and built our stone longhouse on the hill for tribal gatherings and protection. Then, each family built their own hut.

"The valley has given us a safe and peaceful home so far, except for when Nabor's band of thieves visit the valley." From their perch they could see smoke curling up from the fire pit near the door of the longhouse. That morning the hunters had killed a red deer. It was roasting on a spit over the fire. Another hunting party had killed some birds and a wild pig. There was to be a celebration tonight thanking the Creator for the successful hunt.

From where Eric sat he could see his younger brother, Ishka, in his little garden. The tribe remembered the story of how Noah's family planted a vineyard after they left the ark and tried to grow their favorite wild grains and legumes. In the fertile valley floor they grew lentils and grain. After they had settled in the valley, Gath had traded for seeds with a tribe from another valley upriver. Even with the produce, the tribe still gathered berries, nuts, and roots in the fall. Often they would cast their nets for fish. They gathered enough food to dry and store for the next winter. Usually, the hunters found only small game, but the tribe always seemed to have enough food. They never forgot to thank God for the many gifts that He gave them.



Chapter Two



The Great Escape

BARE SURVIVAL IN NORTHERN SIBERIA

Icy winds had been blowing steadily for several moons. It seemed the relentless wind stopped only long enough to catch its breath before it began again. The sound reminded Tungus of wolves howling. It set a person's nerves on edge. His small, lonely village huddled close to the vast expanse of ice that was once Lake Arctica in northern Siberia. Their yurts dotted the landscape, looking a lot like mole heaps. Smoke from their hearths was quickly blown away by the harsh wind. Inside, Tungus' family wrapped their furs tighter around them.

Recently, the winds had grown stronger, and whipped up dirt from the plains and dropped it against their homes, rocks, and trees, and sometimes

even buried an animal. As carefully as Tungus and his family tried to keep their home tight, dust filtered in between the furs that lined their hut. The family's reindeer were kept inside a rock shed so they could breathe more easily. They were as restless as Tungus and his family.

While they waited for the winds to stop, they entertained each other, telling stories and playing games. Tungus' father, Yakut, told of when the coastland was filled with wildflowers and grass and about the animals Tungus' grandfather Zuda hunted. At that time there were many mammoth herds, and the bogs had not yet formed. But, when Yakut was a boy, one winter the ground froze so deeply that during the summer only the topsoil melted. Gullies filled up with melt-water. The topsoil and water made a thick sticky mud that did not drain because of the frozen soil beneath. Grass grew around the bogs, luring unsuspecting animals into them. The hunters were very clever and

used the bogs to their advantage. They waited for the summer bogs to develop in the lowlands and used them to trap woolly mammoths. Later around the campfire, it was great fun watching father as he acted out the hunt. His face glowed with the memory. Then Yakut's face changed as he told him that the woolly mammoths were disappearing. Tungus had noticed them decrease in his short lifetime of 12 years. The cold didn't seem to bother the mammoths too much, but when the snow was deep, it was hard for them to find enough water and grass. This year they saw many die and become covered with blowing dust.

The winters were so cold, windy, and long that Tungus' family had been talking about moving in the direction away from the North Star. There they would find more grass for their animals and better hunting. Most of the other tribes had already moved away. They followed the horses and bison as they traveled away from the North Star up the Lena River. Far south there was a giant long lake they

called Lake Baikal. Late that night, while they were sleeping, the winds finally stopped and a penetrating cold settled around the village.

Shivering, Tungus gazed over the vast landscape. The soft light of the midday sun gave the mighty Lena River a silvery hue. The late winter ice still covered the Lena River and Lake Arctica. A thick layer of dirty snow blanketed the land for as far as he could see. Tungus had never seen so much wind and blowing dirt before. The weather was so bad that even the hunters did not dare to go outside. Food supplies were getting low.

LEAVE OR DIE

Tungus felt a shiver of excitement in the air. He remembered that tonight all of the men from the village were going to have a meeting. The meetings usually meant fun and games, but not tonight. He had heard whispers that maybe something big would be decided. The

women were muttering among themselves that the men had to do something soon. The dried meat was dwindling, and no one had spotted a woolly mammoth for some time. The fishermen found it difficult to ice fish in the short time between dust storms. The sun was becoming higher in the direction away from the North Star but it would be several moons before new grass would grow and the ice broke on the Lena River. The tribe feared the food would not last until then.



Men representing the rest of the families in their little village began filling Tungus' yurt. Yakut was a strong man, well-known for his honesty and wisdom. The family depended on him for so much, yet even he looked worried. Uncle Barash sat in the corner without his usual smile. Tungus' older brother, Kolyma, and grandfather Zuda quietly took their places with the others around the fire. Ama, Tungus' mother, wordlessly served koumiss, fermented reindeer milk. Since there was so little room in the yurt, the other women stayed home with the children.

