

We believe that every day the Creator roams the earth and every night chooses our hills to rest.



My mother once told me, that the Creator's work is so great, that there was no time to be involved in human affairs.

But I didnt care, I prayed to have a different life.



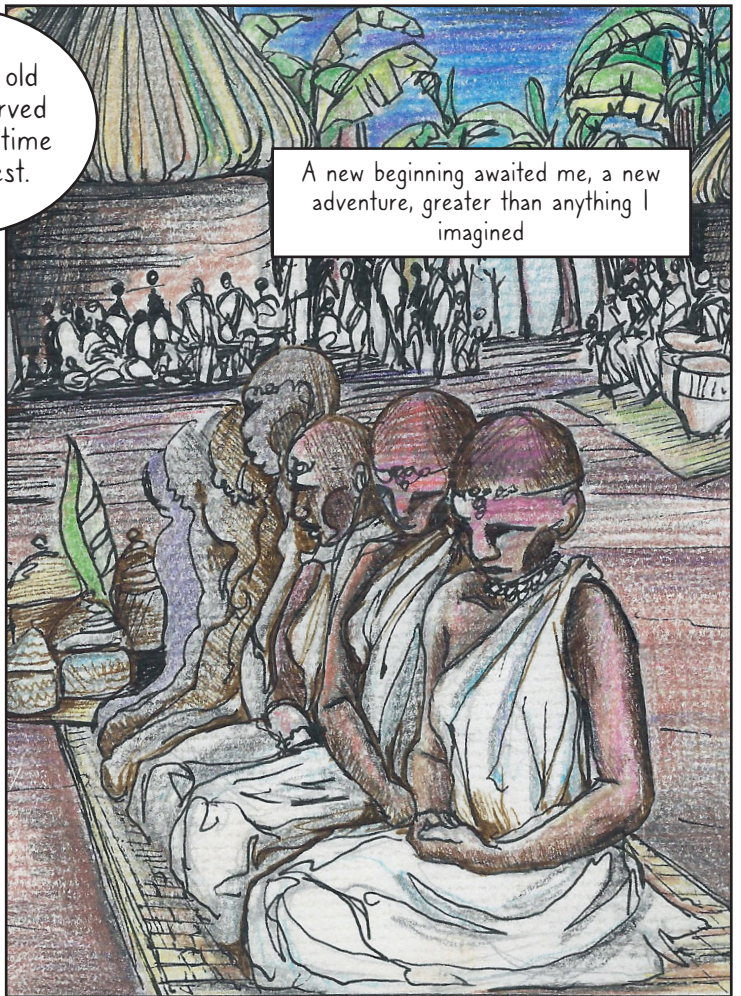
I prayed and I was heard.



hmmm.. who has been calling me.



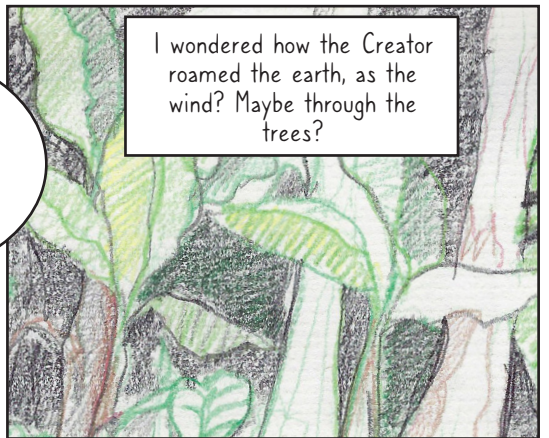
I see... this old body has served me well. Its time for it to rest.



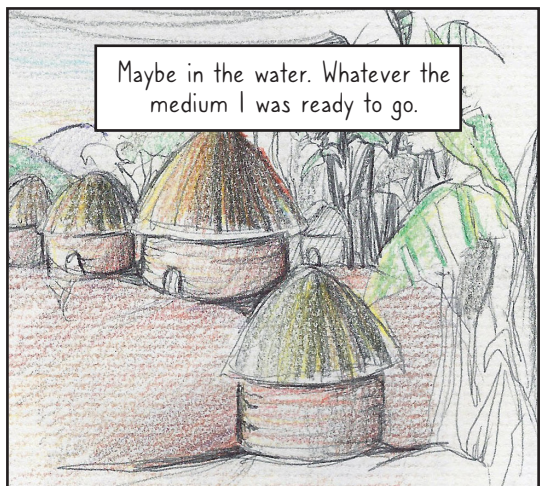
A new beginning awaited me, a new adventure, greater than anything I imagined



I send you my blessings, tomorrow you will come to me and we will walk the earth.



