

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.

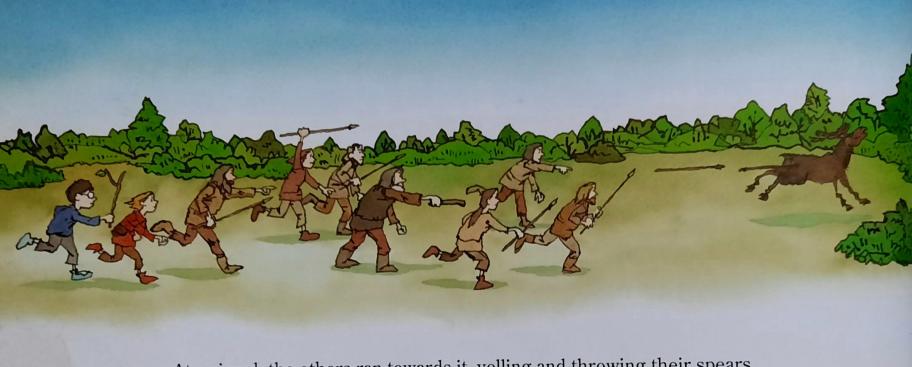
Then, suddenly, swoosh! their spears dropped down like lightning and came up again spiking wriggling silver fish.

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.



