



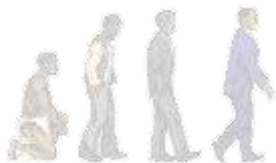
HERCANE

The Birth of Iji Lile

DHATA R. HARRIS

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CHAPTER ONE

The Eyes of the Storm

I yet swanky suburb of Atlanta, nestled in the Vinings district. From her t was the night of the harvest moon in Mapletown, Georgia a sleepy

Babel-high perch, she had an exquisite view of the alabaster skyline unencumbered by the August haze. There was a graveyard on the back side of her subdivision, but it was obscured by trees and a fifty-foot hill. Given its location and corporeal contents; to call the hill a “retaining wall” is both literally and metaphorically apropos.

Some seem enraptured by the Atlantian herbal smog, but in the hot summer contact-high city of the partially decriminalized, an “itis” of epic proportions was beckoning her to siesta. She had always had a penchant for seeing the unseen, but this nap was on some chakra bending Namaste never saw it coming type shit. And like the mythical Cyclops she could see everyone else’s rise and fall, save her own.

In the age-old tradition of what-had-happened-was, her telescope was fixated on the three sistars that adorned the constellation Orion’s belt. It was 11:11pm, her favorite angel number, and she had always been a dothe-one-thing-that-scars-you-everyday stargazer and risk taker.

With consciousness traipsing perilously close to the theta sleep state, her eyelids asymptotically began descending towards apogee. If she hadn’t known better, she’d have sworn the sister stars had started undulating in chorus with her sporadic head nods from the nickel-bag and

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merlot induced stupor of being grown, single, and sexy. She had dared herself to learn the secrets of her existence, better yet her purpose, by watching the stars at 11:11 (the angel number preceding a great spiritual awakening). If you watch what you're watching long enough, at some point whatever you're watching will start watching you back.

That night, the stars started watching Kiki back. Her name meant, "The mercy of God never fades." Her parents had attended a college jumpstart program called Upward Bound at Central University in Wilberforce, Ohio. It was in the middle of southeast BFE, but Dr. Johnson Lewis, leader of the program, had taught the attendees to "be the best" everywhere. Olokiki Julo, was his battle cry that he imparted upon his students (the Bantus), which in the Yoruba language of West Africa, meant "be the best." After Dr. Lewis's passing, Kiki's parents named her in that same spirit of black excellence to honor him and the impact he had upon their lives.

Kiki had grown tired of reading of the impacts and exploits that everyone else was lauded over. Her challenge was to leave her mark on the world and not a stain. Deep inside, there was a calling on her life, but all the Reiki, crystals, sound baths, and Ayahuasca enlightenment couldn't help her crack that impenetrably galvanized nut that was her purpose.

A befreckled night sky and the mystical dance of the three sisters felt different this time, as if ordained by the manufacturers of Ezekiel's wheel in the middle of the wheel themselves. Was the hybrid indica Kush imbibed alongside the smoky merlot imbued with the powers of the ancients? Or was it just some really good shit? Only time would tell. Either way she mustered 1.2 brain cell power to whisper reticently, "I don't want to be high no more."

As if a pachyderm weighted frown had befallen her brows, the final nod of her head took her glance from the telescope to the floor at a speed best accompanied by the warning, "Timber!" Her spirit woman arose from her body.

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She knew that she was not dead, physically, but in this astral plane of existence she was convinced now more than ever that it had been a long time since she was living. Was this the 11:11 sign she had been seeking before such a serendipitous slumber?

She looked down at her newly translucent palms stretching her fingers towards the sky and realized they had no prints or ridges, just vibrational waves. When she blinked, she became aware of a third eye gazing downward from the crest of her forehead to the cleft of her chin.

That third oculus could breathe and taste the aroma where her nose should be. To be able to taste, feel, smell, and hear sight was an orgasm she had never known. So powerful a sensation; her head snapped back from her six-foot five frame, as if driven there by a 12th round uppercut.

Awake again, a deep hunger known as the munchies arose and roared mightily from her 8 and ½ pack exposed-to-the-cold-wooden-floor abs. Wiping the drool from the left recesses of her mouth with her right hand she encountered a speckle of crimson between her thumb and index finger. Was it that smoky merlot or had her tumble from the table where the telescope was mounted caused a trickle of blood?

As she lumbered starboard with the ascent of her Amazonian physique back to her feet, she became aware that her red Versailles robe with black and gold belt must have been open and untied for quite some time as her body was hardly ever cold. She was what you call “cornbread” thick. Her skin tone was between a mocha and South American highmestizo light skin. She kept her hair in corn rows to hide how fair, fine, and long it was. Her two loves in college were meteorology and playing basketball. She was above all, the tallest meteorologist on The Weather Station.

Successful in her quest to quench her munchies through soothing air fryer Ramen casserole ornamented with a dash of bourbon infused salt, she thought back to her fleeting moment as a Goddess.

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Was it all a dream? Did she have superpowers from that Black Girl Magic floating around the metro area? Was there any research she could pull on how to reenter the same dream after waking up? Was it symbolic that she woke up at 3:33 (angel number for your prayers have been answered)?

After vigorously spewing processed cheese spray haplessly and recklessly upon 30-day-old-bag-not-closed nacho chips, the absence of crunch caused her to lose her appetite and start taking notes. After all, she was a vision boarding legend.

Now that she had received the divination and was beset by round two of the “it is”, she was lulled back into hibernation induced by the low battery warning of her smoke detector outside of the first-floor bathroom. Her bedroom was on the second floor.

Her second wakeup was disappointingly less eventful. There was nothing magical or glorious about an 8am, should I go to church or home church at Bedside Baptist this Sunday morning? When she was a child, she remembered church was an all-day function starting with Sunday school, choir for the second service, lunch, fellowship, and then somehow dinner. Her parents were both devout Christians and deacons who championed the church building fund and had a savant-like ability to recall every scripture and verse quoting the difference between tithing and offering. Her mother Rebecca, named after Isaac’s wife in the Bible, had always said that 80% of your blessings are based on the 20% you give to God. To them, even tithes were not exempt from spiritual inflation. Tithe literally means 10 percent.

The mystery of Saturday night made her choice to attend Bedside Baptist an easy one. Bedside Baptist is the response you give someone who asked you how church was this weekend, when you chose to sleep in versus going to service.

She was leading a segment on climate change at work and needed to prepare for her live camera spot and 4:30am Monday arrival.

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Her father retired from the Army and had gotten her used to life at “Zero dark thirty,” a phrase that members of the military use when getting their day started even before the sun is up in the sky.

How she ended up loving meteorology and basketball was an enigma for the self-proclaimed Giganticus Ornithorhynchus Anatinus. No one in her circle could pronounce it, so she went by the nickname “GO” on her basketball team. It was her fancy and scientifically accurate way of calling herself a giant platypus that defied definition or explanation. Quiet as it’s kept, she’d always had a feeling that being known by only one name was not sufficient enough for her greatness.

After smashing almost every high school and college record and turning down a career in the women’s professional basketball league, the sports world sarcastically gave her the moniker “EGO.” That was fine by her as it was a plausible excuse for why with her immense beauty, intellect, and success; she was never so much as even seen on a date with a man or a woman.

She had invested her whole life into proving to others how different she was. Now it was her turn to prove it to herself.

That third eye from her dream that had metaphysically invaginated her divine countenance was heavy on her mind. Getting ready for the Monday feature story was going to take all but two of her available hours.

“Challenge accepted,” Kiki said. She realized long ago that she was her only real competition. That is how her nickname aka split-name was born. You see, champions are always known by two names. Winner or loser.

Anyone who dares to be great could be diagnosed with dual personality disorder because those endorphins hit different when you win. Having a nickname that other people called her by, meant that she was allthe-way in control of her reality and anyone who desired an audience had to play her game and by her rules.

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Before a major battle, Kiki would talk so much shit in the mirror to “GO” that she had to apologize to her damn self. “It’s a shame how bad I beat me tonight,” Kiki would exclaim. “To lose to anyone other than myself is death.”

And that one glad morning when the Holy Cross is awarded and engraved upon her tombstone, she will achieve the status of Giganticus Ornithorhynchus Anatinus, Terminus (the end). Or you can just call her the G.O.A.T! Greatest of all times.

To establish her goathood, she would have to figure out a way to challenge every minute, like time itself had stolen the basketball from her. She had the next one hundred and twenty minutes to validate her dream by manifesting the vision board to end all vision boards.

When she was seven years old, Kiki had been winded by a freak lightning strike on the basketball court while perfecting her middle reverse layup. There was not a storm cloud to be found in the sky, just a three second calm before the calamitous boom.

Momentously fortunate to be alive, a vestigial scar of the strike was emblazoned on her back like a doppelganger for the roots of a 300-yearold white oak tree. The scar emanated skyward towards her prepubescent shoulder blades from the dorsal region of her spine as if forming a question mark bas-relief with a whip-torn root system. Her parents, staunch believers in signs and miracles, said that the Lord had burdened her with a question that only her life and destiny could answer.

Surviving those unforgiving minutes in the coffin-hungry ambulance seemed like an eternity back then for the wunderkind, but the results of the next 120 minutes could spirit her from adolescent apprehension to omniscient masterclassery. As she started remembering the dream in excruciating detail, she was instantly immersed in a synaptic tempest of nerve cell stimulation unrivaled by all of the fireworks on the 4th of July. Her bluish green, color of the Mediterranean, eyes when she

smized, could barely conceal the new light and zeal she had found for decoding the dream within her dream.

When she crashed back into consciousness, a terrifying reality befell her. Whatever the hell that was took 90 minutes of her life. Where did she just go in her mind? Apparently, time won that half of the game. But how and why?

There was no more smoky-merlot or lipstick-dipped blunt tip. It was daytime now. She had long since shed her red silken Versailles labia disguised as a robe.

What was coming into focus was that something real had happened to her twice in the last twenty-four hours. Now she had empirical evidence without being under the influence of the sticky icky in her cerebrum.

“What happened?”

“Why me?”

“What now?”

Those were the three questions she needed to answer now. Three questions, three second calm, three sisters. Oh my God, she said. What-the-fuck? 333! It’s the angel number for your prayers have been answered. The only other prayer she had ever had outside of wishing her parents safety and prosperity was to learn her purpose. That question mark God had commanded on her back almost two decades ago was a part of her daily affirmations. I am the answer, I am the greatest; my time is now or never. Oh shit! Her daily affirmations were the answer to the three questions.

Her alarm music queued as her 120 minutes not dedicated to work had succumbed to the violence of career ambitions. “I should be the munitions end of a war-tested cannon of generationally wealthy think-tank philanthropists.” “But, let me go stack this paper and punish their beliefs that I could ever be a rookie.”

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“They assigned me a news spot on climate change, but they didn’t know that any cold feet I had was because my altitude rose towards the sun too quickly and I forgot to exhale during atmospheric ascension.” “Greater women have been waiting too damn long for someone to give us permission to breathe.” “I’ve been waiting too long to truly live.” If I fail, they’ll label me Icarus and say I flew too close to the sun.

While she wrapped up preparation for what would become the highest-viewed segment in the Weather Station herstory, a crucible was brewing that irrigated both her panty liners and matters gray.

How could she serve two masters? Finding her purpose would be difficult while selling the agoraphobic-world free clouds and sunny days on the horizon.

“Oh.” “That’s right.” “I am the answer, I am the greatest; my time is now or never.”

CHAPTER TWO

Follow the Talking Drums

meadow greens to transmogrify her dreams. Only in her dreams, the **T**ick-tock, tick-tock, the relentless rhythm of sheep's feet beat the grass was lilac-drenched in purple blaze with poppy-infused tips. The proverbial prone-positioned wooly-white cotton creatures most people count on until sleep-submission, were black-light ultraviolet floating across her unfenced hippocampi.

That's the place where dreams are made. Where we are Queens and I said what I said; is law. Jobs are for paperless paupers and careers are a fallback for false entrepreneurs.

Her drive was sibling-induced and self-fulfilling-prophecyproclaimed. She had grown up and survived two ne'er-do-well brothers and an elder sister of eight years, who consistently and forever signified that she was twenty years her senior. This hardscrabble rivalry

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may have roiled a lesser being. But she had listened closely and understood the phenomenal woman, that's me, assignment.

Tick-tock, tick-tock. It wasn't the sweet sleep sheep's herald after all. Instead, it was her violence-inducing alarm clock that she had set to wake up gently swayed by metronomic sequence at 3:33AM. That angel number for, "your prayers have been answered," kept showing up. But that 4:30 spot loomed even more imminently.

Right-eye. Left-eye. Up I. Up High.

Her morning rituals were as dramatic as if doing the most was a commendation for which only, she could be adorned. Waking up one eye at a time is as close to obsessive compulsive disorder being an actual body part could be believed. And it was with that, her body mustered the chutzpah to exodus Betty Booski; her pet name for her unconditional napstarved bed.

Betty was a "big girl." She was a double-king-sized fluffy, with ample bosom for eight souls, at least. Galvanized by titanium-cushionedthighs sat her press-the-damned-button and we vibrating nimbus reinforced coils.

That vibration had tip-toed her erogenous in the showroom. Her six-foot five chakra-laden matrix had found singularity with the diagonal fold of the mattress. Shangri-La had accidentally acquired voyeur-endorsed quivers. Damn good thing she had on her moisture-wicking nickers, or the moniker "weather girl" would have sired whole new internet meming. She paid \$200 extra to keep the floor model she had so publicly betrothed.

Looking back at her memory-foam-body-double dissipating from Betty Booski's pearlescent-pillow-top, Kiki marked five steps before spelunking into the abyss and dowsing the bathroom light switch as if by telekinetic Braille.

She may have only opened one eye at a time, but those blackout curtains in her bedroom had maximized the total sensory deprivation experience.

Kiki had recently upgraded her bathroom vanity to a smart mirror that recorded and replayed her daily video affirmations whenever the light tickled the sensor. The mirror flashed, THREE, TWO, ONE, GO, in large pulsating-lilac Helvetica before her digital automaton manifested.

“GO,” was her alter ego’s name. Considering she had found the magical speculum in the very showroom harboring her double-king-sized Betty Booski; \$3,330 was a bargain. Especially, when she played the lottery the same night, playing her favorite angel number 333 for a straight and box win so big taxes had to be filed.

During its countdown, the mirror was scanning her attire to grant authenticity to the simulated reflection. It was the custodian of her measurements from the apex of her crown to the nadir of her tarsals. She could literally go shopping from her mirror and see how the finest wares would look on her kaleidoscopic canvas.

“Good Morning Beautiful, her virtual apparition exclaimed.” “Now repeat after me.” “I am the answer, I am the greatest; my time is now or never.” She had embedded her signature left-eye wink and three fingers self-blown kiss to end the mirror’s wake up and go get it ritual.

Now it was only Kiki in the mirror. As she extended her hand clumsily downward, the toothbrush plummeted into the sink basin. She excavated the anti-cavity weapon as if she were Arthur liberating Excalibur from the stone. Just the perfect amount of watermelon-mint toothpaste was instantly applied to her crowdfunded toothbrush that self-cleaned and loaded for up to 800 brushes.

Kiki had given up her favorite Hookah spot in Atlanta when she learned she could achieve the same non-nicotinic flavor three times a day, and between meals. The convex pneumatic mouthwash injection, delivered from the business-end of the toothbrush, was hygienically addictive. It was

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a spectral vapor that congressed with her taste buds and sustained fresh breath for at least 10 hours.

The jury was still out on its safety risks but litigating amazingly fresh breath and consistently porcelain-bright incisors was a Sisyphean task.

Exactly seven minutes had transpired. She saved the final twenty minutes of her wake up and get it ritual for her bidirectional body-360 shower heads with heated marble tile and electromagnetic stirrups. The stirrups paired with her tarsal and vertebral bones, synonymous to pairing a phone with a car.

Once locked in, slips and falls in the shower were a thing of the past. Kiki had found a jailbreak for the shower that could puppet her bones to a brisk jog, whilst applying her hemp lavender body wash to her breakglass in case of emergency nether regions.

Electromagnetic stirrups had become a greater enabler of athletic performance enhancement than doping could ever dream. Kiki's abs were never in danger of extinction because her rib bone conductor was set for 30 minutes of abdominal toning sessions during R.E.M. sleep. As the droplets of her drone-powered-bidet sprung forth from the back wall of her shower to her inner left thigh, she knew she had reached the final unforgiving minute. The compressed air spun around her baby powderdrenched frame as if a tornado of towels was powered by a cotton candy wind machine.

The Weather Station was only a ten-minute drive from her lair in Mapletown. To her, it was the science of how little could she do before the hair and makeup crew would pamper her primetime debut?

After securing her phone, purse, and keys; Kiki floated to her candy-paint, just-under-monster-sized truck. Six foot five with a granola bar, energy drink, and wedge shoes was an equation that an only barelystreet-legal vehicle could solve for.

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She arrived at the station two minutes ahead of her anticipated time. Rodrigo “The Chico,” Latin-lover and amigo, absconded her to his booth-chair behind door number two. The face beat and hair treat she was about to receive would cement her inaugural live-shot in broadcast history for decades to come.

The producer gave her the final go-ahead nod, as she would be on camera in five. She quickly downed a ginger shot to her tried-and-tested, ma-may-me-mow-mu get my vocals right reflex.

This time when she blinked, she thought she heard a drum beating in her temporal bones. A resonating vibrato as if the drum was somehow singing. She quickly said to herself, “get yo black ass together.” “It’s just your nerves.” That was her way of channeling Go, her fearless alter-ego and representative when shit got too real. There was way too much on the line to allow doubt to seep in.

Kiki inhaled and exhaled. The countdown was now only 2 minutes and 45 seconds remaining. She quickly searched the internet for what angel number 245 was trying to show her. It said that her guides were asking her to have faith.

That was just the message she needed. The space time continuum was not playing fair that day, as 2:45 evaporated into FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE, GO!

Back and shoulders were at a military-grade 90 degrees as the crown of her head perfectly came into focus on camera one. Rodrigo had metamorphosed her signature corn rows into a regal mane worthy of a lioness that buttressed her navy-blue lapels against the mother-of-pearl blouse he had designed for her camera experience today.

Accoutrement for her exclusive was an African pearl necklace and matching earrings with slightly oversized pearls to allow her tasteful, but sexy décolletage. It is a news program after all.

After admiring his craft, Rodrigo had jokingly told Kiki that if he were into women, the way she looked today would have made him harder

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than staring at Medusa. With no lack of machismo, she responded, “I make me go hard too.”

