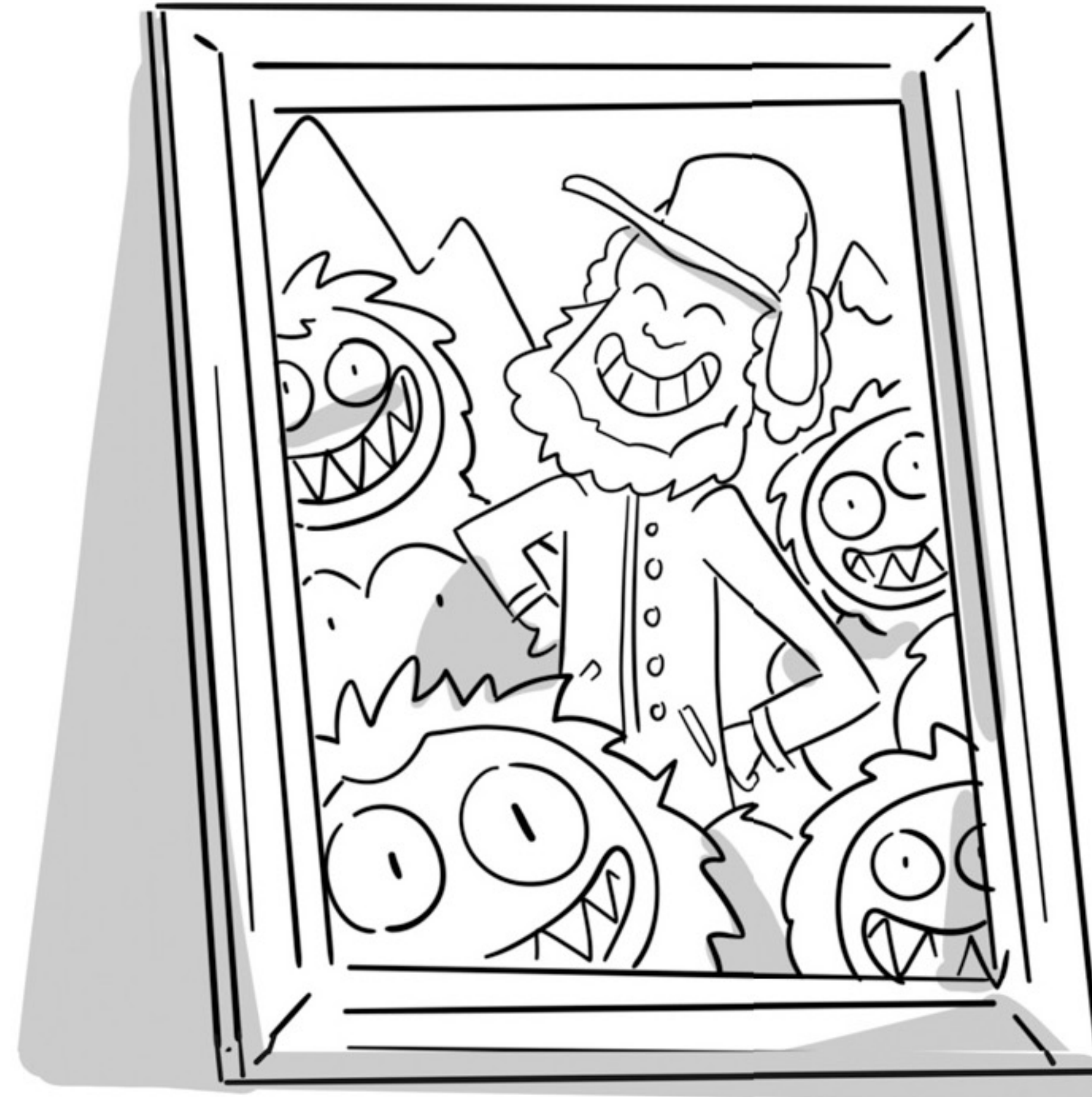
