

**T**hat night, a heartbreaking cry rang out. 'Ahhhh!' It was a cry that awakened the wind. When the wind rose, she blew that cry with all the strength she possessed to the Sages of the World.

On that same night, when the warm African wind woke them up, the Sages of the World were dreaming about Ubuntopia, the world they wanted to create together. They rubbed their old eyes and slowly got out of their warm beds.

These wise men and women put on their long, baggy cloaks and grabbed their talking sticks. It was time for an assembly. As fast as their old legs allowed, they climbed the magical pyramids, the table mountains, and other sacred plateaus that connected the earth.

On those special high places, where the fog could not reach, the wind waited for them impatiently bearing the heartbreaking cry of Yaro, the young goatherd. Until recently, his village did not have any problem. The harvests were large. There was enough food for everyone. The village had a source in the form of a spring, which supplied them with all the water they needed. Everyone liked to swim in it and, together, the women

washed their clothes there too. The people were happy.

Then the source began to vanish. Soon there was no more water and the fields withered. Stocks ran out quickly. To make matters worse, the village disappeared more and more into a relentless fog. The villagers slowly became numb and never left their houses.

Yaro was in despair. That is why, in the solitude of the mountain top where he had brought his goats, he let out a sharp cry. That cry reached the Sages of the World. They knew that it was a cry for help. In total concentration, with their palms and faces lifted towards the vast, starry night, the Sages of the World brought their thoughts and powers together to discuss what it meant: yet another village had fallen victim to the fog.

The assembly of the Sages of the World did not last long. They all knew what had to be done: they needed to quickly send Balla the Griot on a journey to Yaro's village. Balla was the protector of stories and legends and their warrior against the ever-advancing fog. There was no time to waste. It was a big and important assignment.

Unfortunately, it would still take a while before Ubuntopia could be realised...














**D**usk was settling in. Yaro, the goatherd, decided that he and the goats would spend the night on the mountain, just as they had done on previous occasions. There, he could think. He rounded up the flock, ate a little and snuggled up next to them. The nights were often cold. Fortunately, the heat from the goats kept him warm.

The fog had mercilessly struck his village. The sun could not reach them anymore, and villagers no longer saw each other. To keep warm, they stayed inside their houses. Their once carefree community now knew cold, loneliness and sadness. The fog laughed at the sun. Yaro could now only see the moon which was shining in the pitch-dark sky. His goats slept on as if nothing was wrong. How could he help his village clear the fog? He was only ten years old and just a simple goatherd.

There, in the dark, Yaro stood up and spread his arms desperately toward the sky. He took a deep breath and let out a heartbreaking cry that echoed across the mountains. The wind, which was resting on one of them, was alarmed.

Balla the Griot suddenly sat up in his bed, startled. He shot up so fast that Yungo, his strange bird, woke with fright and turned completely green. 'Is it eleven o'clock yet?' Yungo shouted optimistically and shook its body. 'No,' Balla replied, lost in his own thoughts. 'It's not yet eleven, Yungo. Please be patient.'

'I'd like a kiwi, though!' Yungo said disappointedly and slowly turned blue. Balla was restless and absentminded, so he did not hear the irritation in Yungo's voice.

While he was asleep, Balla had received a message from the Sages of the World. They needed his assistance. They wanted him to quickly travel to a village. There, he would help the boy and the villagers to drive away the fog. Balla sent a message to Aimée and her big sister Makeda, asking them to meet him as soon as possible under the big tree in the Forest of Legends.

**Hujambo, Aimée and Makeda. Good morning. Can you come to the Forest of Legends as soon as possible? I need your help!**  
**Regards, Balla the Griot**

Balla wore his clothes and picked up his talking stick. He always brought it along when there was something important to be discussed. 'No, no,' Yungo said firmly. 'That's not going to happen. Where are we going to, Balla? If you're leaving, I'm coming too!' Yungo immediately clung onto the talking stick.



## Why Anansi the Spider has eight thin legs

A long time ago, there was a spider called Anansi. Although his wife could cook very well, he always found the food cooked by others to be tastier. One day, he stopped by the hole of his good friend, Rabbit. 'I can smell the delicious vegetables in your cooking pot,' Anansi said excitedly. 'The food is almost ready,' Rabbit replied. 'Come and eat with me.' 'Rabbit, I'd like to join you, but I have to go somewhere first,' Anansi said quickly, afraid Rabbit would ask him to do some chores as usual. The truth was that he preferred laziness to fatigue. 'I know what we can do,' Anansi said. 'I'll spin a web. I'll tie one end around my leg, and the other end around your vegetable pot. When the food is ready, tug on the web, and I will come right away!' Rabbit thought it was a great idea, and so it happened.

