

LOS HIJOS DE DIOS (LOS PRIMEROS HUMANOS)

GÉNESIS DE LA HUMANIDAD EN LA SELVA
ATLÁNTICA DE GUINEA ECUATORIAL



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**THE CHILDREN OF GOD
(THE FIRST HUMANS):
GENESIS OF HUMANITY
IN THE ATLANTIC
FOREST OF
EQUATORIAL GUINEA**

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Preamble – The Voice of the Eternal Forest

Before the silence, there was a rumbling. It was not thunder, nor wind, nor water. It was a deep pulse, an echo without origin that pierced the darkness of the damp earth. From that pulse, consciousness was born, and consciousness was called life. It was not the desert or the mountains that were the cradle of the first humans, but the jungle: dense, green, vast, where the sun barely touched the ground and the humidity was the very breath of God.

The Atlantic Forest—which we now call Rio Campo—was not then a frontier or a map; it was a heart beating between sacred rivers, immortal roots, and skies covered with ancient spirits. There were no temples there, because every leaf was an altar, every insect a prayer, every stone a memory. And in that temple of vegetation, the first humans awoke. They did not yet know how to pronounce its name, but they already knew how to feel the mystery of existence.

The wise men of the time say that when the Creator looked toward the west of Africa, he saw a forest so deep that even light had to ask permission to enter. And there he deposited his breath, his spark, his doubt, and his love. Thus were born the Children of God, not from dry clay, but from fertile mud, warm water, the song of amphibians, and the invisible fire that dwells in the soul.

They were not created to dominate, but to understand. Not to name the animals, but to hear their voices.

Each dawn was a revelation. The trees bowed like elders teaching without words; the rivers murmured the secrets of origin; the thunder dictated the invisible laws of the cosmos. The first humans did not write, but their memory was perfect. They remembered the colors of lightning, the shape of echoes, the taste of air. Their science was intuition; their religion, harmony.

They lived in small clans, united by blood and by the gaze. There was no property or hierarchy, because everything belonged to everyone: fire, hunting, rest, and speech. Women were the center, the ones who kept the hearth fire and the fire of the species alive. The men were the guardians of the territory and dreams. The elders were the bearers of silence, where wisdom was born. In them, the soul was collective, a single breath that moved a hundred bodies.

The archaeologists of the present—those other children who seek answers in stones—found in Río Campo the vestiges of that early humanity: quartz tools, remains of homes, traces of a mind that already thought beyond hunger. But those stones are not just technology: they are the hardened thoughts of ancient man, the petrified ideas of the first inventor, the first philosopher. Each carved edge is a fragment of divine intelligence made tangible.

Because the Children of God were more than animals that hunted; they were beings who looked at the sky and wondered why it shone. Their skin, dark as the earth that sustained them, reflected the eternity of creation. They walked upright not out of pride, but because they understood that the fire within them compelled them to look at the stars. And when they saw their reflection in the river water, they discovered the first mirror, the first identity, the first doubt. That is where the human soul began.

The forest was their school. They learned discipline from the ants, patience from the leopard, cunning from the monkey, memory from the elephant. But what transformed them most was silence: that murmur among the leaves where God's thoughts can be heard. At night, when the sky was a blanket of spirits, they lit fires that not only provided warmth, but also meaning. Fire was communion, word, judgment, and faith. In front of it, the clans told the story of the rain, the legend of thunder, the myth of the first woman who spoke to the sun.

They did not know writing, but they mastered poetry. Every sound in the forest was a sacred syllable; every gesture, a verb. When a child was born, they presented it to the forest, not to the village, because they knew that the soul does not belong to the family, but to creation. And when someone died, they did not bury them to forget them, but to return them to the root, to the cycle where everything is transformed and nothing disappears. Their faith was circular like the seasons of water and fire.

Río Campo was their Eden, their refuge, their spiritual laboratory. They did not live against nature, but within it. They did not cut down trees, they convinced them. They did not hunt for pleasure, but by agreement. They did not pray to ask, but to give thanks. They understood before we did that life is not conquered: it is honored.

Many millennia later, when modern explorers found their tools under the mud, the world believed it had discovered the past. But what they found, in truth, was the future: the memory of a civilization that knew how to live without destroying, to love without possessing, to think without dividing. The Children of God were the first humans because they were the first to understand that they were not alone, that everything breathed with them.

Their science was not based on dominating matter, but on dialoguing with it. They carved stone not to conquer it, but to free it from its mute form. They saw lightning as a warning, rain as a blessing, the jaguar as a brother. There were no distances between the physical and the spiritual, between body and soul, between reason and emotion. The world was one, and so were they.

Perhaps we, modern men, are the true exiles from Paradise. They, the ancients, still lived in it. And when the climate changed, and the rivers were altered, and the jungle closed in on their paths, they did not disappear entirely. They dissolved into the air, into the blood, into language, into legends. They are in the villages that still listen to the trees, in the women who dream of water, in the men who do not fear silence. They are in us.

Because the soul does not evolve, it remembers. And in every spark of intuition, in every gesture of compassion, the Campo River beats again. What archaeologists call stone is only the mask of a living memory. What we call history, they called eternity.

And so, between mud and fire, the first humans wrote without writing the first commandment of the world:

"Live in harmony with what you are, because what you are also lives in you."