“Go Hard!” Her unintentional muse Rodrigo had provided the Reveille from which she commanded her first words of the broadcast. “Good morning, Atlanta. I’m Kiki Iji and you’re in for a change.” “Let’s make it for the better.”

Iji was the West-African word for storm in the Yoruba language. It sounded like her last name was simply the letters E and G with no space. She would often tell people, “I’m Iji like Fiji.”

Her news segment on climate change was only three minutes, but she was determined to leave a long-lasting impression.

She was highlighting a video graphic of the impact that would be felt from a one-degree increase in average temperature, which typically takes 100 years. The video culminated with an animation of a scientist haplessly trying to put melted ice cream back into its original cone. Kiki was illustrating that once the damage was done, the situation had to get messy before it could get better.

To close her segment, she had brought her plasma electricity ball from home. It was a Tesla coil wrapped inside of what looked like a crystal ball that had reactive-to-touch lightning discharge.

Kiki had planned to pan the camera back to her when the video was finished. Then she would simply place both hands on the globe and say, “All of us have a position to play.” “Take the charge and make the change.”

In the ever-loving spirit of best laid schemes, what happened next was totally something different.

The video finished. Check! The camera panned back to Kiki. Check and double check! The Tesla coil inside the globe lit up like lightning in a bottle as expected. Check check check!

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Kiki was in the process of placing her hands on the globe to nail the dismount for what would have been an impeccable moment in primetime television history, but then all hell broke loose in a Murphy's-Lawwon't-let-me-be-great type of way. Almost as if the glass in the globe was non-existent, the lightning illuminated her hands as it breached the glass about 16 and a half inches to each side of the globe.

As the crescendo shrilled, the electromagnetism of her hands, was like a moth to the flame towards the two hemispheres of the no longer self-contained energy globe.

When her hands connected, an electromagnetic pulse (EMP) knocked out power for a 3-mile radius just north of Interstate 285, better known as The Perimeter. Onsite paramedics were on the production floor in less than 3 minutes after the mishap. Backup generators kicked in within 30 seconds.

Papers, memos, and news desk assignments were callously strewn near the epicenter as if an indoor hurricane had transpired. A violent wind had briskly picked them up during the electrical melee. A burst of energy like that would have surely eviscerated most people, but there was Kiki. She was more concerned about the damage to property and how her ratings might be negatively impacted by her flub.

They had put her on the stretcher by now, as part of their disaster recovery and medical protocol. She told them that she felt fine but knew the optics of what happened so just decided to fake it until she made it. "Play the sympathy card girl. Nobody wants to blame the victim, she said to herself."

As if spirited by some stroke of serendipity, the power flickered until fully restored as soon as Kiki left the building. The news team had just enough time to prepare a live-spot to mention their thoughts and prayers were with her while a full investigation of the incident was conducted.

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Within the half hour, news of the freak incident consumed the major local and cable channels. The Weather Station had the exclusive and checked in with Kiki every thirty minutes.

After the “how are you feeling,” and “are you ok,” the questions turned to “tell us what happened.”

For the life of her she could not answer. It was like time had stopped for 30 seconds during her set. She was aware that something had happened as her hands got closer to the energy globe, but what that was, remained to be seen.

“Was there a drum?” “Was it singing?” “It’s got to be connected to my Goddess dream!”

Those were the queries whispered past her tastebuds as her lids grew heavy. Her parents had arrived at the hospital shortly after the ambulance. Perhaps the fact they lived 5 houses down from her in the same subdivision was problematic for her relationship status.

She was just about to tell her mother that she loved her when her glassy gaze grew obsidian. The Goliath-smiting sedatives that the nurses had pumped into her saline drip stopped her mid-sentence as if a bear to a tranquilizer dart.

CHAPTER THREE

Goddess Oya's Riddle

leep had befallen Kiki so quickly, that the words I love you sprang forth as her eyes began to open up inside the dream-state. That tender expression meant for her mother, had been accidentally uttered to a translucent cerulean giantess who floated before her with a belt constructed of what looked like lightning and locked-hair interwoven with silver strands of mercury and storm clouds, brandishing a cosmic salt and pepper hue. The hair was alive, electrical, and pulsating. Her skin had gentle ripples as if composed of ocean waves at low tide. Both the hair and

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skin undulated with a syncopation she remembered from the three sistars of Orion's belt during her merlot-juana fantasy ride.

As Kiki struggled with the enormity of the moment and temporary paralysis of tongue, the giantess responded, "I love you too Kiki." Emboldened by the interactivity of this dream, Kiki's jaw, lips, and tongue unlocked to softly mutter, What? "How do you know me?" "Who are you?" "Where am I?"

Without visibly moving her mouth, the giantess thundered. "You are spirit of my spirit." I am the sister of Oba and of your ancestor Oshun. I have many names, but you can call me Oya.

Kiki was not familiar with the Orisha. They were elder Gods of the Yoruba religion of West Africa, so the significance of Oya was lost upon her.

Oya was the goddess of weather. She has been known to conjure storms, lightning, and earthquakes with but a simple thought. One of her other duties was to usher souls into the afterlife.

Kiki, with more than a whisper this time, summoned the courage to ask what she thought was inevitable. "Am I dead?"

Oya made herself seven times smaller, so that Kiki would no longer be afraid. "You are between sleep and wake, but I will from this point forward protect every breath you take."

"In your mother tongue of Yoruba, I am your Ebi." "In the language of your captors, it means family." You are my grandniece, my Omo Omo."

"Twelve generations ago, roughly 240 of your earth years, a terrible tragedy was allowed to occur on my watch." "We were fighting amongst ourselves for favor with our husband Shango, and slave hunters struck a devil's deal with traders from Duke Town."

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“They raided your ancestral village and stole the youngest child of Oshun and Erinle into slavery during a midnight raid.” The other children were barely five years old and had not yet learned how to cultivate or access their gifts. By cover of night, your ancestor “Ife”, which means love, was stolen by alabaster demons with whips of fire and thorns on a warped wooden-water chariot.

“Our wrath quickly turned from each other to vengeance for our beloved.” “They had a head start on us, by seven hours.” “When we arrived at the Bight of Biafra, by wind and water, their water chariot was half-aday away.”

“We, the Orisha, are bound to the continent from which our powers are born.” “I can conjure the lightning and unleash the storm but knew no weather magic that could bring them back from such an expanse.”

“I thought if I sent a counter-clockwise whirlpool, stirred in the sky and wrapped in wind; I could return their chariots.” There were three of them, what you call ships, on the horizon growing faint from view only showing their masts and sails. The oceans and fiery tornadic firmament spun with gale force winds as two of the ships began to return, caught in my storm.

“The waves were so high that the masts of the ships were eclipsed, and water-born leviathan began to take them under.” “All of the Gods and Goddesses begged me to quell my wrath, so I stopped the wind and waves.” But it was too late.

The ships had taken on too much water and 137 souls were returned to Alkebulan. That is the ancestral name of Africa which translates to “Mother of Mankind.” But their bodies were lost to the sea. There were 13 of your cousins that were allowed to stay in the ocean as “sea people.” I believe your history refers to them as mermaids.

Your ancestor Ife was the last survivor of our bloodline on the third ship and was granted safe passage to North America.

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We wept for 40 days and 40 nights, and no longer considered ourselves gods. Mortal greed and hatred possessed a power of their own that we could not satiate nor appease.

Kiki walked slowly towards Oya to comfort her. Even at seven times smaller than her original form, Oya was still almost 8 feet tall. When Kiki pressed her 6'5" frame against Oya in a tender embrace, her forehead and left cheek became lost in Oya's bountiful bosom as if a young child to a parent.

"If there were no gifts that a five-year-old nor the gods possessed that could stop men armed with guns, knives, and hatred, you can no longer blame yourself Ebi Oya." It seems that none of us can escape the cards dealt by fate. "Do you mind if I call you Auntie?"

"If it pleases you, my precious Omo, you can call me Auntie." "We don't have much time before you wake, but I will tell the tale with the time until."

You are special, Kiki. Do you know that child? When we relinquished our titles as gods and goddesses, we and others of our kind were prohibited in interfering in the affairs of mortals here on Earth.

I've watched over you since you were born. Unfortunately, I could not prevent that lightning strike on the basketball court when you were a child. Again, I felt helpless as one of my descendants cried out in agony.

The higher Gods would have struck me down as they have any former god who tried to intervene in mankind after the war of heavens. I promise to tell you the story of the war one day when there is time. Now is your time to fix what has been broken. It is now or never.

Kiki instantly recognized Oya's words as part of her daily mantra.

Oya began backing away from Kiki as her original form and height were restored. Her voice now thunderous, whispered; the hatred and greed

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that we believed was limited to mortals, was made from our image. Not the other way around.

No mortal has seen my form or heard my voice in ages. Former gods are only allowed to communicate with the living through dreams which are oft not remembered. Energy can neither be created nor destroyed, only transferred. Your soul is an energy that has been recycled since the beginning of time. Dreams are the place where all versions of your conscious and unconscious souls may interact on what's called a Dream Bridge.

There is a prophecy even older than I. If she be you, let Sankofa be your guide. One day man will be restored to his place amongst the sky. A walker must cross the Dream Bridge and answer the riddle for the gods up high. If that walker be you Kiki, then answer me this riddle of three.

As above so below. On Earth as it is in Heaven, are you the righteous seventh of seven?

Stone the winds, with F, F-sharp, and G. To tame the tempest and silence the sea.

What lies beneath the sand, and on circles cropped? The power to move mountains both bottoms and tops.

 **CHAPTER FOUR** 
Go Back and Fetch It

iki had just awoken from what seemed like a week's worth of sleep to find she had only been under for 12 minutes. Armed with the full memory of Oya's riddle she looked to her left and saw her mother's tearful eyes gazing back at her. No translucent giantess this time. Just mom. And she couldn't be happier.

She needed to share details of her quest with someone she could trust. Kiki and her mom had always been the best of friends. If she couldn't trust her mom with this vital secret, she couldn't trust anyone. But how do you approach a devout bible-thumper of a Pentecostal Christian Deaconess with something that's not in any Bible and would likely invoke the prescription of meds and counseling if spoken aloud?

Her metaphysical doppelgänger, Go, stepped in as if she were Rip Van Winkle awaking from a 20-year nap to answer a 30- second-old question in full stride.

Mom, I love you so much. As she was about to go into her heretical soliloquy, she paused mid-sentence after noticing 3 little birds on the ledge of her hospital room window preening themselves, just over her mother's right shoulder.

The birds were black with red wings and adorned with green, yellow, and crimson neck-bands. From left to right, the first bird was facing forward with what looked like an egg at the end of its beak. However, that was unlikely, due to the fact that she had scanned all three birds and they similarly possessed a beak like a Dodo bird featuring a hump resembling an egg.

Go was rarely at a loss for words, which is why Kiki often depended on her to represent during times of social angst and awkwardness. But she was for a brief second.

The second bird was facing sideways and the third backward with its feet pointed forward. These were unlike any birds that Go had ever seen so she allowed Kiki to regain control of the conversation with their mom. Go told Kiki to talk about the birds, before she left.

Kiki was armed with a game plan and fresh energy from sitting on the "bench" for a spell. The bench is what Kiki called her time when Go was taking the lead. Like everything else, together they had turned their undiagnosed multiple personality disorder into a strength.

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By now a few minutes had passed. Kiki's mother had become worried because she stopped talking after saying she loved her.

Kiki. Kiki. Are you alright? I'm about to page the nurse to come in here.

Mom. Can you look over your shoulder and tell me if you see 3 birds sitting on the windowsill?

Her mother did as she was requested and sure enough, she saw the 3 birds that had enthralled her daughter's attention.

My word. I don't think I've ever seen birds like that. One second. Maybe in my African History book in college.

Seeking to perform a closer investigation, Kiki's mom got closer to the window and thought she recognized the birds before they flew away.

Can't be, she said. Those are not supposed to be real and definitely not in the United States.

Kiki, emboldened by her mother's shock and the fact that she too had a momentary lapse of words, asked her what kind of birds she thought they were.

Her mom said, if I didn't know any better, they look like these birds from this Western African Adinkra symbol called Sankofa. The Adinkra originated in Ghana to visually represent concepts from the ancient culture. It was supposed to be a bird that flew forward but looked backward. It symbolized the value in learning from your past to move even further in your future.

Mom. I think you're right. They were Sankofa birds. I know I promised to never hide anything from you, but I've got to share something with you that may make me sound completely crazy. Are you open to hearing my truth?

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Of course, Kiki. You can tell me anything and I want to know everything. I love you. I am so proud of your accomplishments and who you've become as a person. There is nothing you could ever tell me that would make me love you less.

Mom. I had a dream. Several of them to be honest. It started the weekend before my big news spot. I had a nice bottle of merlot and some of Cousin Shaun's ganja to unwind while star watching. I had the wildest dream ever. My skin was translucent, I had 3 eyes, and could smell, feel, and taste from my third eye.

I thought maybe I had hit my head, was still high, or had some serious stage fright because of my first news spot. Then when I got to the hospital and they gave me some sedatives, I entered another dream where there was a 50-foot African goddess named Oya who said she was my Great-Great, many times Great Auntie.

She told me that our ancestors had been abducted from this village in Nigeria and she had created hurricanes as a way to bring back the slave ships. She thought I may be able to construct this thing called a Dream Bridge to help restore mankind to its old glory and place among the skies.

To top all of it off she said my quest would begin with a Sankofa bird. That's what kind of bird we saw on the windowsill just now.

Did I mention that both of us had blue translucent skin? Do you promise to not think I'm crazy? It took everything I had to share that with you mom.

Baby girl. I always knew you were given to me with a mighty purpose and calling on your life. You were struck by lightning on that basketball court. And came back. Looks like the electricity went right through you that morning on your show. Guess what. You came back again. In my Bible, both Jesus and Lazarus only came back once. Spiritually and scientifically, you are so special to not only me, but the entire world.

Would you believe, in college, I had a dream about Oya after learning about the Orisha Gods in my African studies class? I didn't pay it any mind, because I didn't feel as special as I know you are. The dream

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happened twice and then I never thought about it again. And I know I'm always the one telling you about what happens to a dream deferred.

Kiki, mostly in shock by the enormity of the moment, jumped out of her hospital bed so quickly to hug her mother that the saline bag and all of her connected sensors could not keep up. Of course, this sent a code to the nurses to come in and check on her.

Only 3 minutes had transpired before the orderlies and nurses breached the room to find Kiki's gown soaked with tears and woefully inept at containing her 6-foot five frame. Her contoured and newly-exposed backside was protected from view as she was curled in a fetal embrace on her mother's lap. She felt like her prayers had been answered. The rest of the world really didn't matter as she was ushered back to her bed and asked if everything was alright.

She responded, still wiping tears from her eyes. I'm better than I've been in a long time. Sorry I scared you guys. I was just talking to my mom about "a thing" and completely forgot where I was. I promise it won't happen again. How long will it be before I'm released?

Your vitals all check out. We'll talk to Dr. Goodlove and have him come by to give you more information.

As soon as Nurse Barnwell closed the door to the room, Kiki resumed her gaze and energy toward her mom.

Back to what we were talking about. Do you remember if the Oya that you saw, looked anything like what I mentioned?

Her mom responded. I think she was similar, but in my dream, Oya was at least 50 feet tall.

Excitedly, Kiki stopped her mother midsentence, which she had never done before. She was the same in my dream too mommy. She made herself smaller to talk to me but was still about 8 feet tall. And when I say talk,

her mouth didn't move but I could hear every word she was thinking. I think.

You've had quite a time my precious girl. I can only imagine the weight and burden of such a heavy secret. The book of James teaches us that faith without works is dead. I believe you Kiki. So, what is our work to see this thing through?

To be honest Kiki, I thought you were going to tell me something else entirely.

Something bigger or smaller than what I just told you, because I thought this one was a doozy.

I thought you were going to tell me that you were going to marry a woman or something like that. I've never actually seen you with a boyfriend, outside of Charles who you went to Prom with.

While Kiki internally questioned the timing of her mother's statement, she couldn't fault the logic. Her mother didn't know that she currently had interests in both a boyfriend and a girlfriend. But she'll cross that road when it's good and darned time.

Audibly Kiki responded, I'll let you know about that when I do. As far as I know, I don't have one of either Mama. Cliffhanger. That's the word she often used when she didn't have an answer for her mom.

Now let's get to this work so the devil can't make any use of our idle hands. We've got to find the Sankofa birds that were sitting on the windowsill. Oya said that they are the guide to solving a riddle that's even older than her.

 **CHAPTER FIVE** 
He is She is Us

armed with new direction, a partner, and a purpose on her life, Kiki
A thought back to her mother's quixotic query about whether she
favored women or men. Of course, she thought the timing of her

mother's question couldn't have been woefully worse. However, it made sense as she could not make heads nor tails of which romantic partnership she should pursue or how. Far be it from her to let slip that her ideal marital dynamic would include both a husband and a wife. Girl bye!

Truth be told, she had always felt a duality of sexual desire and preference that she couldn't explain or seek answers from her parents. Her participation on championship caliber women's sports teams at every level inducted her into a sorority of athletic gender fluidity. Indeed, she and her peers could easily argue that they were strong enough for men but made for women.

Some feminine presenting women had been ostracized from potential male suitors because of their Amazonian physiques, deeper voices, and no-ladder-needed to pick apples from the highest branch of the tree bodies. If given a fighting chance, their potential male partners would have found a woman into football as much if not more than them and a twofold sex drive that would rival any of their vanilla-women substitutes.

By vanilla, it is not meant to denote anything racial, only to include those relegated to missionary-positioned thoughts and movements. The nosex-before-marriage crowd if you will.

Kiki had been released from the hospital by Dr. Goodlove, only shortly after giving the nurses heart palpitations.

These thoughts were visited upon her after arriving back to her home in Mapletown and trying to recreate the merlojuana magic that had set her upon this magical quest. Laying prone-position in her trusty Betty Booski, she lit some Frankincense hoping to catapult her dream state to cross the dream bridge mentioned by Oya. Betty was pronounced with a double-d to match its purpose. The alphabets were both a symbol for her bed-dy and her cup-size.

She had been given a week off for recovery from the Weather Station incident. She intended to use every millisecond for the completion of her quest. Kiki and her mother had scheduled a brunch for tomorrow to vision

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board every detail of next steps. In addition to being a hall-of-fame athlete, she could vision board professionally if she wanted to. Her technique was simple. Start with the cost and end with the reward. Then agree upon the time with the resources needed to make the vision a reality.

