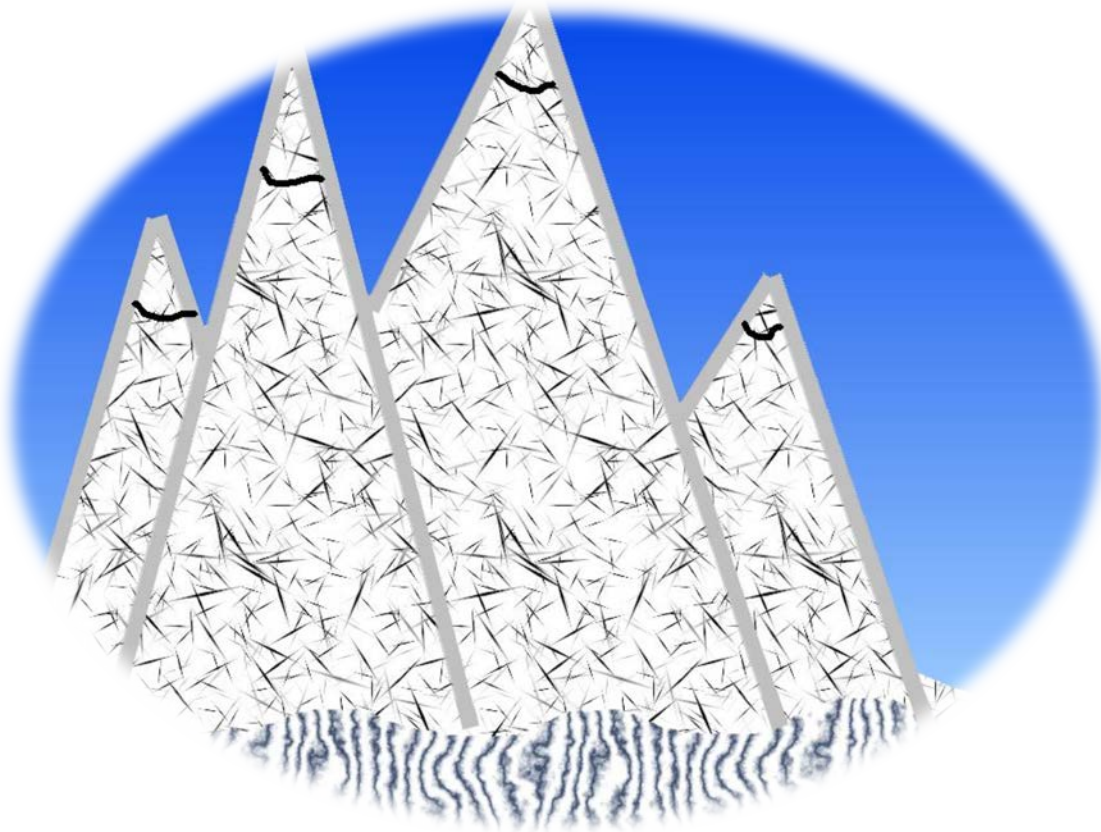


# Inuit

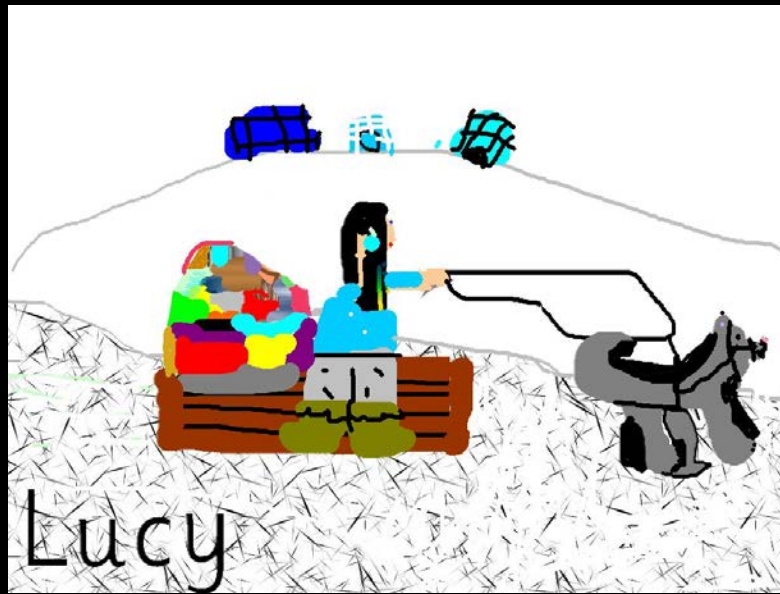
By Lucy, Justin, and Emme

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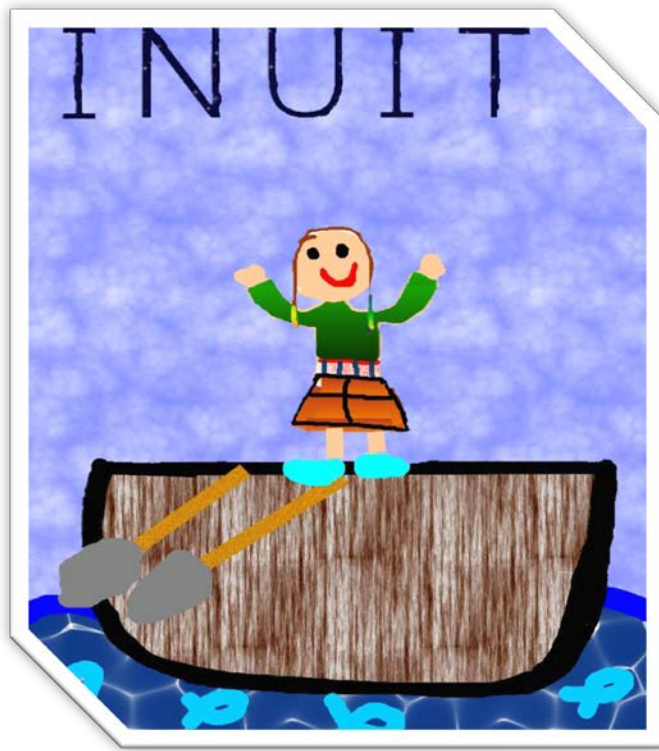
Long ago, there was the Inuit tribe in the icy, breezy Arctic. The land was like a life-size cotton ball. The land was icy cold and even in the Summer, there was snow. Living in the Inuit tribe was a boy named Igloo Elk. He lived happily in an igloo with his Mother and Father. He looked outside of the igloo and saw the snow pouring down. He took out wood and made a fire to start the day.



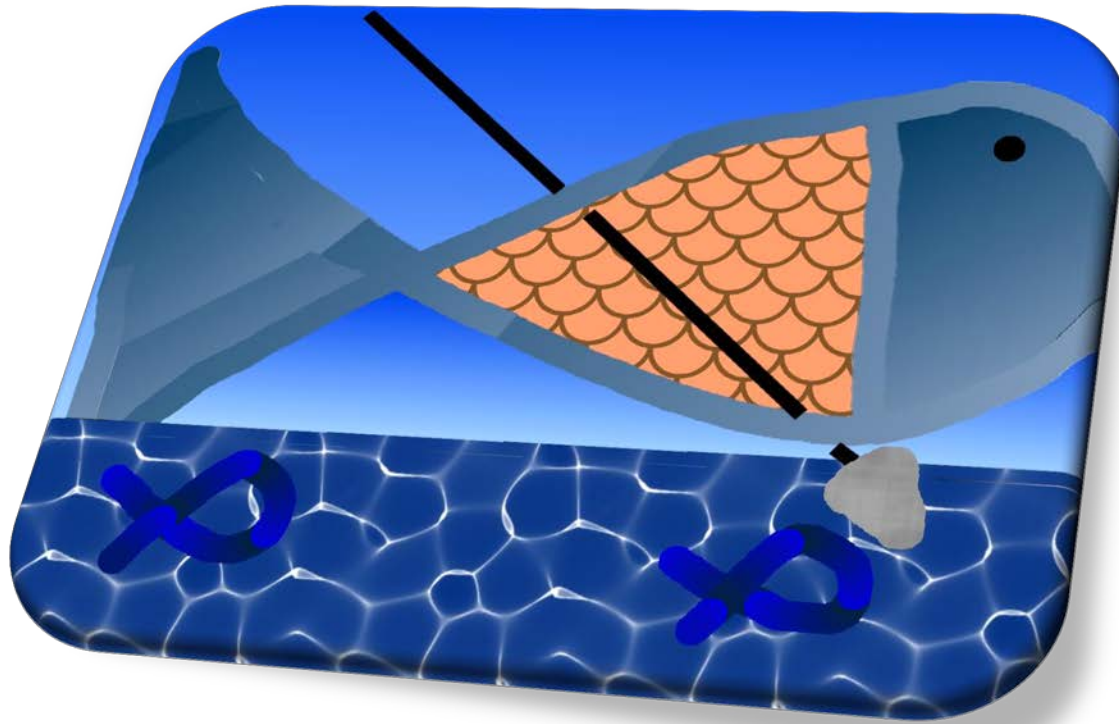
In the morning, Mother helped me get dressed. I put orange, red, yellow, and green beads in my hair and put it up. I wear a parka, which is a winter coat made out of wolf hides and wolf fur. I also have snow pants and three other layers of clothing on. I wear cozy, fluffy boots to keep my feet warm. This is because it is winter and very cold in the Arctic. I go outside to see who's around. There are A LOT of animals like fish, bunnies, moose, wolves, whales, foxes, seals, and polar bears that live here! There aren't as many around in the winter. This morning the only thing I see is an Arctic fox, so I head back inside.