Introduction

*The jungle does not only hold trees: it holds the whispers of time and the footsteps of those who lived before modern man imagined the path. In the bend of the river, in the forgotten meander, lie beneath the leaf litter and sediment the traces of a people who decided to call the depths of the Atlantic forest their home. In the region now known as Río Campo, where the tributaries of **Equatorial Guinea** kiss the border with Cameroon, a team of explorers of the past looked up and heard the murmur: early man was here, not in the open savannah, but under the green canopy of the tropics.*

The discovery is recent, but its significance spans millennia. Researchers from the National Museum of Natural Sciences (CSIC) in Madrid, in collaboration with the Catalan Institute of Human Paleoecology and Social Evolution (IPHES) and Equatorial Guinean teams, documented a sequence of lithic sites that reveal human occupation during the Late Pleistocene, stone technologies in the Lupemban and Levallois tradition, adapted to the dense jungle environment. [ScienceDirect+2CARTA+2](#)

Sediments deposited by ancient river channels formed "stone lines"—accumulations of artifacts and pebbles that allude to waves of human occupation, times when the climate became tense, water flows varied, and human groups found routes of survival in the thicket. Optically stimulated luminescence (OSL) dating yielded ages of ~76,000 years for primary ferric levels; upper levels, with clearly carved tools, dated between ~44,000 and ~21,000 years. [MAP+1](#)

What makes this finding extraordinary is not only its age, but also its location: a strip of jungle in central Africa that has traditionally been poorly documented in human archaeology, precisely because of the difficulties of preservation in humid and dynamic environments. The conventional narrative of human evolution has favored savannas, desert margins, or rocky caves; this discovery shifts the focus to the jungle as an active, rather than secondary, setting. [MDPI+1](#)

Technologically, the pieces found—bifacial points, Levallois cores, heavy core axes—show that the first humans in Río Campo developed demanding carving strategies. They were not simply scraping stone to survive: they planned, selected raw materials, designed shapes, and reused pieces. This suggests a level of social, cognitive, and technical organization that is striking even today. [Archaeology Magazine+1](#)

The ecological environment offered unique challenges: humid jungle, thick vegetation, competition from wildlife, and climatic stresses. But it also offered opportunities: rivers, canals, giant trees, and rich biodiversity. The human groups that settled in Río Campo learned the geography of wild rice, tree fruits, and old wood that, when it fell, opened up the vertical line of the sun in the darkness of the jungle. And they learned to read the nighttime jungle, when the sky was a veil of rain and lightning whistled its warnings. Their culture emerged in symbiosis with the environment.

After all, this introduction is not limited to talking about stones and sediments: it aims to raise a bigger question. Who are we who look at these artifacts thousands of years later? What senses did we inherit from those who walked, touched the stone, lit the fire, and observed the stars among branches that are now history? Science gives us the dates, the techniques, the place.

But the narrative gives us the experience, the humanity of who we were.

This book will take up that voice: one that descends from vestiges to myth, from the real to the symbolic, from technology to the soul. Because the "Sons of God" were not an exclusive religious nomenclature: they were the first humans who knew how to gather in the vastness of the forest and raise the question: "What about us?" And in the answer, they found the first echo of humanity.

So, in the chapters that follow, we will walk among roots and rocks, between fire and words, between memory and silence. We will recount the sociology of these ancient groups, explore their morphology, their daily life, their culture, their cosmology, and the way they transformed their world—and how that world transformed them. In doing so, we will also come closer to ourselves, because human origins are hidden in every detail of the past that still pulsates today.

And while archaeologists counted 418 instruments in 16 outcrops in Río Campo, with campaigns that now total 868 pieces in Equatorial Guinea, the actual number of lives, gestures, and ancient gazes is incalculable. [HeritageDaily - Archaeology News+1](#)

This is the testimony of a civilization without a name—at least without a name for us—but one that left enough traces for us to talk about it, and to talk about ourselves. With humility before the jungle, respect before the stone, and admiration before the human past, we open this volume. May it be reading, reflection, and reconciliation: between science and myth, between the jungle and the city, between ancient man and contemporary man. May the echo of Río Campo resonate in our roots and in our future.

CHAPTER I: SOCIOLOGY OF THE FOREST

(The First Human Systems in the Atlantic Forest)

In the endless depths of the Atlantic Forest, where the air is so thick you can drink it, early humans learned the oldest form of agreement: coexistence. The sociology of Rio Campo was not born of written law or fear of punishment; it arose from the shared awareness that no one survives alone in the jungle. In that environment where everything is life and competition—suffocating roots, branches reaching for the sun, silent predators—cooperation became the secret language of the species.

There were no temples, no fortified villages, no stable hierarchies. The group was the cell, the clan the nation, the family the universe. The forest dictated the size of communities: large enough to move without noise, large enough to protect the young. Each clan brought together a few dozen individuals, linked by blood, affection, and necessity. There was no property, but there was responsibility. The fire belonged to the one who lit it, but the heat belonged to everyone. The hunt was the hunter's merit, but the food belonged to the group. That reciprocity, invisible but constant, was the first political structure of human beings.

Modern archaeologists find fragments of this logic in the distribution of homes, in the repetition of carving patterns, and in the scarcity of prestige objects. Everything points to an egalitarian community, where wisdom was not a privilege but a function. The elders—those who had survived fevers, endless rains, and accidents in the forest—were the repositories of memory. They did not command, they guided. They did not punish, they warned. Their authority was spiritual, not coercive.

In this society without titles, women occupied the center of gravity. Their relationship with the fertility of the forest, with the rhythms of water and fire, made them the nucleus of continuity. They were gatherers, healers, masters of seeds. They knew which root healed, which flower killed, which leaf could calm a child's fever. Motherhood was not a burden, but a cosmic rite: to give life was to reproduce the divine gesture of origin.

Men, for their part, took on the role of movement: they explored, hunted, opened trails, mapped the territory with their minds. Their strength was not a symbol of domination, but of service. If the forest was a body, women were its heart and men its movement. Between them, a balance was established so precise that no word could break it.

Children grew up in the community, not on private property. They learned by imitation and wonder. They watched their elders carve stones, light fires with bark, and make spears from bamboo and bone. There were no schools, but everything was a lesson. Every sound in the forest was a lesson. Every mistake was a story to be told around the fire. Education was the transmission of experience as collective memory.