I wondered how the Creator roamed the earth, as the wind? Maybe through the trees?



Maybe in the water. Whatever the medium I was ready to go.

To be continued...

ngo nyilirira!
*your looking so good!



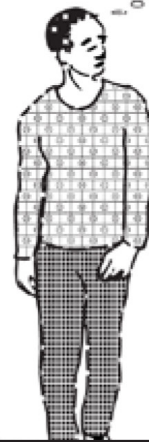
I dont like how they look at me, like i'm a piece of meat.



Hey!
My size....
jangu nku twale'ko.
*Come let me take you.

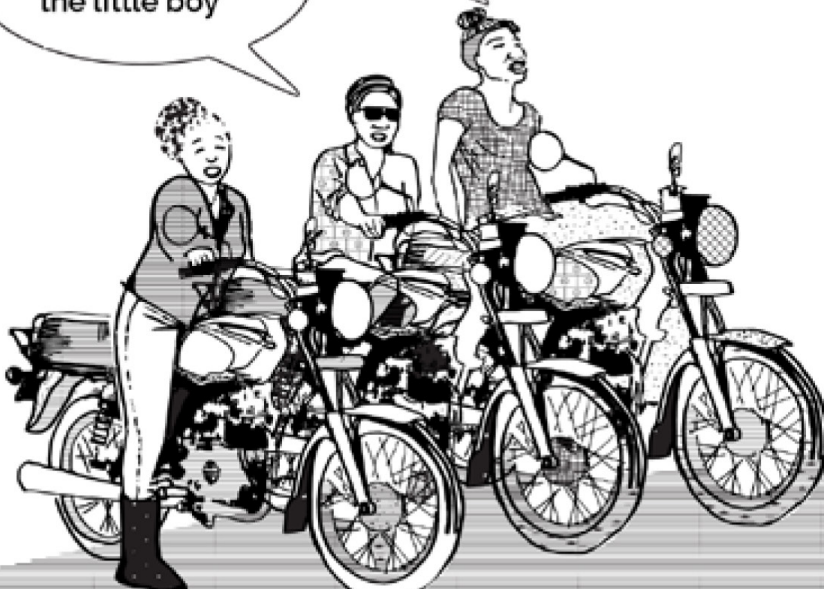


I hate walking by boda stages, They always say things i dont like

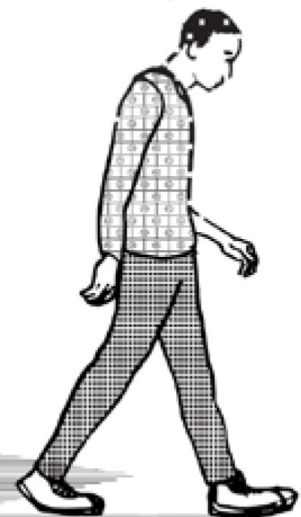


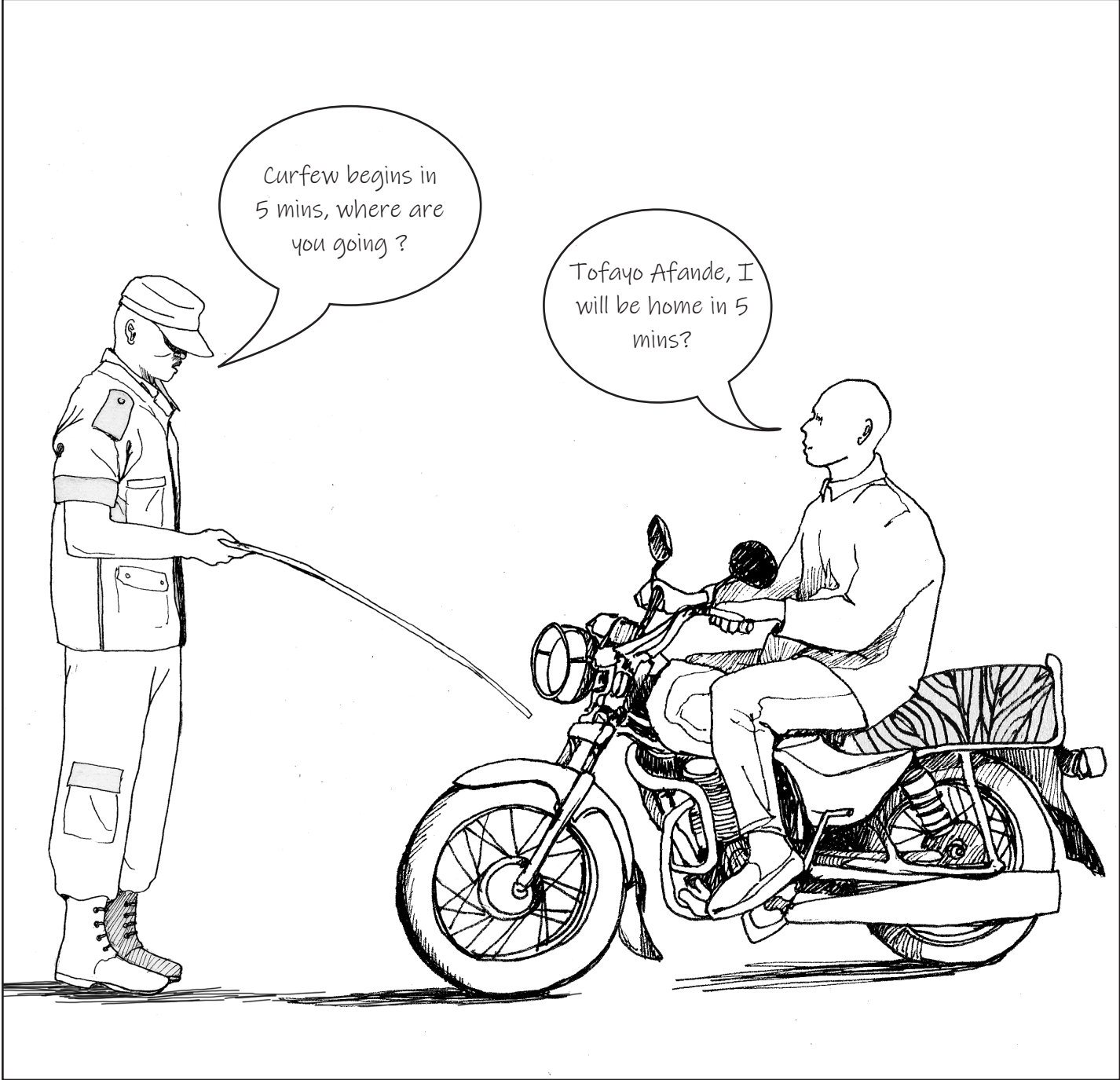
ha ha ha we've embarrassed the little boy

mpa ko!
*give me some...