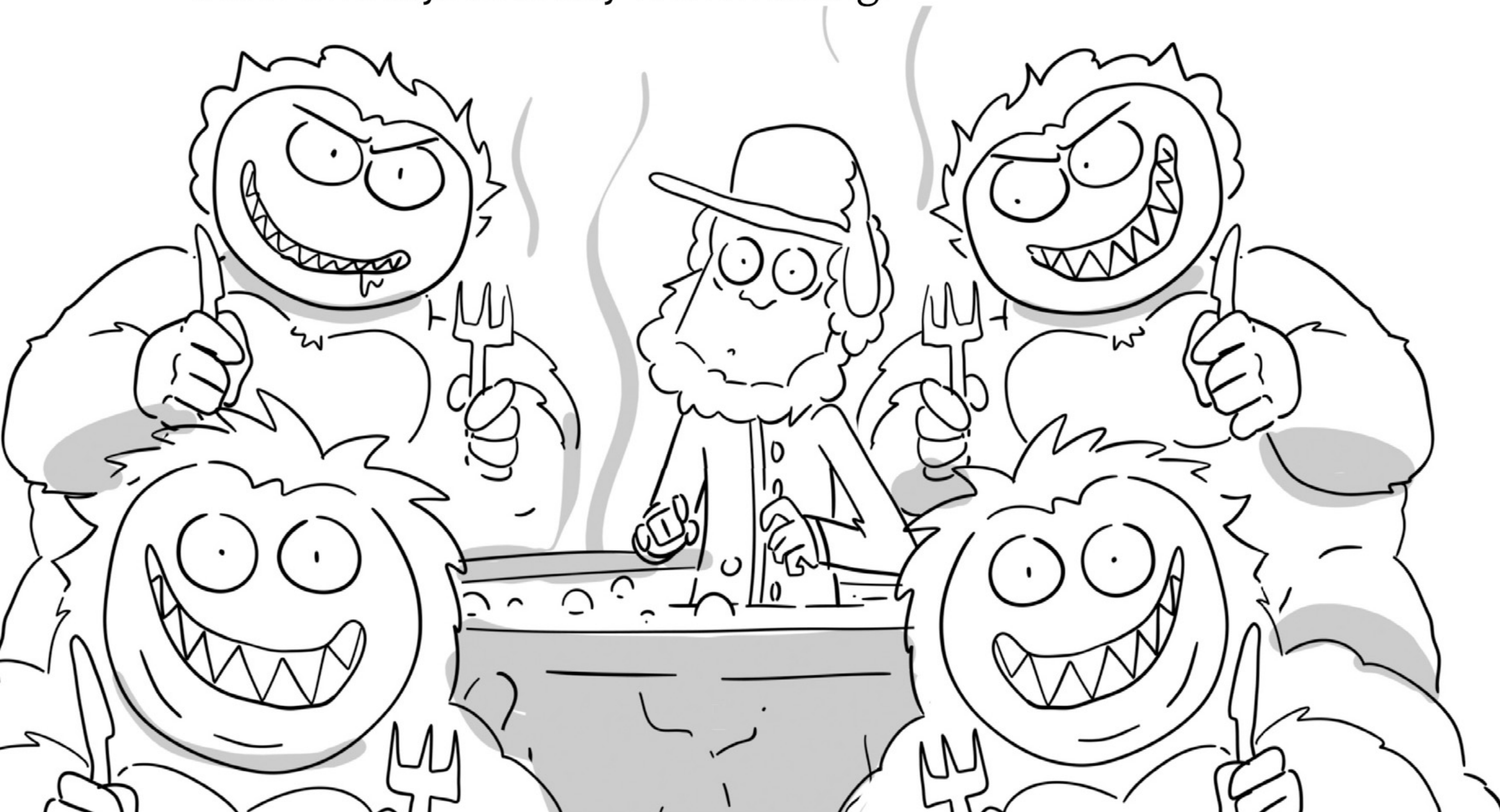