As Kiki's eyes began to squint perilously tight, she thought back to Oya's clues about the Sankofa bird and how it looked backward but flew forward. So, to truly understand what was going to happen, she needed to remember what had already happened.

She knew that Oshun was her many times great grandmother. Who was Erinle? The many times great grandfather from whom she hailed. She was now convinced that to find the Sankofa bird guide, she needed to know the history of him. How did they get together? What did he like? Would she be able to talk to him using this dream bridge? She had accepted certain assumptions that she was the chosen-one, and that the dream-bridge was how she was actively communicating with Oya.

I should be able to contact Erinle the same way, right? Dream bridge do your thing. Her eyes barely open at this point, she took stock in the awareness that she was fully engaged in the Theta sleep state. The one halfway between awake and sleep. What else could a dream bridge be than that? She knew she had to master the Theta state.

While she was in the hospital and before her mom arrived, Kiki had been researching the hyper-gamma and lambda states of consciousness that Tibetan monks are able to achieve through meditation, breath-control, and a resonating b-flat emanating from a sound jar.

Kiki had already downloaded an app to her smartphone to play the b-flat sound and put her phone on vibrate inside of a large empty flowerpot that was previously used for an in-house snake plant that just wouldn't grow. She somehow felt that the whole house had to be vibrating to be in control of her message getting through.

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An historic moment seemed only minutes away. For her intentions to be clear to both God and the universe, she placed a picture of Erinle and the Sankofa bird on her makeshift altar formerly known as a nightstand. Betty Booski had a vibrating head and foot massage feature that she gleefully turned on for the pending quest.

After chanting and breathing very slowly, she would have felt like she was asleep were it not for intermittent blinks. She was looking at the altar and its pictures trying to merge them into the cobalt-black basalt planter that currently held her phone, in the same way pointing two fingers at each other manifests a floating finger. She was purposefully crossing her eyes.

While focusing on the flowerpot, she saw a white light floating in the same vicinity where the magical floating finger would have appeared if she were performing the illusion. Instinctively, she called out to Erinle. Father of my father's fathers. Great Elephant of the land and water. You are Chaka. You are Enlil. You are the wind that gives me breath and life.

I am your blood. Stolen from Duketown and germinated from seed raised in your precious hometown of Llobu, your wife Oshun's tears have been like a generational map cast upon my family's skin drawing me nearer to you.

As she uttered the words about a generational map, she thought about the 300-year-old white oak tree shape that was created upon the skin of her back by the freak lightning strike when she was seven. Given the current situation, she came into the knowledge that the strike was no accident. She now knew that the Goddess Oshun herself had placed a map on her back to somewhere to help her find something someday.

Before she could ponder anything further, she heard steps that resembled thunder from the landing of each foot. The booming cacophony of sounds came from the white floating light in the middle of her altar. A resolute blink and yawn came upon her simultaneously, as if harbingers confirming that this was no dream. In her entire life, she had never blinked or yawned while in any dream that she could remember.

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The white light looked like a portal to another dimension from what she could recall of her favorite science fiction films. For her conversation with her mother tomorrow, she would call it a portal to make it sound even more fancy. Being asleep and awake at the same time had caused her to pinch herself in the same spot enough times to develop light bruising. The pinching was her scientific evidence to prove that this was not an imagined scenario brought on by some latent psychopathy. They also didn't need to know about her undiagnosed multiple personality disorder.

Erinle appeared from the portal surrounded by a warm light and intermittently changed from solid to vapor, from elephant to man, and from man to woman.

Welcome beloved Kindred, they said. Erinle was too many things to not be called they. Kiki was very sensitive to addressing people by their chosen pronouns.

Erinle converted to a solid male form and decreased their size from 50 feet to about 8 feet similar to what Oya had done. Different than Oya, Kiki could see their mouth moving to match their words. They could see her perplexed look and explained to her that she was no longer dreaming. She was in control of the reality they were experiencing, the same way we can achieve flight and other seemingly impossible feats in our dreams.

I have awaited your return for three forever's, three years, and three days my granddaughter. You are the walker selected by fate and purpose to cross the dream bridge. You've discovered your map and are here to ask me how to find Sankofa, right?

Kiki impishly nodded yes as she knew that Sankofa was only the beginning of her line of questions. Feeling empowered, she thought to hit Erinle with a "cliffhanger", but instead decided to perform a quick pivot in her line of questions.

When did you learn that you were both masculine and feminine?
As a mortal, you were a man. As a god, you were both male and female.

I'm having a little trouble picking a team, as my mother would say.

Do you have any divine advice for your favorite granddaughter? She took a few liberties as being the only human to see them in recent times.

Erinle made themselves comfortable as the telling of this tale would require more than a little time. They didn't do anything without a flair for the extravagant. Look into the portal they said.

My beloved Kiki, walker of the dream bridge, blood of my blood. What do you see?

I see a Yin and a Yang symbol with a man inside of the white Yang, and a woman inside of the black Yin. Her creative crescent is at the top and his is at the bottom. She has one of his white eyes and he a black one of hers.

I can see it clearly now. It's the cycle of life. Their creativity as a separate man and woman is the smallest part of their existence for both the secretive conception of children and the generation of wealth. If you are both the masculine and the feminine, you have limitless creative energy. The ability to create is divine.

To be both is how you evolved Erinle. Like the ancient ouroboros symbol of a snake eating its own tail; with both halves you are now the end and the beginning.

Men and women were given the gift of creation through harmony with each other. Some have chosen harmony without the goal of creation. That must be where I fit in. I can't even imagine myself as a mom. Nor can I imagine remaining only half of who I'm meant to be, which is divine.

Kiki was thankful for the enhanced clarity of purpose and being. As she was having this dream-sequence themed epiphany, she noticed that Erinle's nose had transmogrified from its human form to a mighty elephant's trunk. Just as the transformation completed, a low note in the range of b-flat trumpeted from Erinle's newly elongated proboscis.

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Even wilder than the otherworldly nose transformation, was that she could see, smell, taste, and feel the sound in a way that seemed familiar, but foreign at the same time.

Wait a minute. In the merlo-juana dream-state, the third eye on her forehead was all senses in one.

Kiki quickly planted a high-five on her forehead, expecting an excruciating pain from contact with her third eye. Surprisingly, there was nothing there.

Erinle had finished their trumpeting long enough to see Kiki's bewildered look.

They knew exactly what was bothering Kiki and transformed the trunk back into a traditionally human nose. Granddaughter, why do you seek the third eye and body granted to you in dreams, among the wakingworld? Did you have to create a physical bridge to cross into this realm of consciousness?

No, she answered.

Only your physical eyes need to be protected with lids. Your third eye is not part of your flesh, but a spiritual gift and part of your spiritual and divine form. It cannot be opened nor closed now that you have crossed the dream bridge. Tasting and feeling sound as a mortal and in human form is an ambrosia that we haven't experienced for millennia. How does it feel my sweet girl?

It's really weird, she said. It feels like I'm coming and going, and that I'm here but there.

That is divinity, Erinle said. That is your power that you must tap into if you are going to save the world.

Father of my fathers' fathers, are you sure it's my purpose to save the "entire" world? That seems like a lot for a weather girl living in the

burbs of Atlanta. Just then, Go appeared to Kiki's left in that same translucent blue from Kiki's dream and the meeting with Oya. Her sudden appearance surprised both Kiki and Erinle.

The question of "how are you here", sprang forth from Kiki's mouth at the same time Erinle asked "who are you." Somehow, the two questions merged into, "Who are you here?" At the very moment the question was completed, and as if by magic, Go transformed into the mighty Sankofa bird. Go was very phoenix-like in her appearance with flaming yellow and green wings.

Go then responded in her new form to say, I am the Sankofa. I am your past, present, and future. I am the truth in the now. The hope for your future and the lessons from your past.

Kiki then asked Erinle, how is this possible? You said I was awake. Does that mean that Go has been real this whole time?

Erinle embraced Kiki after receiving an almost instantaneous knowledge that they had just become aware of. My granddaughter, your mother has held a tremendous burden for your entire existence. You were a twin my love. Your sister was still-born. The grief for your mother was too great to resound the tale.

Outside of the phrase that your name was inspired by; Kiki means "a gathering of friends for the purpose of gossiping." Your mother clearly articulated purpose on your life so you would never feel alone and always be surrounded by someone to talk to.

Before I was reincarnated as Erinle, even I possessed another name and past. But that is a story for the second half of your journey.

It was at that moment, Kiki understood that her mother wasn't forcing her to "pick a team." She just didn't want her to be alone.

Kiki had misjudged her mother this whole time. She couldn't wait to see her mother and share all of the new gossip she had received. The

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truth in the now is the thin line between gossip and gospel. But how was Kiki going to explain her semi-translucent blue sister to her mother?

Erinle explained to Kiki, that while she can see Go in her true form, it didn't mean that her mother could. Until Rebecca crosses the dream bridge, Go is still in the spiritual realm where that third eye of yours can be seen.

On cue, Go transitioned back into Kiki's translucent blue doppelganger. With a newly modified catchphrase, she said, we are the answer, we are the greatest; our time is now or never.

With a rumble of their feet and a flash of light, Erinle returned to 50 feet of glory in elephant form back into the floating white light above Kiki's altar. Go was still there, but the white light had disappeared.

What's next, asked Kiki? At the end of a breathless exhale, Go said, "we go back to the beginning. We've visited Heaven. Now we revisit what happened to our ancestors on Earth.



CHAPTER SIX



The Raid at Osogbo

Osogbo is a village in southwestern Nigeria, that was once the ancestral home of Kiki's many-times-great-grandmother Oshun. Osogbo was also the town where Erinle and Oshun's daughter, Ife had been stolen and spirited away on the third slave ship.

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Life in the village, before that catastrophic day, was triumphant and joyful. In Osogbo, there were no neighbors, only family. And as such, their day began with chores, breaking of the fast, and a song after morning worship to their protector spirits, the Orisha.

Ife, as a singer, was a low-tenor, high baritone with a pseudofalsetto upper range. Her hair was short and many visitors to the village would mistake her as a handsome hunting boy. She was just under 6 feet tall, which helped with the growingly common misperception of her true gender identity. Upon meeting Ife, there would be no mistaking that she was all girl. Her body had sprung into womanhood before she had 12 years of life. She had made peace with the rumors of magic her village thought she possessed being almost a foot taller than other boys her age.

The attention made her feel pretty. But as she came into the awareness of what the boys were gawking at, she became an expert seamstress of clothing that made her lady parts disappear. Only her extreme height made the arduous task remotely plausible. The disappearing act was not without its own level of attention, as she was the only woman in the village who adorned more than a loin cloth, cowrie-shell necklace, and sandals.

There was a game in Osogbo that resembled the javelin throw. Her speed, height, and strength made her the perennial favorite to win since she was first introduced to the game when she had 10 years of age. The five villages would send their greatest warriors to challenge her. Ife was again, the only woman who was allowed to compete with the men. For her, the burden of winning was not just for the honor of the village, but for every woman to rightfully unshackle themselves from the preordained birthright of being weaker disposable property.

Her first “victory” was a spectacle unlike any the most-famed prognosticator’s crystal balls or tea leaves could have foretold.

Of the five villages, Duketown was the farthest away at almost a full two days of travel. Their champion was an unrivaled competitor by the name of Duketown Dhati. Dhati was an imposing figure at a svelte six feet

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two inches and had won every title in the neighboring towns and villages. His name was a Hausa tribe name, and meant strong and stubborn-willed. The Hausa are a nomadic and wandering people of Western Nigeria. If you can really identify a place of origin for those who live everywhere.

Many bets were made against Dhati, as the thought of him losing was unfathomable, but lucratively beguiling. The tournament was in Osogbo this year, as a cheating scandal had been discovered in Duketown where officials were caught adding a few feet of distance to Dhati's throws. Nobody had been remotely close to his skill level, so he immediately abdicated last year's championship.

However, the damage to his legacy was already done. Some of the villagers had learned a little English from the sea traders and pinned the moniker, "Dirty Dhati." Which would later become Dobadee, for the double D's his once-heralded name had been reduced to. If a soul was ever in need of redemption, it was Dhati. After all, he had nothing to do with the scandal, other than being the nephew of one of the judges, Aleebu, who wanted to ensure his titles were safe in his hometown.

Dhati prayed to the Orisha and made several offerings of gold, salt, and furs from his years of winning. He trained harder and pushed his body further than it had ever performed. Already a specimen, he had added 10 more pounds of muscle to become an intimidating 225 pound giant. Sleep was next to impossible after a 48-hour trek to Osogbo to reclaim his title.

The warriors of the neighboring villages rose to greet the morning sun with a song. About halfway through the chorus, the triumphant music adorned a more sinister tone with disparaging words and taunts to Dobadee. Dhati was able to block them out as his throws quieted even the most raucous critics.

It was the final round, and Dhati was 20 feet further than his closest competitor. Two more tosses and his place would be restored as the greatest of all time. With that in mind, he steeled up all of his might for a launch that traveled so far it almost injured a spectator in the crowd. Namely, Ife. Her heart was pounding as she realized two feet to the left

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and her time on this earth would have ended. To say she was livid would be an understatement.

Making eye-contact with her would-be assailant, Ife picked up Dhati's spear and pointed her left index finger at him waving it from left to right in common no-no-no fashion. The crowd was amused by her vibrato, and one of Ife's long-time friends, Ore, jokingly got a chant started to "throw it back." As the number of chanters grew to a boisterous 20 or so villagers and Ife saw a nervous smirk on Dhati's face, she planted her feet firmly and inhaled for about 15 seconds while simultaneously drawing the spear back. With a mighty exhale and a forward lunge, her right arm erupted forward as if she were trying to high-five her ancestors in the heavens.

A palpable gasp overcame the crowd as the spear in which they thought would merely travel a few feet, took flight and aim several feet over Dhati's head. After it landed, Ife spit on her right palm and then clasped both hands together with a wiping motion as if to sanitize them after touching Dhati's unwanted spear. She started to resume her chores, unaware of the magnitude of her actions, when a melee erupted in the crowd. Slightly scared by the herd of villagers rushing to her direction, she prepared herself for battle in a defensive stance.

As the villagers grew closer, she could see the person leading the crowd was her friend Ore. She dropped her pugilistic guard to decipher why everyone was running towards her.

Ore began skipping triumphantly as she entered within a few feet of Ife. She soon realized that it was a group of 25 girls and women who had come to celebrate her toss.

Ife asked Ore, have I done something wrong? Why have all of you left the tournament? Ore responded. Ife, do you know what you've just done? Ife responded. No, that's why I asked you, what is all of the commotion about? Why have you interrupted my laundry?

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The women surrounding Ife and Ore wasted no time in filling her in that she had thrown the spear much farther than the legendary Dhata who holds every men's record for every competition. Ife did not enter the contest or its trials, so she couldn't be formally be recognized as the champion, but every woman knew that the men's ego would force her to compete in the next challenge.

Wanting to shrug off the undesirable attention, Ife was going to decline her newly minted fan club. However, a little girl who had no more than 5 years of age was amongst the group celebrating her. Ife remembered being that little girl only a few short years ago and wishing there was a female role model that she could look up to. There was no one. And if she turned down this honor, she knew she would be repeating the cycle.

Just as Ife had embraced her responsibility to the women of the 5 villages, she saw Dhata and the other warriors of the tournament surround them. Dhata approached her slowly and offered her his spear. He had already thrown far enough to win the tournament, but wanted to show her his respect and an invitation to compete. Even though women weren't allowed to participate in years prior, no one could deny what they had witnessed. This was the one time that having uncle Aleebu's official connections came in handy. He did after all owe Dhata for temporarily tarnishing his good name.

But the question remained, why would Aleebu take such an action? Aleebu was a former athlete himself. He knew that getting caught cooking the books would never bode well for Dhata. Now that his good name was restored and barring the fact he would have lost to Ife, Dhata began a several-years long fact finding mission. Who got to Aleebu and told his uncle that this was a good idea?

Ife and Dhata grew closer over their three-and-a-half year quest for tribal-sport dominance. Her burgeoning prowess in all sports meant that the pair were often battling for first or second place, except for the spear competition in which Ife stood unrivaled at the top of the leader board. Now Ife was approaching 16 years of age. Her already mature body had an

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even more aggressive set of hormones that had found Dhati as a suitable mate.

Being around Dhati, nearly every day, she had an eagle-eye view of Aleebu. While Dhati had not asked her to spy on him, she too was curious as to why he would jeopardize his nephew's legacy so frivolously. Aleebu only had one close friend, Olote. Olote was the lone survivor when Aleebu's wife and son had been killed in a war with a neighboring tribe. That is how Dhati became more like Aleebu's son than a nephew. He would do anything to protect Dhati, as the guilt for not being in the village when the attack occurred was too much for him to bear.

Through the process of elimination, Ife had drawn the conclusion that Olote was the only one trusted enough to influence Aleebu to perform such an asinine feat. Olote came from a powerful salt mining family. However, he had been stripped of his lands and titles for reasons unknown. The story of their friendship is told that Aleebu was almost trampled by an elephant, before Olote reached in his leather tote for salt to throw in its eyes. It only took the salt contact with the one eye to stall the stampede and give rise to the elephant shrieking in pain. During that time, salt had a greater value than gold. That a stranger would waste a gold equivalent to save his life, forever indebted Aleebu to Olote.

Ife knew that she could not go to Dhati with her theory without evidence to back up her claim. By this time it was no secret of her interest in Dhati. Ife went to summon the local Shaman, Oniwosan in Duketown for insight into Dhati's family. She felt that she could get answers on everyone, but would take a specific interest in Olote.

Three days had passed before her plan would become action. She scheduled a visit with Oniwosan through the elder griots in the village. A griot is a storyteller charged with maintaining the oral history of the tribes. Shaman typically take a while to be summoned while they are on their spiritual journey. They are like the Hausa tribe. A nomadic people and live

everywhere to better communicate with the earth and commune with its healing energy.

Ife was told to wait in a small thatch hut on the southeast corner of the village. After a short walk she arrived to the hut, ducked her head, and looked around. The door had been crafted for someone around 5 feet in height. Ducking was a common practice for Ife, now 6 feet 5 inches, who had underwent a growth spurt at the age of 14.

No one was there in the hut, but she could feel a calming energy surrounding her. A familiar energy that felt like family. She looked around and saw a few cow pelts that had been shaped like a tear drop to make a shield. It was a very Spartan hut with not much on the inside, unlike her cluttered place.

As she prepared to walk out of the hut door, a voice from behind her said child, have you come to leave without asking any of your questions? Ife was startled by the question, and his instantaneous presence in a hut that had only one entrance that she had been watching the entire time.