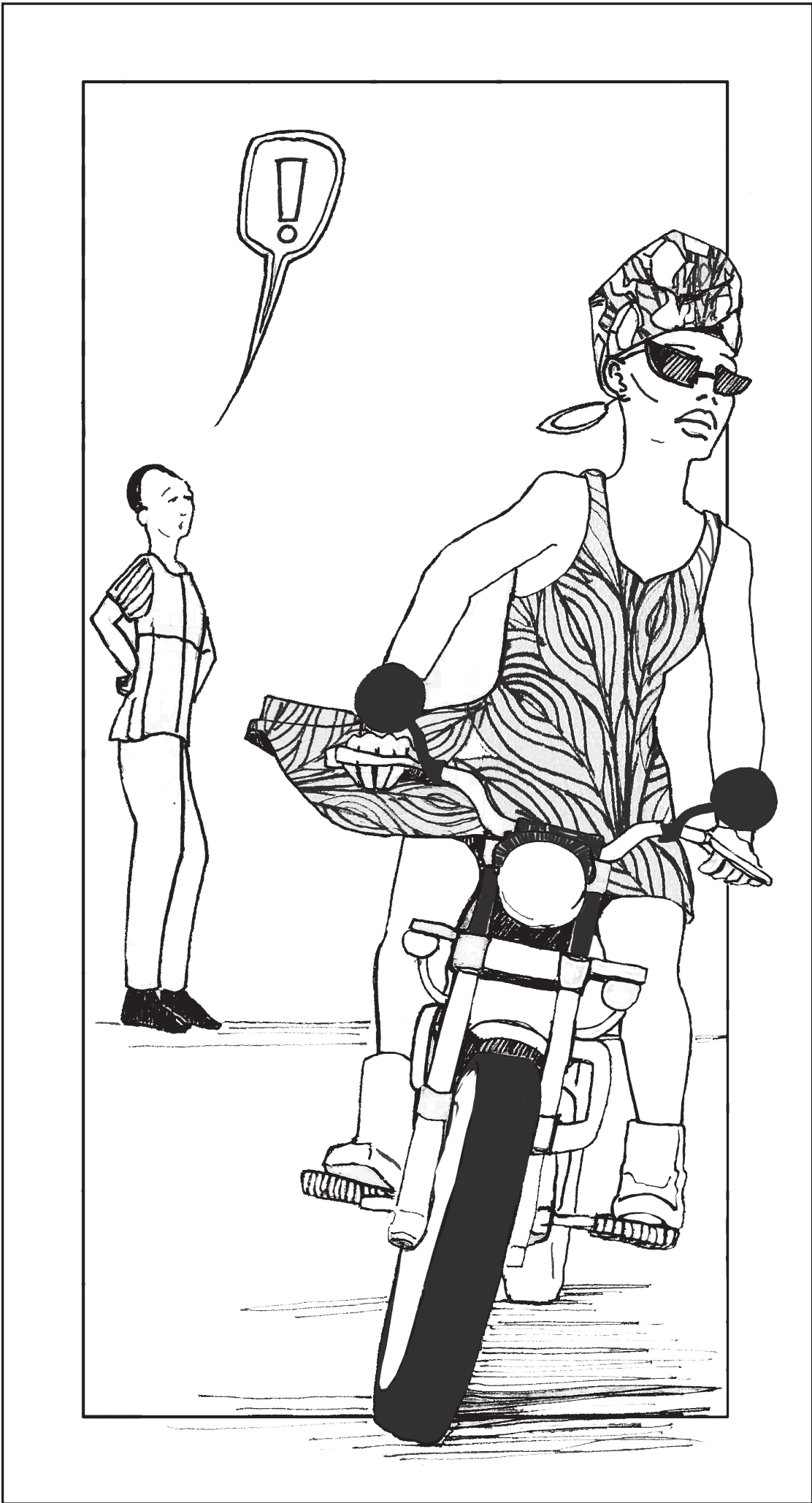
I cant listen to this trash...





