



There was no water. The red, dry, cracked earth shimmered with heat. Springs were empty and only windblown powdery dust filled the fish ponds and taro fields. No one in the village could even remember when it had last rained. The food plants drooped dry and limp in the relentless drought and

even the people seemed to wilt a little more each day.

The kahuna had tried even their most secret chants to break the drought but nothing worked. The smoke from their sacrificial fires mixed with the dust clouds and painted a gray haze over the little village.