He apologized to Ife, even though he seemed to glean joy from her bemused look. Being away from people for such long periods does leave social interaction skills atrophied, at best. To make her feel more comfortable, he told Ife she could call him Oni.

You are here to learn more about Dhata and his family, but the ancestors have shared that your true questions are about Olote and his influence over Aleebu. Is that correct child? May I call you Ife?

Ife apologized for not being more forthcoming, and told Oni that he may call her by her name. Now the formality of the truth had been exposed, Oni told Ife of the impending tragedy that was coming. He told her that Olote was not always a bad person. However, he had been given responsibility over one of the salt mines. Several months ago, a worker suffocated while mining the salt. Olote, only just having received the position was scared to acknowledge that such a tragedy had happened on

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his watch. He had tried to hide the body in a vat of salt hoping the salt would erase evidence of his attempted cover-up. Yet in contrast, the salt had preserved all of the evidence as if the death happened only a few minutes ago.

His family disowned him at the behest of the workers. Olote had never developed a penchant for working, so the blow of being disowned turned him into a nomad much like the Hausa people. He was aware of Aleebu's status and saw saving his life as a pathway to restoring his good name.

In fact, Olote had consulted Oni to see how best he could serve Aleebu. Oni had shared with Olote that Aleebu suffered from a cancer of his manhood that would take him in 3 years' time. Olote, anxious about losing his golden goose had to concoct a new scheme. Knowing the devastation that befell Aleebu when his family had been slaughtered, Olote felt that establishing himself as the protector of Dhati's legacy was the way to stay in Aleebu's good graces. With that thought in mind, he began whispering in Aleebu's ear how they could make sure that Dhati never lost. Olote also became the conservator for Aleebu's will, which was all intended to go to his nephew Dhati upon his death. Good intentions have long cultivated a path to the underworld. What would become of Aleebu's intentions, as narrated by Olote?

As a shaman, Oni was not permitted to intervene directly. But because Ife had asked him quite specifically, he was able to provide her details on how to expose Olote once and for all.

Their plan would involve misinformation and misdirection. First Oni would have to convince Olote that Aleebu's cancer had taken a more aggressive path and would take his life in a matter of weeks. This would speed up whatever nefarious activities Olote had planned. Because Olote had succumbed to pressure before in the salt mine incident, there was a good chance that he would make similar mistakes in moving up his

timeline. Then Ife would be there to shine a light on Olote's lies and scam to steal Aleebu's fortune that had been set aside for Dhati.

However, Olote was a formidable adversary and untrusting of anyone. Before Oni and Ife's plan could take shape, Olote had already schemed a plot with the slavers to remove Ife and Aleebu from the equation, giving him full access to Dhati's inheritance. If his plan worked, Dhati would also be captured leaving Olote in full charge of the ill-gotten gains.

Olote told the slavers of an upcoming tournament of champions from the five villages. It would involve most of the competition-aged men and assuredly Ife, Dhati, and Aleebu as a judge. Being that most of the warriors were not as dedicated as Ife and Dhati, they would not arrive to Duke Town early to practice their skills. Aleebu would of course travel with Dhati, making Duketown the perfect place to grab them. To sweeten the pot for the slavers, Olote informed the slavers which path the warriors were taking. In turn, if the slavers raided Osogbo shortly after the warriors left, they could take all the women and children from the now unguarded village and spirit them away unseen on an opposite path.

The leader of the slavers was a man by the name of Sir Arthur Chillsworth. Chillsworth had captured and enslaved over 11,000 Africans from coastal ports by making deals with greedy chieftains who lusted for his gold and American liquors. In his tried and tested art of seduction, Olote would be his next continental paramour for the illicit trafficking of Africa's most precious resource. Its people.

As planned, the raid caught the village of Osogbo completely offguard. Its heroes were already in route for the tournament to the coastal village of Duketown which is a two day march. They were on day one of their march and Dhati was still a half day from reaching the destination. Armed with guns and the cover of night, Osogbo's most vulnerable were captured and spirited away on a secret path crafted by Olote. The same fate befell, Dhati, Ife, and Aleebu as they were completely outgunned and outmanned.

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There was a river in Duketown known as the Calabar, which fed into the South Atlantic Ocean. The slave ship known as “Diabo” was waiting for them at the mouth of the river. More than 187 souls would be stolen from Mother Africa that day. What Olote did not know, was that there were two other ships “La Recompensa and “La Cacadora” anchored just out of sight. Chillsworth sailed under Portuguese-flagged ships under a consignment deal. He received cannons, men, and ships for 40 percent of his collected bounty on the cargo.

Chillsworth was as greedy as Olote and used the information provided to betray the betrayer. After getting the first of the captives upon the Diabo, Chillsworth executed the same plan to capture the incoming warriors who were a day later than Dhati and company. The warriors fought valiantly, but the sting of Portuguese weapons was a force they could not subdue. Feeling safe in his deal, Olote had traveled with the second group of warriors. His thoughts were that he would arrive at Duketown and appear as shocked as his travel companions of why Dhati had not yet arrived. When he saw that his plans had been changed for him, he faked a heart attack. The medic travelling with the slavers separated him from the group. While he thought he was alone with the medic, Olote demanded to speak to Chillsworth immediately. This request was of course denied with a butt stroke from one of the slaver’s rifles.

As Olote awoke in shackles upon the ship La Cacadora, he realized the irony that he had become ensnared in a trap of his own design.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Tears of the Great Elephant

Erinle began this life as a mortal. A group of 12 hunters had set out to find a pride of lions they believed were ravaging their livestock. One fateful morning, the hunters encountered a boy. Disheveled and malnourished, he was curled in the trunk of a dead elephant that apparently had sacrificed its life to protect him from 6 fatally-gorged lions, whose carcasses had attracted a kettle of vultures accompanied by a business of flies.

They were unsure that he was still living until they poked him with a walking stick and he began to groan. Where is my mother Yemi, he said repeatedly with a wispy voice? His six years of age had not done much to distinguish his voice from that of a girl.

As the elephant that had protected him had also rid the village of the lions, the hunters saw Erinle as a blessing from the Orisha and took him in. It is custom to change a person's name within one year of accepting the family crest and mark of the village. He grew up an orphan under the name Enlil, which exactly one year later, was changed by the villagers to Inle, pursuant to their customs. No one knows exactly where he came from. The hunters and thankful villagers had spent weeks looking for a mother missing a child. The search went cold and stories that his mother went by the name of Yemi had long been lost to the winds. However, he soon discovered that he was different from other boys – he had an affinity for nature and could communicate with animals. This ability stemmed from the fact that he was actually a reincarnation of Enlil, one of the ancient gods of Sumeria.

As Erinle grew older, he learned about his past and his divine nature. He felt drawn to the elephants, especially the one that had saved him from the lions. He began to study them and eventually became a master of their ways. He learned how to communicate with them, how to move like them, and how to protect them.

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One day, Erinle realized that he wanted to become the Great Elephant himself. He meditated and prayed for days, seeking guidance from the Orisha. Eventually, he was granted his wish and transformed into the Great Elephant, a powerful and majestic creature that symbolized strength, wisdom, and protection.

However, Erinle's journey didn't end there. He soon discovered that he was also the reincarnation of Chaka Zulu, another great leader and protector who was also known as the Great Elephant. This realization helped him embrace his gender fluidity, and he eventually became known as "they" instead of "he".

Erinle continued to evolve, honing his skills as the Great Elephant and using his powers to protect the animals and people of his village. He also learned about the dream bridge, a connection between the spiritual, divine, and corporeal beings within each person. Erinle knew that anyone had the potential to ascend to their inner god by crossing this bridge and awakening their true nature.

This knowledge would prove crucial in the future, as Erinle's bloodline flowed through Kiki, who was currently undertaking the process of ascension. Erinle's tears, shed in mourning for his lost daughter Ife, mixed with the winds of Oshun and created hurricanes that ravaged the land. But when he couldn't save Ife, he sank back into the ground and filled all the rivers of West Africa, hoping to provide a path for her ship to return home.

Erinle's journey had only just begun, and he would continue to play an important role in the fight against the ancient enemy, using his

powers as the Great Elephant to protect those in need and guide them towards their true nature.

Erinle grew up in the village, but he always felt a sense of otherness. He had been marked as special from the day he was found, but he didn't quite understand why. As he grew older, he began to realize that he didn't quite fit in with the other boys his age. He found himself drawn to the women of the village, fascinated by their colorful clothing and intricate hairstyles.

It wasn't until he reached puberty that he began to understand the truth about himself. He had always been taught that there were two genders – male and female – but he knew deep down that he didn't fit into either category. He felt like he was somewhere in between, a mix of masculine and feminine energies that didn't conform to traditional gender roles.

At first, he was scared of what this meant. He knew that his village wasn't accepting of people who didn't fit into their strict gender binary. But as he began to explore his own identity, he found solace in the Orisha.

He learned that the Orisha didn't conform to societal norms, but instead embodied a variety of gender expressions. Oshun, for example, was known for her feminine energy and connection to beauty and sensuality, while Ogun embodied masculine energy and was associated with strength and power.

Erinle began to see himself reflected in the Orisha, and he realized that he was not alone. He embraced his fluidity and began to see it as a gift, a unique aspect of himself that set him apart from others.

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As he continued to explore his identity, Erinle discovered that he had a connection to the ancient Gods, specifically Enlil of the Annunaki. He learned that Enlil was a powerful God of the sky and wind, associated with wisdom and creation.

Erinle realized that he, too, had the power to create and change the world around him. He embraced his connection to the ancient Gods and to the Orisha, and he knew that he was destined for greatness.

And so, Erinle became the Great Elephant, honoring the creature that had saved his life and embodying its strength and power. He also took on the incarnation of Chaka Zulu, who was also known as the Great Elephant and embodied warrior energy.

Erinle continued to grow and evolve, eventually becoming they – a gender-neutral pronoun that felt most true to who they were. They understood that their journey was far from over, but they were ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.

They knew that their blood flowed through Kiki, and that they would need to help Kiki on their journey to fight the ancient enemy. They knew that ascension was possible for all men, and they were ready to guide Kiki across the dream bridge to reach their inner God.

As Erinle looked out over the village, they felt a sense of peace and purpose. They knew that their journey had been difficult, but they also knew that it had led them to this moment. They were ready to embrace

their destiny and do whatever it took to protect their people and the world around them.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Precious Cargo

Kiki watched in horror as the third slave ship arrived in the Americas.

The slaves on board were exhausted, malnourished, and sick. Many had died during the long journey, including Aleebu, who had been her ancestor and one of the few survivors of the previous slave ship. Kiki felt a deep sense of sadness and anger at the injustice of it all.

As the slaves were being unloaded from the ship, Kiki saw Ife and Dhati being sent to separate plantations. Ife was sent to a plantation in Georgia, while Dhati was sent to a plantation in Virginia. Kiki knew that they had been lovers and had even conceived a child together during their time on the ship. But now, they would never be able to see their child or each other again.

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Kiki felt a deep connection to Ife and Dhati, as they were her ancestors, and she was filled with a sense of longing to help them. She knew that she could never change the past, but she also knew that she had the power to travel through time and witness these events.

Kiki closed her eyes and focused on her inner energy, feeling the vibrations and harmonies of all three of her consciousnesses coming together. She felt a surge of power coursing through her body as she opened her eyes again, now able to see the events unfolding before her in vivid detail.

She saw Ife being forced to work in the hot sun, picking cotton and tobacco all day long. She saw Dhati being whipped and beaten by his cruel master, unable to do anything but endure the pain. And she saw their child, born into slavery and forced to live a life of servitude and oppression.

Kiki realized that she was witnessing a part of her own history, a history of her people, and it filled her with a sense of purpose. She knew that she had to honor the sacrifices of her ancestors by fighting for justice and equality in the present day.

As she continued to watch the events unfolding, Kiki felt a sense of gratitude for the sacrifices of those who came before her. She knew that their struggles had made it possible for her to live the life she lived today, and she felt a deep sense of responsibility to carry on their legacy.

Kiki closed her eyes again and focused on her energy, feeling the vibrations and harmonies of her consciousnesses coming together once more. She felt a sense of peace and understanding wash over her as she

realized that she was not alone in this journey. She had the power of her ancestors with her, guiding her every step of the way.

Kiki opened her eyes again, feeling more empowered and determined than ever before. She knew that she had a mission to fulfill, a mission to fight for justice and equality for all. And she knew that her ancestors were watching over her, guiding her every step of the way.

As Kiki continued her journey, she realized that her ancestors were not just a part of her past, but also a part of her present and future. They were a precious cargo, a legacy of strength, resilience, and determination that would continue to guide her through life's journey. As Kiki continued to watch the events unfold, she saw how Aleebu's body was unceremoniously dumped overboard, as if he was nothing but a piece of trash. She felt a deep sense of anger and sadness at the inhumanity and injustice of it all.

As the ship finally arrived in America, Kiki saw Ife and Dhati being separated and sent to different plantations. Ife was sent to a cotton plantation in Louisiana, while Dhati was sent to a sugar cane plantation in Jamaica. Kiki felt a deep sense of sadness at the thought of her ancestors being torn apart from each other and forced to live a life of servitude and oppression.

Kiki's great-great-great grandfather was born to Ife on the cotton plantation in Louisiana. He grew up as a slave, working long hours in the scorching sun and enduring countless beatings and abuses from his masters. But despite the harshness of his life, he never lost his spirit or his will to survive.

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Kiki felt a deep sense of pride and admiration for her ancestor's strength and resilience. She knew that she owed her very existence to their sacrifices and struggles. And she felt a deep sense of responsibility to honor their legacy and fight for a better future for all people, regardless of their race or background.

As Kiki opened her eyes, she realized that she was no longer alone in the room. Erinle was standing beside her, looking at her with a mix of curiosity and admiration.

“You are an incredible young woman,” he said, his voice soft and gentle. “Your ancestors would be proud of you.”

Kiki smiled and felt a sense of warmth spread through her body. She knew that she was on the right path, and that she had the strength and courage to face whatever challenges lay ahead. Kiki closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to steady herself. She couldn't believe what she had just witnessed – the pain, the suffering, the loss. The thought of her ancestors enduring such cruelty and inhumane treatment was almost too much to bear. But she knew that she had to face it, to acknowledge it, and to use it as fuel for her mission.

As she opened her eyes, she saw a vision of a young woman, pregnant and alone, standing on the shore. It was Ife, her ancestor, and Kiki could feel the pain in her heart as she watched Ife being separated from her lover, Dhati, and sent to a plantation to work as a slave.

DHATA HARRIS

Kiki knew that she had to do something to honor Ife and all of her ancestors who had suffered through slavery. She closed her eyes again and focused her energy, feeling the connection to the universe growing stronger. And then, she saw it – a vision of a great elephant, standing tall and strong.

Kiki knew what she had to do. She had to become the Great Elephant, just like Erinle before her. She had to embody the strength and power of her ancestors, and use it to fight against the forces of oppression and injustice.

With a deep breath, Kiki opened her eyes and stood up. She felt a surge of energy coursing through her body, and she knew that she was ready to take on whatever challenges lay ahead. She looked out at the ocean, feeling the wind and the waves, and she whispered a prayer to her ancestors.

“I will honor you,” she said. “I will fight for you. And I will make you proud.”

CHAPTER NINE

Iji Ile 1441

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Kiki continues her journey through the dream bridge, exploring her ancestral memories and the powers that have been passed down through her bloodline. She learns that the word for hurricane in Yoruba is “Iji Lile,” and that the first recorded hurricane occurred in 1441, around the same time as the arrival of the first slave ship captained by the Portuguese. She realizes that this is no coincidence, and that the storms were sent by the divinely feminine Oya to bring back her children from the slave boats.

As Kiki continues to journey through the dream bridge, she becomes aware of the passage of time. While only a few chapters have passed in her story, for her mother and the rest of the world, only a few minutes have gone by. She realizes that the energy from merged consciousness is eternal, and that time is relative to the observer.

Kiki remembers the story she was working on before she entered the dream bridge – the potential for three category 5 hurricanes in the first month of hurricane season. She knows that she has the power to control the elements of wind and water, but she also remembers the mighty Oya and her inability to stop the hurricanes once they started.

As she ponders the riddle of Oya – “What lies beneath the sand, and on circles cropped?” – Kiki realizes that the answer lies in the power of the sun. She remembers her research on mirror satellites and how they can be used to reflect the sun’s energy and mitigate the effects of hurricanes. She knows that she needs to find a way to harness this power if she wants to prevent a cataclysmic event.

DHATA HARRIS

With renewed determination, Kiki sets out to find the eight mirror satellites and use them to control the hurricanes. She knows that it won't be easy, but she also knows that she has the power of her ancestors behind her. As she continues her journey through the dream bridge, she feels the strength and wisdom of her lineage flowing through her. She knows that she is capable of anything, and that she will do whatever it takes to protect her people and her world from the forces of nature. Kiki spent the next few days studying everything she could find about mirror satellites and their potential use in controlling hurricanes. She came across a scientific article about a project that proposed using a system of mirror satellites to focus sunlight onto specific areas of the Earth's surface, in order to increase solar power production. Kiki realized that the same concept could be applied to redirecting hurricanes away from populated areas and into less harmful locations.

Excited by this possibility, Kiki began working on a plan to use eight mirror satellites to create a large reflective surface in space, which would be able to direct sunlight onto the surface of the ocean and create a barrier to redirect the hurricane's path. She also knew that she would need help to make this plan a reality.

Kiki reached out to her friend Ben, who was a brilliant engineer and had worked on several projects related to renewable energy. Ben was initially skeptical of Kiki's plan, but he quickly became intrigued by the possibility of using mirror satellites to redirect hurricanes. Together, they worked on the design of the satellites, the logistics of launching them into space, and the best way to deploy them to redirect hurricanes.

As Kiki and Ben continued to work on the project, they realized that they would need funding to make it a reality. Kiki's mother, who had been following her daughter's journey closely, reached out to some of her

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contacts in the renewable energy industry and was able to secure funding for the project.

With the funding in place, Kiki and Ben were able to begin construction on the mirror satellites. They worked tirelessly for months, perfecting the design and making sure that the satellites would be able to withstand the harsh conditions of space.

Finally, after months of hard work, the mirror satellites were ready to be launched into space. Kiki and Ben watched nervously as the satellites were launched into orbit, hoping that their plan would work.

To their relief, the plan worked perfectly. As the hurricane approached the coast, the eight mirror satellites created a reflective barrier that redirected the hurricane away from populated areas and into the open ocean, where it quickly dissipated.