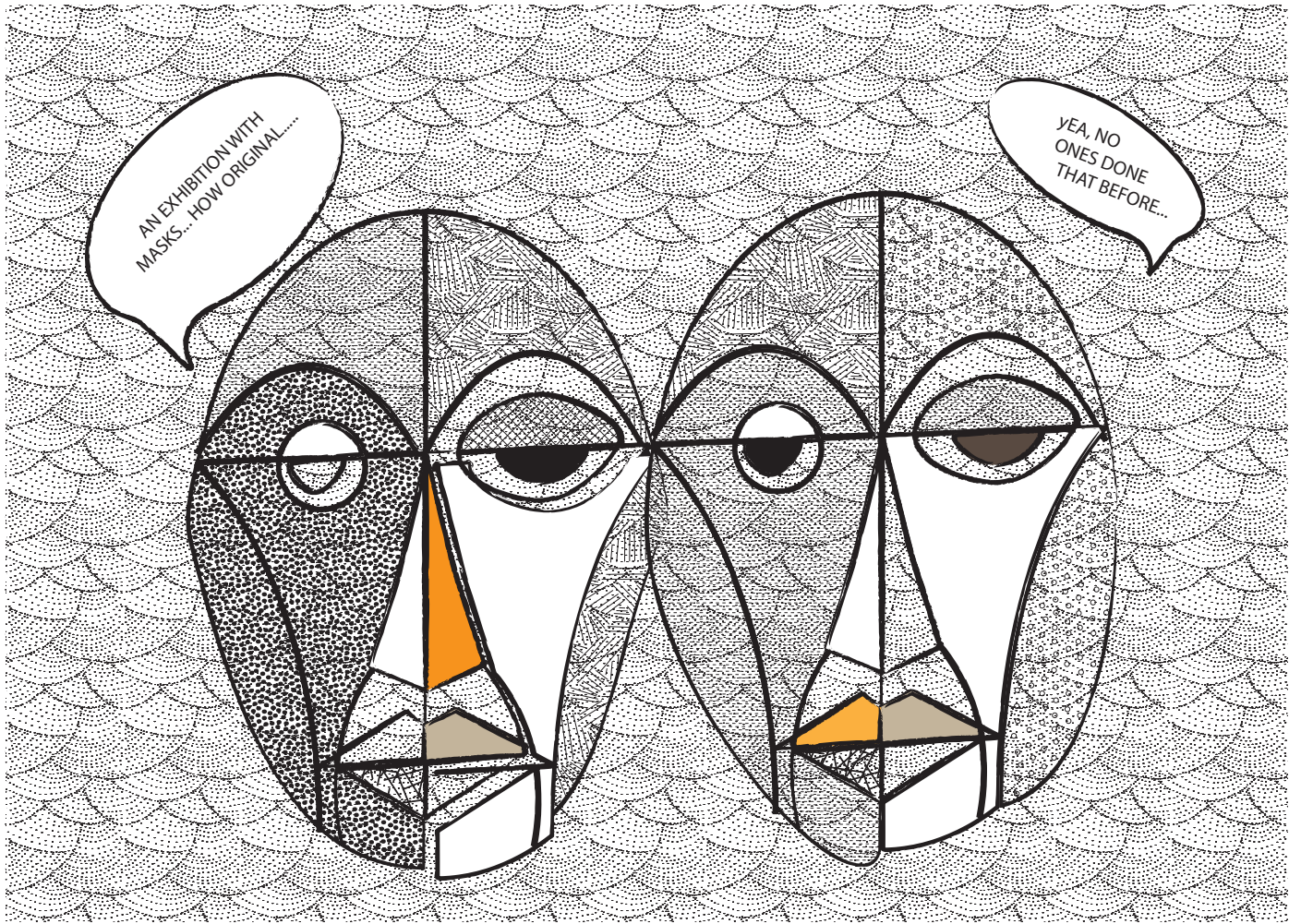
Curfew begins in
5 mins, where are
you going ?

