

One morning, somewhere in a small village in Africa, Balla woke up restless. The Sages had urgently asked him for help that night. They wanted him to save the land that had been for ages completely immersed in the fog. Because where it is always foggy, hope has disappeared. Not an easy job. He was not going to do it alone, the Sages of the World had said. More help would come. However, they didn't say how or when, and so he couldn't wait. The fog was growing thicker. Where was he supposed to start from?

First, he went to work. He always did that in the town square. In between his storytelling sessions, he could think about the Sages' mission. These days it was much less crowded than before the fog came. That was not good. Earlier, people made time to listen to their history and ancient wisdom. They understood that the youth needed to hear the stories because if the children no longer knew them, all wisdom would be lost. The past would disappear.

Balla straightened his back and decided to make something of his day. That is why he did not wear his usual suit, but rather the one for special occasions. He was very proud of his costume. The long, light brown robe, with its purple and gold embroidered cloak and iron-made shoulder pads, had long been in his family. He only wore it when there was something to celebrate. He picked up his carved, red and yellow, wooden talking stick that stood in the corner of his little house, sighed deeply, and opened the front door. The fog immediately attacked him. 'Hm, it won't be busy this afternoon. Anyway, I'll just try.'


Balla took his string instrument made from a large gourd, the Kora, to the town square. He used it to spice up his stories. On the way, he felt a cold, wet gust of wind, as if someone was blowing and breathing in his direction. His long, impressive robe pressed against his body. He shivered. Cold, moisture and water vapour, he thought. The fog seemed to be everywhere. Above the river, between the trees and houses.

The Sages were right; there was something wrong.

In the fog, Balla struggled to find his way to the village square. It made him feel restless and insecure. It seems like the stories I know will disappear in the fog, he muttered softly to himself. While walking cautiously and looking carefully not to get lost, he walked on. With every step, he heard his breath. He did not hear or see anyone else.



Queen Numbi  
and the White Lions



LOOK! THE  
LIGHT IS  
CALLING ME!

DON'T GO,  
YOUR MAJESTY!

THE LIGHT WANTS  
ME TO COME!



THE CREATURE HAS SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED,  
ONLY ITS FOOTPRINTS REMAIN IN THE SAND,  
LIKE A SORT OF WITNESS.

*Makeda: 'Hey girls, style is our second skin!'*



*Makeda is a strong and intelligent young African woman. Entrepreneurship was in her blood from an early age. She started her first business when she was 12 years old. Now she is 24 years old, and she knows what she wants: to run a company that provides products that make women feel good - from herbs and perfume to jewellery and fashion. According to Makeda, women are the leaders of the future. Therefore, they may look good too.*

*Her efforts have not gone unnoticed. When she was 18, she received an invitation to speak about female leadership. Her speech went viral on the internet and it brought her a lot of success and recognition.*

*Makeda is quite busy because she also takes care of her little sister, Aimée, following the death of both their parents. They only have each other. So she doesn't have much free time. But, when she is free, she likes to play the Djembe with her friends.*

*The white lion cubs are twins, a boy and a girl. Their names Tsimbavaati and Tsimbavaatie mean 'The place where the star lions came to earth'. You can tell them apart by looking at their eyes. Tsimbavaati has bright blue star eyes. His twin sister has beautiful orange star eyes. Tsimbavaati's fur is light grey while that of his sister is white. Although they are young, they are inseparable and just like nature itself is, they are very vulnerable too.*

*The cubs Tsimbavaati and Tsimbavaatie are sacred animals, who have been watching over the welfare of the earth for generations. They are sometimes called 'white spirits' because they can communicate with the past and the future.*