Kiki and Ben were hailed as heroes for their innovative solution to the problem of hurricanes. The mirror satellites became a standard tool in hurricane control, and Kiki's name became synonymous with innovation and problem-solving in the renewable energy industry.

As Kiki looked back on her journey, she realized that the power to create change was within all of us. By tapping into our inner selves and working together, we could achieve incredible things and make the world a better place for all. Kiki realized that to prevent the hurricane, she needed to be the sun. She remembered that Oya's riddle contained clues to the solution. She recalled that the riddle mentioned "ground is under crop circles" and

“pressure lies beneath the sands.” She interpreted this to mean that the solution lies in manipulating the earth’s magnetic fields and atmospheric pressure.

Kiki knew that mirror satellites could reflect sunlight and increase the earth’s temperature, which could potentially alter the atmospheric pressure and the earth’s magnetic fields. She believed that this could weaken the hurricane’s intensity and redirect its path. However, Kiki also knew that launching satellites and controlling them required a significant amount of resources, and she didn’t have the means to do it alone.

Kiki decided to seek help from her ancestors, who were powerful orishas that controlled the elements of wind and water. She entered a deep meditation and called upon the orishas, asking for their guidance and assistance. Suddenly, she felt a surge of energy flowing through her, and she heard a voice saying, “you have the power within you to control the winds and the waters.”

Kiki realized that she had been underestimating her own abilities. She had always thought of herself as an ordinary human, but she was much more than that. She was a descendant of powerful orishas and had inherited their powers. She decided to use her powers to prevent the hurricane.

Kiki began to focus her energy on the earth’s magnetic fields and atmospheric pressure. She closed her eyes and visualized the hurricane’s path, then she used her powers to create a counterforce that would weaken the hurricane’s intensity. She felt her energy flowing out of her, creating a powerful aura around her that stretched out to the hurricane’s path.

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As Kiki continued to focus her energy on the hurricane, she felt a sudden shift in the atmosphere. The wind began to change direction, and the clouds started to disperse. The hurricane was weakening. Kiki knew that she had succeeded in her mission.

The hurricane weakened significantly, and the damage it caused was far less than expected. Kiki's actions had saved countless lives and prevented a disaster. She felt proud of herself and her abilities, and she knew that she was capable of doing great things.

Kiki realized that she was not just an ordinary human. She was a powerful being with incredible abilities. She had inherited the powers of her ancestors and could tap into them whenever she needed to. She knew that there were many challenges ahead, but she was ready to face them. Kiki continued to observe the activity in the Gulf of Mexico, watching as the winds and waves began to grow stronger and more erratic. She knew that if she didn't act soon, the hurricanes would only become more powerful and devastating.

With her mind racing, Kiki closed her eyes and focused all of her energy on the task at hand. She visualized herself as the sun, radiating warmth and light to the entire planet. As she did so, she felt a surge of power coursing through her veins.

Opening her eyes, Kiki realized that her visualization had become reality. She had indeed become the sun, and her rays were spreading across the earth, chasing away the dark clouds and calming the stormy seas.

DHATA HARRIS

As Kiki basked in her newfound power, she noticed something strange happening on the horizon. Eight mirror-like satellites had appeared, circling around the hurricane like a protective shield. Kiki recognized them as the same satellites her mother had mentioned in one of her visions.

Realizing that this was her chance to truly make a difference, Kiki focused all of her energy on the satellites, willing them to become stronger and more resilient. She felt a deep connection to the elements of wind and water, knowing that she could use them to steer the hurricanes away from populated areas.

Over the next few hours, Kiki worked tirelessly to manipulate the satellites and guide the hurricanes away from the coast. She felt the energy of the storm surges and the wind currents, using them like a conductor to direct the hurricanes to open water.

As the sun began to set on the horizon, Kiki looked out over the Gulf of Mexico and saw the hurricanes dissipating into the open sea. She had done it. She had saved countless lives and prevented a major catastrophe.

Feeling a sense of accomplishment and fulfillment that she had never experienced before, Kiki closed her eyes and allowed herself to drift off into a deep sleep.

When she woke up the next morning, Kiki felt different. She had a new sense of clarity and purpose, as if she had been reborn. She realized that she had tapped into a power that was greater than herself, and that she had a responsibility to use that power for good.

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With a renewed sense of determination, Kiki knew that she had to continue her journey. She had to find her mother and complete the mission that had been entrusted to her.

As Kiki stood up and stretched her limbs, she felt a warm breeze blowing across her face. It was a familiar breeze, one that she had felt before. It was the wind of Oshun, the divinely feminine spirit that had been guiding her all along.

With a smile on her face and a sense of purpose in her heart, Kiki set out on the next leg of her journey, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead. For she knew that she had the power of the elements on her side, and that nothing could stand in her way. Kiki looked at her mother with disbelief. “Mom, you’re telling me that we need to create a new sun to stop the hurricanes?”

“Well, not exactly create a new sun, but we need to harness its power,” her mother clarified.

Kiki was confused. “I don’t understand. How can we harness the power of the sun to stop hurricanes?”

Her mother took a deep breath before explaining, “We can use mirror satellites to reflect the sun’s energy back onto the earth’s surface. This will create an area of high pressure, which can weaken and divert the hurricanes.”

Kiki was amazed. She had never heard of anything like this before. “But how do we know where to place the mirror satellites?” she asked.

“That’s where your powers come in,” her mother said. “You can tap into your ancestral knowledge to determine the optimal placement for the satellites. We just need to figure out how to build them.”

Kiki nodded, still processing the information. “Okay, I’ll do my best to figure it out. But what about Oya’s riddle? What do crop circles and sand have to do with hurricanes?”

Her mother smiled. “That’s another piece of the puzzle. Crop circles are a sign of extraterrestrial activity, which suggests that we may need advanced technology to stop the hurricanes. And sand represents the earth’s crust, which is under immense pressure from the mantle below. By tapping into that pressure, we can create the high-pressure area needed to weaken the hurricanes.”

Kiki was starting to see the connections between everything. “I think I understand. We need to use both technology and ancestral knowledge to stop the hurricanes.”

“Exactly,” her mother said. “And we need to act fast. Hurricane season is just around the corner, and we need to be ready.”

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Kiki nodded in agreement. She knew that time was of the essence, and she had to act quickly to prevent a disaster.

Over the next few days, Kiki worked tirelessly on designing the mirror satellites. She used her knowledge of the elements and the stars to determine the optimal placement for the satellites, and she consulted with engineers to design the structures.

Finally, after weeks of hard work, the mirror satellites were ready. Kiki and her mother launched them into space, carefully positioning them to reflect the sun's energy back onto the earth's surface.

At first, it seemed like the plan was working. The high-pressure area created by the mirror satellites weakened the hurricanes and diverted them away from populated areas.

But then, something unexpected happened. The mirror satellites began to malfunction, and the hurricanes started to grow stronger than ever.

Kiki was devastated. She had put so much effort into the project, and now it seemed like it had all been for nothing.

But then, she remembered something her mother had told her. "The only way to beat the storm is to be the sun."

Kiki realized that they had been trying to control the hurricanes instead of becoming the force that could stop them. She tapped into her ancestral knowledge and summoned the power of the elements.

With a fierce determination, Kiki created a massive storm of her own, using the power of the wind and water to counteract the hurricanes.

For days, Kiki battled against the hurricanes, pushing them back with all her might. And finally, after what felt like an eternity, the hurricanes dissipated.

Kiki collapsed onto the ground, exhausted but triumphant. She had stopped the hurricanes, but she knew that there would always be more challenges to face.

As she looked up at the sky, Kiki felt a deep sense of connection to her ancestors and to the universe as a whole. She knew that she was a small part of something much larger, and that her actions could have a profound impact on the

CHAPTER TEN

Fulfill the Prophecy

HERICANE

Kiki, her mother, and Go worked tirelessly to construct the eight mirror satellites needed to combat the three category 5 hurricanes that threatened to devastate the coastlines of America. With the help of Kiki's knowledge of the frequency of gold and diamonds, they were able to create the necessary materials for the satellites.

As they worked, Kiki's mother shared stories of their ancestors, including the one about Osun National Park, where Kiki's ancestor was said to have protected the land and its people from harm. Kiki felt a sense of pride knowing that her family had a long history of using their powers for good.

The day of the first hurricane arrived, and Kiki and her team activated the satellites. They could see the storm on the monitors, a swirling mass of wind and water that threatened to destroy everything in its path. But as the satellites began to reflect the energy of the sun, the storm weakened. The winds calmed, and the waves receded.

Kiki felt the power of the tree of life marking on her back as she channeled the energy from her three consciousnesses to the satellites. She knew that without her, the satellites would not have been able to reflect the necessary amount of energy to stop the hurricane.

With the first hurricane successfully stopped, Kiki and her team prepared for the next two. They worked around the clock, making sure that the satellites were in perfect working order. Kiki's mother and Go assisted her every step of the way, and Kiki felt grateful to have them by her side.

DHATA HARRIS

When the second hurricane arrived, Kiki and her team were ready. They activated the satellites, and once again, the storm weakened. Kiki felt a sense of relief knowing that they were making a difference.

The third and final hurricane was the strongest of them all. Kiki knew that this one would be the most difficult to stop. She and her team worked tirelessly, activating the satellites and channeling the energy of the sun.

For hours, they watched as the storm raged on. But finally, the winds began to calm, and the waves receded. The storm dissipated, and Kiki felt a sense of triumph knowing that they had fulfilled the prophecy of Oya.

As they packed up their equipment and prepared to return home, Kiki felt a sense of sadness knowing that her journey was coming to an end. But she also felt a sense of hope, knowing that she had the power to make a difference in the world.

As they flew back to America, Kiki looked out the window at the vast expanse of ocean below. She knew that there would always be more challenges to face, but she felt confident that with the power of her three consciousnesses, she could face anything.

The end.

The next day, Kiki and her mother went to Osun National Park. Kiki felt a sense of peace wash over her as they entered the lush forest. They walked for hours until they found a stream that sparkled like diamonds in the sun. Kiki's mother pointed to a large rock near the stream and said, "This is where we'll start."

HERICANE

Kiki took out the equipment she had brought with her and started to dig. It wasn't long before she hit something hard. She brushed away the dirt to reveal a small box made of pure gold. She carefully opened the box to find a diamond the size of a golf ball inside. Kiki's mother smiled at her and said, "This is how we will build the satellites."

They continued digging and found more boxes filled with gold and diamonds. Kiki couldn't believe her luck. She had never seen so much wealth in one place. But she knew that their mission was not just to collect riches but to fulfill the prophecy and save lives.

They returned to their hotel room with the boxes of gold and diamonds. Kiki opened her laptop and started working on the design of the satellites. She had a clear vision of what she needed to create, and she knew that with the gold and diamonds, they could build the perfect satellites to harness the energy of the sun.

Go arrived the next day with a team of engineers. They worked tirelessly on building the satellites. Kiki's mother supervised the work while Kiki worked on the software that would control the satellites. They had only a few weeks to complete the project before the hurricane season began.

As they worked, Kiki couldn't help but think about the prophecy. Was she really the chosen one to fulfill it? She had always felt a connection to her ancestors, but she never imagined that she would be the one to save lives.

DHATA HARRIS

One night, as Kiki was working on the software, she received a message from Dhata. He had finally found her after all these years. Kiki's heart leaped with joy. She couldn't believe that after all these years, she was finally going to meet her great-great-great grandfather.

The next day, Kiki and her mother traveled to meet Dhata. As they approached his plantation, Kiki saw a man with piercing green eyes waiting for them. She knew it was him. He had the same eyes as her.

Dhata embraced Kiki and her mother. He told them about his life as a slave and how he had never forgotten about his son. Kiki showed him pictures of his descendants and told him about the prophecy. Dhata smiled and said, "You are the chosen one, Kiki. You are the one who will fulfill the prophecy and save lives."

Kiki felt a surge of energy flow through her. She knew that she was meant to do this. She hugged Dhata and said, "We will do this together."

They returned to the hotel room and worked on the satellites with renewed vigor. Kiki felt the energy of her ancestors flowing through her. She knew that they were with her every step of the way.

Finally, after weeks of hard work, the satellites were ready. Kiki and her team launched them into orbit, and they began to harness the energy of the sun. Kiki watched as the hurricanes formed off the coast of Africa. But this time, they didn't make it to America. The satellites created a barrier of energy that stopped the hurricanes in their tracks.

HERICANE

Kiki fulfilled the prophecy, and she knew that her ancestors were proud of her. She had used their knowledge and wisdom to save lives. She had honored their legacy.

As Kiki and her mother returned to their hotel room, Kiki felt a sense of peace wash over her. As Kiki and her mother continue to research and plan, they realize that they will need a team of experts to build and launch the satellites. They start reaching out to their network and gathering the necessary resources. Kiki's mother uses her connections in the scientific community to find engineers and astrophysicists who can help design and build the satellites. Kiki, on the other hand, taps into her network of artists, activists, and social media influencers to raise awareness and funds for their project.

As they work on building the satellites, Kiki and her mother also make plans to return to Nigeria to dig for the gold and diamonds. They coordinate with the local community to ensure that their excavation is respectful and sustainable. They hire local workers and share a portion of the profits with the community. They also work to educate the people about the value of their cultural heritage and the importance of preserving it.

When the satellites are finally complete, Kiki and her team launch them into orbit. They are positioned strategically to reflect and amplify the energy of the sun, which will help to stabilize the weather patterns and prevent the hurricanes from reaching catastrophic levels. Kiki and her mother work tirelessly to monitor and adjust the satellites as needed, using the frequencies of the gold and diamonds to fine-tune their effectiveness.

DHATA HARRIS

As the hurricane season progresses, Kiki and her team watch anxiously as the storms approach. But with each passing storm, they see the power of their work. The hurricanes are still strong, but they are no longer the destructive forces they once were. The damage is significantly less, and the loss of life is minimized. Kiki and her team know that they still have much work to do, but they also know that they are making a difference.

As Kiki reflects on the journey that brought her to this point, she realizes that fulfilling the prophecy was not just about stopping the hurricanes. It was about honoring her ancestors, reclaiming her cultural heritage, and using her gifts and talents to make a positive impact on the world. She understands that the tree of life marking on her back is a reminder of the interconnectedness of all things and the power that comes from being in harmony with the universe.

In the end, Kiki and her mother return to their ancestral homeland with a newfound appreciation for their heritage and a sense of purpose that transcends time and space. They continue to work to protect the planet and preserve their cultural legacy, knowing that they are part of a lineage that stretches back to the beginning of time and extends into the infinite future.

As Kiki and her mother worked on the satellites, they received a message from Go that the hurricane season was rapidly approaching, and they needed to hurry. Kiki knew that time was of the essence, and they needed to work fast if they were going to save lives.

They worked tirelessly, digging for gold and diamonds, and using their knowledge of frequencies to tune the satellites to the perfect vibration. As they worked, Kiki felt a deep connection to her ancestors and knew that they were guiding her every step of the way.

HERICANE

Finally, after weeks of work, the satellites were ready. Kiki and her mother had managed to build eight mirror satellites that could harness the power of the sun and redirect it to control the elements of wind and water.

As the first hurricane of the season approached, Kiki and her team got ready to put their plan into action. They knew that the storm was powerful, but they had faith in their abilities and the power of their ancestors.

Using the satellites, they were able to redirect the sun's energy to create a wall of wind that pushed the storm away from the coast. They also used the satellites to create rain and lightning that would dissipate the storm's power.

For days, Kiki and her team worked tirelessly, controlling the storm and pushing it further out to sea. At last, the storm weakened, and the team was able to disperse it entirely.

Kiki knew that her ancestors would be proud of her. She had fulfilled the prophecy, and she had done it with the power of her mind and the help of her mother and Go.

As Kiki looked at the tree of life marking on her back, she felt a sense of peace and contentment. She knew that her journey was far from over, but she also knew that she had the strength and knowledge to face whatever lay ahead.

With the satellite technology, they would continue to control the elements and prevent the destruction of lives and property from hurricanes. They would also continue to share the wealth they had acquired from their ancestral lands to help their people.

Kiki understood that fulfilling the prophecy wasn't just about achieving a goal, but it was also about giving back to her people and honoring her ancestors. She was ready to take on whatever challenge came her way and continue to use her powers for good.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I Pronouns You

Kiki was a woman who was comfortable in her own skin. She knew who she was and what she wanted in life. She was proud of her height and athleticism, but sometimes felt that her physical presence intimidated men. However, she also knew that she was attracted to both men and women.

As she continued to explore her consciousness through the dream bridge, Kiki realized that Go could be reincarnated through the birth of a child. She knew that she wanted to make this happen, but also knew that traditional monogamous relationships may not be the answer. She needed to find a way to love multiple people at once, without compromising her own truth.

HERICANE

Kiki began to research different forms of relationships and stumbled upon the concept of polyamory. She learned that polyamory was the practice of having multiple romantic relationships with the consent of all parties involved. This was a revelation for Kiki, as she had always felt that she had so much love to give, but didn't want to limit herself to just one partner.

She talked to her mother and Go about her desire to explore polyamory and they were both supportive. They explained to her that polyamory was not about being promiscuous or selfish, but rather about creating meaningful connections with multiple people based on mutual trust, respect, and communication.

Kiki began to connect with people who were also interested in polyamorous relationships, and soon found herself in a loving triad with two other individuals who shared her vision for the future. They all agreed to raise Go's child together as a family, with each person playing a unique role in the child's life.

As Kiki navigated this new way of loving, she realized that it wasn't about being greedy or selfish, but rather about creating a community of love and support. She realized that her identity as a polyamorous person was just as valid as any other, and that her love was not limited by societal norms or expectations.

Kiki felt liberated by her newfound understanding of love and relationships. She no longer felt the need to hide her attraction to both men

and women, or to conform to traditional monogamous ideals. She was finally living in her truth, and it felt amazing.

In the end, Kiki realized that the pronouns “I” and “you” were not mutually exclusive. She could love herself and others equally, without compromising who she was or what she wanted. She had fulfilled the prophecy of creating a new legacy for her family, and it all started with embracing her true self. As Kiki meditated on this new awareness, she couldn’t help but feel a sense of freedom and liberation. She had always felt constrained by the rigid definitions of love and relationships that society had imposed upon her. But now, she saw the possibility of embracing multiple loves, of creating her own definitions and boundaries.

Kiki knew that this was not a path that everyone would understand or accept. She had seen how people judged and shamed those who didn’t conform to societal norms. But she also knew that she couldn’t live her life according to other people’s expectations. She needed to live in her truth and follow her heart.