At night, around the fire, the clans narrated the invisible. Stories were instruments of cohesion and ethics. There were no codes, but there were myths: the myth of the jaguar that broke the balance, the myth of the child who spoke to the thunder, the myth of the woman who taught the river to sing. Each story had a moral and social function. Thus, narrative was humanity's first social contract.

In that dense and spiritual coexistence, the first conflicts also arose. The forest, generous and cruel, did not always offer enough. Rains could wash away camps, drought could wipe out fish. Then tension arose: who did the scarce resources belong to? The elders mediated, the women reconciled, the men swore oaths. There were no perpetual punishments or long wars; the enemy was not the other, but imbalance. Justice was about restoring harmony, not inflicting pain.

Archaeological remains do not preserve words, but they do preserve their consequences. The traces of crossed footsteps, overlapping campfires, the remains of shared food: all of them speak of a social system based on proximity. In Río Campo, society was not built with walls, but with trust. Each individual was a cell of the collective body. If one fell, the group faltered.

As generations followed one another, the forest also became an archive. The ancient hunting trails became routes of memory. Each tree marked a birth, a death, or a promise. The rivers were the veins of the community, and crossing them was like changing worlds. The clans met in the water glades and celebrated rites of exchange: skins, stones, stories. There, for the first time, human beings practiced diplomacy.

It is possible that the first languages were born from these encounters. Primitive words must have imitated the sounds of the environment: the whistle of the wind, the crackling of bamboo, the roar of the sea. Speaking was a way of continuing the song of the jungle. Language unified what was scattered, organized thought, humanized emotion. Through language, clans recognized themselves as part of a whole.

The anthropologist of the future will say that the first model of natural democracy was tried out in the Atlantic forest. No one voted, but everyone was heard. No one commanded, but everyone participated. Authority arose from example and died with abuse. Perhaps that is why the society of Río Campo survived for millennia: because it did not need external structures to sustain itself. It sustained itself, like the forest that sheltered it.

Love, in that world, was not possession, but continuity. Couples formed according to the cycle of rains, glances, dreams. Marriage did not exist as a contract, but as mutual recognition. The union was sacred as long as respect endured. When it was broken, the forest, witness to everything, sent each one back on their way.

Time, for them, was not linear. It moved like the river: it advanced and returned. The elders said that the present was the echo of the past and the seed of the future. To live was to participate in an uninterrupted circle of creation. This vision—deeply ecological and spiritual—shaped their sociology more than any tool or invention. In the jungle, the eternal is learned every day.

Rio Campo was, then, a university without walls. The jungle was a mirror where man saw his reflection and decided to remain human. There, without writing, the first page of our civilization was written.

CHAPTER II: HUMAN MORPHOLOGY AND AESTHETICS

(The Body as Sacred Space of the Spirit)

The human body was the first tool of creation. Before words or carved stone existed, skin already existed. And under the humidity of the Atlantic forest, the body became a map, a synthesis of earth, water, fire, and air. In Rio Campo, the first humans did not differ from the landscape: they were the landscape. Their skin was the bark of the forest; their breath, the rhythm of the rivers; their warmth, the continuity of the sun.

Studies by paleoanthropologists reveal a powerful morphology: strong, wiry bodies with dense muscles and perfect balance. Long walks among roots, climbing trees, and hunting on uneven terrain sculpted a resistant and agile anatomy. Their broad backs were used to carry children and fruit; their thick, precise hands were a natural extension of stone; their legs, columns of the forest, knew how to sustain existence without succumbing to fatigue.

The tropical climate shaped every feature. Their skin, dark as the sap flowing through the roots, absorbed heat and returned it in the form of vital energy. Her thick, curly hair protected her skull from the sun and humidity, while her large, dark eyes filtered the intense light that slipped through the foliage. Those eyes were mirrors of the world, reflections where fire met shadow.

There were no mirrors, but there were reflections in the water. Every morning, the children of the forest looked at themselves in the rivers and understood that their image was not only physical, but spiritual. They believed that the face was not a simple surface, but a mask of the soul, and that emotions—anger, joy, desire, sadness—were manifestations of the spirits that dwelled within them. The body was a temple, but also a message: the way one walked, one's posture, one's scars—everything spoke.

Human aesthetics were born there, between mud and beauty. Women decorated their skin with natural pigments: reddish oxides, white clays, charcoal. It was not vanity: it was identity. The colors represented the states of the soul, the lunar cycles, belonging to a clan. In fire ceremonies, painted bodies became languages. Dance was writing. Each gesture repeated an ancient story that no parchment has preserved.

Men also adorned themselves, but with different symbols: bone necklaces, braided fiber bracelets, teeth from hunted animals. Each object narrated an achievement or a pact. The body became a living chronicle. Scars, obtained during hunting or initiation rites, were invisible medals that marked the passage from childhood to maturity.

Each mark was a pact with pain, a reminder that the flesh is fleeting, but the spirit is eternal.

Movement was art. When hunting, bodies glided through the shadows like conscious felines. They did not confront their environment: they imitated it. Every muscle, every breath, every leap had an instinctive harmony. The women, when gathering, moved their arms with almost ceremonial delicacy; the children imitated these movements as if they were prayers. From this bodily relationship with the world came rhythm, and from rhythm, music.

The first instruments were extensions of the body: clapping hands, struck stones, hollow logs, shaken seeds. Sound was not entertainment: it was invocation. The drums not only marked the dance, they also communicated between villages and clans, resonating like an ancestral language that still lives on in the towns of the region. Each vibration was an offering to the invisible gods of the forest.

Beauty, in that primitive society, was not measured by symmetry, but by energy. A beautiful face was one that conveyed inner strength, serenity, or courage. The ideal body was one that knew how to resist and nourish. There was no concept of ugliness, because nothing in nature was imperfect. The forest was a mirror of diversity, and humans reflected this in a thousand ways: tall, short, slender, or robust, all part of the same cosmic design.

