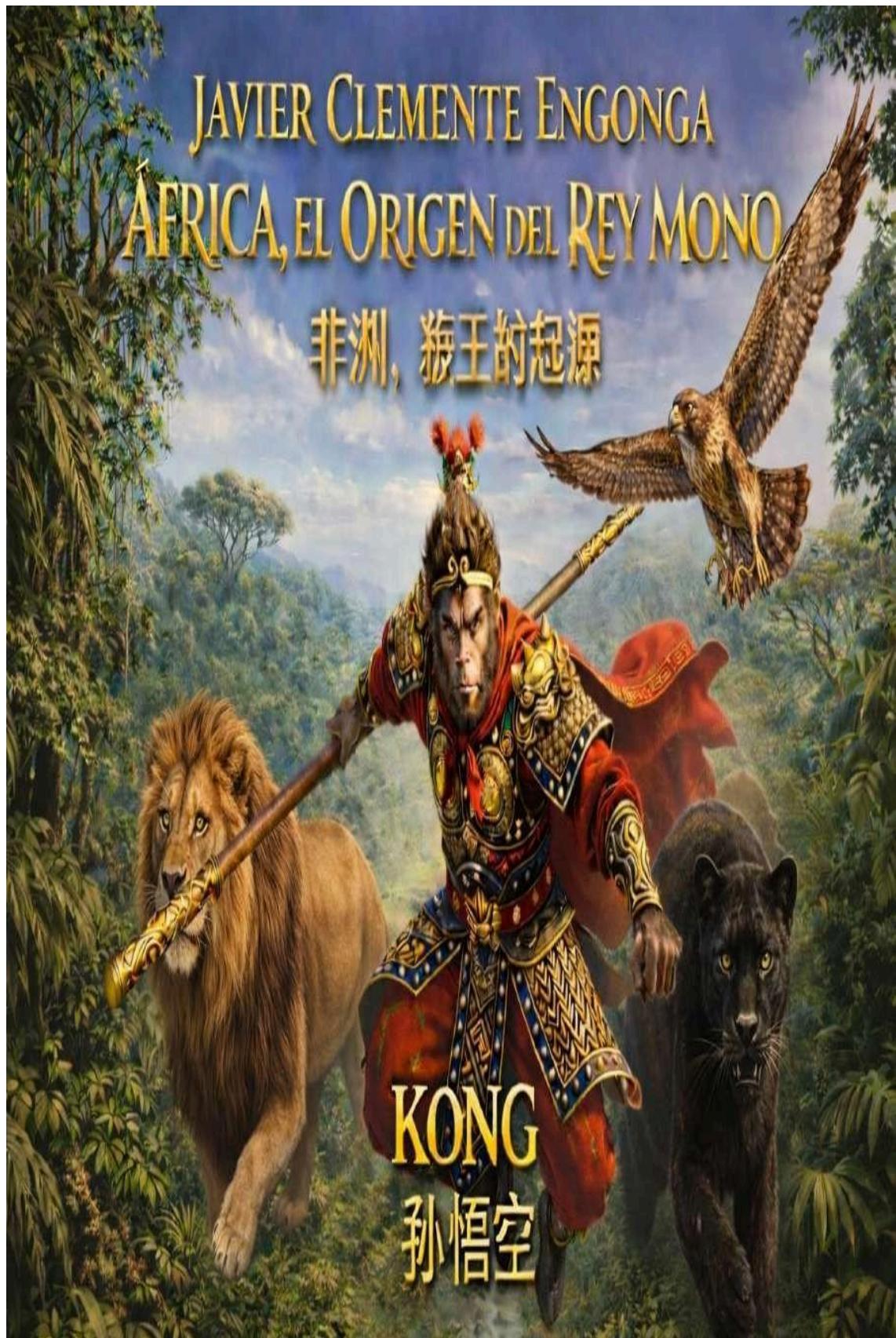


JAVIER CLEMENTE ENGONGA  
ÁFRICA, EL ORIGEN DEL REY MONO

非洲，猴王的起源

KONG  
孙悟空





**Copyright Notice for the Document: "AFRICA, THE ORIGIN OF THE  
MONKEY KING (非洲, 猴王的起源)™."**

**Copyright © 2026 by [Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo](#). All  
rights reserved.**

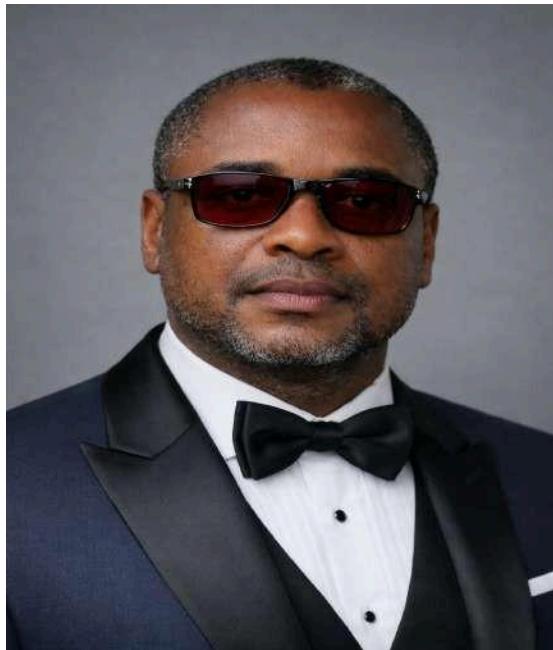
**No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or  
by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or  
mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author, except in  
the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-  
commercial uses permitted by copyright law.**

**For permission requests, please contact the author at:  
[info@theunitedstatesofafrica.org](mailto:info@theunitedstatesofafrica.org)**

**Published by [The United States of Africa™](#).**

**This work is protected under international copyright laws. Unauthorized use,  
distribution, or reproduction of any content within this book may result in civil  
and criminal penalties and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.**

**"AFRICA, THE ORIGIN  
OF THE MONKEY KING  
(非洲, 猴王的起源)™."**



"I am of those who only know that they know something, even if they don't know everything; and also of those who write and say what they feel without thinking too much about it.

I am of those who are born several times to do something different and do not forget the scent of the sky when waking up every morning.

I am one of those who say goodbye to life every day and still wake up and continue with whatever the task may be.

I am, in short, that black man of all life."



# ***INTRODUCTION***

(When heaven and earth still spoke of the kings who would not be ruled)

The world remembers its lost kings, though it has learned to deny that it remembers them. It remembers them in cycles, not dates.

It remembers them when order becomes rigid,  
when law separates from life,  
when the word "divinity" ceases to mean presence and comes  
to mean throne.

Then, something ancient begins to move. It does

not appear immediately.

First the bottom stirs.

The deep waters become restless.  
Rivers change their course for no visible reason.  
Animals dream of submerged mountains and cities  
that breathe under the sea.

Men do not listen to those dreams. They  
stopped doing so a long time ago.

It was always so.

Each time a king born of the world - and not of power - appeared, the world  
recognized him before men did.

And each time, men tried to contain him. Not

because he was evil.

But because he could not be ruled.

These kings are not killed by time. Time  
keeps them.

They appear when the balance is too much broken, when the  
sky becomes heavy  
and the earth begins to remember what it was.

They appear, they fall, they are  
contained. And they return.

Not every century.