'Hmmm, I smell beans,' Anansi sniffed as he walked on. 'Yummy! I love beans!' 'Then come and eat beans with us,' the monkeys called out hospitably. 'They're almost done.' 'Thanks! I wouldn't mind seeing Father Monkey again too,' Anansi said. Once more, he suggested that he should weave a web and tie one end around his leg, and the other end around the bean pot. Father Monkey's children thought it was a great idea, and so it happened.

'I can smell sweet potatoes,' Anansi sniffed cheerfully, as he strolled on. 'With honey!' 'That's right!' the little Pig said, 'my pot is full of sweet potatoes and honey! Are you coming to eat with me?' 'I'd love to,' Anansi said. But, yet again, he suggested that he should weave a web and tie one end around his leg, and the other end around the sweet potato pot. The little Pig thought it was a great idea, and so it happened.

By the time Anansi got to the river, he had attached different web ends to each of his eight legs. 'Oh, I always have good ideas,' Anansi said proudly, 'I wonder which pot will be ready first.' At that moment Anansi felt a tug on one of his legs. 'Ah,' Anansi said. 'That's the web thread that's tied to Rabbit's vegetable pot.' He felt another tug, and another, and yet another. Three web ends pulled his legs at the same time! 'Oh, dear,' Anansi said startled, feeling the fourth web thread pull on his other leg. Then came the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth. Everyone was pulling their web threads at the same time. His legs got thinner and thinner. Anansi quickly curled up and jumped into the river. He hurriedly washed away all the threads and webs. 'Oh dear,' Anansi sighed, with a painful expression on his face. 'Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all.'

That is why Anansi the Spider has eight thin legs to this day. It is also the reason why, on that unforgettable day, he didn't have any food to eat.



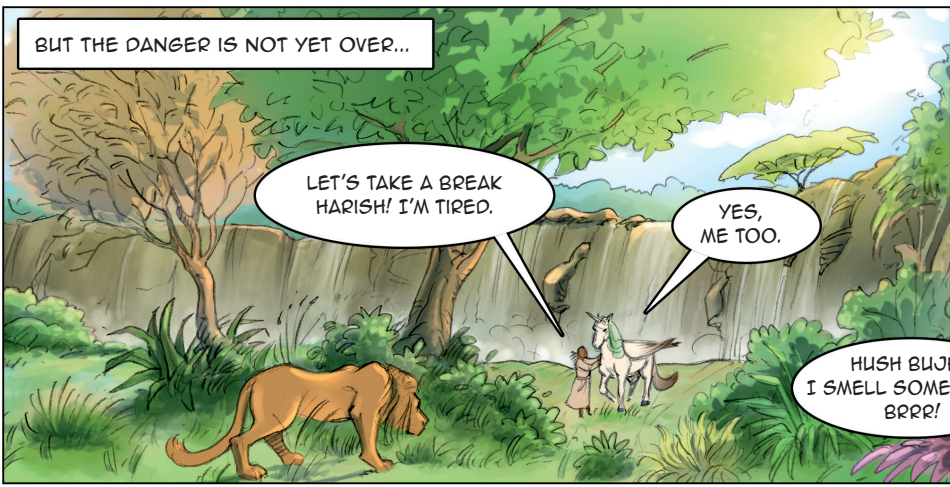




# The Unicorn of the Blue Nile

Ethiopia



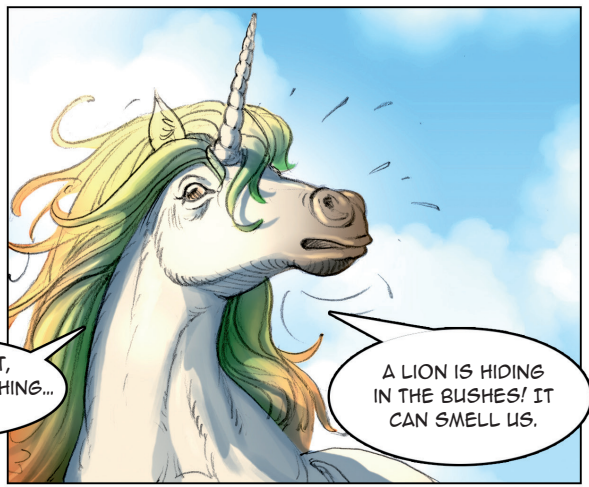


BUT THE DANGER IS NOT YET OVER...

LET'S TAKE A BREAK HARISH! I'M TIRED.

YES, ME TOO.

HUSH BUJET, I SMELL SOMETHING... BRRR!