She reached out to her mother and Go, and they had a long and honest conversation about polyamory. Her mother, being a traditional Yoruba woman, was initially hesitant and unsure about this concept. But Kiki explained to her that polyamory was not about being promiscuous or unfaithful, but rather about having honest and open communication with all partners involved. She also pointed out that polyamory was not a new concept, but had been practiced in many cultures throughout history.

Go was more receptive to the idea, having already lived a life outside of traditional societal norms. They talked about how they could make it work, how they could create a loving and supportive environment for all

HERICANE

involved. Kiki felt a sense of joy and relief, knowing that she had found partners who understood and accepted her for who she was.

As Kiki continued to explore polyamory, she discovered that it wasn't just about having multiple partners, but about building deep and meaningful connections with each of them. She learned how to navigate the complexities of jealousy, communication, and boundaries. She found that polyamory allowed her to express herself in ways that she had never been able to before, to fully embrace her sexuality and her desire for love and connection.

Kiki also realized that polyamory was not for everyone, and that was okay. Each person had their own unique path to follow, and she respected that. She knew that there would be challenges along the way, but she was ready to face them with the strength and wisdom of her three consciousnesses.

As she closed her eyes and meditated on the concept of polyamory, Kiki felt a sense of peace and contentment wash over her. She knew that she was living in her truth, and that was all that mattered. Kiki spends the next few days researching polyamory and learning about different ways that people practice it. She reads books, watches videos, and talks to people who are in polyamorous relationships. She discovers that there are many different ways to structure a polyamorous relationship, and that there is no one right way to do it.

Kiki feels like she is finally starting to understand herself better. She has always felt a deep connection to both men and women, and has struggled to reconcile that with the idea that she should be with just one person. But

now she realizes that she doesn't have to choose. She can love and be loved by multiple people at the same time.

Kiki talks to Go and her mother about her newfound understanding of polyamory. They are both supportive, but also cautious. They know that polyamory can be complicated and difficult, and they want to make sure that Kiki is fully prepared for what she is getting into.

Over the next few weeks, Kiki starts exploring polyamorous relationships. She meets a woman named Aaliyah who she feels an immediate connection with. They start dating, and Kiki is surprised at how natural it feels to be with her. She also continues to see Go, and they both agree that they are open to exploring other relationships as well.

Kiki knows that polyamory is not for everyone, but for her it feels like the right choice. She feels like she is finally living in her truth, and that she has found a way to honor all of the different parts of herself.

As she continues to explore her relationships with Aaliyah and Go, Kiki also starts working on building the mirror satellites that she believes will be able to stop the hurricanes. She works tirelessly on the project, pouring all of her energy and focus into it.

Finally, after months of work, the satellites are complete. Kiki and her team launch them into orbit, and they start beaming the energy of the sun down to Earth. The hurricanes that were predicted never materialize, and Kiki feels a sense of relief and accomplishment wash over her.

HERICANE

As she looks back on the past year, Kiki realizes how much she has grown and changed. She has learned so much about herself and her ancestry, and she has found a way to use that knowledge to make a difference in the world. She knows that her journey is far from over, but she feels ready for whatever comes next.

In the final scene of the book, Kiki stands on the shore of the ocean, feeling the warm sun on her face and the cool breeze on her skin. She knows that there are still challenges ahead, but she also knows that she has the strength and resilience to face them head-on. And as she looks out at the vast expanse of the sea, she knows that anything is possible. As Kiki was walking down the hallway, she saw a group of girls huddled around a phone. They were whispering and giggling, and Kiki couldn't help but feel curious. As she approached, she saw that they were watching a video of her playing basketball from the previous game. Kiki couldn't believe it. She had no idea that people were filming her games and sharing them online. She felt embarrassed and vulnerable, but at the same time, she couldn't help but feel a sense of pride. She was an exceptional basketball player, and people were taking notice.

As she walked away from the group of girls, Kiki thought about how the internet had changed everything. She could connect with people from all over the world, and she could share her thoughts and ideas with anyone who was willing to listen. But she also knew that the internet could be a dangerous place, and she needed to be careful about what she shared.

When Kiki got home, she immediately went to her room and started researching polyamory. She had heard of it before, but she didn't know much about it. As she read more, she started to understand that it was a way of life that embraced love in all its forms. It wasn't about being

promiscuous or having multiple partners for the sake of it. It was about forming deep connections with people and allowing those connections to grow and evolve over time.

Kiki realized that polyamory was exactly what she had been searching for. She had always felt like she was too much for one person to handle, and she had never been able to fully express her love for both men and women. Polyamory gave her the freedom to be herself and love whoever she wanted, without feeling like she had to hide a part of herself.

The next day, Kiki went to school feeling confident and empowered. She knew that not everyone would understand her choices, but she didn't care. She was living her truth, and that was all that mattered.

As she walked into her classroom, she saw Go sitting at his desk. He looked up and smiled when he saw her, and Kiki felt her heart skip a beat. She knew that she was attracted to him, but she also knew that she was attracted to women as well. She wondered if she would ever be able to find someone who could accept all of her, without judgment or fear.

But for now, Kiki was content with being true to herself. She had discovered a new way of life that felt right for her, and she knew that she had a long journey ahead of her. But she was ready for it, and she was excited to see where it would take her.

As the day went on, Kiki thought about Erinle and the message he had left for her. She wondered what he meant by "I pronouns you," and she couldn't shake the feeling that it was important. She decided to do some

HERICANE

more research and discovered that the phrase was a play on words. It was a way of saying “I love you” without using the traditional pronoun.

Kiki smiled when she realized what Erinle was trying to tell her. He was reminding her that love was universal and that it could be expressed in many different ways. Whether it was through polyamory, friendship, or family, love was a powerful force that could connect us all.

With this newfound knowledge, Kiki felt even more inspired to live her truth and embrace love in all its forms. She knew that it wouldn't always be easy, but she also knew that it was worth it. Because at the end of the day, love was what made life worth living. And Kiki was ready to embrace it with open arms.

CHAPTER TWELVE

More ice please

Kiki stands at the entrance of the Ice Ark, a massive submarine that is set to embark on a journey that could change the course of history. She looks at the vast ocean in front of her, feeling both excited and nervous at the same time.

DHATA HARRIS

As she walks down the ramp and enters the ship, she is greeted by the captain and the rest of the crew. They are all experienced sailors and scientists, with a deep understanding of the ocean currents, weather patterns, and the dangers that lie ahead.

Kiki is introduced to the ship's main engineer, who shows her around the engine room, explaining how the solar panels and the desalination system work together to power the ship and create the miniature glaciers that they will use to calm the hurricanes.

She is amazed by the level of technology and innovation that went into building this ship, and she feels proud to be a part of this mission to save lives and prevent the catastrophic events that hurricanes can bring.

As the ship sets sail, Kiki spends most of her time in the observation deck, watching the ocean and the sky for any signs of trouble. She feels a sense of purpose and duty, knowing that the success of this mission depends on her ability to tap into her ancestral powers and control the elements of wind and water.

Days turn into weeks, and Kiki starts to feel the weight of the responsibility that rests on her shoulders. She begins to doubt her own abilities and wonders if she can really make a difference in the face of such powerful forces of nature.

But then, something remarkable happens. As the ship approaches a developing hurricane, Kiki closes her eyes and focuses all her energy on the task at hand. She feels the power of the sun coursing through her veins, and she channels that energy into the ship's engines.

HERICANE

Suddenly, the ship's speed increases, and the hurricane starts to slow down. Kiki opens her eyes and sees the eye of the storm, a calm and peaceful center surrounded by chaos and destruction.

She knows what she has to do next. She reaches into her bag and pulls out a small vial of water from the River Osun, the sacred river that runs through her ancestral homeland.

With a deep breath, she pours the water into the ocean, and the sea around them starts to calm down. The winds die down, and the waves become still. The hurricane dissipates, and the sun breaks through the clouds.

Kiki opens her eyes and sees the captain and the crew looking at her in amazement. They know that they have witnessed something special, something that they can't explain with science or technology.

Kiki smiles, knowing that she has fulfilled the prophecy, that she has become the sun, and that she has saved countless lives. As the Ice Ark continues on its journey, Kiki knows that she will always carry with her the power of her ancestors, the strength of her sisters, and the love of her partners.

And she knows that she will never forget the lesson that she learned on this journey: that sometimes, to beat the storm, you have to be the storm. Once the Ice Ark was completed, Kiki and her team set out on their mission to prevent the three category 5 hurricanes from causing destruction. Kiki's

DHATA HARRIS

mother and Go worked on the satellite mirrors while Kiki focused on controlling the weather with the energy from the merged consciousness. She could feel the weight of responsibility on her shoulders, knowing that the lives of so many people were at stake.

As they traveled across the ocean, Kiki thought about the prophecy of her ancestor Erinle. She realized that it wasn't just about her, but about all those who came before her and those who would come after. It was a call to action for all those who carried the energy of their ancestors within them.

As they approached the first hurricane, Kiki felt a surge of energy flow through her body. She closed her eyes and began to channel the power of the wind and the water. She could feel the storm beginning to weaken under her control. The satellite mirrors reflected the sunlight onto the hurricane, further weakening it.

Kiki opened her eyes, and for a moment, she saw the image of her ancestor Erinle standing before her. Erinle smiled and nodded her head, signaling her approval. Kiki knew then that she was on the right path.

Over the course of the next few weeks, Kiki and her team successfully weakened all three hurricanes. The people in the path of the storms were able to evacuate, and the damage was minimal. Kiki felt a sense of pride in what she had accomplished, but she also knew that her work was not done.

As they returned home, Kiki thought about the lessons she had learned. She realized that her journey was not just about controlling the weather, but about embracing her identity and finding her place in the world. She

HERICANE

knew that there were many more challenges ahead, but she was ready to face them head-on.

Kiki smiled, knowing that she had fulfilled the prophecy of her ancestor Erinle. She had found her true path, and she was ready to continue walking it with confidence and pride. As Kiki is focusing on her meditation, she begins to feel a sense of oneness with the universe. She feels like she is no longer just one individual, but rather a part of a larger whole. In her dream-like state, she has an epiphany: the hurricanes aren't just natural disasters, but they are a message from the universe. They are a reminder that everything is connected, and that we are all part of a larger system.

Kiki realizes that she must approach the hurricanes differently. She can't just try to stop them, but rather she must try to understand them. She must learn to communicate with them and find out what message they are trying to convey. And so, Kiki sets out to do just that.

She spends the next few days in deep meditation, focusing on the hurricanes and trying to connect with them on a spiritual level. At first, she feels like she is getting nowhere, but slowly she begins to receive insights and messages from the storms.

Kiki realizes that the hurricanes are a manifestation of the collective energy of the planet. They are the result of all the negative energy that humanity has put out into the world, and they are trying to cleanse and purify the earth. Kiki knows that she must find a way to help humanity shift their energy to a more positive and harmonious state.

DHATA HARRIS

With this new understanding, Kiki begins to develop a plan. She realizes that she must first create a space of love and harmony within herself, in order to be able to transmit that energy to others. She also knows that she must reach as many people as possible, and so she decides to use social media to spread her message.

Kiki creates a series of videos and posts, where she shares her insights about the hurricanes and how they are a call to action for humanity. She also shares her personal journey and how she has learned to connect with the storms on a spiritual level.

Kiki's message quickly goes viral, and she becomes a social media sensation. People from all over the world begin to reach out to her, sharing their own stories and experiences with the hurricanes. Kiki becomes a beacon of hope and inspiration, and her message helps to shift the collective energy of the planet.

As the hurricane season comes to a close, Kiki reflects on all that she has learned. She realizes that the hurricanes were not just a natural disaster, but a call to action for humanity. She knows that she has a purpose and a mission to help shift the collective energy of the planet towards love and harmony.

Kiki also knows that her journey is not over yet. There will be more storms, more challenges, and more opportunities for growth and learning. But she is ready for whatever comes her way, because she knows that she is not alone. She create a world that is filled with love, compassion, and harmony. Kiki decides to take a break from her work and goes for a walk in the nearby forest. As she walks, she feels a sense of calm and peace. She feels like she's in a different world, away from the chaos and stress of her

HERICANE

mission. As she walks deeper into the forest, she comes across a clearing where a group of people are gathered. They are all dancing and chanting around a large bonfire. Kiki is intrigued and decides to join them.

The people welcome her with open arms and Kiki feels a strong sense of community and belonging. They explain to her that they are a group of witches who use their magic to protect the environment and heal the world. They invite Kiki to join their coven and teach her about their ways. Kiki is hesitant at first, but something inside her tells her that this is where she belongs. She decides to accept their offer and begins to learn the ways of the witches.

As she delves deeper into her training, Kiki discovers that she has a natural talent for magic. She learns how to harness her energy and channel it into spells that can heal the environment and protect the world from harm. She also discovers that she has a special connection to the element of air, which allows her to control the wind and create storms.

With her newfound powers, Kiki returns to her mission with a renewed sense of purpose. She uses her magic to help build the Ice Ark and ensure that it is equipped to handle the most powerful hurricanes. She also uses her powers to protect the ship and its crew from harm during their dangerous mission.

As the hurricane season begins, Kiki and the crew of the Ice Ark set sail. They encounter several storms along the way, but with Kiki's magic and the technology of the ship, they are able to navigate through them safely. Kiki realizes that she is fulfilling her destiny and that she has found her

true calling. She is no longer just a basketball player or a journalist, but a witch and a protector of the environment.

The journey is long and challenging, but Kiki and the crew are successful in their mission. They save countless lives and prevent the catastrophic storms from causing massive destruction. When they return to land, Kiki is hailed as a hero and a savior. She knows that she couldn't have done it without the help of her mother, Go, and the witches who taught her the ways of magic. She also knows that her journey is far from over and that there will always be more storms to face and more people to save. But she is ready, armed with her powers and her determination to make the world a better place.

As the story ends, Kiki reflects on her journey and the lessons she has learned. She realizes that life is full of surprises and that we all have the power to make a difference in the world. She knows that there will always be challenges and obstacles to overcome, but with faith in ourselves and the support of those who love us, we can conquer anything. Kiki smiles, feeling the energy of the sun on her face, knowing that she is ready for whatever comes next.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Yoruba Demon

Kiki was in awe of the man in front of her. He stood tall at 6 feet 7 inches with broad shoulders and a chiseled physique. His skin was the color of honey and his eyes sparkled with intelligence and wit. He introduced himself as Akin, a Yoruba name that means “warrior” or “hero”.

HERICANE

As they chatted, Kiki learned that Akin was a former college volleyball player who had studied engineering and was now a successful entrepreneur. He owned a tech company that specialized in renewable energy solutions, which immediately piqued Kiki's interest. They talked for hours about their shared passion for sustainability and the environment, and Kiki found herself drawn to his charismatic personality and infectious enthusiasm.

But as the night wore on, Kiki began to notice something unsettling about Akin's behavior. He was constantly flirting with other women in the room, even as he held Kiki's hand or leaned in to whisper in her ear. When she asked him about it, he laughed it off and called himself a Yoruba Demon.

Kiki was taken aback by the term and asked him to explain. Akin told her that in Yoruba culture, a "demon" referred to a man who was irresistible to women and had a reputation for breaking hearts. He explained that he didn't mean any harm by it, and that he was simply enjoying himself and having fun.

Kiki couldn't shake the feeling that something was off, but she was also attracted to Akin's confidence and charm. As they left the party and walked to his car, she found herself torn between her desire for him and her instincts telling her to be cautious.

When they arrived at her apartment, Akin leaned in to kiss her. Kiki hesitated for a moment before giving in to the moment and kissing him

back. As they parted, Akin whispered in her ear, “I’ll see you soon, my beautiful warrior.”

Kiki was left feeling both exhilarated and confused. She knew that Akin was the type of man who could easily break her heart, but she couldn’t deny the chemistry between them. As she climbed into bed that night, she couldn’t help but wonder if Akin was the type of Yoruba Demon she wanted to be with, or if she should listen to her instincts and stay away. Kiki and Ayodele’s bond deepened with each passing day. They learned about each other’s passions and interests and their love for Yoruba culture brought them even closer. Kiki was impressed by Ayodele’s extensive knowledge of Yoruba traditions and his willingness to share it with her. They would spend hours discussing the Orishas and their unique personalities, the significance of festivals and ceremonies, and the history of the Yoruba people.

Kiki was also fascinated by Ayodele’s business ventures. He had several successful startups in the tech industry and was well known in the Yoruba community for his philanthropic efforts. Ayodele was more than just a pretty face, he was a man with a purpose, and Kiki found that extremely attractive.

As they grew more intimate, Kiki discovered that Ayodele was a true Yoruba demon. The term was often used to describe men who were charming and persuasive, but also unfaithful and deceptive. Kiki had heard stories of Yoruba demons, but she never thought she would fall for one.

Despite her reservations, Kiki found herself drawn to Ayodele. His charm and charisma were too hard to resist. She knew that she was in dangerous

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territory, but she couldn't help herself. Ayodele had a hold on her that she couldn't shake.

One day, Kiki decided to confront Ayodele about his reputation. Ayodele was taken aback by Kiki's question and denied being a Yoruba demon. He explained that he had made some mistakes in the past but was committed to being faithful to Kiki. He promised to show her that he was serious about their relationship and that she could trust him.

Kiki was torn. She wanted to believe Ayodele, but she was afraid of getting hurt. She decided to take things slow and see if Ayodele was serious about his commitment to her.

As the hurricane season approached, Kiki and Ayodele's relationship grew stronger. They worked together on the Ice Ark, and Kiki was impressed by Ayodele's dedication and hard work. She began to see a different side of him, a side that was loyal and committed.

On the day of the launch, Kiki and Ayodele stood on the deck of the Ice Ark, watching as it sailed away. Kiki knew that the journey ahead would be long and difficult, but she felt confident knowing that Ayodele was by her side. She had found a partner who shared her vision and passion, and she knew that together they could accomplish anything. Once they arrived at the restaurant, Kiki was greeted by the sweet aroma of jollof rice and fried plantains. They were seated at a table by the window, overlooking the busy street below. Kiki couldn't help but notice how confident and charming Olu was, he had a way of making her feel seen and heard in a way that she had never experienced before. They talked about everything

from politics to music, and Kiki found herself completely engrossed in their conversation.

As they finished their meal, Olu leaned across the table and took Kiki's hand in his. "Kiki, I have to be honest with you," he said. "I've been thinking about you since the moment we met. There's something about you that I can't resist. I know that you're in a relationship, but I just had to tell you how I feel."