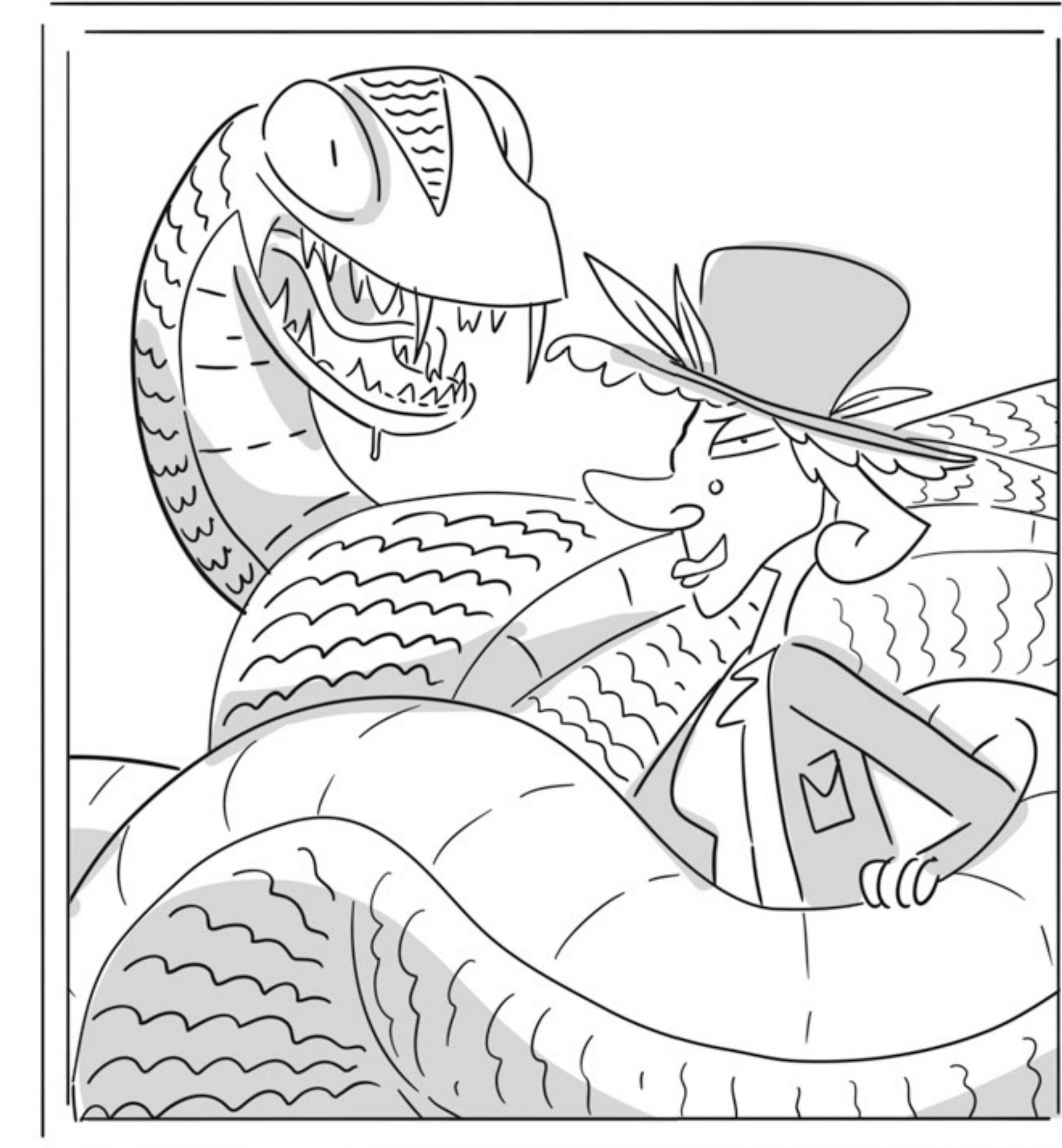
Like my great-grandfather **CORNELIUS CAVERN**, who discovered the lost Yetis of Mount Greyclaw ...