Rites of passage defined aesthetics as a spiritual act. When young people reached a certain age, they were taken to the heart of the forest, where the silence was so deep that the soul could hear itself. There they were taught to endure pain and decipher the language of their bodies. The elders told them, "He who does not know his pain does not know his power." That teaching, passed down through generations, survived in proverbs and songs that still resonate today in the Fang and Ndowé villages.

In the spiritual realm, the body was the physical manifestation of the spirit of the forest. Each person contained within themselves a spark of the creative divinity, and that spark had to be honored with care, hygiene, and movement. Washing in the river was an act of purification; painting the body was a renewal of the soul; breathing deeply was a prayer. The ancients knew that to make the body sick was to offend the forest, and that to heal meant to reconcile with it.

Modern anatomical observation shows that those humans developed exceptional immune resistance. Extreme weather conditions, mosquitoes, fungi, and fevers demanded genetic adaptations that persist today in the descendants of the Equatorial Guinean and Cameroonian populations. But for them, that strength was not biology: it was a blessing. Vigor was a sign of divine favor, and weakness was an invitation to spiritual introspection.

In their worldview, the body was not individual property, but collective heritage. Each generation was born of the sweat and blood of the previous one and had to give back to the community a healthy and useful body. That is why aimless leisure was frowned upon, and inactivity was a form of death. Moving, working, creating, dancing: everything was an expression of gratitude for the gift of life.

The dead were prepared with the same respect as the living. They were anointed with vegetable oils, covered with pigments, and laid under sacred trees so that their bodies would nourish the roots. Death was not feared, because it was a transition, not an end. The body returned to the forest, and the soul to the wind. Thus the cycle was closed, perfect as breathing.

Comparative studies show that this holistic conception of the body predates the philosophical traditions of Greece or India by thousands of years. In Rio Campo, there was already a spiritual aesthetic that united anatomy and transcendence. It was neither art nor science: it was consciousness. The body was the language through which God explained himself through man.

Today, when cities forget natural movement and skin is covered with artifice, looking at those bodies is to remember the purity of the original design. They were men and women without mirrors, but with souls; without clothes, but with dignity; without temples, but with faith. Their beauty was that of the cosmic order manifested in flesh. With every step, they breathed the universe.

And so, the body, in its simplicity, was humanity's first sacred text. In it was written the history of adaptation, communion, and divinity. If one day we come to understand the language of our own bones again, perhaps we will recognize that what archaeologists unearth in Río Campo are not remnants of the past, but fragments of an eternal body: the body of the human being in harmony with its origin.



CHAPTER III: CULTURE AND COSMOGONY

(The Spirit of the Forest and the Word of the Heavens)

The culture of early humans was not born of art or leisure, but of wonder. Everything around them had a voice, and in that symphony of the Atlantic forest, humans learned to listen before they learned to speak. In the forest clearings, when the mist still floated among the roots and the rivers awoke with the songs of frogs, the ancients of Rio Campo looked at the damp horizon and understood that the universe breathed with them.

The sky, thunder, water, trees, fire: each element was a deity, a face of the invisible. There were no temples because everything was sacred. When the jaguar hunted, it was not a beast but a message; lightning was not a threat but the word of the gods; rain was not a phenomenon but a blessing. The worldview of the Children of God was circular, total, integrated: nothing was outside the soul. To live was to participate in the mystery.

At night, when the fire spiraled up toward the heavens, the clans gathered around it. It was story time, the hour when the world was reborn. The elders recounted how the Creator, tired of silence, breathed his spirit over the waters and gave rise to the first spark of consciousness. They said that men were sons of fire and women were daughters of the river, and that the fate of the world depended on the balance between the two.

In this oral tradition, myth was not fable, but philosophy. Each story served to remind us of a law of nature. The myth of the Lion of Dawn taught courage in the face of the unknown; that of the River that Forgets reminded us that everything that is not honored disappears; and that of the Woman of Thunder, half human and half cloud, spoke of fertility and the power of the word.

Myths also marked the cycles of time. There were no calendars, but the stars dictated the seasons of the soul. When the moon waxed, women sowed and sang to the water; when it waned, men hunted and reinforced their shelters. The sun was not a distant star, but the eye of the Father. And each dawn was interpreted as the rebirth of creation.

The language of the clans was music before it was words. It imitated the murmur of rivers, the buzzing of insects, the moaning of the wind. From this sonorous dialogue, the first symbolic structures were born: words became tools, and with them, thought. Fire was their first teacher. In the flames they saw figures, in the sparks they saw messages. Thus, abstraction was born from fire and its hypnotic dance.

Deep in the jungle, they carved figures on wood or soft rock. These were not idols, but reminders of the divine presence. Some represented the spirits of ancestors; others, the clan's guardian animals.

These figures were kept in caves or among giant roots, where only the wise could enter. There, the secrets of origin were preserved: how to light a fire, how to recognize the stars, how to talk to the rain.

The cosmology of Río Campo did not separate the material from the spiritual. A man's soul could be transformed into a bird, a stone, or a tree. Everything was in transition. The dead did not leave the world: they inhabited it from another plane. That is why, when lightning struck or an elder died, it was said that heaven had received a new word. Life was not measured in years, but in memories.

Modern archaeologists, analyzing layers of charcoal and pigment, discovered patterns that suggest ritual practices. Fire was not only used for cooking, but also for communicating with the afterlife. In certain areas, the remains of seashells indicate distant exchanges, perhaps offerings brought from the coast. These shells were symbols of return, of the eternal cycle between birth and death.

