



## CHAPTER 6

### *Local colour*

It took them over two hours to get back to Prospect. The conditions were atrocious and, by the time they arrived, the whole town was shrouded in a fresh covering of white. Meg's dad parked outside the Seal Cafe.

It was wonderfully warm inside the dimly-lit cafe, and filled with the murmur of voices. A stuffed seal lay in a glass case on one side of the counter. Sepia photographs lined the walls.

'Joe!' said Meg, spotting her new friend seated alone in the corner and eating a hamburger. 'Where were you this morning?'

'Oh, you know,' he said vaguely. 'Things to do . . .'

Meg heard Nanuk muttering angrily under his breath.



'Actually, Joe,' Meg's dad said, as he sat down beside him, 'you're just the person I was hoping to meet. Your grandad's going to take me through the Inuit method of treating caribou leather in one of the workshops this afternoon. I think it'll be a bit dull for Meg, so I was wondering if you could show her round Prospect.'

'I'd be glad to,' said Joe. 'Though it won't take long,' he added glumly.