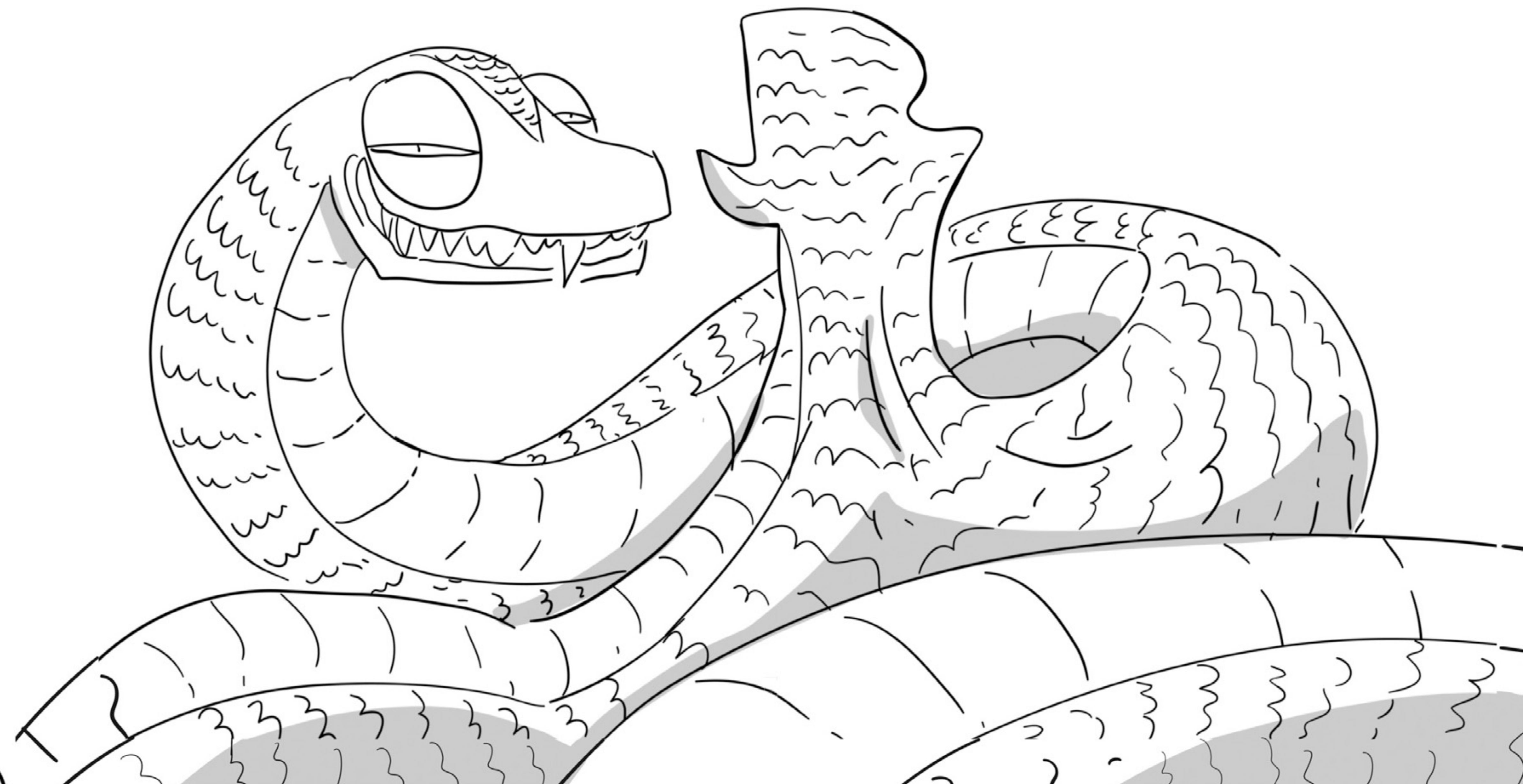
before he mysteriously went missing.



