



WALKER STORIES

GLOG

PIPPA GOODHART

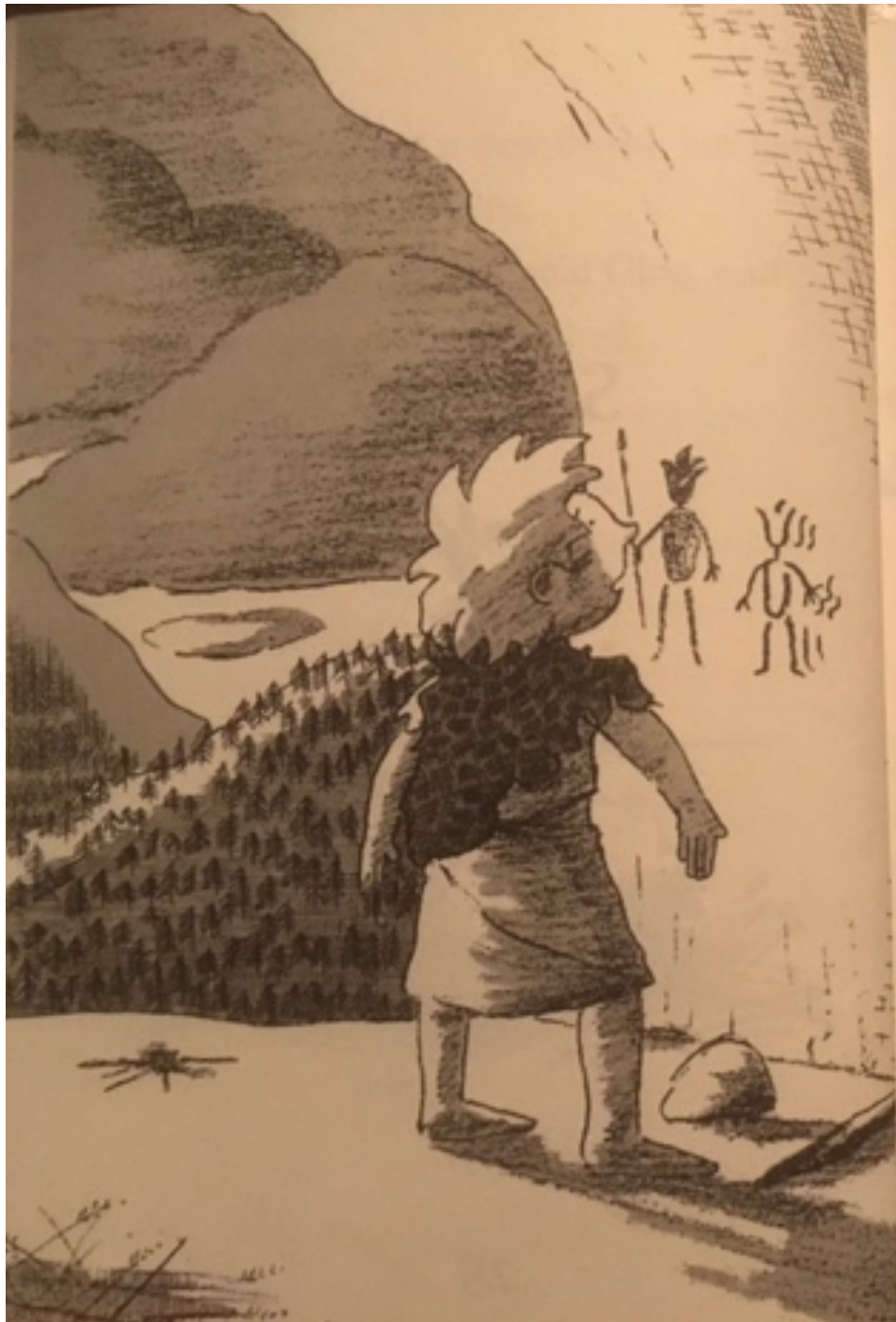


ILLUSTRATED BY
NICK MALAND

Chapter 2

Shadow





When Glog woke the next morning, he was hungry. He told the boy on the wall, "Must hunt. Then eat."

Echo said the same thing back, but Glog knew that he would have to go hunting on his own.



Glog had sharp flints in his pouch.
He found a good straight stick.
He dug a long root from the ground.
Glog split the end of his stick
and he pushed the
sharp flint into
the crack.