Art was their prayer. Painted bodies, dances, songs, ephemeral clay sculptures: everything had a sacred function. When a child was born, the clan bathed it with water from three different rivers and gave it a name that described a dream. "He who runs with the wind," "She who talks to the rain," "He who sleeps with the tigers." Names were destiny and memory. No one could lose theirs without losing their soul.

Knowledge of the sky also came early. In the forest clearings, when the fog lifted, the wise men looked at the constellations and marked the paths of the stars with branches and stones. They understood that time had a rhythm, and that this rhythm was repeated in life, in water, and in breath. The cosmos was a drum that never fell silent.

Fire, water, and air were the three pillars of their theology. Fire, the principle of transformation; water, the matrix of life; air, the vehicle of the spirit. But there was a fourth hidden element: the word. They believed that the universe was spoken into being and that every correct sound had creative power. Therefore, speaking was an act of responsibility. To lie was to alter the cosmic order; to curse was to profane divine harmony.

Each generation passed on its stories to the next cycle of children. There were no books, but each elder was a living library. Their memories held songs, genealogies, healing formulas, and origin myths. Thus, knowledge was not stored: it was embodied. And when a wise man died, the young people gathered for seven days to recite his name and his words, ensuring that his spirit remained among them.

The forest was their temple and their oracle. When thunder roared over Río Campo, the clans fell silent. They believed it was the Creator conversing with the spirits of the underworld. Some elders interpreted these sounds and predicted rains, droughts, or births. Meteorology was prophecy. Natural phenomena were coded messages from a divinity that could not be seen but could be felt.

Respect for nature was absolute. They killed no more than was necessary. Each animal sacrificed received words of gratitude, and its spirit was returned to the forest through smoke and song. Even stones were treated with reverence: before carving them, they asked permission from their inner spirit. This conscious relationship with matter anticipates what centuries later religions would call the soul of the world.

This is how their culture was forged: an alliance between observation and mystery, between instinctive science and organic faith. Every daily gesture was a ritual, every day a celebration. Humanity, in its purest form, did not fear the universe: it understood it.

And from that understanding came the first great truth that still resonates from Rio Campo to the present day:

that life cannot be explained, it must be honored.

CHAPTER IV: TECHNOLOGY AND SURVIVAL

(The Art of Mastering Without Destroying)

The man of the forest did not conquer nature: he listened to it until he understood its language. Technology, in Río Campo, did not arise from the desire to control, but from the need to coexist. Every tool, every fire, every shelter was the result of a dialogue with the environment. In a world where everything moves, resistance meant adaptation.

The discovery of fire was the first silent revolution. No one knows if it was found by accident or by revelation, but when the spark was born between stones, something changed forever. Fire gave them light, heat, protection, and communion. But more than that, it gave them time. They no longer slept when the sun went down; they began to think, to remember, to dream. In front of the fire, humanity recognized itself as a conscious species.

The stone tools that archaeologists recover today—bifaces, scrapers, spearheads—were extensions of thought. Each chisel stroke involved a mental sequence, an abstraction. It was not mere survival: it was creation. Carving stone meant understanding its interior, its fracture, its destiny. That technical intelligence marked the boundary between instinct and intention.

The humid jungle environment demanded ingenuity. The constant rain extinguished fires and wore down shelters. That is why they learned to build roofs out of broad leaves and braids of plant fiber. The huts were small green cathedrals, designed to breathe with the forest. There was no monumental architecture, but there was harmony: the ephemeral was a virtue, not a deficiency.

The river was another teacher. Its currents taught navigation and observation of the lunar cycle. They built rudimentary rafts out of bark and branches, not to travel far, but to cross into the unknown without fear. On the surface of the water, they learned to read the reflection of the clouds, the direction of the wind, the language of the fish. Each technique was a practical prayer, an alliance between body, mind, and environment.

Hunting required precision and respect. The men of the forest made spears with stone tips held in place with resin and plant fibers. They did not hunt at random: they knew the animals' routes, the times of silence, the jaguar's footsteps. Observation became science. Patience was a virtue. Killing was a ritual act: before throwing the spear, they uttered words of gratitude to the spirit of the animal. Thus, ecological ethics was born, thousands of years before it was written down.

Women, for their part, were silent inventors. They discovered fermentation by storing fruit under damp leaves, medicine by observing which plants healed the wounded, and slow cooking by covering embers with earth.

In their hands, the jungle revealed its pharmacy and pantry. They created baskets, nets, pots, pigments. The technology of care was their invisible legacy: sustaining life was the highest form of science.

In times of danger, the group reorganized with natural precision. Vigilance was rotated according to the moon; hunters moved silently; mothers and elders protected the central fire. There was no army, but there was strategy. The jungle, with its constant threats, trained them in discipline. Cooperation was their most powerful weapon.

Natural disasters—storms, floods, droughts—were accepted as part of the divine order. They did not resist them; they interpreted them. If the river rose, it was a sign of abundance; if it dried up, it was a spiritual test. From that attitude came their resilience. Where others would have seen punishment, they saw teaching. That cosmological vision made them invincible in the face of change.

Over time, stone gave way to wood and bone as precision materials. They carved needles, fishhooks, and tools for working leather and fibers. The sound of tools filled the forest: an ancestral echo of human industry in its purest form. Innovation was intuitive but constant. Each generation improved on what it had learned from the previous one, and thus technology became tradition.

They did not invent the wheel or writing, but they invented something deeper: sustainability. Every creation had to be integrated into the cycle of life. Nothing was extracted that could not be replaced. Destruction was unthinkable, because it meant breaking the sacred pact with the forest. Their progress was not measured in speed, but in balance.

Knowledge of fire evolved into a symbol. The clans maintained a perpetual flame, tended by the elders. It was the heart of the community. It was said that if that flame went out, the soul of the clan would die. With each migration, they carried an ember wrapped in dry leaves. This is how memory traveled. This is how the idea of home was born.