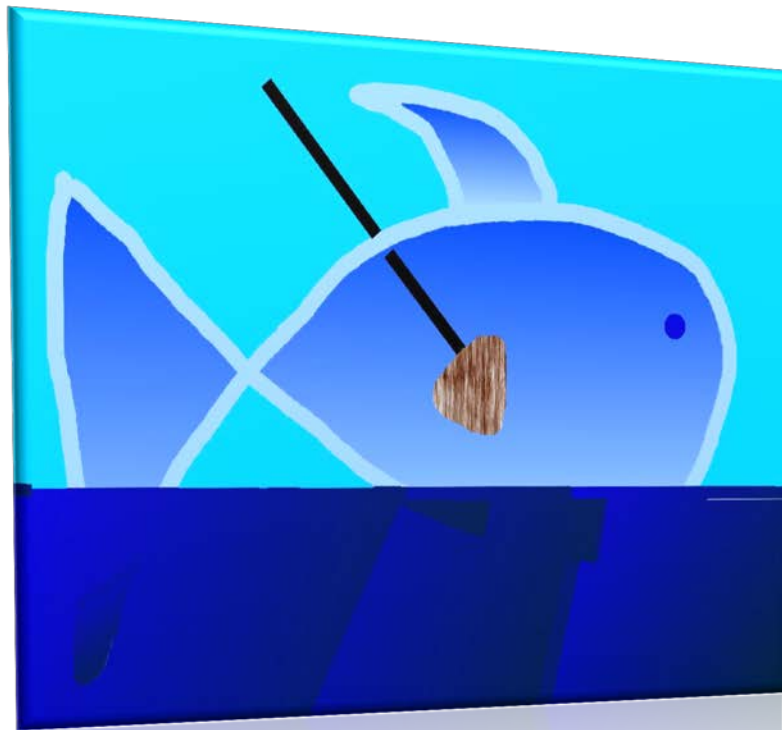
My Mother is making clothing and my Father is out hunting seals and fish. I can tell it is going to be a great day. I'm going to my friend Ice Bear's igloo to make bone carvings with him. Bone and ivory carvings are very special to the Inuits. "Do you have the tools?" I asked. "Yes!" We made the carvings look like deer in the mountains. Ice Bear's sister was making earrings, necklaces, and bracelets right next to us. She used beads, wood, and hides to make the accessories. The sister was wearing taller boots than ours and a polar bear coat with a big hood. I said goodbye to my friends and I went home.