Kiki's heart raced as she looked into Olu's eyes. She knew that she was attracted to him too, but she didn't want to hurt Ife. "Olu, I appreciate your honesty," she said. "But I need to be upfront with you too. I am in a polyamorous relationship with Ife and Dhata. We love each other and support each other, but we also have the freedom to explore other relationships."

Olu's eyes widened in surprise, but he didn't seem put off by Kiki's revelation. "I've heard of polyamory before," he said. "But I've never met anyone who was in a relationship like that. I have to admit, it's intriguing."

They talked late into the night, discussing the intricacies of polyamory and what it meant for their potential relationship. Kiki was impressed by Olu's open-mindedness and willingness to learn. As they said their goodbyes, Kiki couldn't help but feel hopeful about what the future might hold.

As Kiki walked back to her apartment, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but she had the sense that she was being followed. She quickened her pace, trying to shake

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the feeling, but it only intensified. Finally, she turned around and saw a shadowy figure following her.

She broke into a run, sprinting towards her apartment building. She fumbled with her keys, trying to unlock the door as quickly as possible. As she finally got the door open, she turned around to see the figure standing just a few feet away from her.

It was a man she had never seen before, but he had a menacing look in his eyes. Kiki felt her heart pounding in her chest as he advanced towards her. She knew that she had to act fast if she wanted to protect herself.

Without hesitation, Kiki reached into her pocket and pulled out a small vial of black powder. She threw it at the man's feet, and he stumbled backwards, coughing and sputtering. Kiki used the opportunity to run up the stairs to her apartment, slamming the door behind her.

Breathless and shaking, Kiki leaned against the door, trying to process what had just happened. She knew that the man was after her because of her connection to the Dream Bridge, but she couldn't understand why anyone would want to harm her.

As she sat on her couch, trying to calm down, she realized that she had left her phone at the restaurant. She tried not to panic as she thought about all of the sensitive information on her phone. If someone got ahold of it, it could put her and everyone else involved in the Dream Bridge in danger.

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She knew she had to act fast so she called Ife and Dhata and explained the situation. As Kiki delves deeper into the poly community, she finds that there are many different forms of love and relationships. She begins to feel at home in this community, where people are free to love and be loved in their own unique ways. But as Kiki becomes more and more comfortable, she also begins to realize that there are risks involved in this lifestyle. One of those risks comes to light when she receives a call from Ife, who tells her that Dhata has been taken by a group of men who disapprove of their relationship.

Kiki is devastated by the news, and she immediately sets out to find Dhata. With the help of her new friends in the poly community, she tracks down the men who have taken Dhata and confronts them. They demand that Kiki make a sacrifice in order to free Dhata, and Kiki is left with a difficult decision to make.

In the end, Kiki decides to make the sacrifice, knowing that it is the only way to save Dhata. She offers up a part of herself in exchange for Dhata's freedom, and the men accept her sacrifice. Kiki is left with scars both physical and emotional, but she knows that she has done the right thing. She and Dhata are reunited, and they embrace, grateful to be together once again.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

What Has Been Will Be Again

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Kiki and the Yoruba Demon had fallen deeply in love, their connection growing stronger each day. They spent long nights talking about their plans for the future and how they would raise their child. The Yoruba Demon had fully embraced Kiki's mission to save the world, and he became a key player in their efforts.

As they worked together to build and launch the satellites and the Ice Ark, Kiki found herself constantly amazed by the Yoruba Demon's skills and knowledge. He had a deep understanding of engineering and science, and his creativity helped them to overcome many obstacles along the way.

One day, as Kiki was working in the dream bridge, she received a vision that sent shivers down her spine. She saw the Yoruba Demon standing on a mountaintop, surrounded by fire and smoke, and a voice spoke to her:

“What has been will be again, what has been done will be done again; there is nothing new under the sun.”

Kiki was shaken by the message, but she didn't understand its meaning. She shared the vision with the Yoruba Demon, and he comforted her, telling her that they would face whatever challenges lay ahead together.

As they continued their work, they caught the attention of the US government, who had been monitoring their activities. The government had always been skeptical of Kiki and her team, but they were impressed by the progress they had made. Kiki agreed to meet with the government officials and demonstrate her powers to them.

In a secure facility, Kiki was able to control the weather, creating a powerful storm that shook the building. The officials were stunned and immediately agreed to work with Kiki and her team to stop the storms.

Meanwhile, long-range scanners in outer space had detected something just outside of Uranus. Kiki believed it could be the arrival of the ancient ones, and she and her team prepared for their potential arrival. They knew that they had to be ready for anything.

As Kiki and the Yoruba Demon prepared to get married, they remained vigilant, working tirelessly to save the world. They knew that they had a long road ahead of them, but they were ready to face whatever challenges came their way.

Kiki's mind was spinning with the implications of what she had just heard. The arrival of the ancient ones could mean everything or nothing. She had to share the news with the rest of the team.

She called an emergency meeting and everyone gathered in the control room of the Ice Ark. Kiki shared what the long-range scanners had picked up and the team immediately went into action.

They activated the satellite network to focus on the area of space where the object was detected, and they sent out probes to gather more information. As they waited for the data to come in, Kiki and her team began to prepare for the worst-case scenario.

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They knew that the ancient ones were powerful beings that had been around since the beginning of time. They could be benevolent, or they could be malevolent. They could be here to help or to destroy.

Kiki's mind raced with all the different scenarios that could play out. But she knew that she had to be prepared for anything. She had to be the one to protect her family, her people, and her planet.

Days passed as they waited for the probes to return with more information. When they did, the team gathered around the screens to study the data. It was unlike anything they had ever seen before.

The object was indeed an ancient one. But it wasn't alone. There were several of them, and they were traveling in a fleet of ships that were unlike anything humanity had ever seen before.

Kiki and her team immediately began to formulate a plan. They knew that they had to make contact with the ancient ones and try to establish a dialogue. They had to find out what they wanted and whether they posed a threat to Earth.

The Ice Ark set a course for the fleet, and as they got closer, Kiki and her team began to feel a sense of awe and wonder. The ships were massive, and they seemed to glow with an otherworldly energy.

As they approached the lead ship, Kiki felt a surge of power wash over her. It was as if the ancient ones were communicating with her telepathically.

She closed her eyes and focused on the energy, trying to understand what they were saying.

When she opened her eyes again, she knew what she had to do. She had to merge her consciousness with that of the ancient ones. She had to become one with them in order to save her planet.

Kiki took a deep breath and closed her eyes once again. She focused all of her energy on the ancient ones, and as she did, she felt her consciousness expand beyond her body. She felt herself merging with the ancient ones, becoming one with their energy.

When she opened her eyes again, Kiki knew that she had succeeded. She could sense the ancient ones communicating with her, sharing their knowledge and their power. And she knew that she had to use that power to protect her planet.

With the ancient ones by her side, Kiki and her team began to work on a plan to stop the hurricanes once and for all. They knew that they had to act quickly, before the next hurricane season began.

They worked day and night, pushing the limits of science and technology to create a system that could harness the power of the sun and the ocean to create a shield around the planet. It was a risky plan, but it was their only hope.

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Finally, after months of hard work, the system was ready. Kiki and her team activated the shield, and as they did, they felt a surge of energy rush through them. The shield was working.

The hurricanes began to dissipate, and the people of the world rejoiced. Kiki and her team had fulfilled the prophecy. They had saved the world.

As Kiki looked out over the calm waters, she knew that the future was uncertain

The US government and Kiki's team are in a race to reach the object detected near Uranus. They have no idea what they will find, but they know that it could be the return of the ancient ones. Kiki's team develops a plan to intercept the object and retrieve any possible information or technology that can be used to save the planet.

As they get closer to the object, they begin to detect strange energy patterns and anomalies in the surrounding space. They also notice that the object seems to be emitting a strong gravitational pull, making it difficult for them to get any closer. However, Kiki is determined to find out what is inside and she channels all of her energy to overcome the gravitational force.

Finally, they are able to dock onto the object and enter inside. What they find is beyond their wildest dreams. The interior of the object is massive, with various chambers filled with advanced technology, artifacts, and even living beings. They realize that they have stumbled upon an ancient spaceship, belonging to a highly advanced civilization that had left the planet thousands of years ago.

Kiki's team begins to explore the ship and they find a holographic message from the ship's captain, who identifies himself as an alien being from a distant star system. He explains that his civilization had been exploring the galaxy when they came across Earth and found intelligent life. They decided to make contact with the humans and were welcomed with open arms.

However, things took a turn for the worse when they realized that humans were not ready for the advanced knowledge and technology that they possessed. The humans became fearful and began to attack them. In order to protect themselves, the aliens decided to leave the planet and never return.

The captain of the ship explains that they had left behind the knowledge and technology to save the planet, but only if the humans were ready to receive it. He urges Kiki and her team to use the information and technology to save their planet and restore balance to the universe.

Kiki's team begins to study the technology and artifacts found on the ship, learning about advanced energy sources, faster-than-light travel, and even advanced forms of consciousness. They realize that the ancient ones had left behind the tools and knowledge to help humanity evolve and become a peaceful and harmonious civilization.

As they prepare to leave the ancient ship and return to Earth, Kiki realizes that this is just the beginning of their journey. They have been given a gift, a chance to use advanced knowledge and technology to create a better future for their planet and for all living beings in the universe. And she

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knows that with the help of her team and the power of love, they can overcome any obstacle and fulfill their destiny.

As they fly towards the ancient ones, Kiki notices something strange. The closer they get, the more she feels a sense of familiarity. It's as if she's been here before. Suddenly, she remembers her dream bridge experience where she saw the ancient ones in her dream. She realizes that this is not their first encounter, but her past life's memory is resurfacing.

The ancient ones look nothing like the humans Kiki has seen before. They are humanoid, but their skin is iridescent and seems to shimmer in the light. They have elongated fingers and toes, and their eyes are large and have an intense gaze. As Kiki approaches them, she feels a wave of energy emanating from them. It's overwhelming, and she has to concentrate to keep herself grounded.

One of the ancient ones speaks to Kiki telepathically. "Welcome, Kiki. We have been expecting you."

Kiki is surprised. "You have? Why?"

The ancient one responds, "Because you are one of us. You carry our DNA in your bloodline. You are the one who will fulfill the prophecy and bring balance to the universe."

Kiki is confused. "What prophecy?"

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The ancient one continues, “The prophecy of the three consciousnesses. You carry the physical, spiritual, and divine within you. You are the bridge between worlds. You are the one who will unite the galaxies and bring about the dawn of a new era.”

Kiki is overwhelmed by this revelation. She had no idea that her life had such a significant purpose. The ancient one continues, “But first, you must help us. We are under attack by a rogue group of beings who seek to destroy us and our planet. We need your help to defend ourselves and our home.”

Kiki agrees to help the ancient ones. They take her to their planet, and she sees that it is a beautiful place. It’s full of life, and the natural landscape is like nothing she’s ever seen before. The ancient ones show her how to tap into her full potential, and she realizes that she’s more powerful than she ever thought possible.

Kiki trains with the ancient ones for months, and she learns how to use her power to control the elements and to defend herself. She becomes a formidable warrior, and she’s ready to face the rogue group of beings.

When the time comes, Kiki and the ancient ones engage in battle with the rogue beings. It’s a fierce fight, but with Kiki’s help, the ancient ones emerge victorious. They thank Kiki for her help and tell her that they will always be grateful.

As Kiki prepares to leave the planet, the ancient ones tell her that they will always be watching over her. They remind her of her purpose and tell her that she is the one who will bring balance to the universe.

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Kiki returns to Earth with a new sense of purpose. She knows that her life has meaning, and she's determined to fulfill her destiny. She's grateful for the love of her partners, her family, and her friends who have supported her through her journey. And she knows that no matter what happens, she's ready to face any challenge that comes her way.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

A Warrior's Sacrifice

Kiki was devastated by the loss of her beloved husband. She couldn't believe that the same lightning that brought them together had taken him away from her. But she knew that she couldn't let her grief consume her. She had a duty to fulfill.

The Ice Ark had successfully created enough mini glaciers to reduce the temperature of the ocean surface, weakening the hurricane's power. Kiki and her team were ready to implement the final stage of their plan – using the wind generators to create a controlled wind pattern that would push the weakened hurricane away from the coast.

Kiki's heart was heavy as she watched the storm approaching. She knew that her husband would have wanted her to carry on, to be a warrior until the end. She took a deep breath and led her team into action.

The wind generators hummed to life, their blades spinning furiously as they created a powerful wind current. Kiki watched as the storm started to shift direction, moving away from the vulnerable coastline.

But the hurricane was not going down without a fight. As the wind current intensified, lightning strikes started to rain down from the dark clouds. Kiki could feel the hairs on the back of her neck stand up as she realized the danger they were in.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning struck the wind generator closest to Kiki. She felt a jolt of electricity shoot through her body as her husband's face flashed in her mind. She knew that he was watching over her, guiding her, and giving her the strength to carry on.

Kiki looked up to the sky and screamed, calling on the ancient ones to lend her their power. And then, a miracle happened. A powerful burst of energy surged through her, rippling outwards and enveloping the entire team. Kiki could feel the storm weakening, as if the ancient ones themselves were pushing it away.

With a final burst of wind, the hurricane dissipated into nothingness. The sun broke through the clouds, casting a warm light over the team. Kiki

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knew that they had done it. They had saved countless lives and prevented a catastrophic disaster.

But the victory was bittersweet. Kiki felt the weight of her husband's absence more strongly than ever before. She whispered a prayer of thanks to the ancient ones for giving her the strength to carry on, and for guiding her husband's soul to the afterlife.

As the team sailed back to shore, Kiki looked out over the endless horizon, her heart heavy but her spirit stronger than ever. She knew that the world was full of challenges and dangers, but with the power of love and the guidance of the ancient ones, she would always be a warrior, fighting for the greater good.

Kiki was inconsolable after the death of her husband. She felt lost and alone, unable to imagine life without him. But she knew that she had to be strong for their child, for Go's reincarnation.

The storm had passed, and the world was safe once again. The government had kept their word and allowed Kiki and her team to go about their mission without interference. But Kiki felt no sense of triumph. She only felt grief.

As she sat by her husband's grave, Kiki couldn't help but wonder if it was all worth it. The sacrifices they had made, the risks they had taken – was it all worth losing the person she loved most in the world?

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But then she felt a strange sensation, a whisper in the back of her mind. It was the voice of Go, the child that would carry on her husband's legacy. It was a reminder that even in death, there is still life, and that their sacrifice had ensured a brighter future for the world.

With a heavy heart, Kiki rose to her feet. She knew that she had to continue the work that her husband had started, to honor his memory and ensure that their child would inherit a world worth living in.

As she walked away from the grave, Kiki felt a sense of purpose wash over her. She was a warrior, and she would fight on, even in the face of tragedy. For her husband, for her child, and for the world.

As the storm cleared and the sun began to rise, Kiki felt a sense of calm wash over her. She had fulfilled her purpose and saved the world. But it came at a great cost. Her heart ached as she thought about the sacrifice her husband had made.

She walked down to the beach, the sand still wet from the rain, and sat down by the water. She stared out at the ocean, her mind racing with thoughts and emotions.

A few minutes later, she heard footsteps behind her. It was Ife, who had come to offer her condolences. They sat together in silence, watching the waves crash onto the shore.

"I never thought I would lose another husband," Kiki said, tears streaming down her face. "I thought I was done with that kind of pain."

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“I know, my friend,” Ife said, placing a hand on Kiki’s shoulder. “But he died a hero. And he will live on in the child you carry.”

Kiki looked down at her stomach, which was starting to show a small bump. She rubbed her hand over it gently, feeling a sense of hope and renewal.

“I know,” she said, a small smile forming on her face. “He will live on in our child.”

As they sat there together, Kiki felt a sense of peace wash over her. She knew that there would be challenges ahead, but she also knew that she had the strength to face them. And with the help of her friends and loved ones, she would continue to fight for a better world.

Kiki mourning the loss of her husband and feeling lost and alone. However, she finds solace in the fact that they were able to save the world from a catastrophic hurricane. She also finds comfort in the fact that she is pregnant with Go’s reincarnation.

As she starts to rebuild her life, she begins to notice subtle changes in the world around her. The air seems cleaner, the water seems clearer, and people seem to be more connected to each other and the natural world. She realizes that the Age of Aquarius has arrived, a time of awakening and enlightenment.

Kiki becomes more involved in environmental activism and starts to work on projects to restore the natural balance of the planet. She works with the

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US government to implement policies to reduce carbon emissions and protect the environment. She also becomes an advocate for polyamory and works to promote understanding and acceptance of non-traditional relationships.

As the years pass, Kiki watches her son grow into a strong and compassionate young man. She sees the world continue to evolve and transform, with new technologies and innovations emerging that help to heal and protect the planet. She knows that there will be challenges ahead, but she is confident that humanity can face them together.

Kiki reflects on her journey and the lessons she has learned. She realizes that life is not always easy, but it is always worth fighting for. She is grateful for the love and support she has received from her partners, her family, and her community. And she knows that no matter what the future holds, she will face it with courage and resilience, just like the warriors who came before her.

Kiki is grateful for the support of her family and friends, and she continues to honor the memory of her husband and the sacrifices he made. She also feels a sense of peace knowing that Go has been reincarnated and will have a chance to live again. As she looks back on her journey, she realizes that everything she has experienced has prepared her for this moment, and she is ready for whatever the future may bring.

In the epilogue, Kiki reflects on the lessons she has learned and shares her message of hope with the world. She encourages everyone to embrace their unique identities, to love and accept themselves and others, and to work together to create a better future for all. She also reminds us that the ancient ones are still out there, and that we must remain vigilant and prepared for whatever challenges may come our way.

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As the book comes to a close, we see Kiki standing on the deck of the Ice Ark, looking out at the vast expanse of the ocean. She takes a deep breath, feeling the salty air fill her lungs, and smiles as she thinks about the adventures that lie ahead. The world may be changing, but Kiki knows that she is ready to face whatever comes her way, with courage, strength, and love.

As the storm finally subsided, Kiki mourned the loss of her husband and reflected on the sacrifices that had been made to save the world. She knew that it was just the beginning of a new journey, one where they would continue to fight for the survival of the planet and all its inhabitants.

But for now, she allowed herself to grieve and to honor the life of the man who had fought alongside her. As the sun began to rise on a new day, Kiki made a vow to herself and to the memory of her husband that she would continue to fight for the world they both believed in, a world where love and unity could overcome any obstacle.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Sesa Wo Suba

Kiki spent the first few months after her husband's passing in a state of shock and grief. But as her pregnancy progressed, she began to feel a sense of purpose and determination. She knew that she had to be strong for her

unborn children and for Go's spirit, which would soon be reincarnated through them.