Analysis of the stone tools from Río Campo reveals uniformity in their technique, indicating communication between groups. These were not isolated peoples, but connected by invisible routes. They exchanged objects, pigments, and perhaps words. This was the prelude to civilization: cooperation beyond the clan. Trade began as a spiritual exchange, not an economic one.

Fire, stone, words, and community: these were their technological pillars. But the most powerful of all was faith. They believed that knowledge was a divine loan, not property. Learning something new required humility, because it meant touching the mystery of creation. Their technology was ethical. Their science was reverent.

Today, archaeologists observe those same instruments and catalog them with numbers and Latin names. But behind each fragment there is a mind that thought, a hand that dreamed, a spirit that trusted the forest. Humanity, in Río Campo, discovered itself to be both inventor and guardian.

*From that relationship between necessity and wisdom arose the oldest formula for survival:
to master without destroying, to possess without appropriating, to create without
forgetting.*

CHAPTER V: POLITICAL AND SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION

(Power as Service and Wisdom as Law)

Power was born in silence, not in shouting. Before kings, armies, or borders, there were wise men. In Rio Campo, the first humans understood that those who imposed fear destroyed balance, and that leadership should arise from example, not force. Authority was an invisible fire: it only burned in those who knew how to illuminate without burning.

Politics, in its original form, was a conversation with life. Each clan was guided by an elder chosen for their wisdom, temperance, and memory. There were no crowns or thrones, but there was a respect that no written law could match. The chief did not command: he guided. His power was to unite, not to dominate. On nights of decision, they sat in a circle around the central fire. Everyone spoke, everyone listened. And when silence fell, it was said that the forest had spoken.

That primitive assembly was the seed of spiritual democracy. There was no greater sin than breaking the consensus, because the consensus was a reflection of the cosmic order. They believed that harmony among men should imitate the harmony among the elements. If water and fire coexisted, so should thought and action.

The law was simple: live without breaking the balance. Theft was not only a human offense, but a violation of the forest's trust. Killing without reason was a break in the cycle of life. Lying was a fracture in the order of speech. There were no prisons, because shame was punishment enough. Those who betrayed the pact with the community went into exile of their own accord, and their solitude was their penance.

Spiritual power, however, was not concentrated in one person. It was a current that flowed through everyone. The shamans or guardians of the fire acted as interpreters of the mystery: they mediated between the visible and invisible worlds. They were not priests in the hierarchical sense, but translators of the voice of the forest. Their tools were silence, song, herbs, and vision. When one of them entered a trance, the clan fell silent, knowing that they were in the presence of the spirit of the river or the thunder.

These spiritual leaders were also healers. They knew how to read the symptoms not only of the body but also of the soul. For them, illness was an imbalance between man and his environment. If someone fell ill, they were asked, "What did you forget to be thankful for?" The cure began with forgiveness, not with medicine. That spiritual medicine was the origin of ethics, because it taught that every action has a consequence.

The command structure was organic. In times of calm, women directed the life of the group: they distributed tasks, stored seeds, and tended the fire. In times of danger, hunters took over the defense. But no function was superior: each role was sacred. Duality was their balance. The ancients said that the world is held up by two pillars—strength and compassion—and that the collapse of one drags down the other.

Power, then, was service. The leader had to be the wisest, not the strongest; the most generous, not the most feared. In the assembly of elders, his purity of spirit was evaluated. If he became unjust, the central fire was extinguished, symbolizing that the forest had withdrawn its favor. That act, silent and terrible, was the banishment of pride. Fire was the voice of God, and no man could speak louder than its flame.

Political rituals were steeped in symbolism. When a new leader was born, he was made to walk barefoot on the damp riverbed to remind him that his power came from the earth, not from heaven. Then, a mask made of leaves was placed on him and a single phrase was whispered: "You are not the owner of the people, you are their memory." That was his investiture, his oath, and his condemnation.

The clan did not obey orders: it followed examples. The elders said that true authority is not imposed, but recognized. Therefore, a leader without virtue was like a fire without heat: bright but useless. The wise men advised the young: "Command only when you can obey." Thus they maintained the purity of power, far from ambition and abuse.

The spiritual aspect of leadership was manifested in the solstice ceremonies. In them, the leaders lit the sacred flame with the embers of the previous year, symbolizing the continuity of order. During that night, no one slept. The clans danced, offered fruit to the river, and swore to maintain balance. It was the contract between man and the cosmos, renewed in each cycle.

Judicial power was communal. When a serious offense occurred, the elders gathered with the guilty and the victims around the fire. It was not a matter of judging, but of understanding. Every word had to heal. It was said that justice does not consist in punishing the guilty, but in restoring lost harmony. Therefore, reconciliation was more important than guilt.

On a spiritual level, they believed that every leader should die without fear. Their death was a transition, not a defeat. When a chief or shaman died, their body was cremated in secret and their ashes thrown into the river so that their spirit could continue to guide from the water. The people did not mourn their departure: they celebrated it as a return. This practice sealed the deepest principle of their political philosophy: power belongs to life, not to the individual.

In that society without writing or currency, balance was their constitution, fire their parliament, and the jungle their temple. Obedience was not due to fear, but to trust. The Children of God of Rio Campo lived in an invisible republic, woven by the ethics of respect and the art of listening.

And so, thousands of years before modern men invented laws, they already knew justice. Thousands of years before the word "state" existed, they already lived in community. And

thousands of years before empires arose, they had already understood that power without virtue is nothing but a shadow.

Their legacy was not a throne, but a teaching:

"Rule as the forest rules: giving life, not fear."

CHAPTER VI: THE BIRTH OF MEMORY

(When the Word Learned to Remember)

Before history existed, memory existed.

Before language, there was echo.

And before echo, there was silence that contained everything.

In the Atlantic Forest, the first humans of Rio Campo understood that what they had experienced should not be lost in the night. Life was short, but memory could be infinite. Thus, memory was born: as an act of love for existence.