Or my great-aunt **CORA CAVERN**, who found the last surviving Giant Titanoboa snake ...



then also weirdly vanished without a trace.



But the greatest, bravest, most famous of all the Caverns is legendary archaeologist, **SIR CHARLES CAVERN**. My dad.

Brainy, charismatic and super brave, Dad is kind of a big deal. He's even made the cover of *Heroic Moustache Monthly* five times!

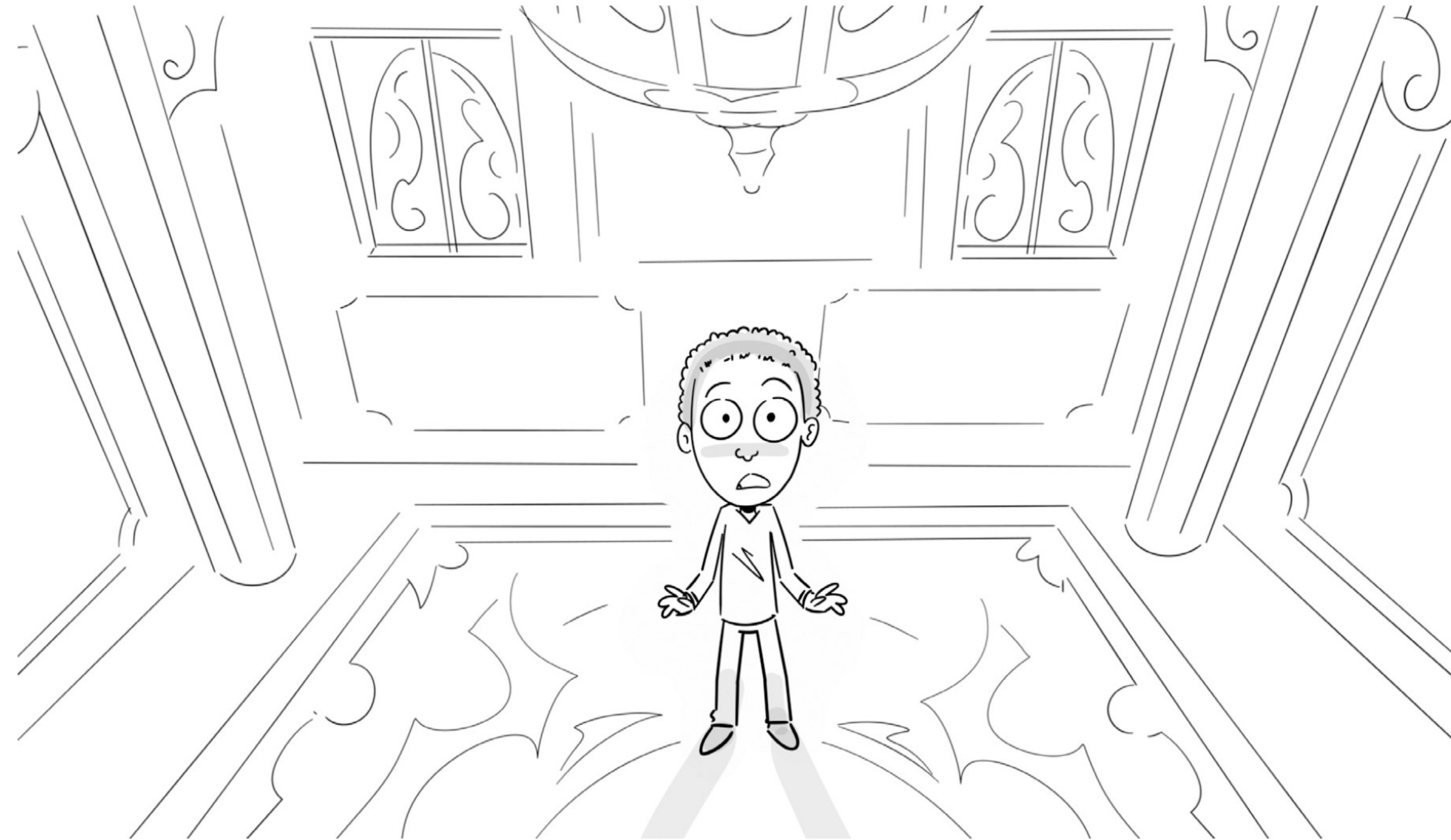


But fame and fortune never really mattered to Dad.

The only thing he really cared about was having a son or daughter so he could teach them everything he knew.