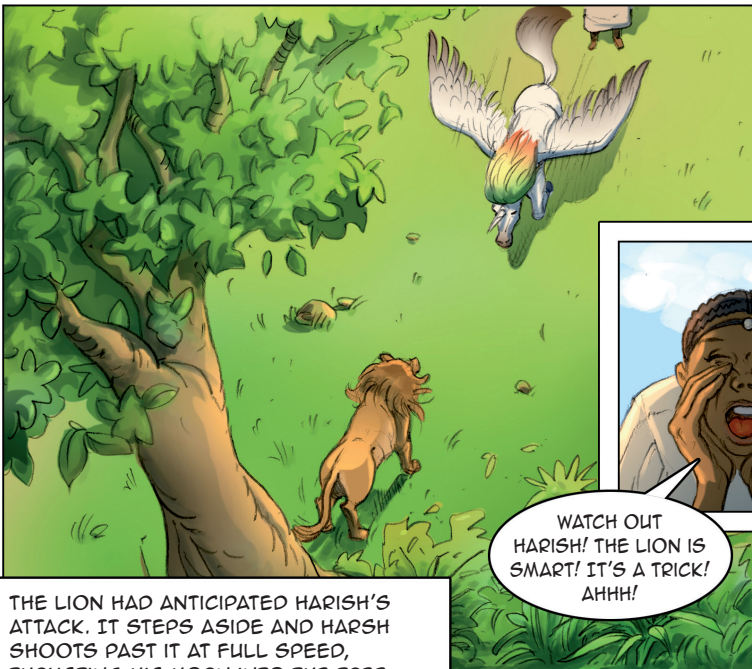
A LION IS HIDING IN THE BUSHES! IT CAN SMELL US.



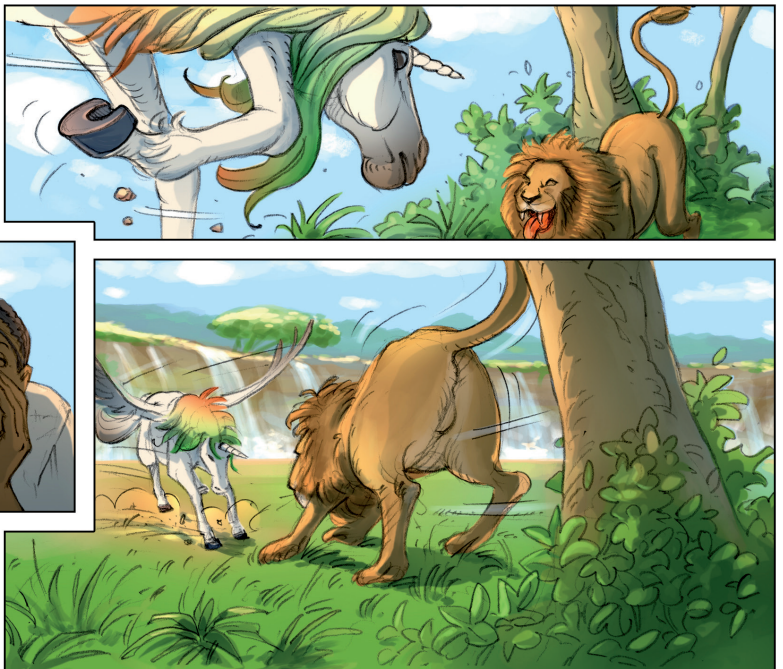
TOO LATE...

HARISH WANTS TO PROTECT BUJET FROM THE LION, EVEN AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS OWN LIFE.

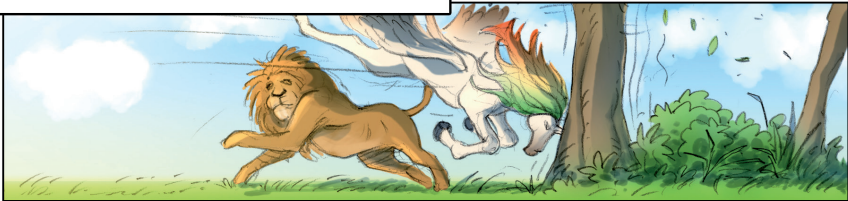
RAWRRR...



WATCH OUT HARISH! THE LION IS SMART! IT'S A TRICK! AHHH!



