



“I’m glad Nuna found us,” Jessica said, “but how are we going to get home?” She buried her face in her puppy’s fur and started to cry.

“Please don’t cry, Jessica,” Moshi said as she wiped away Jessica’s tears with her mittened hand. “Your tears will freeze! Any three-year-old Inuk knows that!” she said, shaking her head.

Moshi reached into her pocket. “Look, we’ve even got food! Here’s some bannock my mother baked this morning.” Moshi divided the circle of bread with her friend. “Maybe we shouldn’t eat it all right now. There’s no telling how long the storm’s going to last.”

