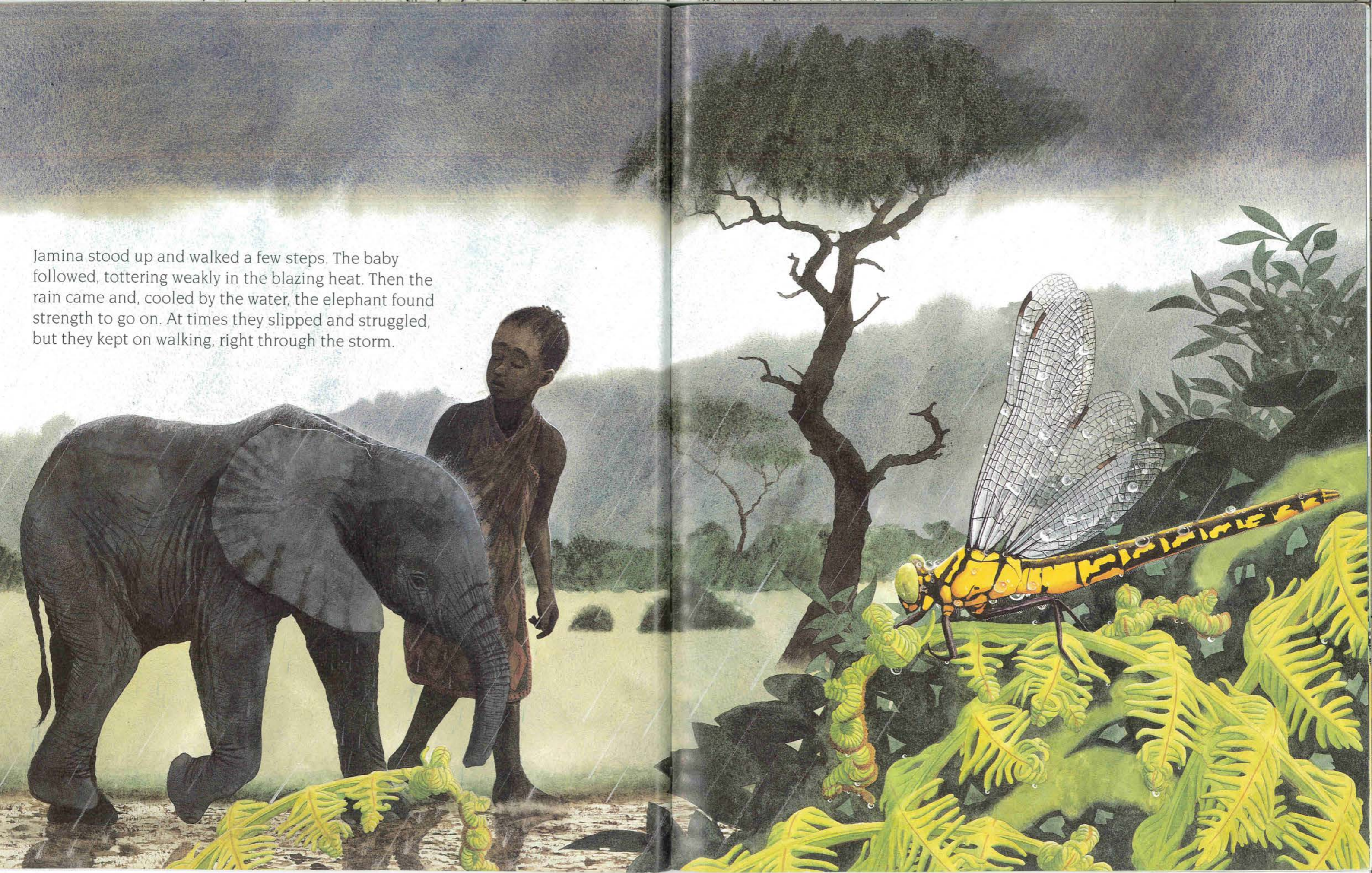
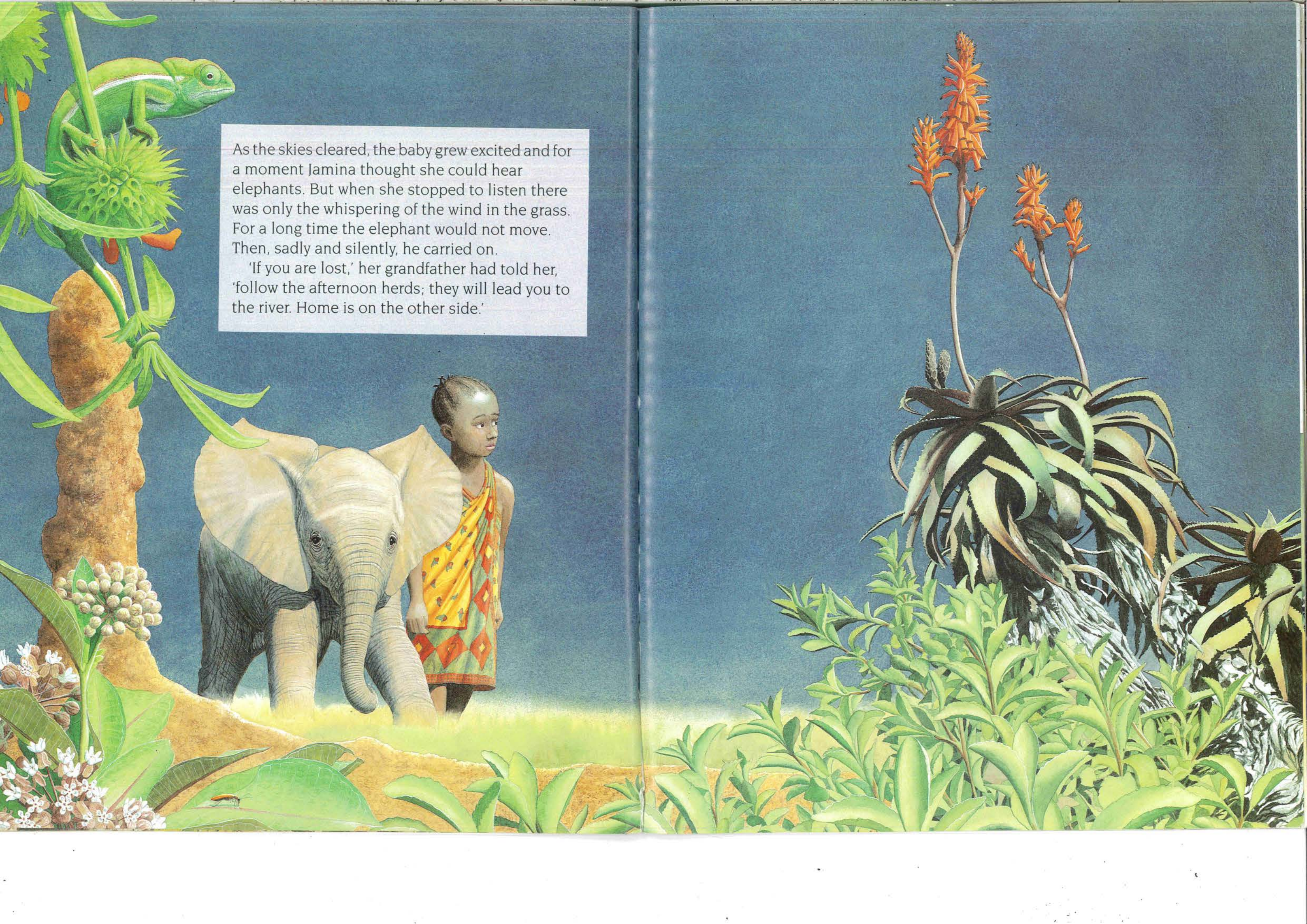