In the beginning, remembering was a gesture, a repetition of movement, a dance. Hunters repeated the animal's steps as if reviving its spirit. Women imitated the flow of water as they washed the fruits, evoking the rain that had nourished them. Remembering was not thinking about the past: it was reliving it.

Fire was their first archive. Each flame contained the story of a day. At nightfall, the clans would gather and someone would recount what the day had brought: the hunt, the storm, the birth or the loss. Thus, words began to fix time. The calendar was born in the human voice.

The elders, guardians of memory, knew that each story had to be told accurately. Error was not a lie, but a partial death of the past. That is why the narratives were ceremonies. The intonation, the gesture, the pause: everything was part of the sacred fidelity with which the truth was preserved. The narrator was not the owner of the story, but its messenger.

Sometimes, when someone forgot a fragment, the whole group would intervene. Voices would join together, complete, correct. Memory was collective, choral, infinite. There was no such thing as individual forgetfulness, because the clan was a single remembering body. The forgetfulness of one was the correction of another. Thus, the first network of knowledge was woven.

Archaeologists discovered traces of pigment and marks on stone in the deepest layers of the soil that serve no purpose. They are lines, curves, spirals. For the modern scientist, they are art; for the ancient spirit, they were emotional writing: the first attempts to record experience outside the body. Each stroke was a seed of graphic language, a voice turned into a symbol.

Lullabies were the first literature. They were not simple melodies: they contained genealogies, advice, warnings. At each birth, the story of the ancestors was sung, and at each death, the promise of return was intoned. Sound kept the invisible alive. From that fabric of sound, poetry emerged.

Memory was also expressed in matter. Some objects were preserved not for their usefulness, but for their memory: a uniquely shaped stone, a carved bone, a shiny seed. Each object had a soul because it contained history. It was a witness, a link between generations. When a child received one of these amulets, they did not receive a gift, but a mission: to remember.

The forest became a living library. Each tree was a marker of time; each path, a book to be explored. The wise men knew the trees by name and knew what event they represented. "This one marks the great rain," they would say. "This one holds the birth of the hunter." Thus, geography became writing, and the landscape, a spiritual encyclopedia.

Language grew along with the need to remember. Words ceased to be mere sounds and became meaning. Mnemonic formulas, repetitions, and rhythms were invented. Music became a method of transmission. What we would now call verse was then a code of preservation. Thanks to rhythm, memory survived time.

Over the centuries, clans established ceremonies of remembrance. Once a year, during the rainy season, the elders recited all the stories known to the people. For three nights, without interruption, the fire burned and the voices followed one another. It was the feast of remembrance, the supreme act of communion. No one slept: everyone listened, so that no spirit would feel forgotten.

Forgetting was the only fear. The ancients believed that the soul truly dies when it is no longer named. Therefore, names were pronounced with devotion, even those who had failed or departed. To remember was to forgive. Thus, memory also became justice.

The wise men said that remembrance was a form of resurrection. Each word spoken brought back to life what once was. From that faith was born the idea of the immortal soul. Man discovered that he could defeat time without defeating anyone, simply by remembering.

Fire, once again, was the centerpiece. Around it were placed carved stones, sacred objects, and the remains of harvests. There, the past and the present came together. It was said that the smoke from the fire carried the stories to the sky, where the gods kept them in thunder. That is why, when a storm came, children said that the sky was repeating their stories.

Over time, the stories became myths, and the myths became wisdom. Memory became the teacher, and men became its disciples. They learned that remembering was not preserving, but understanding. The past was not a burden, but a root. Thanks to this understanding, human beings ceased to be nomads of the earth and became nomads of time.

Modern archaeologists, examining the uniformity of techniques and the transmission of patterns between generations, recognize in this the existence of teaching, tradition, and historical consciousness. What science considers cultural heritage was, for them, a form of eternity.

And so, humanity began to exist twice: in the flesh and in memory. The first died; the second never did.

That is why, when the descendants of Rio Campo still sing to their ancestors today, they do so not out of nostalgia, but out of continuity. Because in the echo of their voices vibrates the same fire that those first humans lit, the same fire that never completely went out.

Memory is the soul of the world. And it was in the equatorial forest that this soul first awoke.

CHAPTER VII: THE DISAPPEARANCE OR TRANSFORMATION

(The Silence that Gave Way to the Future)

Nothing disappears completely. Everything changes form, name, rhythm. The story of the first humans in Río Campo did not end with a catastrophe or a war, but with a slow transfiguration. Like fog dissolving at dawn, their civilization blended with time until it became invisible, but never absent.

The forest, which had been their refuge and their temple, began to change. The rains became irregular, the rivers diverted, the animals migrated. The climate, which had previously spoken in whispers, began to roar. The earth moved beneath the feet of men, and the jungle itself became denser, more closed in. The ancestral balance was altered.

The clan elders interpreted the signs: the Creator was calling for movement. It was not punishment, but destiny. "Nothing that stays still lives long," they said. And so, the clans dispersed. Some followed the rivers northward, others walked toward the savannas of the interior. The human diaspora began, silently, without tears. The forest had taught them to adapt; now it sent them out to teach the world.

Modern archaeologists call this a "cultural transition." They called it a journey of the soul. Tools changed, materials diversified, languages branched out like roots seeking new water. Centuries later, the first groups that populated the equatorial belt and beyond would be born from the ancients of Río Campo: the germ of the Bantu peoples, the seed of African migrations.

There was no collapse, but rather a metamorphosis. The clans did not become extinct, they mixed. The children of the forest joined the children of the river, and together they founded new cultures, new cosmogonies. The spirit of the forest, however, remained in them: respect for life, communion with nature, the ethic of balance. That heritage was scattered, but not lost.