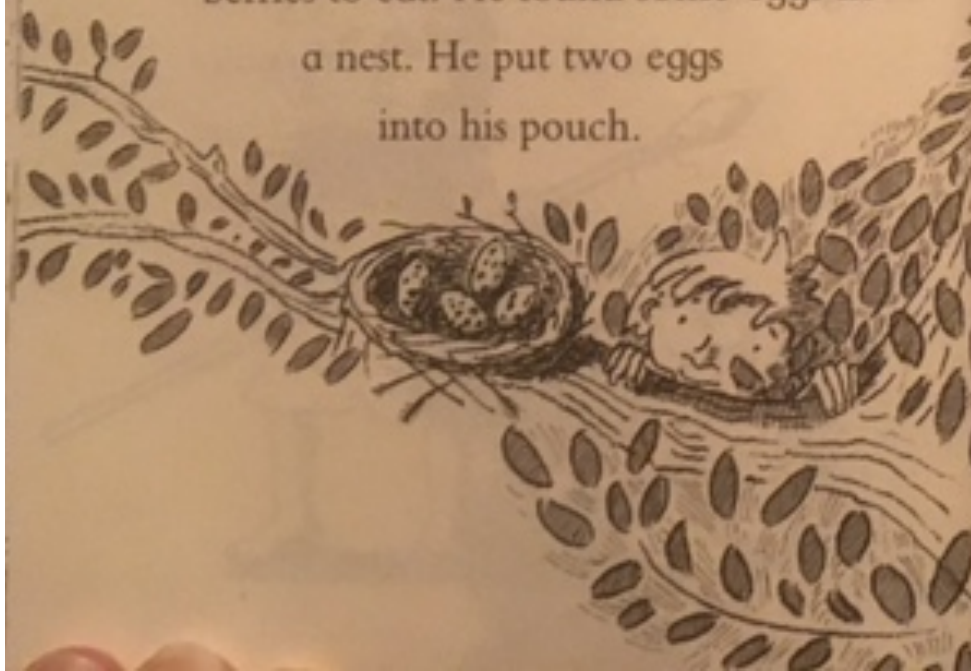
Then he wound the root round
and round to hold it
all tight together.

"Spear."

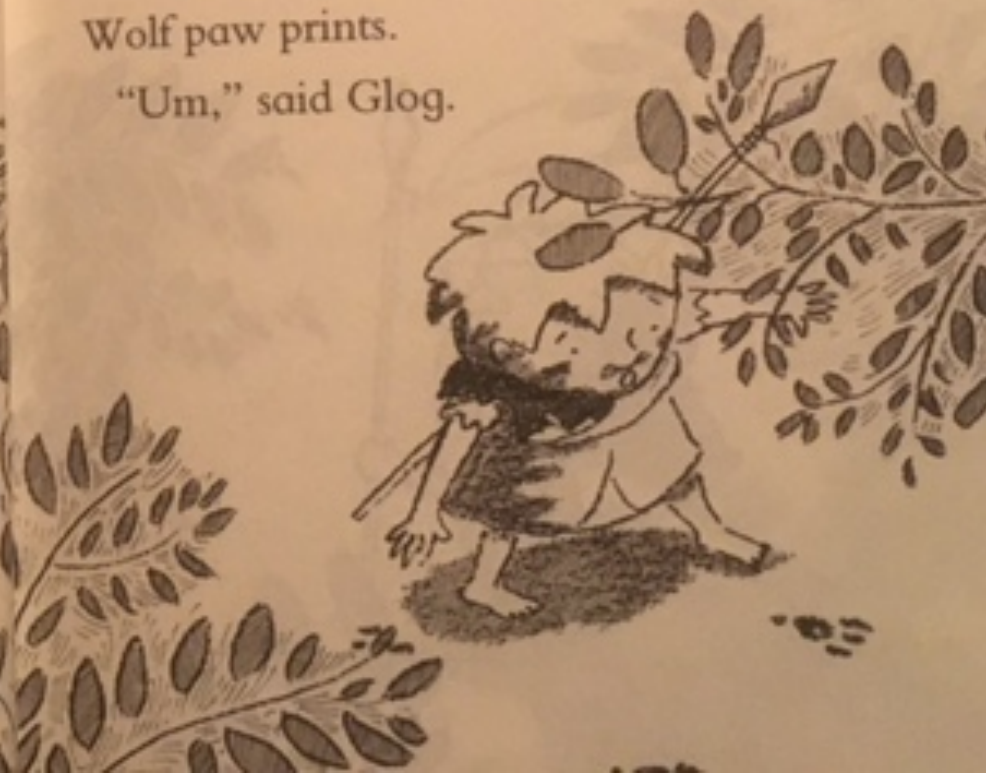




Creeping low and moving quietly,
Glog went hunting. He found some
berries to eat. He found some eggs in
a nest. He put two eggs
into his pouch.