Many nights before, the men had talked late into the night trying to decide whether to move or whether to wait for summer. The situation was getting desperate. As the meeting proceeded, Yakut was the first to speak: "Long ago our ancestors traveled to this place. There was good hunting and plenty of food for all of us to eat. Since then winters have become colder and longer. The mists no longer rise from Lake Arctica. The ice gods have covered the great waters. The sun god hides his face from us. We no longer feel warm breezes on our faces. Few of the horses, bison, woolly rhinoceroses, and other animals remain. Most of the woolly mammoths have died because there is not enough grass for them to eat in the winter. Some have drowned in the great floods that flowed down from the melting mountain ice caps. Last summer nomads said that if we follow the Lena River away from the

North Star, we would come close to a huge, long lake. There the summers are longer and the winters less cold. It is time we follow the way of the animals until we find a new home."

Grandfather Zuda agreed and said, "Some in our tribe are too old to travel such a distance. If only one or two families stay, there may be enough food to last until it warms up, but there are too many of us for all stay."

"It is either move or starve!" Kolyma blurted out what they all knew. They talked late into the night, worried about the dangers of the journey.

Finally Barash took his turn to speak, saying, "The ice in the river is still thick. It will be melting in several moons. We can take our sledges on the ice of the river and travel fast. We must leave between dust storms. We can reach the great forest where the dust does not blow as much."

Yakut said, "But, if we wait too long, it will become too dangerous to travel on the ice. The ice will break and crush our sleds, or we will fall into the water and drown. We must go when the wind slows, and the ice is still strong." Everybody nodded in agreement.

In the days that followed, the winds seemed angry and blew even harder, but while it raged the families were very busy preparing for their long journey. They had to travel light. The reindeer, dogs, and men had to pull the sleds. They could only pack their most needed possessions.



Yakut made a sled using larch wood he had collected the previous summer from the mountains. He cut strips of leather for securing their belongings. He hoped that by leaning several sleds against each other and covering them with hides, they could be used as shelters. They had to wear all of their clothes to further lighten the sleds. The men had to walk most of the way. They gathered their hunting javelins, scrapers, knives, needles, ropes made of hides, and nets for fishing. They packed only enough dried fish and meat to help them when they were unable to kill animals or catch fish along the way. They packed berries, roots, and most important of all, the sacred fire holder. They carefully packed woolly mammoth tusks for trading.

SLEDDING TO LAKE BAIKAL

Tungus was impatient to start this new adventure. Day after day passed and the winds kept blowing. The sun rose higher and higher in the sky, away from the North Star. They would have to leave soon or it would be too dangerous.

Finally, one morning Tungus woke up to a strange silence. At first he didn't understand why it was so quiet. Then he noticed that the sides of his yurt were not shaking. The winds must have stopped in the middle of the night. Tungus saw his father and grandfather sitting by the fire.

Grandfather said gravely, "It is time. You must go this morning; we don't know how long we have before the next storm." Tungus knew to not interrupt so he listened intently. "Lamut and his family offered to stay with us. His broken leg has not healed enough for the journey, but soon he can hunt and care for us," said Grandfather. "His sons will be able to hunt with him." Two other families also decided to stay. Tungus was sad. He didn't know that Grandfather Zuda would not be traveling with them.

Everyone helped Tungus, Yakut, and the rest of the families take down their yurts and pack. They gave many gifts to each other and many words of advice. Grandfather handed Tungus his bear claw amulet. "I want you to keep the amulet. The bear god will help you become a mighty hunter."

Tungus struggled to keep his emotions from overflowing. "I am sorry you cannot come with us.

I hope that some day we can come back for you. I will never forget you."

The clan let them take some tamed reindeer to use for milk and as pack animals. Many dogs were selected to pull the sledges. Wolf, Tungus' dog, was useful as a watchdog and could help with the sledges, so he was allowed to go too.

After a few mishaps, the loads on the sledges were adjusted. The dogs' excitement and the people's loud good-byes were deafening. Many tears were shed that day because most knew they would never see each other again. They moved forward to the edge of the river with Yakut taking the lead. Flakes of ice filled the air and sparkled in the morning sun. The frozen river lay before them like a white ribbon as far as Tungus could see. It looked so peaceful. Last summer the river was a muddy, raging torrent as melting glaciers in the mountains rushed their load of water and dirt into Lake Arctica. Tungus had watched it from the safety of a hill as the

Fact Box

- 1) Thick wind blown silt, called loess, covers large areas of northern Siberia.
- 2) Snow and ice built up in the mountains only, the lowlands were unglaciated.
- 3) As the Ice Age progressed, winters became colder and summers warmer.
- 4) The Arctic Ocean was unfrozen until the end of the Ice Age.
- 5) There was little permafrost in Siberia at the beginning of the Ice Age.
- 6) Permafrost increased during the middle and end of the Ice Age.

