



Picture 3

🌸 Oolak looked very frightened and cold. His eyes were wide. Oomoo tried to hold on to him and keep him from slipping off. “Are we going to die?” he shouted.

“No, we’re okay,” Oomoo said. She was lying. She didn’t see any way that she and Oolak could survive.

Then suddenly the wind died. The waves still rolled and continued to push the ice chunk beyond the floe. But the big wind had stopped. Rain and hail started to fall. The rain and hail made more noise than the wind had made. “Help!” Oomoo shouted. But she was starting to lose her voice.

“Let’s shout together,” she said to Oolak. “One, two, three: help!” 🌸 They repeated the shout again and again, until they could not yell

anymore. Still the rain and the hail pounded down. Even though the rain was cold, it was much warmer than the ocean water.

After half an hour, the rain began to die down. When the rain had been coming down very hard, Oomoo had not been able to see more than a few meters. Now she could see where they were. The ice chunk was near the top of the C-shaped ice floe and it was still moving north. Oomoo looked to the ocean, past the ice floe, and she could see them—five or six of them. Sometimes they would roll out of the water so that she could see the black-and-white marking around their heads. Sometimes they would move along with only their fins above the water. Oomoo saw the killer whales but she didn’t say anything to Oolak.