Then Glog saw paw prints.
Wolf paw prints.
"Um," said Glog.

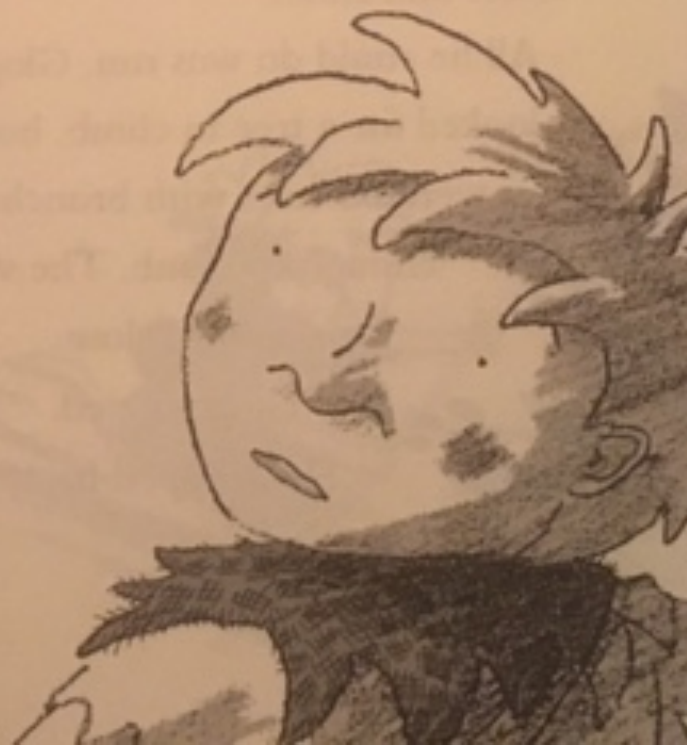


A wolf might kill Glog. But if Glog could kill the wolf, he would have a fur to keep him warm at night. He would have bones to make into needles and fish hooks.



Glog followed the paw prints, slowly, slowly.

Crunch! Glog could hear something moving, breaking twigs. Glog froze still. He listened. He could hear *pant pant*, coming closer.

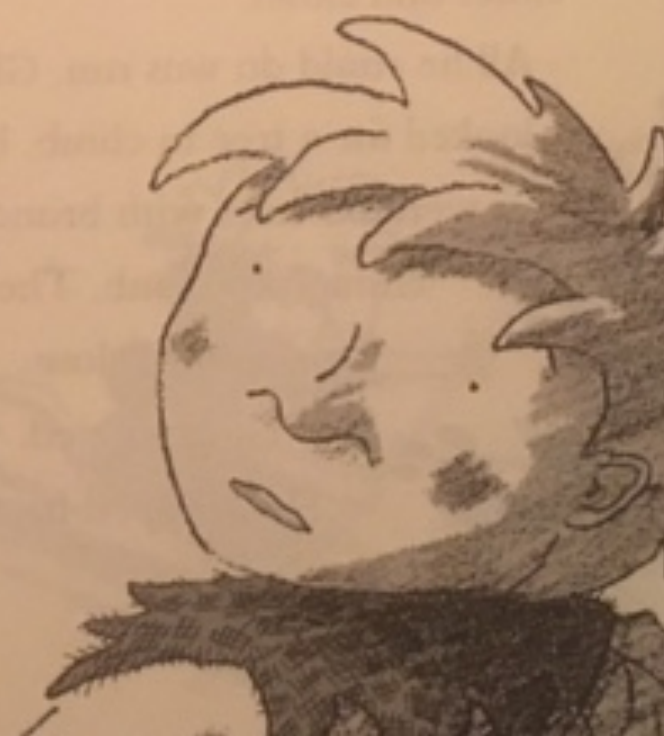


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Glog sprang up and began to run. He could hear something chasing after him. Glog turned.

He saw a great big wolf coming closer and closer.

All he could do was run. Glog looked for a tree to climb, but there were no trees with branches low enough to climb. The wolf was getting close.

Glog tripped.
He dropped his spear.





