

Years 5 & 6
2nd Place: Harvey Lumia
Year 5, Armadale Primary School

Master of the Frost Pack

It was a freezing winter's morning, when the long boat a small group of us have travelled in, has made it to the icy islands. We have been sailing for a few weeks it feels like, from the many moons I have seen. We are a group of Vikings trying to find new land to settle, our homeland got lit to flames by vicious hijackers, so it is time to search out a new land to rebuild our clan, before they return. I see the land, now the hard part begins.

Alright, time to get off the boat and land it ashore, there is a freezing chilly snowstorm brewing, and we need to get the axes and start preparing to make a hut or a lodge or some type of cover if we are to make a go of this. We start to chop and chop and chop, it takes a while but eventually we have enough logs to put together something to make a shelter before the night comes in. In the morning, I'm going to go out by myself and search our new surroundings to see what this land has for us.

I head off on the journey to explore, but this is where it goes downhill. A pack of wolves come. I already know I'm going to get eaten. Well, this is the end of the road. I close my eyes and . . . nothing happened, the wolves do not seem like they are going to attack me. I'm staring at them, and I make eye contact with a female grey wolf. She is telling me something, but I don't know what it is, I do not feel threatened by her stare, she has a message for me. They stalk off, and I'm going to follow them, soon, there is a sound, a crying, there is a cub and it's stuck under a damaged log. It must have come down last night by being weakened from our cutting. The wolf looks at me, and I know what she was asking. I get my axe and finish chopping it free from the tree, it takes some strength, but I unpin the cub from the log. The cub tries to make his way back to his pack as quickly as he can, and they move away. I stay where I am to watch them leave, I watch them until they are almost out of sight, when the mother wolf stops and looks back and howls into the wind, she is thanking me, I know it. I claim the log as my own, it will be the totem for our village, we are The Warg Clan, we walk with wolves.

As the weeks go on, I become our chief hunter in the clan, it is hard going in the winter, but I often see deer, and sometimes, the mother wolf. We watch each other, and she stays near but not too close, we hunt together in a way, and if I am successful in my hunt, I will use my axe and cut off a leg and leave it behind for her and the pack. She is making a life for her family in this harsh winter, like I am, I have chosen to name her Frida and I have noticed she has been like my hunting

companion. She has recently dug a small den near the back of our village as if to live there, our bond is growing stronger.

By the time we are in the spring, Frida and I are excellent hunters. We go hunting every day mainly for roe deer and rabbits, we go so often because by now, we are a large group of Vikings, life is good, and we enjoy the feast. Today, we got a couple of rabbits and deer, but Frida is very slow going, so we head home early, and Frida immediately lays down in her den. I head to my bed too, but I think there won't be much sleep for us tonight. At first light of morning, I come out, and at the den, there are seven baby cubs, sitting right next to their beautiful mother. I am so proud of my friend; we have truly become Warg clan. As the months go on, the cubs grow, and some will move away soon to start their own pack, but for now, Frida is a good mother. She is careful, patient and determined to be a hunter and bring food for our family.

Many happy and successful years later, it is winter when I notice that Frida is slowing down again, as she usually does when she is full with cubs, but it is different this time. Frida is old now and I know what this means, I am an old man now too, and many younger ones from our village have taken over the role of chief hunter and have trained cubs of their own. For now, it is time for Frida and I to rest and enjoy what we have built together. When the days were tougher going, she brought us great luck. I stroke her soft fur, and I know I will see her again in Valhalla, she has the heart of a Viking and I have the heart of a wolf. We were the masters of the frost pack.

The End