



SATI

the Rastifarian
Edgar White

illustrated by Dindga McCannon

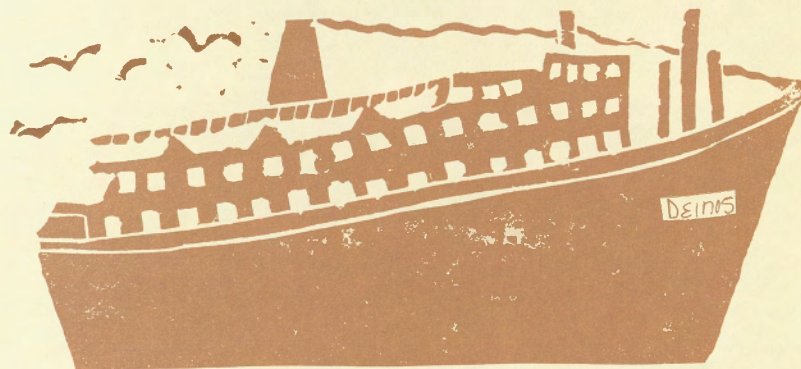
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By Edgar White

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*Scarcely children's book
by black playwright*



Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company New York

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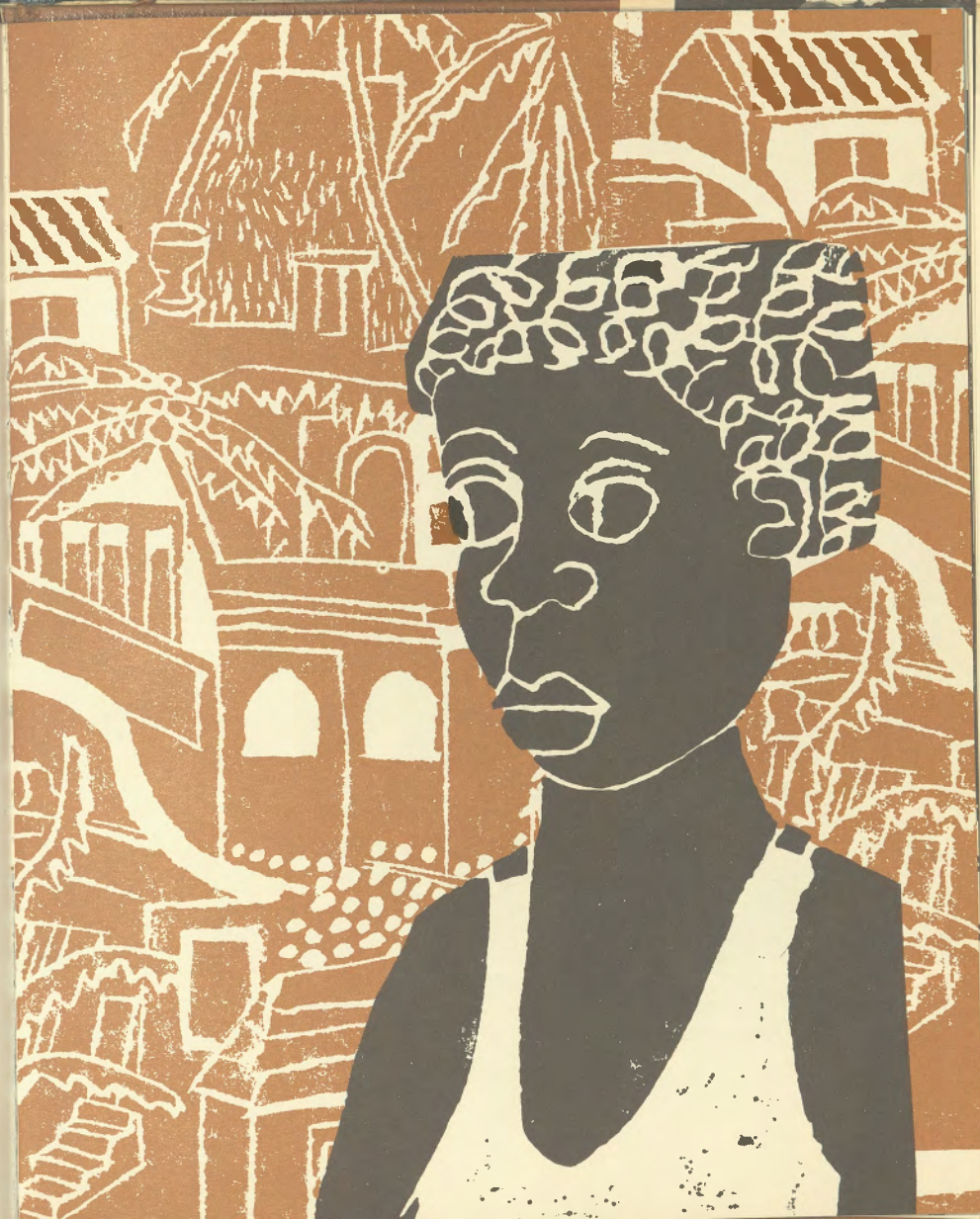
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Sati was of the mountains. Of the West Indies. His eyes were two black circles in a sky of white. His legs were long twigs. His skin was night black. Oil from the coconut made his hair soft.

Sati had lived five years of days and nights. The days he had watched by the sea. The nights carried voices.

Sati could run the day long among the always upward trees. There were many secrets to be learned. First, there were the secrets of the fruits. The mango said if you bite into me you will find a sweetness like heaven. And then the warmth running out. Next was the secret of the sugar cane. If you eat me you will suddenly become strong and very happy. Then there was the secret of the sea. Every fish gave a different taste and a different wonder. Even the raw saltfish gave pleasure.





Sati knew that he did not want to leave, but one day they led him to the sea. The water made the sound of groaning as it beat the sides of the ship they took him on. The ship was called *The Deinos*.

"I want to go back home. I want to go back home so bad," cried Sati. And the whistle of the ship blew, and black smoke rose above his head.





In the spring of the year Sati discovered the park. He met friends his own age there by the swings and slides, and beneath the trees. Before Sati made friends, he used to talk to the trees. He would tell them about the trees in the West Indies. Then the trees would blush green.

Then he met Omar, Selah, and Diya.