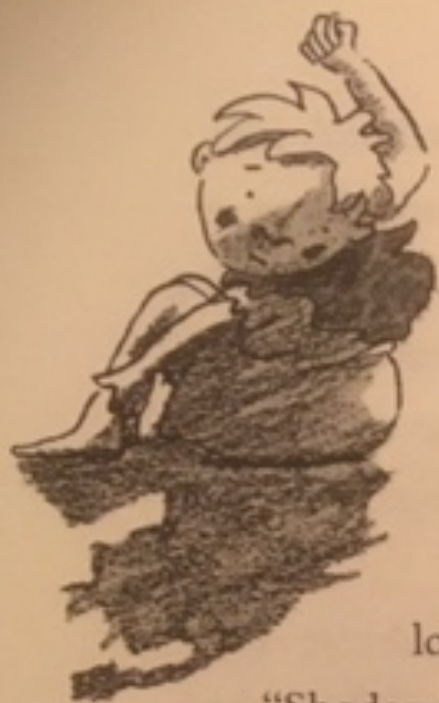
Glog fell, tumbling through twigs into a deep, dark, damp hole. Glog landed, *bump*. He looked up. The wolf was looking down. Its tongue was hanging out and its teeth were big. Glog stood very, very still. He was safe, but he was stuck. The wolf's yellow eyes watched him.





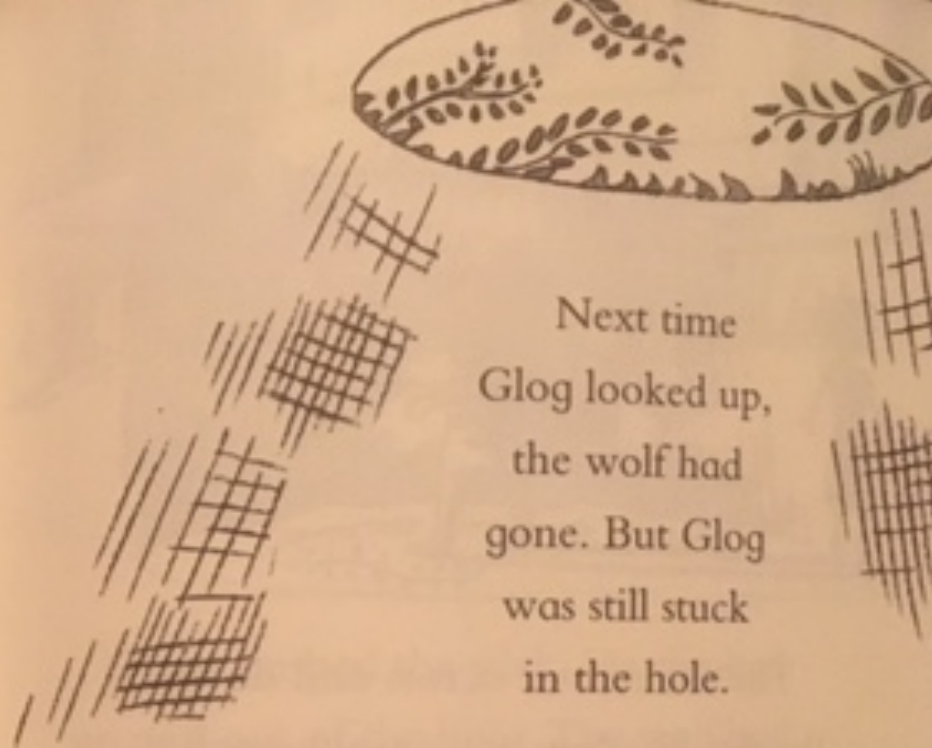
The sun moved high into the sky and shone down to fill the hole with light. Glog sat still and watched the wolf. And the wolf watched Glog.

Glog was thirsty. He was hungry. He looked at the steep mud walls. Even if the wolf went away, Glog would never be able to climb up and out.

