

Dies in Barrow

ptarmigan ahead of me. I stopped and waited till Roy catches me. I pointed out to him that there is only one or two not very far from us.

Nearest ptarmigan was about 100 feet away. Roy shot it. I didn't wait for any signal. I jump and started to run to pick it up. There before I could grab the dead ptarmigan, owl grab this dead ptarmigan and flew away with it.

Oh what a pity—when we three could use the broth!

Two days later, we come to an camp, people we knew quite well. They treat us like their own brothers, even feed our dogs. In July, we return to our own home. Our parents were sure happy to see us back.

Roy has traveled lot when he was young, hunting and trapping both. Now Roy would no longer be with us but someday, we who remains will also passed away like our beloved friend Roy does.

Friends, we never know when this will happen. But we know that some day, we will see each other face to face.

TO ALL READERS

Once again, I want to extend my sympathies to all the readers of Tundra Times, whoever you are and wherever you may be. God bless you all.