Lascaux Cave Paintings talks about a teenage boy in the 40s who stumbled upon a bunch of old cave paintings with his friends. The paintings were about 17 thousand years old. Some of the paintings were of hand stencils from the ancient people who drew them. He goes on to talk about how the cave has been closed and, though there are replica caves, it is a relic of the past that we cannot go back to. I think he wrote this chapter after seeing his son stencil his hand. He mentions that the hand stencils created a feeling of connection. It was a reminder that people have always been people. This contributes to a life of significance because it teaches an important lesson about the past. We can remember and pay tribute to the past as much as we want, but we cannot go back to the actual thing. Much like the real cave paintings, the past is something we can only observe replicas of. I liked this chapter the most out of the ones I have read. It has such an impact to me because of how he outlines the way that humans have always been humans and provides a good reflection on memory. I give this chapter five stars.