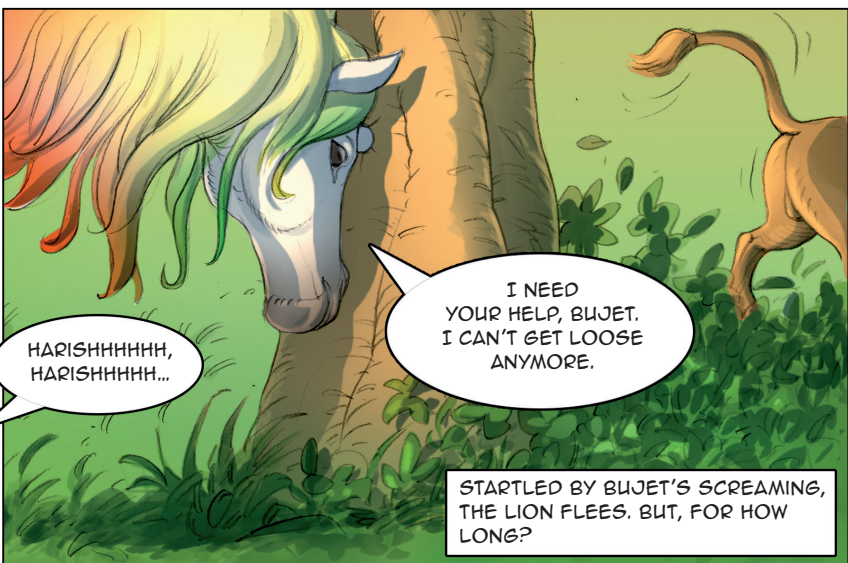
THE LION HAD ANTICIPATED HARISH'S ATTACK. IT STEPS ASIDE AND HARSH SHOOTS PAST IT AT FULL SPEED, THRUSTING HIS HORN INTO THE TREE.



HOW CAN I? I DON'T KNOW HOW TO!

USE ALL THE POWER YOU HAVE, BUJET!

CALL MY FRIEND THE WIND SO THAT THE TREES WILL SWAY. CALL THE ANIMALS SO THEY'LL COME AND HELP! THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE.



HARISHHHHHH, HARISHHHHHH...

I NEED YOUR HELP, BUJET. I CAN'T GET LOOSE ANYMORE.

STARTLED BY BUJET'S SCREAMING, THE LION FLEES. BUT, FOR HOW LONG?

BUJET PANICS. THE ROLES ARE REVERSED. SHE MUST SAVE HER FRIEND. BUT HOW CAN SHE CALL THE WIND?



*Harish: Don't you worry! Every little thing is gonna be alright!*



Harish, the unicorn, has lived in King Kaleb's forest near the city of Axum in Ethiopia for centuries. There, he can hide well! But late at night, when the moonlight begins to shine over the forest, he emerges. Harish has an important task to accomplish: he purifies the water of the Blue Nile. The wild animals rely on him to make their drinking water clean and fresh again.

How he does do it? Basically, he places his beautiful, magical horn in the water, and then he stirs it around.

So, why does Harish help the wild animals? Well, because they totally believe in him, unlike grownups. He no longer helps grownups, nor does he reveal himself to them anymore.

But, there is one exception. Very rarely, Harish reveals himself to a child. He cannot resist children. At least they believe in unicorns. It is nice to be believed in. Once in a while, he likes to take a child on an adventure along the Blue Nile. It can turn into a dangerous escapade because sometimes they run into his only enemy, the lion. Then they have to be very careful.

You can see that Harish likes reggae music from the colours of his mane. Red, yellow and green are true reggae colours. Harish knows a lot of reggae songs. After purifying the water of the Nile, he is happy. So he shakes his head and dances, but only when no one sees him!

**Did you know that Harish is an African unicorn?**

The stripes on his buttocks resemble those of a zebra. In the wild, zebras are only found in Africa. The reggae colours on Harish's mane can also be found on the Ethiopian flag.

**Did unicorns really live in Ethiopia?**

That could be true! Many legends suggest this. The most captivating of these was told by the explorer Cosmas. He visited the city of Axum around AD 550. According to his travel diary, he found something very special there: four large golden unicorns in King Kaleb's castle! So this king was a real unicorn fan!

**Is there a unicorn in you too?**

Most definitely! A unicorn is not only magical and sweet. He has a great superpower: he can fly! With that, he can, and dares to, do anything! He shows that a lot is possible. A unicorn brings good luck to those who need it! He likes to take care of animals, the earth and people. Finally: a unicorn is different from other animals, and he is very proud of this.

**What is your superpower?**

You probably know it. So, set your gorgeous mane free. Let it loose! Make sure your golden hooves stand firm and give your superpower the space to express itself!





The Golden  
Stool of  
the Ashanti

Ghana



IT IS STILL EARLY WHEN OSEI WAKES UP. IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE THE SUN RISES. HIS MOTHER HAS COME TO HELP HIM GET DRESSED.



THIS IS HOW OSEI'S LIFE BEGINS AS THE NEW KING OF THE AKAN... A KING FAMOUS FOR HIS FAIR RULING.