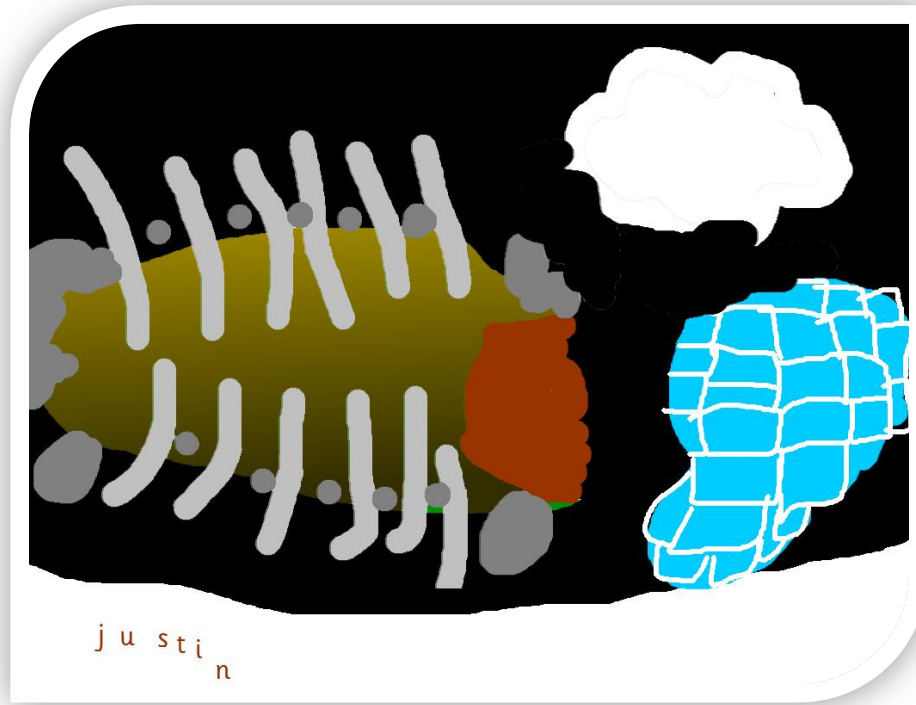
I see the snow coming down and icicles hanging off the doorway of the igloo. I know it's going to be a great day to go fishing. I get the boat and put it on the river, and ask Mother to get the snow off the boat. The boat is very large. I use it to go fishing. Mother sweeps the igloo wall. I am out fishing on the boat. I am waiting to harpoon something. A harpoon is a long stick made out of wood and it has a very sharp tip and the sharp tip sticks into the animal's body and kills the animal. I have been here twenty-five minutes without getting to harpoon anything so I decide to wait a little longer.



I was getting impatient and I was about to leave but right then I heard a small splash and turned around right away and saw a salmon fish. I harpooned it right in the heart. I felt bad but I knew Father would be proud, so I tried to get home as soon as possible. I get home and tell Father I am done harpooning. Father asks, “What did you harpoon?” I said, “Salmon.” He said, “That’s it?” I replied, “Yes.” Father asked, “No whale?” I could tell he was disappointed. We went to go dry some salmon and roasted some for now, too. We will save it for the feast tonight.