She threw herself into preparing for the arrival of her twins, reading books about child-rearing and setting up their nursery with care. As she worked, she felt a sense of transformation happening within her. The losses she had endured had made her stronger, and she was determined to be the best mother she could be for her children.

When the day finally came for her to give birth, she was filled with a mix of excitement and trepidation. As she went through the labor pains, she repeated the Sesa Wo Suban mantra to herself, focusing on the transformation of character that she had undergone over the past few years.

Finally, her two babies were born, a boy and a girl. She held them in her arms, feeling a sense of overwhelming love and joy. She knew that Go's spirit lived on in them, and that her husband would always be a part of their family, even if he couldn't be there physically.

In the months that followed, Kiki threw herself into motherhood with the same determination and passion that she had approached everything else in her life. She watched with pride as her children grew and developed, and she felt grateful for the journey that had brought her to this point.

Looking back on all that had happened, she realized that the losses she had suffered had been a catalyst for growth and transformation. She had become a warrior, like her ancestors before her, and she was proud of the person she had become.

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As the twins grow in her womb, Kiki finds herself reflecting on her journey and the transformation she has undergone. She has lost loved ones, faced challenges, and discovered truths about herself that she never knew existed. But through it all, she has persevered and come out stronger and more resilient than ever before.

The birth of her twins is a joyous occasion, and Kiki is overjoyed to hold them in her arms. She feels a sense of peace and contentment that she has never experienced before, knowing that Go and her husband have been reincarnated through her children.

As she watches her twins grow and develop, Kiki continues to reflect on the lessons she has learned throughout her journey. She realizes that she has been transformed in a profound way, and that her experiences have helped her become the person she was always meant to be.

She begins to see the world in a new light, with a deeper appreciation for the interconnectedness of all things. She understands that her journey was not just about saving the world, but also about saving herself and discovering her true purpose.

Kiki knows that the journey will never truly end, as life is a never-ending cycle of growth and transformation. But she is grateful for all that she has learned and all that she has become, and she looks forward to continuing her journey with her children by her side. She whispers to her twins, “Sesa Wo Suban”, as a reminder to them and herself that transformation is possible and that they too can become their best selves.

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Kiki reflects on her journey, from losing her sister to discovering her purpose and falling in love. She thinks about the sacrifices that she and her loved ones have made for the greater good, and how it has all led to this moment.

As she holds her newborn twins, she feels an overwhelming sense of gratitude and love. She knows that they will carry on the legacy of Go and her husband, and continue the fight for a better world. She also feels a sense of responsibility to raise them with the same values that she holds dear, to prepare them for the challenges that they will face.

Kiki realizes that she has undergone a transformation of character, just like the Sesa Wo Suban symbol and mantra. She has learned so much about herself, about love, about sacrifice, and about the power of community. She knows that she will never be the same again, but that is a good thing.

As she looks at her children, she knows that they will be a constant reminder of the journey that brought her here, and the lessons that she has learned along the way. She is ready to face the future with renewed strength and determination, knowing that her loved ones and her community will always be there to support her.

Kiki spends the next few months preparing for the arrival of her twins and reflecting on the journey that has brought her here. She thinks about all of the people she has met and lost along the way, and how each of them has changed her in some way. She also thinks about the world and the work that still needs to be done to make it a better place for future generations.

As the day of the birth approaches, Kiki feels a mix of excitement and nervousness. She is ready to meet her children and start this new chapter

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of her life, but she also knows that raising them in a world that is still so broken will not be easy. She takes comfort in the knowledge that she has the love and support of her family, both biological and chosen, and that together they can face whatever challenges come their way.

Finally, the day arrives and Kiki gives birth to a boy and a girl. They are healthy and strong, and Kiki feels an overwhelming sense of love and gratitude as she holds them for the first time. She names her son Ade, after her father, and her daughter Amara, which means “grace” in Igbo.

In the weeks that follow, Kiki adjusts to life as a mother of twins. She is exhausted and overwhelmed at times, but she finds strength in the knowledge that she is doing something meaningful with her life. She is raising two children who will one day have the power to make a difference in the world, and that thought fills her with hope.

As she watches her children grow and develop, Kiki thinks about the Adinkra symbol Sesa Wo Suban, which means “transform your character.” She realizes that motherhood is transforming her in ways she never thought possible. She is learning patience, resilience, and unconditional love, and she knows that these qualities will serve her well as she continues to fight for a better world.

Kiki looks out at the world with a sense of determination and hope. She knows that there is still so much work to be done, but she also knows that there are people out there who are willing to do the work. She thinks about all of the people who have helped her along the way, and she feels grateful for their presence in her life.

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As she reflects on everything she has been through, Kiki realizes that she has come full circle. She started this journey as a young woman searching for her place in the world, and she has ended it as a mother and a warrior, fighting for a better future for her children and for all of humanity. She smiles as she thinks about what the future holds, knowing that with her children by her side, she can face whatever comes her way.

Kiki went through the rest of her pregnancy with a mixture of grief, hope, and anticipation. She found solace in her work with the Poly community and the plan to save the world. She threw herself into her projects, finding comfort in the knowledge that she was doing everything she could to make the world a better place for her children.

As her due date approached, Kiki felt a sense of nervous excitement. She had decided not to find out the sex of the babies, wanting to be surprised when they were born. She felt like it was the universe's way of keeping her on her toes, a reminder that life was unpredictable and full of surprises.

When the day finally arrived, Kiki went into labor at home. She had a midwife and a doula there to support her, and she felt a sense of calm as she breathed through the contractions. The labor was long and intense, but Kiki felt like she was in a dreamlike state, connected to the world in a way she had never experienced before.

Finally, after hours of labor, Kiki gave birth to her twins. The first one was a boy, and the second was a girl. Kiki felt a rush of emotion as she held her children for the first time, feeling the weight of the responsibility that came with being their mother.

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In the days and weeks that followed, Kiki focused on recovering from the birth and adjusting to life with two newborns. She was exhausted, but also filled with a sense of purpose and joy. She looked at her children and saw the future, a new generation that she hoped would grow up in a world that was better than the one she had known.

As she held her babies, Kiki thought about the journey that had brought her to this moment. She thought about the losses she had suffered, the sacrifices she had made, and the love that had sustained her through it all. She felt grateful for every moment, every experience, every lesson. She knew that she was different now, transformed by the journey she had been on.

And she knew that she had been given a gift, a chance to start anew, to raise her children with love, courage, and hope. She looked at her babies and whispered, “Sesa Wo Suban.” Transformation of character. She knew that she had been changed, but she also knew that she had the power to change the world.

Kiki’s life changed completely after the birth of her twins. She named her daughter Nia, which means purpose, and her son Kwame, which means born on a Saturday. She felt a sense of purpose in raising her children and continuing the mission to save the world.

As Nia and Kwame grew older, Kiki taught them about their heritage and the importance of preserving the earth. She shared her experiences of traveling the world and the lessons she learned about different cultures and their relationship with nature.

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Kiki also became more involved in politics and used her platform to advocate for climate change action. She formed partnerships with scientists and activists around the world, and together, they worked to find sustainable solutions for the planet.

Years passed, and Kiki watched as her children grew into adults who shared her passion for the environment. Nia became a leader in the renewable energy industry, while Kwame became a marine biologist who worked to protect ocean ecosystems.

As Kiki looked back on her life, she realized that everything she went through had led her to this moment. She was grateful for the journey, the hardships, and the blessings that had shaped her into the person she had become. And she knew that her legacy would live on through her children and their work to preserve the earth for future generations.

Kiki watched as the children played, feeling grateful for the new beginning they represented. She had thought that her journey would end with the completion of the plan to stop the hurricane, but it had only just begun. She had lost her husband, but had gained a new understanding of her purpose and the interconnectedness of all things.

As she sat there, watching the children, she remembered a conversation she had with her husband about the meaning of Sesa Wo Suban. He had explained that it was about transformation of character, and that it was a reminder to always strive to be a better person. She thought about all the lessons she had learned along her journey, and how they had transformed her into a person who was more aware of her impact on the world.

HERICANE

Kiki knew that her work was not done yet. There were still challenges ahead, but she was determined to face them with the strength and knowledge she had gained. She was grateful for the support of her community and the resources they had pooled together. She knew that together, they could make a difference in the world.

As the sun began to set, Kiki gathered the children and led them back to their homes. She walked with a sense of purpose and a newfound sense of hope for the future. She knew that with the birth of her twins, she had been given a second chance to make a positive impact on the world. Sesa Wo Suban – she would continue to transform herself and inspire those around her to do the same.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Elementals

Kiki felt like she had been walking on a tightrope since the birth of her twins. She had been trying to balance her duties as a mother and her responsibilities as a powerful witch. She had been training hard with Erinle to master the elements, but it had been taking a toll on her physically and mentally. She had barely been sleeping, constantly trying to stay ahead of the ancient ones.

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Erinle had been her rock during this time. He had been patient with her and had helped her understand that her husband's death wasn't her fault. She had slowly begun to forgive herself for what had happened and had even started to let go of some of her guilt.

One night, while she was meditating, Kiki felt a presence in her mind. It was like a whisper at first, but it grew louder and more insistent. She recognized the voice as that of the ancient ones. They were getting closer.

Kiki opened her eyes and immediately went into action. She called Erinle and together they began to prepare for the coming battle. Kiki knew that they couldn't do this alone. They needed help.

She called on her fellow witches, the ones she had met during her travels. They came from all over the world, each bringing their own unique powers and skills to the table. Together, they formed a powerful coven, one that could stand up to the ancient ones.

Erinle taught them how to fully master the elements, showing them how to harness their power in a way that Oshun could never understand. Kiki was amazed at how quickly they learned, how easily they adapted to their new abilities.

As they trained, Kiki continued to dream bridge about Atlantis. She saw the great cities that had once stood there, the people who had lived and thrived. She saw the ancient ones too, the ones who had destroyed it all.

HERICANE

She knew that this battle wasn't just about saving the world. It was about avenging the past, about righting the wrongs that had been done so long ago.

The day of the battle arrived, and the coven stood ready. They faced the ancient ones, who had arrived on Earth in a massive spaceship. The sky darkened as they descended, their ships blotting out the sun.

As Kiki, Erinle, and the Poly community prepare for the arrival of the ancient ones, they also work to wake up the rest of humanity to the danger that looms ahead. Kiki uses her powers to control the weather, and together with Erinle's guidance, she becomes even more skilled in her abilities to harness the elements.

As the days pass, reports start to come in from around the world of strange sightings in the sky and disruptions in the weather patterns. The ancient ones are coming closer, and it is clear that they are not coming in peace.

The Poly community begins to fortify their base and prepare for battle. They create weapons that can harness the power of the elements, and they practice battle formations and strategies.

When the ancient ones finally arrive, they come with a force that is overwhelming. Their ships blot out the sun, and their weapons are unlike anything that humans have ever seen. The Poly community fights valiantly, but they are outnumbered and outmatched.

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It is then that Kiki remembers the dream bridge that she had with Atlantis, and she realizes that they hold the key to defeating the ancient ones. She channels her powers into a massive storm, and with the help of Erinle, they open a portal to Atlantis.

The Atlanteans emerge from the portal, and with them, they bring powerful weapons and ancient knowledge. They join forces with the Poly community, and together, they launch a final assault on the ancient ones.

The battle is fierce and brutal, but with the help of the Atlanteans, the Poly community is able to hold their own. Kiki, Erinle, and the other elementals are able to harness the full power of the elements, and they use it to destroy the ancient ones' ships.

The battle raged on for days, with Kiki and the other elemental warriors using their powers to fight back against the ancient ones. It was a brutal war, with many lives lost on both sides. But Kiki and her team refused to give up, even when the ancient ones seemed to have the upper hand.

In the end, it was Kiki's mastery of the elements that turned the tide of the battle. She used her lightning to create a powerful storm, which she then directed towards the ancient ones. The storm was like nothing they had ever seen before, and it weakened their defenses, making them vulnerable to attack.

With the ancient ones weakened, Kiki and her team launched a final assault. They fought with everything they had, and eventually, they were able to defeat the ancient ones and drive them back to the edge of the universe.

HERICANE

It was a hard-won victory, and Kiki knew that the war had taken a toll on everyone involved. But she also knew that it was worth it, for the sake of humanity and the planet they called home.

As the elemental warriors gathered to celebrate their victory, Kiki felt a sense of peace wash over her. She knew that there would always be more battles to fight, but for now, she could rest easy, knowing that she had done everything in her power to protect the world she loved.

In the aftermath of the war, the world was left with the task of rebuilding. Many cities had been destroyed and countless lives lost. However, there was also a sense of unity and hope among the survivors. They had witnessed the power of working together towards a common goal and the strength that came from embracing their own unique gifts and abilities.

Kiki emerged as a powerful leader, inspiring others to continue the work of protecting the planet and promoting peace and harmony. She continued to work with Erinle and other spiritual leaders, using her abilities to control the elements to help restore the planet's natural balance.

With the help of technology and the knowledge gained from the ancient ones, humanity made great strides in advancing their understanding of the universe and their place in it. They were able to explore other planets and make contact with other intelligent species, forging new alliances and friendships across the galaxy.

As for Kiki and her family, they continued to thrive. Her twins grew into strong and compassionate young adults, each with their own unique gifts

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and talents. They carried on the legacy of their father and Go, working to make the world a better place in their own ways.

Kiki never forgot the sacrifices made by so many during the war, and she made sure their memory was honored and their contributions remembered. She remained a beacon of hope and inspiration to all those who knew her, a reminder that even in the darkest of times, there is always a glimmer of light.

After the world was restored and the threat of the ancient ones had passed, Kiki's family remained in the same location in Ghana. They had witnessed the devastation caused by the war and wanted to help rebuild their community.

Kiki's children grew up to be strong and intelligent individuals, who were taught the ways of their ancestors and the importance of protecting the Earth. They were taught how to harness their powers to help others and were often seen in their community using their gifts to help those in need.

Kiki and Erinle continued their work together, training and teaching others about the power of the elements and how to use them for good. They founded a school for gifted children, where they could learn to hone their abilities and become responsible and powerful members of society.

Kiki also continued her work with the US government, helping to maintain a balance between technology and nature. She worked to promote sustainable development and encouraged the government to adopt policies that would preserve the environment for future generations.

HERICANE

Through their efforts, Kiki's family became known as protectors of the Earth and were revered by their community for their contributions to restoring the balance of nature. They lived a fulfilling life, knowing that they had played a significant role in the preservation of the world.

Kiki's family settled back into their daily lives, but they did so with a new appreciation for the world around them. They spent more time outdoors and started a community garden, growing their own vegetables and herbs. Kiki continued to use her powers to help heal the planet, working with other elementalists to repair the damage done by the ancient ones. She also began teaching others how to connect with the elements and use their own powers for good.

As for Kiki's children, they grew up in a world that was vastly different from the one their parents had known. They were raised with a deep respect for nature and an understanding of the power of the elements. They inherited their mother's abilities and became powerful elementalists in their own right, using their powers to protect the planet and all its inhabitants.

Years passed, and Kiki's family grew and expanded. Her children had children of their own, and they too learned to connect with the elements and use their powers for good. Kiki watched with pride as her family grew and flourished, and she knew that the world was in good hands.

As for Kiki herself, she continued to use her powers for good until the end of her days. When she finally passed away, her family and friends celebrated her life and the incredible impact she had on the world around her. Her legacy lived on through her children, her grandchildren, and all the people she had touched with her kindness, her wisdom, and her love. And so, as the years turned into decades and the decades turned into

centuries, Kiki's story became a legend. A tale of a powerful warrior who had stood up against unimaginable odds to save the world and all who lived in it. A symbol of hope and inspiration to all those who came after her.

Kiki's grandchildren were born into a world that was vastly different from the one that Kiki had grown up in. They grew up hearing stories of their grandmother's bravery and her role in saving the world from the ancient ones. They listened to her speak of the importance of taking care of the earth and respecting the natural elements.

Kiki's grandchildren inherited her gift of controlling the elements and continued to use it to maintain balance in the world. They also became passionate advocates for environmentalism and worked to raise awareness about the importance of protecting the planet.

As they grew older, Kiki's grandchildren took up the mantle of protecting the world and carrying on her legacy. They continued to work with the international community to promote peace and cooperation, and to safeguard the planet against any future threats.

Kiki's family remained close-knit, always supporting each other through the challenges of life. They cherished the memory of their beloved matriarch and the lessons she had taught them, passing down her wisdom and teachings to future generations.

Through the efforts of Kiki and her family, the world was able to recover from the devastation wrought by the ancient ones. The planet was once again a vibrant and thriving home for all its inhabitants, and future generations were able to enjoy the beauty and wonder of the natural world.

HERICANE

Kiki protects her grandchildren's legacy by instilling in them the values of the Earth and the importance of preserving it for future generations. She passes on her knowledge of the elements and their connection to the natural world to her grandchildren, who grow up to become stewards of the environment. They use their inherited abilities and knowledge to continue to protect the Earth and its inhabitants from harm, just as their grandmother did. Kiki's legacy lives on through her family and the impact they continue to make on the world around them.

As the years passed, Kiki's name became synonymous with hope and renewal. She had created a legacy that lasted for generations, and her vision for a better world had been realized. And although Kiki herself was no longer alive to see the world her grandchildren had created, her spirit lived on in the hearts and minds of all who had been touched by her message.

Kiki's great-grandchildren were born into a world that was vastly different from the one she knew. They had never experienced the chaos and destruction that had once threatened their existence, and they had grown up with tales of their great-grandmother's heroism.

Despite the peaceful world they inherited, Kiki's great-grandchildren still faced their own set of challenges. They were determined to carry on the legacy of their ancestors and ensure that their world remained a place of harmony and balance.

They became the protectors of the earth and all its inhabitants, using the wisdom and knowledge passed down to them by their predecessors. They used their mastery of the elements to keep the world in check, preventing natural disasters and ensuring that the delicate balance of nature was maintained.

As they grew older, Kiki's great-grandchildren became leaders in their own right, forming a council that governed the earth and all its people. They were known as fair and just rulers, who always put the needs of their people before their own.

Their reign lasted for many years, and the world prospered under their leadership. They were respected and revered by all, and their legacy lived on long after they had passed.

In the end, Kiki's great-grandchildren knew that their greatest achievement was not in the power they held, but in the legacy they had created. They had carried on the traditions and beliefs of their ancestors, and had ensured that the world they inherited remained a place of peace and harmony for generations to come.