

## Chapter 1: Og Gets an Idea

Once upon a time there was a caveman named Og who had a Big Idea. It was *such* a Big Idea, in fact, that Og found it hard to sleep at night. Hard to sleep and hard to hunt and hard to do just about anything but think about his Big Idea. He thought, of course, about *telling* someone – his best friend, Ugh, perhaps, or Aargh, his devoted wife – but he just couldn't bring himself to do it, not quite sure they would actually *understand*.

Back then, when men were men and stones were stones, even the *idea* of an idea was hard to grasp. You see, for hundreds of years people had pretty much done the same thing day after day: Crouch around fires, club slow-moving animals, gorge themselves on bear meat. Most people back then didn't see the need to improve anything and those who did rarely "thought outside the cave" as Og was fond of saying.

But not Og. Og liked ideas. Og *loved* ideas.

He loved them more than anything else. More than hunting. More than bear meat. More than sitting around the fire on a cold winter night and chewing the fat. Because the way Og saw it, ideas – unlike the prey he chased day after day – *came to him*. And at the oddest of times. Just before sleep. Just upon waking. Even in his dreams. In fact, it was during these times – when he least expected it – that Og began to get the first clues about his *Big Idea* – faint clues, as if a friend, many miles away, was sending him smoke signals no one else could see.