Jamina stood up and walked a few steps. The baby followed, tottering weakly in the blazing heat. Then the rain came and, cooled by the water, the elephant found strength to go on. At times they slipped and struggled, but they kept on walking, right through the storm.





As the skies cleared, the baby grew excited and for a moment Jamina thought she could hear elephants. But when she stopped to listen there was only the whispering of the wind in the grass. For a long time the elephant would not move. Then, sadly and silently, he carried on.

'If you are lost,' her grandfather had told her, 'follow the afternoon herds; they will lead you to the river. Home is on the other side.'

It was a long time before Jamina and the elephant found the herd of zebra making its way across the plain. They travelled with the thirsty animals all through the hot afternoon.



As the sun dipped low in the sky, they finally reached the river. But hidden eyes watched them from the water and Jamina sensed danger there.

'It is not safe to cross here, little one,' she said. 'We must travel on.'
As Jamina turned, she thought she could see elephants on the horizon. She blinked and strained her eyes, but there were only acacia trees, shimmering in the hazy heat.



Jamina and the elephant set off again, but soon the baby began to slow down.

'Just a little further,' begged Jamina. But he was too tired to go on. As Jamina waited with him, she thought of her mother. If only she could call her. Soon people would worry; soon they would come searching. The baby whimpered. She stroked him gently. He had no mother to call.

'Listen!' Jamina hushed the elephant. They could hear voices. My parents! she thought.

