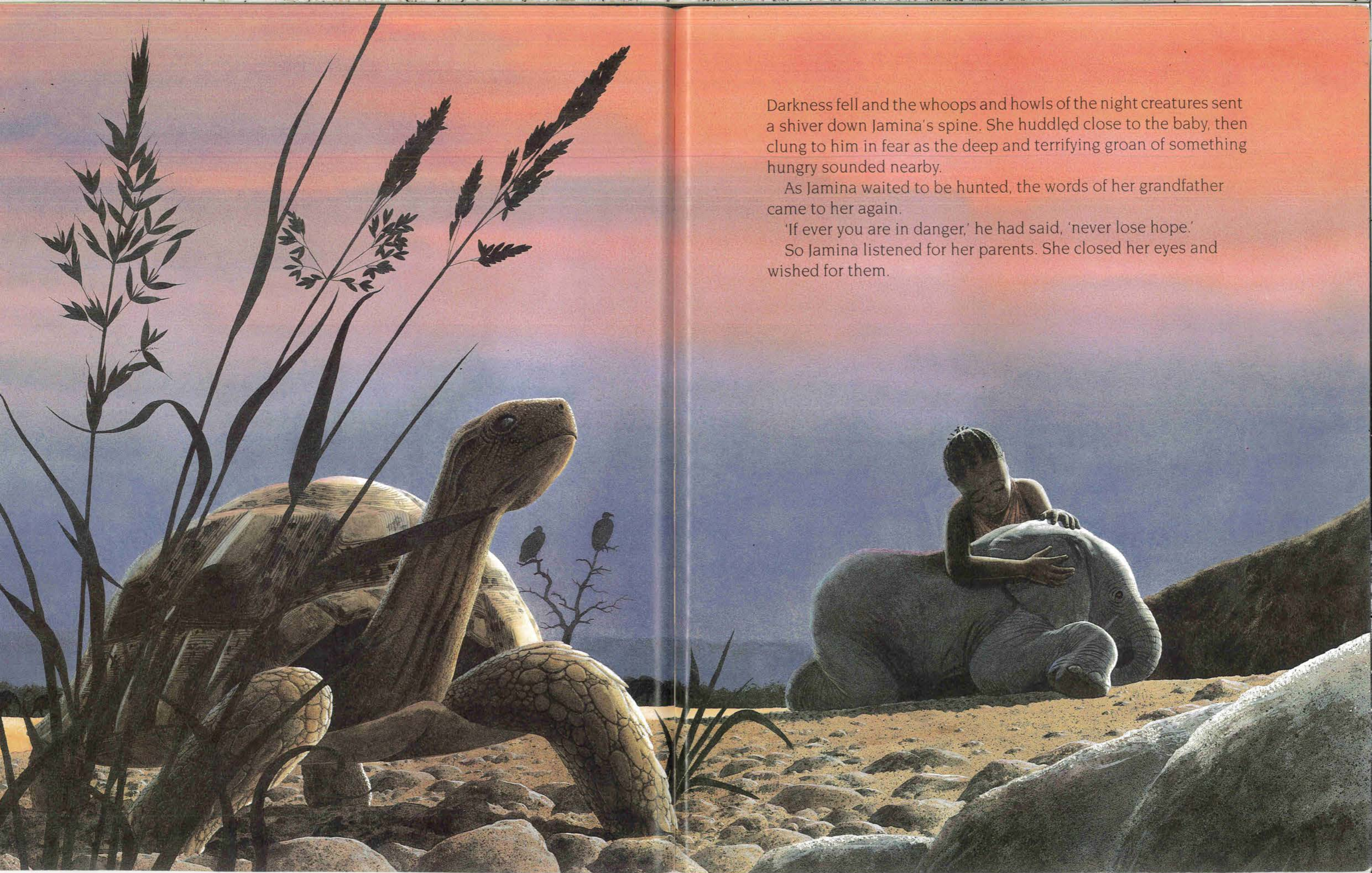


But the dark shadows in the distance were not her parents.

'Poachers!' she gasped under her breath. Now Jamina felt she too was one of the hunted. She prayed that the baby would not whimper. But the elephant sensed evil and stayed as still as a stone until the danger passed.



Darkness fell and the whoops and howls of the night creatures sent a shiver down Jamina's spine. She huddled close to the baby, then clung to him in fear as the deep and terrifying groan of something hungry sounded nearby.