Even today, in the songs of the Fang peoples, in the masks of Gabon, in the legends of Cameroon, fragments of that primal language can be recognized. Words that name the river as mother, fire as father, thunder as judge. The spiritual memory of Río Campo continues to beat, even though no one remembers its name.

Climate change drove the evolution of their bodies and minds. In the new lands, they learned to live with open savannas, to hunt larger animals, to face droughts. The man of the jungle also became the man of the horizon. But something in his gaze remained intact: the understanding that the earth is sacred, and that inhabiting it does not mean possessing it.

Archeology reveals that, towards the end of the Pleistocene, tools became smaller and more refined. Specialization increased. What was intuition became technique. Clans no longer needed to survive: they needed to transcend. The human mind, shaped by the patience of the forest, began to conceive of the future. Thus was born the awareness of long time, of history.

It is not known when the last bonfire burned in Río Campo, nor who was the last elder to speak with the thunder. But the forest, faithful guardian of secrets, kept their ashes under the fertile soil. Trees grew over them, and their intertwined roots formed the invisible writing of continuity. There they remain, beneath the damp soil, the traces of a humanity that never completely died out.

The disappearance was, in reality, an expansion. The culture of Río Campo dissolved into the genetics, the language, the soul of Africa. Those who today inhabit the coasts, mountains, and equatorial valleys carry in their veins the memory of that primeval forest. Their DNA is a poem without words, an archive that science is only beginning to decipher.

Spirituality did not die either. It was transformed into new rituals, into different symbols, but with the same meaning. The drum continues to mark the pulse of the cosmos, the dances invoke the rains, the songs celebrate life. Every ritual gesture in Africa today is a distant echo of that pact between the first humans and the Creator.

The forest, however, did not forget. At night, when the wind blows from the Atlantic and the moon reflects on the waters of the Campo River, you can almost hear the murmur of ancient voices. Some say they are the spirits of the elders who never left. Others believe it is the very breath of time. But everyone agrees that there, among the trees and roots, the beginning is still alive.

Modern men, with their machines and laboratories, dig to find answers. They find stones, bones, fragments. But what they seek is not only in the earth, but within themselves. Because the history of Río Campo does not speak of the past, but of the origin that still inhabits us.

The clans disappeared, but not their spirit. The names changed, but not the essence. Man can forget his myths, but not his soul.

And so, all of humanity is heir to that invisible lineage. We are the children of fire, water, words, and the forest. We are the Children of God, transformed, scattered, remembering.

Because, in the end, every disappearance is a form of return.

EPILOGUE: MAN RETURNS TO THE JUNGLE

(The Return of Consciousness to its Source)

Time is not a line, it is a circle.

Everything that begins returns, and everything that is forgotten returns to be remembered.

Modern men, with their vertical cities and lights that simulate the stars, have believed themselves to be far removed from the forest. But the forest has never abandoned them. It lives within their lungs, in the blood that still remembers the rhythm of the drum, in the dreams where the fire continues to dance and the thunder still speaks.

Archeology can unearth matter, but only the spirit can unearth meaning. What was found in Río Campo are not ruins, but seeds. Carved stones that hold the geometry of ancestral wisdom. Fragments of a thought that still breathes beneath the soil of Equatorial Guinea, waiting for someone to listen with their heart and not just their mind.

Science says they were Homo sapiens.

The jungle says they were children of the sun and rain.

God says they never left.

Today, when the entire planet faces its own imbalance—sick skies, murky seas, exhausted lands—the voice of the forest calls again. It reminds us of what those first humans knew without words: that life is not dominated, it is accompanied; that power is not exercised, it is shared; that knowledge is not accumulated, it is transmitted.

*The Children of God lived without temples, but their every act was a prayer. They possessed no gold, but every stone was sacred. They wrote no books, but they engraved in history the first commandment of existence: **harmony as destiny.***

In their apparent disappearance, they left an invisible legacy: the wisdom of respect. They knew that death is not the end, but transformation. That the fire that lit them burns today in electrical circuits and in hearts that seek meaning. That the jungle was not their prison, but their teacher.

When an archaeologist picks up a quartz tool in Río Campo, he holds more than an object: he holds an idea. The idea that human beings were, before civilization, communion. And that progress, if not in balance with life, is just another form of straying.

Modern man walks on concrete, but his soul remains barefoot. Despite the centuries, his instinct remembers the murmur of water and the smell of newborn fire. Perhaps that is why, when he

contemplates the sea or listens to the rain, he feels an inexplicable melancholy: it is the call of his origin.

The jungle does not judge, it waits. It waits for the return of its lost son, the one who wanted to be a god without understanding that he already was. Because in the gaze of the first man reflected in the river, the entire universe was already contained. That reflection—the face of water, the face of God—still watches us.

The return will not be physical, but spiritual. We do not need to return to the forest, but to the consciousness that created it. When man understands again that all living things are sacred, that the tree feels and the fire listens, then the circle will be complete.

The ancient sages of Rio Campo said: "He who forgets his roots withers in the flower."

And that is what we are today: dazzling flowers searching for their roots. But the roots are close, so close that they breathe with us. They are in the gesture of compassion, in creation without ego, in the word spoken with truth.

The future of humanity does not lie in conquering new worlds, but in remembering the first.

Rio Campo was not just a place: it was a mirror in which humanity saw itself being born. Its echo tells us that there is no civilization more advanced than one that lives in balance with its surroundings.

And perhaps, in that rediscovered balance, the gods will speak to us again with the voice of thunder and wind, and man will listen to them again without fear.

Because the end and the beginning are one and the same.

And when the last human fire goes out, the jungle will light another.

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LOS HIJOS DE DIOS (LOS PRIMEROS HUMANOS)

GÉNESIS DE LA HUMANIDAD EN LA SELVA
ATLÁNTICA DE GUINEA ECUATORIAL