Tofayo Afande, I
will be home in 5
mins?



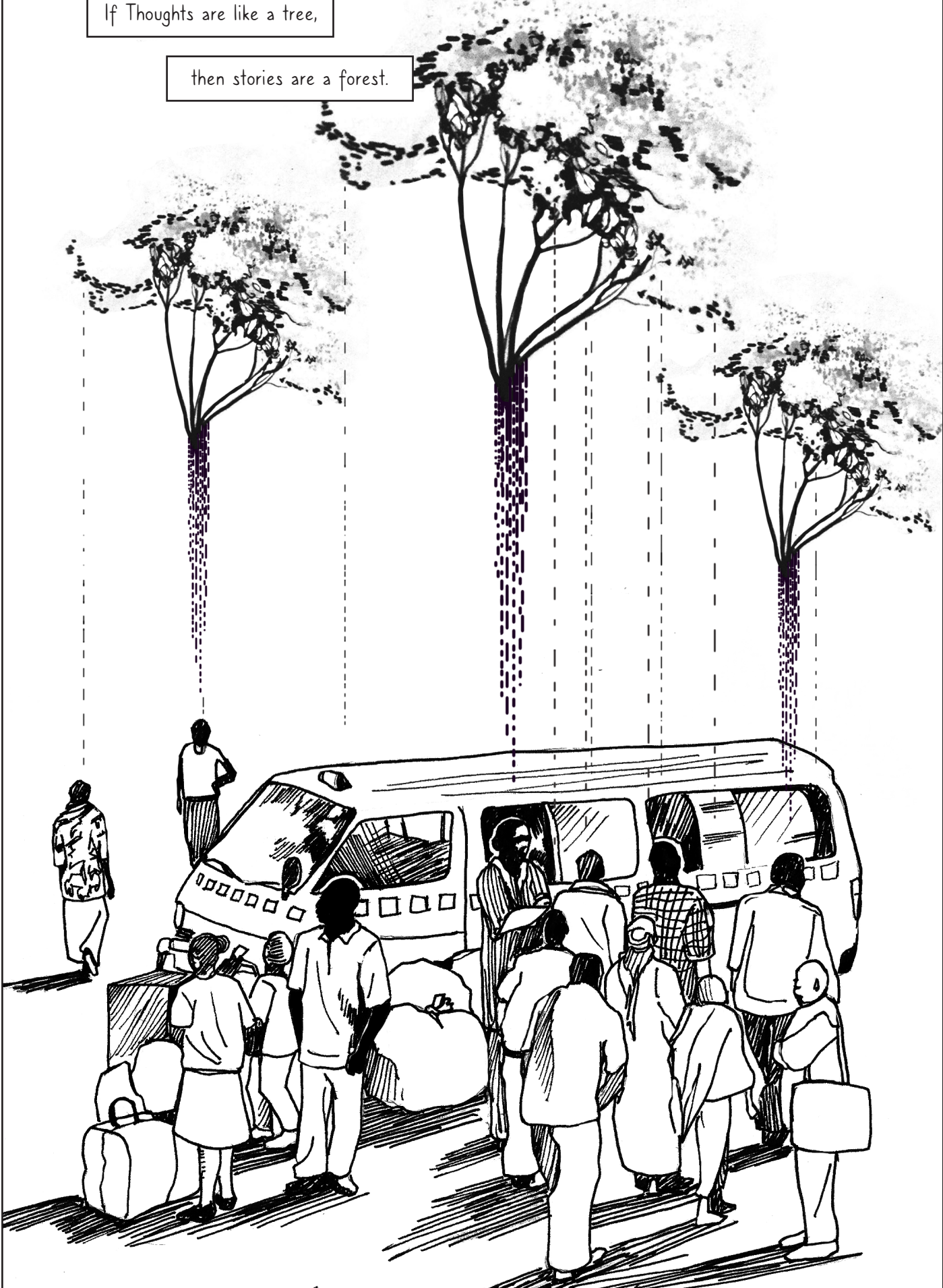