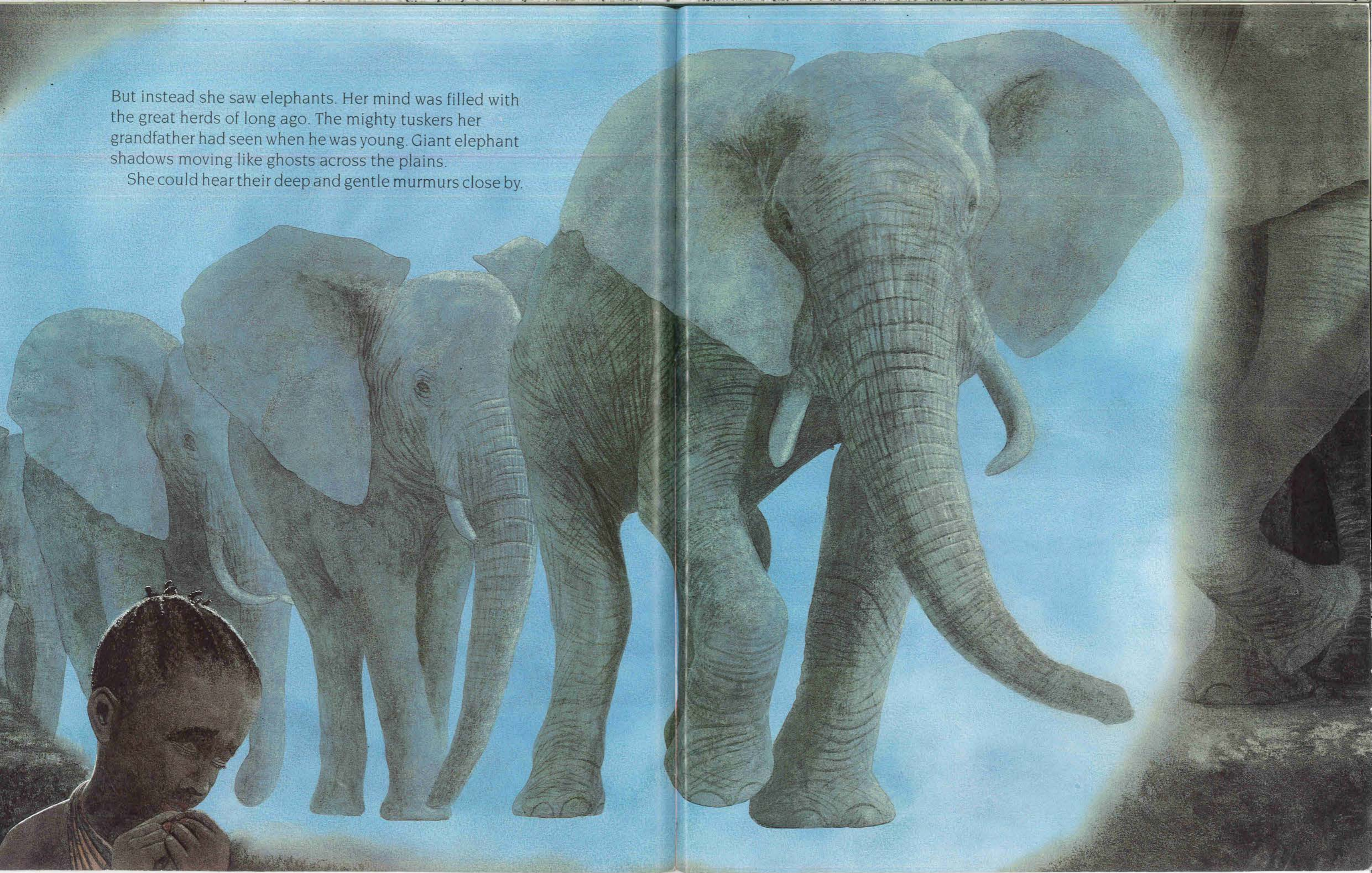
As Jamina waited to be hunted, the words of her grandfather came to her again.

'If ever you are in danger,' he had said, 'never lose hope.'

So Jamina listened for her parents. She closed her eyes and wished for them.

