

Inuksuk Battles the Sky Mauler

By Mrs. B

Spring had finally arrived in the polar north. Inuksuk paced the tundra. In every direction, rhododendrons burst with pink blossoms. Salal packed woodland paths. Inuksuk's **ancient plot** needed a bit of cleanup after winter storms had blown **pine missiles** across it.

"I shall make fire today," Inuksuk announced to Mrs. Inuksuk. "With our **branch grabbers** and **road bucket**, we shall harvest winter's mess and pile it high upon our **burning circle**. We shall reclaim our land before the summer solstice."

Mrs. Inuksuk agreed. She made mugs of **brown brew**. She delivered them to her warrior king.

Flames soon rose high above the **burning circle**, snapping and smoking with their gusto and Inuksuk's skill. He was a fine **flame-builder**.

Half the day they worked. Many trips had they loaded the **yard vessel** with winter's wreckage. Billowing, gray clouds rose into pristine skies and drifted across hedges. Inuksuk's neighbors voiced no complaint. Their own **burning circles** would shortly ignite. At last, Inuksuk declared their work accomplished.

"Our land has withstood winter's gusts for many seasons," he mused. "We shall never tidy her once-and-for-all, but we shall stop now. It is the **slumbering hour**."

Later that evening, Inuksuk and his **life bride** sat near the **burning circle**. They spoke of the goodness of their land. Barely smoldering, **auburn tongues** had diminished into a **dust volcano**. It was a good evening.

“Huh,” said Inuksuk, gazing into the firmament. “A very large **sky mauler** has just overflowed the neighbor’s **ancient plot**.”

“An eagle?” inquired Mrs. Inuksuk.

“Maybe,” he mused. “Probably not.”

Inuksuk’s animal, the ancient **rodent-killer**, Scouty-nuk, strolled through the mossy glen. She was heading for the **dust volcano**.

“Scouty-nuk,” warned Inuksuk. “Do not go potty in the formerly **burning circle** -- it remains toasty.”

Perhaps because Scouty-nuk does not speak the language of her people, or perhaps because she did not care, she used the **powder mountain** as a **clutter container** and then wandered to the tundra.

Suddenly, Mrs. Inuksuk glimpsed a raptor, great and fierce, its snow-white head and hooked beak identifiable against the gathering dusk. It was over-flying the **sky circle** in the opposite direction.

“An eagle!” she cried.

Inuksuk sprang into action. “My kitty!” he roared, grabbing his **whale-spear** and rushing into the tundra. “I will protect you, my ancient and noble pet!”

Visions of the **feathered murderer**, beady eyes trained upon his Scouty-nuk, filled Inuksuk with rage. He knew this foe. Often had he observed **sky wraiths** snatching **protein packets** from the neighboring **harpooning hole**. Silently swooping from great heights, their razor-sharp talons pierced tough skin and scales, mighty beaks tore flesh from bone.

Armed with his **whale-spear** and scanning the skies above, Inuksuk stood at the ready. Scouty-nuk ate a blade of grass.

The eagle flew on. Inuksuk lowered his **whale spear** and returned to the **burning circle**.

“Danger has passed,” he declared. “Yet, I shall remain vigilant. Our **mouse assassin** shall not face a foe whilst I remain ruler of this good and ancient land. You have my word.”

Inuksuk’s boast pleased his lady well.

“You’re a good warrior,” remarked Mrs. Inuksuk. “Let’s go in. It’s time for **twilight feast**. I made **dirt apples** with **swine sap**.”

“Yum,” sighed Inuksuk.

The end.