

Once upon a time, in the very north of the land, there was a group of people that lived with, and depended on, reindeer.



In summer they would travel as family groups, living in tents and travelling on sledges, drawn by their deer. The adults would hunt and forage, while the children would look after the deer, and play.



Each autumn the families would head south to a great gathering. There would be weddings and feasts, as well as trading and telling of stories.

When the gathering was over the families would divide again and travel to the forests. Here each family would find one of the winter lodges that had been built over the years and settle in for the dark winter months.





When the snows arrived and the days grew shorter the families would retire to their lodges. Here they would make new clothes and tools, relate tales, and settle in for the time of darkness.

In one particular family it fell to the eldest son to feed the deer. Each day it grew darker and the boy, who was afraid of the dark, would rush his task so he could return to the warmth and safety of the lodge.