

# Chapter 1 ? Final Edited Version

Here's a rewritten version of the text in a more modern and engaging style:

**\*\*The Gates of Morning\*\***

**\*\*Book 1, Chapter 1: The Canoe Builder\*\***

Dick stood on the coral ledge, his eyes fixed on the vast expanse of turquoise water stretching out before him. The breakers of the outer sea thundered in the distance, while the lagoon of Karolin lay calm and serene, its surface dotted with fishing gulls. The warm sun beat down on him, casting a golden glow over the scene.

Behind him, the tribe busied themselves on the beach, their laughter and chatter carrying on the breeze. The women, children, and youths were all his people, their lives intertwined with his own. He gazed out at the canoes drawn up on the sand, feeling a sense of ownership and responsibility wash over him.

But as he turned his back on the lagoon and faced the northern sea, his expression darkened. In the distance, he knew, lay Palm Tree, an island shrouded in mystery and danger. A place where the gods had sent him to lead the people of Karolin.

Little Tari, the son of Le Taioi, sat on the coral, watching Dick with wide eyes. The child knew nothing of the world beyond their island, but he sensed that something was amiss. "Taori," he asked, his voice full of curiosity, "who are you?"

Dick hesitated, unsure of how to respond. He had left his past behind, and the name "Dick" was lost

in the haze of his memories. But he knew that he had to lead these people, to protect them from the dangers that lurked beyond their shores.

As he gazed out at the sea, his mind began to stir with thoughts of the past. The schooner that had brought him to Palm Tree, the Melanesian men who had taken over the island, the escape in the dinghy with Katafa... His thoughts were a jumble of emotions and memories, each one triggering a sense of unease and foreboding.

Katafa appeared beside him, her dark hair blowing in the wind. "Look!" she whispered, pointing to the northern sky.

Palm Tree was rising, its faint outline taking shape like a mirage. Dick felt a shiver run down his spine as he gazed at the island, his mind flooded with memories of the past. He saw the savages on the beach, the wind in the sail, the yells of the Melanesians...

And then, as he gazed out at the loveliness of the scene, his nostrils flared and his eyes grew dark with hate. They had threatened him, threatened Katafa... And they would come again, driven by their instincts for war, rapine, and destruction.

As the vision of Palm Tree faded, Katafa pointed to a canoe approaching from the southern beach. It was the canoe Dick had sent for the canoe builders, and he knew that he had to prepare for the dangers that lay ahead.