

# THAT WHICH IS MIGHTY

The old man and his grandson stood beneath the African moon. It was huge and white and round, and its light slanted across a black treetop canopy that stretched farther and farther away towards a boundless horizon. From below came the sounds of scurrying, snuffling, lumbering, living forest life, which filtered up and across the ravine to where the pair stood.

To the old warrior, these sounds were ancient and eternal – a reminder of his own fleeting place in the arrangement of life, but the boy listened with some indifference. Then he heard the low, foreboding growl of Gyata the lion, and when Owea the tree bear raised a cry that prickled his skin, he placed his small hand in the other's, which was aged, worn and yet comforting to someone who had spent the first 7 years of his life in the city.

“Grandfather, why do we stand here?”

“Sshh...”

They listened again, and this time the boy heard the flowing waters of the river below, which spilled over and across undying rocks, rushing and gushing life towards his grandfather's village further along the valley; the trees undulated with a wind that gusted and sighed with the spirits of their ancestors and caused the elder to sigh in return.

Kumi, a descendant of the mighty Asante, led the boy across the valley to the diadema of eternity, and with indifference he made that his future. He shook the boy off and frowned, though he knew it was unreasonable to do so.

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“Your father comes to collect you in the morning... what have you learned in your time with me, Akosi?”

Akosi concentrated, he was not sure what his grandfather wanted to hear; he did not want to upset him, but his father had taught him to be honest about all matters, whether that be in the city of his birth or in the fields and forests of his forefathers.

He looked thoughtful and gazed beyond the river at the moon; it climbed imperceptibly into a clear sky speckled with a billion stars and a thought occurred to him.

“*When you sit in your own house you learn nothing,*” he quoted the old proverb.

“Yes, yes, but WHAT have you learned?”

“I... I miss my friends and school...”

His grandfather uttered an impatient grunt and turned back towards the trees. Akosi followed with swift, small steps but which were still less silent than those of his grandfather. They left the echo of the turbulent river behind and, when they