

Original Content:

"The Gates of Morning"

CHAPTER I

THE CANOE BUILDER

DICK standing on a ledge of coral cast his eyes to the South.

Behind him the breakers of the outer sea thundered and the spindrift scattered on the wind; before him stretched an ocean calm as a lake, infinite, blue, and flown about by the fishing gulls-the lagoon of Karolin.

Clipped by its forty-mile ring of coral this great pond was a sea in itself, a sea of storm in heavy winds, a lake of azure, in light airs-and it was his-he who had landed here only yesterday.

Women, children, youths, all the tribe to be seen busy along the beach in the blazing sun, fishing with nets, playing their games or working on the paraka patches, all were his people. His were the canoes drawn up on the sand and his the empty houses where the war canoes had once rested on their rollers.

Then as he cast his eyes from the lagoon to the canoe houses his brow contracted, and, turning his back to the lagoon he stood facing the breakers on the outer beach and the northern sea. Away there, -beyond the sea line, invisible, lay Palm Tree, an island beautiful as a dream, yet swarming with devils.

Little Tari the son of Le Taioi the net maker, sitting on the coral close by, looked up at him. Tari knew little of life, but he knew that all the men of Karolin swept away by war had left the women and the boys and the children like himself defenceless and without a man or leader.

Then, yesterday, from the northern sea in a strange boat and with Katafa, the girl who had been blown to sea years ago when out fishing, this strange new figure had come, sent by the gods, so the women said, to be their chief and ruler.

Rewritten Content:

But Tari knew that the newcomer had come to kill the devils of Palm Tree. And Tari, who had never seen a devil but who had heard the men talk of them, was afraid.

"Are the devils of Palm Tree many?" he asked Dick.

"I do not know," Dick answered. "But if they are there I shall kill them. And if they are many I shall kill them all."

Then Tari, who was only a boy, yet who had the heart of a man, asked the newcomer what he would do with the bodies of the devils.

"I shall throw them into the sea," Dick answered.

"But the sharks?" Tari asked.

"The sharks will eat them," Dick answered.

"And if the sharks are not hungry?"

"Then they will grow hungry," Dick answered.

"And if they are not hungry then they will eat them all the same," Tari added, "for sharks are always hungry."

"True," Dick answered.

And as Dick stood on the ledge of coral, looking away to the North, and as Tari sat close by, looking up at him, he felt a strange, new sensation creeping over him. It was the feeling of being a chief, of being a leader, of being a ruler, of being a man.

He had come to Karolin to fight the devils of Palm Tree. He had come to Karolin to be a chief. And now, with the eyes of the women and the boys and the children upon him, he felt that he was a chief.

But, then, as he stood there, his eyes turned from the lagoon to the canoe houses and back again to the lagoon, the feeling left him. He was a chief, it was true, but what kind of a chief was he?

He had come to Karolin to fight the devils of Palm Tree, but he had no canoes. He had come to Karolin to be a chief, but he had no people.

The canoe houses were empty and the lagoon was empty and the beach was empty, and he was alone.

Then he remembered the strange boat that had brought him to Karolin. He had come to Karolin to fight the devils of Palm Tree, but how was he to get to Palm Tree?

He turned to Tari, and as he looked down at the boy he knew that Tari was afraid.

"Tari," he said, "I must have a canoe."

"Yes," Tari answered.

"But there are no canoes," Dick said.

"No," Tari answered.

"Then I must build one," Dick said.

"Yes," Tari answered.

"But I do not know how to build a canoe," Dick said.

"No," Tari answered, "but I do."

And then Dick knew that Tari was not afraid.

"Tari," he said, "will you build a canoe for me?"

"Yes," Tari answered, "I will."

"And will you go with me to Palm Tree?"

"Yes," Tari answered, "I will."

"And will you help me to kill the devils?"

"Yes," Tari answered, "I will."

Then Dick knew that Tari was not afraid, but that he was brave.

"Very well," Dick said, "we will build a canoe, and we will go to Palm Tree, and we will kill the devils."

"Yes," Tari answered.

Then Dick, who was a stranger, and Tari, who was a boy, stood there together, looking out over the lagoon.

Dick was a stranger, but he was a chief. Tari was a boy, but he was brave.

Together they would build a canoe and together they would go to Palm Tree and together they would kill the devils.

CHAPTER II

THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE

SO THEY began to build the canoe.

First they gathered the logs and the trees and the bamboos and the planks and the beams.

Then they cut them and shaped them and fitted them and joined them.

Then they bound them and tied them and fastened them and lashed them.

Then they smoothed them and polished them and painted them.

And when they had finished they had a canoe.

But it was not just any canoe.

It was a war canoe-the biggest