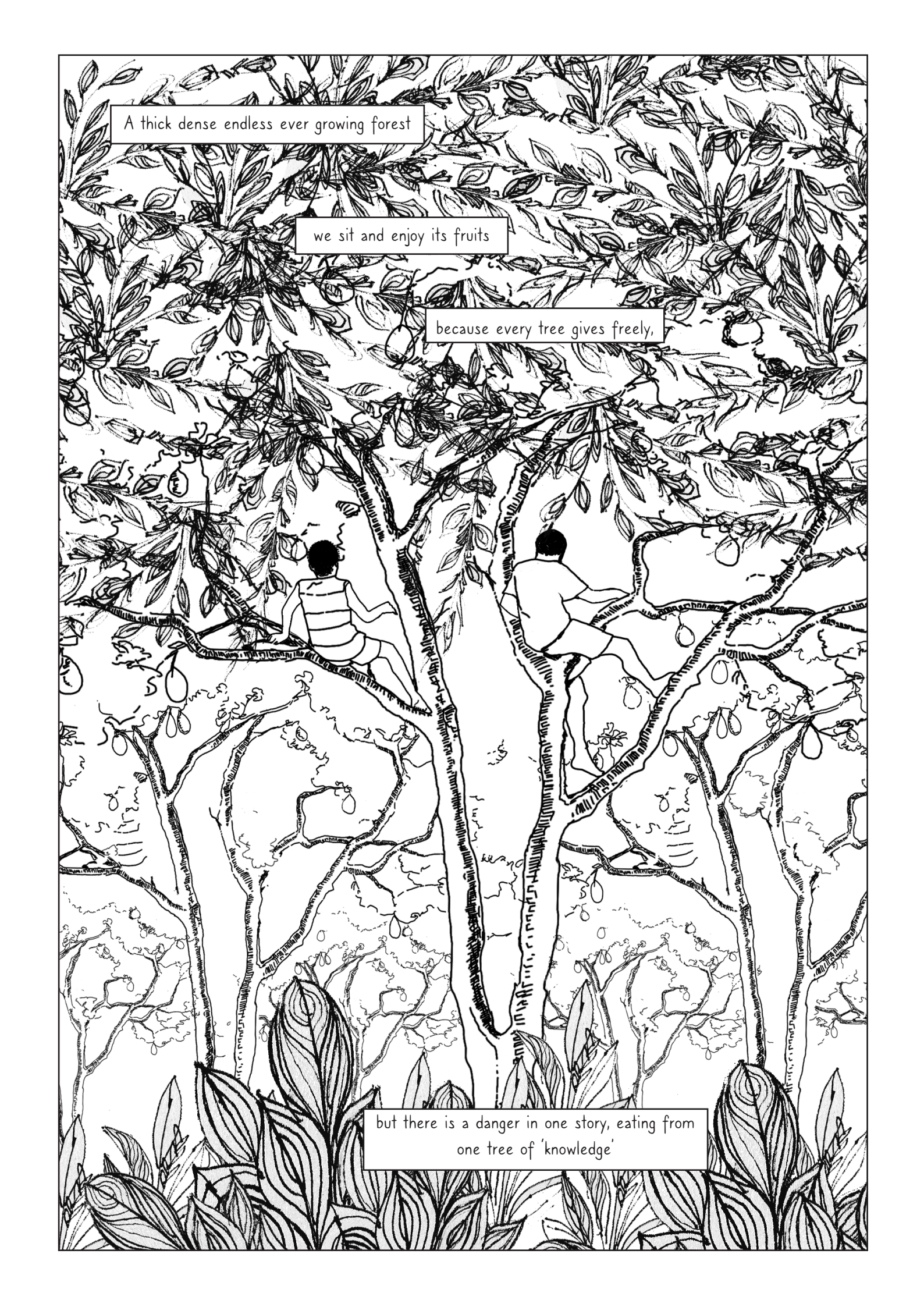
I cant date
Jesus!