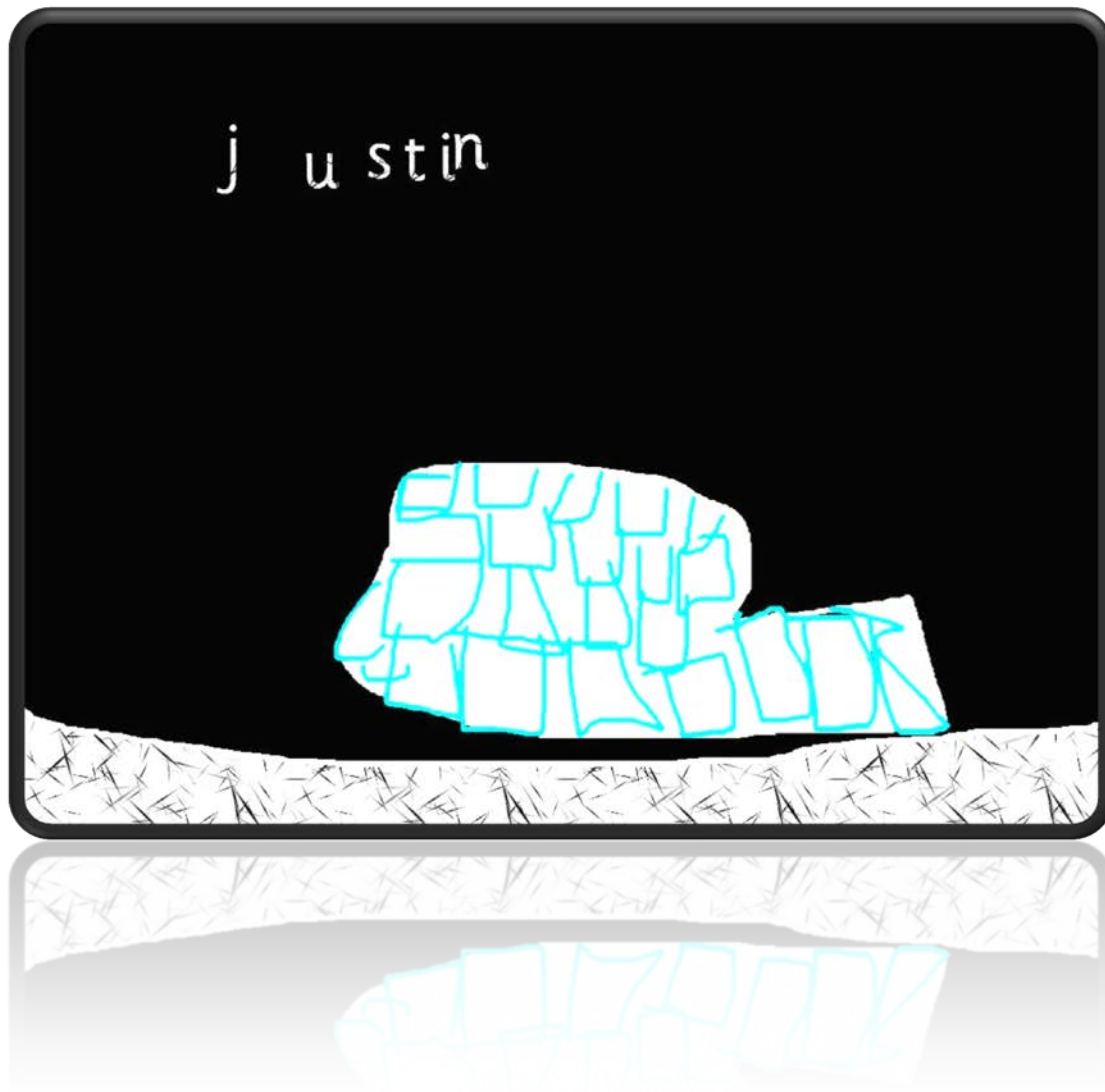


I overheard Mother and Father thinking about possibly having to move. I told them “NO!” Mother said, “Son, we don’t really have a choice.” I need a break to think so I go to the boat. I brushed the snow off the boat because I didn’t want Mother to catch me. I was on the lake sadly thinking about moving. Then right that second, I heard a very hard splash and turned around! Then I saw the biggest whale ever (literally). I harpooned it right in the heart. I knew Father would be super proud so I went home super fast. I was home and telling Father about how I got the huge whale. He was super proud so we were excited to have an even bigger feast.



The men in my tribe are building a special igloo for the feast tonight. We are going to sing and dance. First, we cut snow with our long bone knives into blocks and then make them slant inward. We make a dome shape and then make a tunnel so the hot air cannot get out. We use whale oil lamps to heat the inside of the igloo without it melting. Inside the igloo when it's done, we put out the moss mats and fish for the ceremony. Later that evening, I overhear my father talking to one of the men in our tribe. "Soon we will have to build our hide tents," said the man. "Is that true? Is summer in a couple of months? That means there may be soil so we can plant!" I whispered to myself. In summer, we can plant and it is easy for our tribe to survive. Just a little bit longer until summer.





After the ceremony we went back to our own igloo. We crawled in through our tunnel and got ready for bed. Tomorrow we will hunt for more food. I can't wait for summer when life is easier!