

Winter Wake-Up

By Lori Friesen





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A child's eyes slowly open in the grey morning light on a cold winter's day. Their soft blankets wrapped tightly around their body, warm and comforting. The air around them is crisp, seeping into their lungs with a harsh bite.

Their body feels stiff, unwilling to move until they catch the sound of tools being gathered. They begin to stretch themselves out, uncurling their fingers and toes, then pushing up onto their elbows to get up.





They carefully swing themselves from their sleeping spot, being careful not to wake the mother and baby asleep below.

Grabbing a handful of sweet dried berries, they race out to join the men on the hunt.



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