If Thoughts are like a tree,

then stories are a forest.



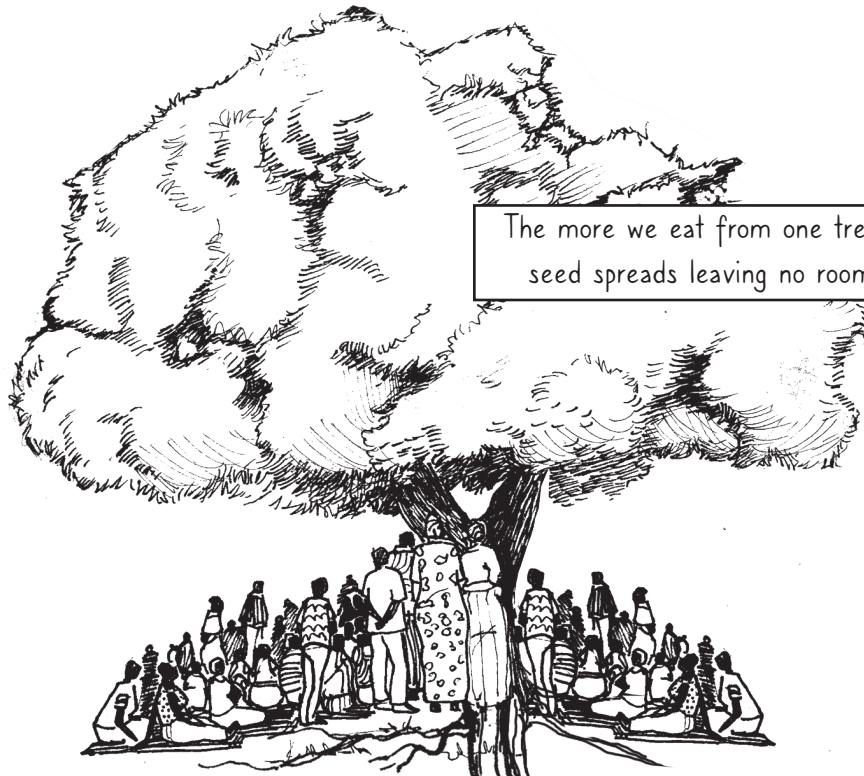


A thick dense endless ever growing forest

we sit and enjoy its fruits

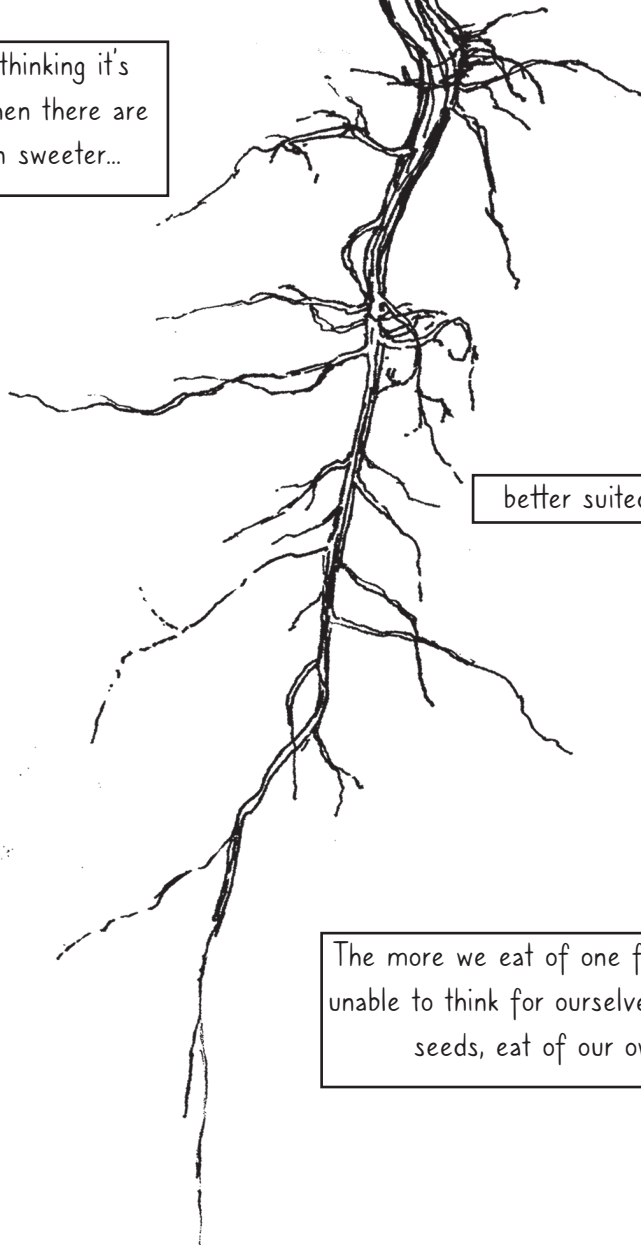
because every tree gives freely,

but there is a danger in one story, eating from
one tree of 'knowledge'



The more we eat from one tree the faster its seed spreads leaving no room for others...

We become biased thinking it's the sweetest fruit when there are others, maybe even sweeter...



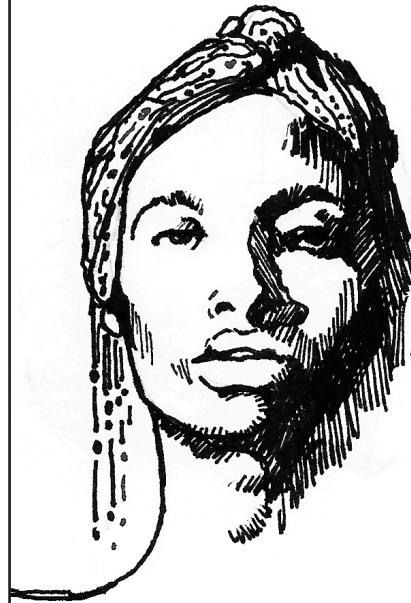
better suited to our needs

