



One afternoon we went to the river.

The little ones picked berries and nuts, but Om and I watched the men fishing.

They held their pointed spears high and stood as still as trees.

Then, suddenly, *swoosh!* their spears dropped down like lightning
and came up again spiking wriggling silver fish.

Suddenly a boy ran up, shouting and pointing to the hills. At once several people grabbed their spears and followed him. Om and I followed them.



Slowly, slowly, we crept forwards until we saw – a reindeer!
It was standing alone, munching the grass.





At a signal, the others ran towards it, yelling and throwing their spears.
Om and I didn't have spears, but we yelled anyway. It was so exciting!
A spear caught the reindeer in its side, and it fell to the ground.



That night we had a party to celebrate.
We cooked the reindeer over a great fire and there was music and dancing.
I joined in on air guitar.