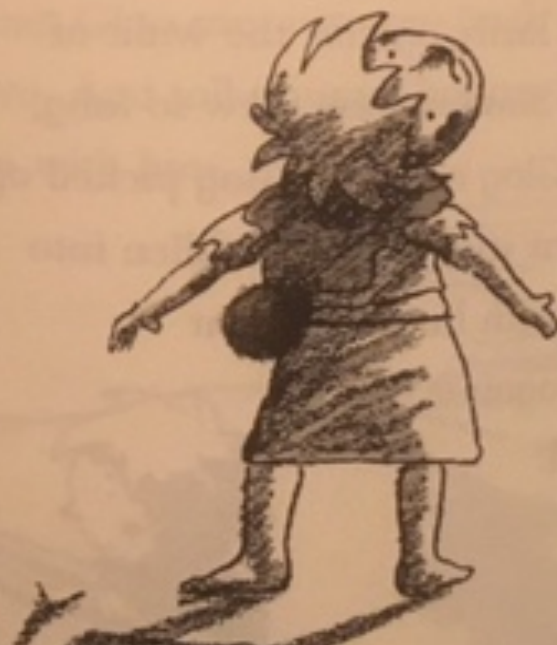


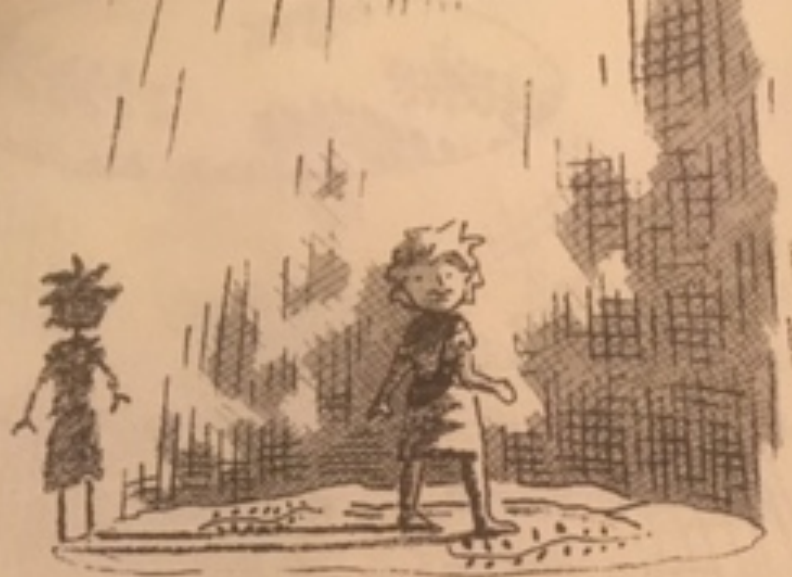
"Boff, boff!" said Glog, and he hit the walls of the hole. But there was nobody to help him, only a short black shadow boy who lay down by his feet.

"Shadow? Help?" asked Glog. Shadow boy didn't say anything.



Next time Glog looked up, the wolf had gone. But Glog was still stuck in the hole.

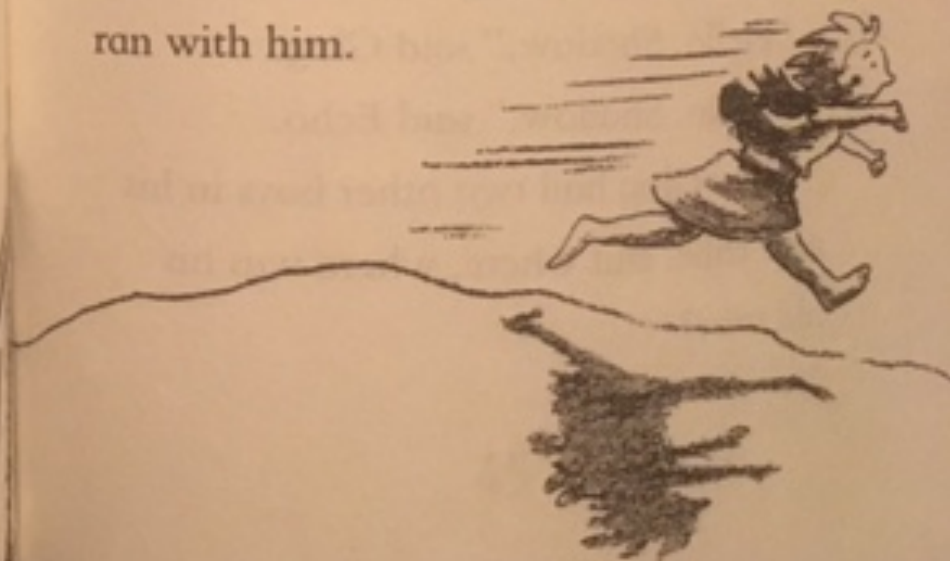




The sun moved across and down the sky. Shadow boy grew longer. He leant lazily against the walls of the hole. Shadow boy grew so long, he gave Glog an idea. Glog picked up the longest stick that had fallen into the hole with him. He leant the stick against the mud wall.



Glog climbed the stick. He climbed up and out of the hole. The wolf had gone. Glog ran, ran, ran back to his cave. And tall skinny Shadow boy ran with him.





Shadow boy didn't go into the dark cave with Glog, but Glog got his black stick and drew Shadow boy on his wall.

"Hello, Shadow," said Glog.

"Hello, Shadow," said Echo.

Now Glog had two other boys in his new tribe. But where, where was his old tribe?



End of Chapter 2