In the beginning there was friendship between man and all the animals. The Caribs who made their homes on the red-earth terraces between the brown river and the dark forest did not fear the jaguar, nor did the jaguar crouch at the sight of man, yellow-green flame in his eyes, anger coursing through his tense body, motionless but for the nervous flick of the tip of his tail.

In those days men did not hunt down the wild pig, nor did Mapuri seek refuge when his sharp ears caught the sound of man's naked feet on the carpet of grass and leaves.

Many of the animals worked for man in those far-off days. Parrot, perched on the high branch of a tree, preening his gaudy feathers and blink-