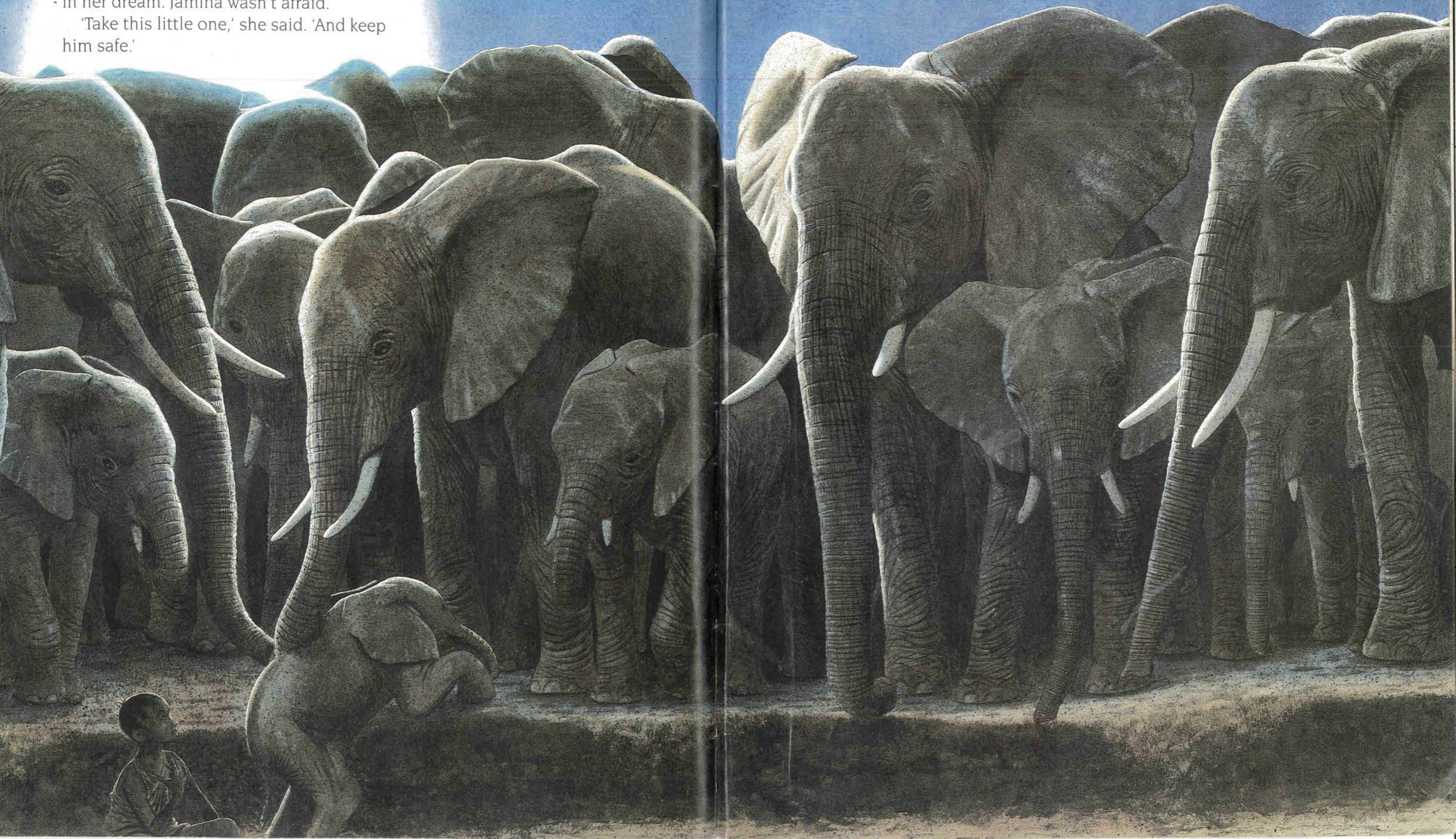
But instead she saw elephants. Her mind was filled with the great herds of long ago. The mighty tuskers her grandfather had seen when he was young. Giant elephant shadows moving like ghosts across the plains.

She could hear their deep and gentle murmurs close by.



When she opened her eyes, there were elephants all around, as if she'd called them in her dream. Jamina wasn't afraid.

'Take this little one,' she said. 'And keep him safe.'



By the first light of dawn, Jamina's mother found her sleeping in the grass.

'I was playing hunters and I got lost,' Jamina said. She stayed very close to her mother all the way home.

'I will never be a hunter,' she said softly to herself as they reached the village.

