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His symbolic gesture is the cue for the few hundred villagers gathered to break into song once again, singing stories of their Polynesian homeland. The beachfront community hall is charged with emotion as men of all ages seated around a communal drum beat it loudly, enthusiastically.

Sitting cross-legged on all sides, villagers clap their hands and sing while beautiful ladies and handsome young men line the walls, their hips swaying in unison. Adorned with traditional costumes made from raffia and woven palm fronds, with heads festooned with colourful floral garlands, their faces break into wide-mouth smiles as harmonic voices seem to raise the roof from the rafters.

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The good humour is infectious as giggle locals take our hands, inviting us to join in impromptu dancing as we await the rest of our group.

Naturally, mobile phones and computers are non-existent in the absence of power to charge the gadgets that most of us take for granted.

School Principal Semi Goletoka gives us a guided tour of the classrooms and dormitories where 65 students board on-island to attend classes during the school week. "I was posted here two years ago," he says proudly. "We care for these children 24 hours each day so that they may have an education.

"We face many challenges, but the most important goal is to get electricity into the school," Goletoka says from the steps leading to his classroom.

Parents rotate on a roster system to cook and care for the youngsters, some of whom are as young as five. Family life at home is sacrificed in order to receive an all important education, but come Friday afternoon the youngsters return by boat to their outlying island homes.

As we are entertained with song and dance by school children, the obligatory collection box sits nearby. As honoured guests and visitors, it’s a consistent theme as we continue our journey through the islands that seem peacefully idyllic at first glance.

The reality, however, is that many remote villagers struggle to sustain themselves beyond subsistence living. And, certainly in Drua Drua Island’s case, with their humble goal to buy a generator so that students may learn about computers and be connected via the world wide web, many of my fellow passengers are happy to contribute a donation. It’s a small price to pay for the warm hospitality we receive throughout our journey.

Welcomed on the beach as we disembark our tenders, invariably there is singing, rhythmic clapping, guitars and joyful song. The good humour is infectious as giggling locals take our hands, inviting us to join in impromptu dancing as we await the rest of our group. It’s hard not to join in, causing hysterical giggling amongst onlookers.

As Principal Goletoka says, “we educate our children not only in arithmetic and English, but also with morals and values so that they grow up to be good people.”

In many countries, you wouldn’t think about wandering through an unfamiliar village. In Fiji, such random meanderings are not only safe, they are enthusiastically encouraged by villagers in these outlying islands.

With songs ringing in my ears as I switch on my computer and download a swag of unwanted emails, I’m also just a little envious of a lifestyle bereft of pesky technology that demands my instant attention.