The more we eat of one fruit, we become unable to think for ourselves, plant our own seeds, eat of our own fruits,

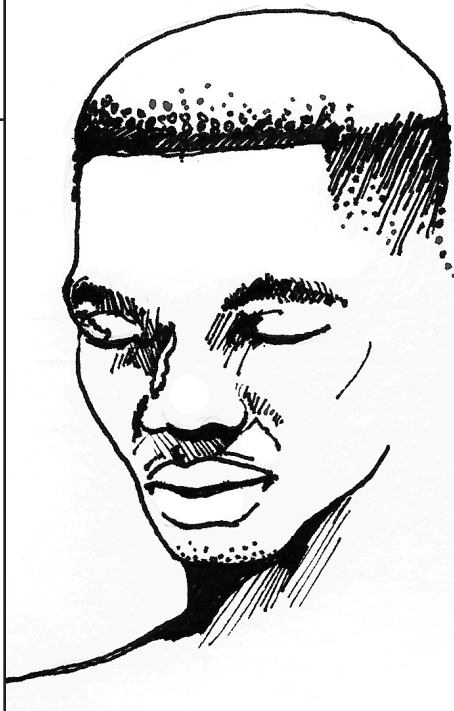
For there is no one ultimate 'knowledge' that unites us all but rather a collection of stories thoughts ideas, planted by our predecessors and ourselves



some we hold closer than others,



some we were taught to believe in,



others were imposed on us

until we no longer knew that
there was an infinite forest
of ideas filled with all we could
imagine and beyond.

We will never grow, until we begin to taste the fruit of this infinite forest and accept that even in our lifetimes we will never taste it all.