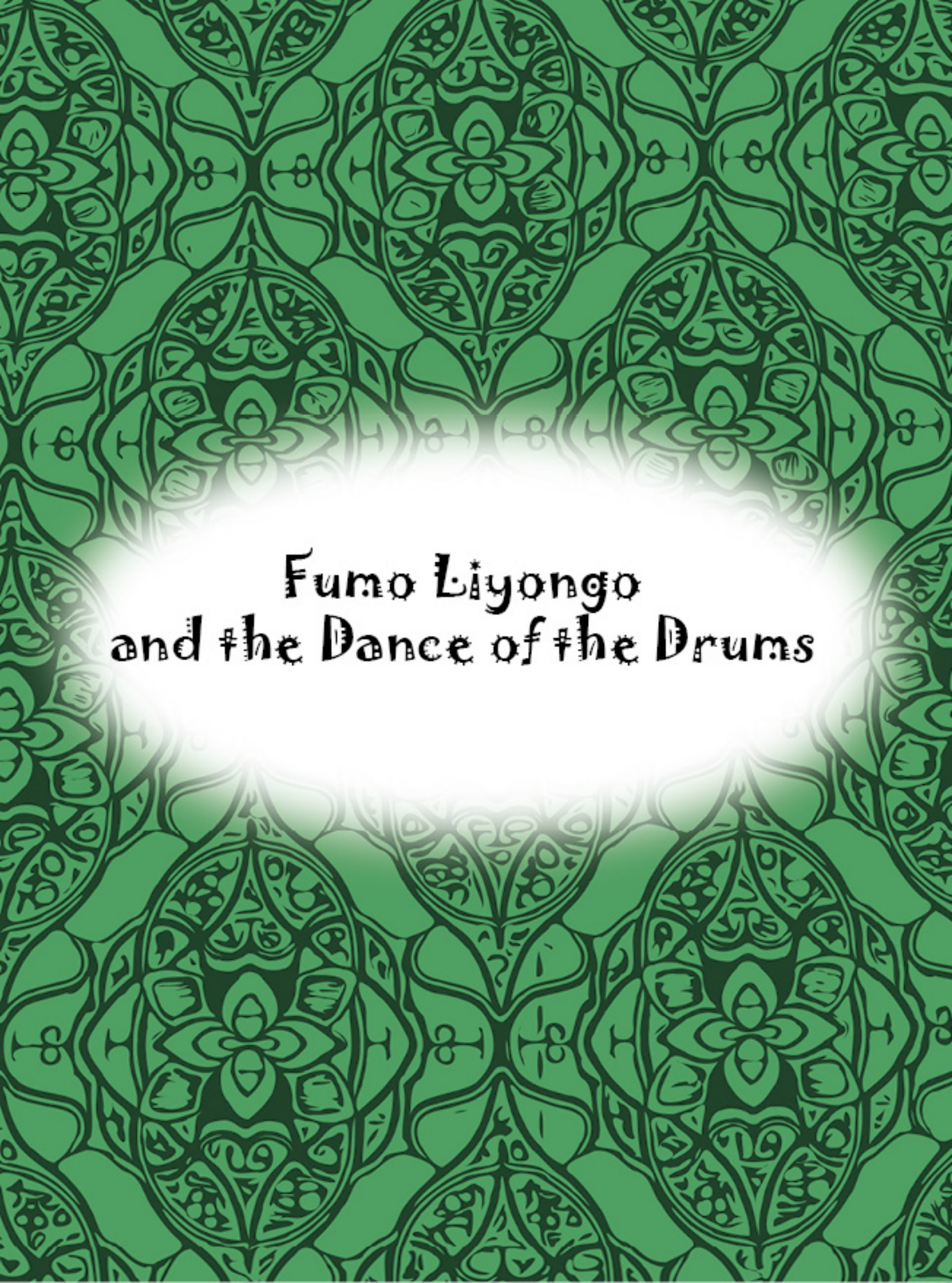
*When the earth is not doing so great, they descend from heaven to warn people. This is a difficult endeavour for them because they also do not like to be seen by everyone. Very occasionally when they are spotted, something is really going wrong, as is the case with the increasing fog.*

*So they never turn up by chance.*



*Tsimbavaatie: 'I'm learning to Raorrr!'*

*Tsimbavaati: 'One day I'll be king!'*



Fumo Liyongo  
and the Dance of the Drums



WHO IS BLOWING THE HORN SO LOUDLY?

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT HE CAN COVER A DISTANCE OF 4 DAYS IN 1 DAY? FRIGHTENING!

WE ARE INTERESTED IN HAVING FUMO LIYONGO AS OUR FRIEND



UNIMAGINABLE! HOW CAN HE BE HERE ALREADY?



WE WANT TO MAKE HIM OUR PRINCE. HE MUST MARRY ONE OF OUR DAUGHTERS. WHEN HE BECOMES A PART OF OUR FAMILY, HE CANNOT HARM US.

