



w/c 27<sup>th</sup> January 2020

## *The Fire Child*

I like the darkness – it wraps me warm in its embrace. Glowing embers dance in the air above the fire; I hear the distant howl of dogs in the valley. My stomach growls, I'm hungry. We have been travelling for days eating the roots, berries and nuts we gather. The fish we ate as we moved north seem like a memory.

I hear the murmur of the elders circled around the fire, preparing their weapons for tomorrow's hunt. Their stories drift over me, tales of generations who have visited this camp. Slowly I creep out from my furs and crawl towards the fire to listen to them. Chip, chip, chip, skilfully and quickly they work the flint. Discarded flakes scatter to the ground around them.

The elders laugh as one of the younger hunters exaggerates his hunting stories – father looks up smiling but a distracted knock with the antler hammer fractures the flint he is working. He throws the fragments into the fire and without a breath picks out the next core from the reindeer skin bag by his feet.

The smell of the smoke and the murmur of the stories pull me back to sleep. I am lifted from the circle and carried back to the furs where my baby brother is snoring quietly.