Fact Box

discolored water fanned out over the top of Lake Arctica. Now he was trudging up the frozen river to a land known only by the tales others told.

The first day went by without any major mishaps. The winds remained light, the ice held, and the sledges swooshed forward at a fast clip, pulled by the reindeer and dogs and guided by the men. Tungus' little brother, Zuda, named after his grandfather, and his mother, Ama, rode a reindeer. Zuda was so closely wrapped to his mother that he could hardly be seen. A leather butter churn bounced alongside of them. By the time they stopped, a small round ball of butter would fill the bottom of the churn. Tungus trotted alongside the sleds until he was too tired. Then he was allowed to ride. It was so cold that he preferred walking. By dinner the first evening everyone was very tired and hungry.

Marak and some other men went out to hunt horses. They had seen the horses before stopping to camp. The men set up the shelters as the women prepared the fire for cooking. The fishermen chopped a hole in the ice and hooked enough fish for dinner. Tungus and his friends staked the reindeer near the temporary yurts and milked them. After the fishermen had eaten, they caught more fish so the dogs could eat. The dogs needed to be strong; they had so far to travel. Each person had a job to do. Everyone's work was appreciated and needed to keep everybody alive and healthy. Marak and the men came back late from their hunt. They were unable to find the horses.

THIN ICE

Each day brought new wonders and new dangers for Tungus and his tribe. The mountains and hills that lined the river were dotted with scrub larch. Bison hid in their canyons and big-horned sheep were spotted high on the cliffs. Hunting was difficult since there were so few trees; it was hard to sneak up on the animals. They often relied on the fish they caught.

Tungus and his family had been traveling for several days. It was three days before a dust storm engulfed the travelers. They hid in their hastily set up yurts until the storm finally ended.

Traveling on the river assured they would not become lost when they did travel during a dust storm. One day seemed to run into another. Temperatures gradually warmed as they entered the great forest. They continued away from the North Star for many days through the great forest. Then one clear day, Tungus noticed along the banks of the river colorful butterflies and flies swirling around puddles of melting snow. During the night, they heard the Lena River groan as ice chunks cracked and rubbed against each other.

The last day on the river was a day etched of their memories. Yakut, Tungus, and the rest of the families broke camp. Yakut learned that ahead the river ran through a narrow canyon. Yakut, Baras and Marak decided to risk one more day on the ice. If they were careful, the ice would hold long enough for them to make it through the narrows. The ice up ahead was shaded by the mountains. It appeared to be firm enough to support them. They carefully packed their sleds tightly wrapping their belongings. The dogs yelped with excitement, anticipating the adventure ahead of them. Yakut ordered each sled be separated by a large distance, in case one broke through the ice. Yakut led, taking Tungus and Marak with him.

The dogs leapt forward as Yakut ably steered them around small cracks in the ice. They swooshed up the river as fast as the dogs could run. By late afternoon they could see the end of the canyon. Suddenly a loud crack erupted beneath them and a long chunk of ice tilted downward as water gushed into the crack. The dogs pulled forward with all of their strength. Yakut shouted orders to the dogs. The sleds slipped toward the bubbling water in the middle of the river. Wolf was in the lead. Tungus and Yakut pushed with all of their strength to help the dogs up the wedge. The dogs scrambled and slipped. For a moment it looked as though all was lost, but Wolf pushed it to the top of the ice and dropped onto the sled, pulling the rest of the dogs along with him.

The rest of the sleds quickly headed toward shore. When the danger was over, Tungus' legs and arms felt like rubber. Everyone was congratulating him for saving them and the sled. His father said, "This day you have become a man. You were steady in the face of danger." He raised Tungus' arm and

cheered him. Tungus was very glad to have made his father proud.

For a half moon Tungus remembered walking alongside the river, struggling through tangled undergrowth and around deadfall in the great forest. Then, they left the river, heading away from the North Star. Finally, Lake Baikal glimmered

in the distance. The sun reflected brightly off the melting ice. When they stepped on the shore of the lake, Ama tasted the water and declared it good. The scouts had spotted many kinds of large and small animals. Everyone broke out in cheers. Their journey was over. This was the lake they were seeking.

