

housemaids, and stoves. The sea is the general shop where one goes for what one wants. So Kelepeles didn't worry about his parents, but instead began to realize that now he must live by spear and line and put into practice all that Aivick had taught him, and that while he was still a boy of sixteen he must act as a man and do a man's work, and, for a while at least, be both father and mother to the sculpin-mouthed youth who was still snoring in his own peculiar way. There was just one difficulty. The dogs had gone with Aivick.

He walked slowly back to the igloo and after a moment's hesitation sat squarely down on the sleeping form of his brother. The ptarmigan whistle broke off suddenly and Cunayou heaved himself up.

"What is the matter? My bones are still full of sleep. Am I a cow-walrus, that you sit on me?"

"You are sick with sleep. I want to talk with you."

"Then talk, O wise one." Cunayou knew how to be very impertinent.