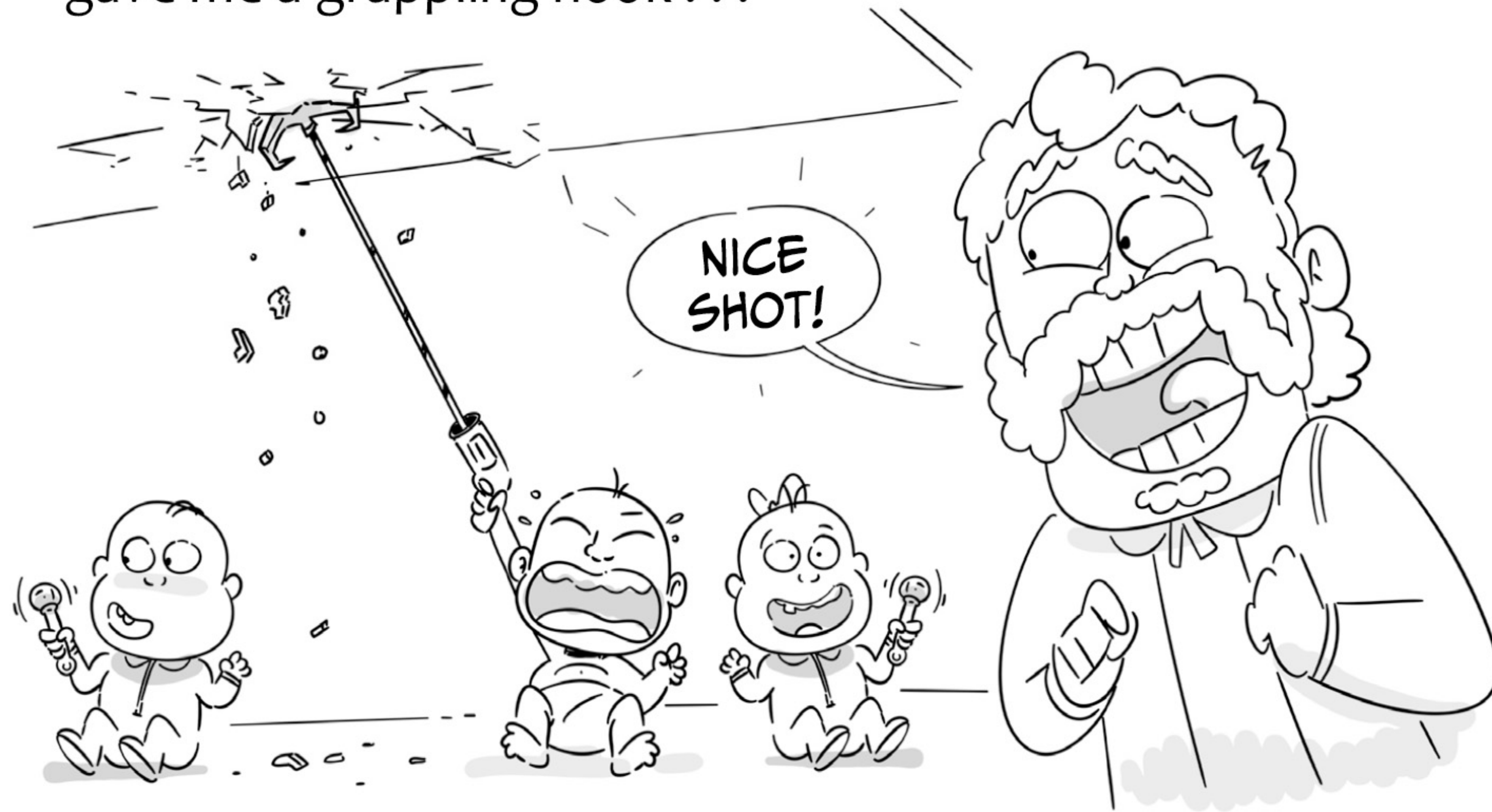
That's where I come in.

My name's Davern. **DAVERN CAVERN**.



And because I'm a Cavern, from the day I came home from hospital, my life was **NEVER** going to be normal.

Like on my first birthday, when instead of a rattle, Dad gave me a grappling hook . . .



Or on my eighth birthday, when instead of pushing me on a bike, Dad pushed me out of a plane . . .



Or on my tenth birthday, when instead of playing catch in the park, I played catch in an Egyptian tomb . . .



Still, no matter how little talent I had for exploring, Dad never gave up hope.

Even at home at Cavern Manor, Dad was always encouraging me to practise my exploring skills. From grappling-hook shooting . . .

