

were free. Food was their first thought. They ran from hut to hut, and gathered together any scraps of food that had been left behind. Outside one of the huts they found the head of a small seal, on the flesh of which they made quite a good meal.

15. When the last piece was eaten, and they were feeling how nice it was to be hungry no longer, Arnara picked up the skin of the seal's head.

"Salick," she said, "do you remember the magic seal-song our mother used to sing to us, when she was alive?"

16. "Yes, indeed," replied Salick, "and I remember the storm-song too. She said it would always raise a storm, if sung when the wind was blowing from the land."

17. "I remember that one too, but not so well as the seal-song. I am going to try and make the magic spell work for you," said Arnara. "Listen, and watch!"

18. Then she spread the skin on the ground before her, and began to rub it up and down, chanting some magic words the while, just as she had heard her mother sing them.

19. And, as she rubbed and sang, the skin grew larger beneath her hands. Still she kept on rubbing and singing, until her arms ached and her cheeks were red with the effort she was putting into the work.