Not every  
millennium.

Every five hundred years.

That number is no accident.

It is the time it takes for the world to forget enough to need to remember  
again. to need to remember again.

One, the first of all, was named Kong. He was

born without a crown,

but the world knew he was king and his legend was preserved in the East and beyond.

Not by blood. Not  
by lineage.

But because he listened to what others could no longer hear.

The animals understood him.

The mountains recognized him.

The deep waters and the beings that inhabited them called it by an unpronounceable name.

But the heavens...

the heavens were wary.

For Kong did not ask permission.

He did not separate the animal from the  
human. He did not separate divinity  
from the world.

He did not accept that power needed distance. That  
was dangerous.

So he was given a crown he could not choose and a  
diadem he could not take off.

It was not a symbol of royalty,  
but of forced obedience.

When certain names were pronounced,

when certain prayers were recited with intent, the crown closed over his mind.

Not to kill him.

To make him remember who was in charge.

Much later, other men would repeat the gesture on another head,  
with thorns instead of gold, and  
they would call salvation  
what was always the containment of the archetype.

The King who did not choose to be king.  
The King punished for not submitting. He was  
also given a scepter.

A staff that measured the world.

Not to rule men, but to balance  
forces.

For these kings do not reign from above. They reign  
from the center.

And the center always makes the extremes  
uncomfortable. But even the crown and punishment  
were not enough.

Kong - and thus all true kings born to rule the world - was contained under the very form of absolute order.  
Immobile in body. Awake in  
consciousness.

Five hundred years.

Five centuries of hearing the world move without being able to touch it.  
Five centuries watching men forget that water is also  
a kingdom.

Because there was a time -before the wound-  
when Africa remembered something that the rest of the world lost:

That the sacred also dwells in the earth, in the jungle and underwater.

That there are submerged cities and also celestial kingdoms,  
kingdoms without thrones,  
wisdoms that look not to the sky,  
but to the bottom of the sea and the deep jungle.

Colonization not only took the land. It dried up  
memory.

It called myth what was archive.  
It called superstition what was ancient science. And it  
silenced the underwater world,  
because it could not govern it.

But water does not forget. And the jungle does not sleep.

The ocean does not forget. And the roots do not disappear.

And the kings born of the world  
always listen to the depths first.

That is why, when Kong's name is circulated again-not in mouths, but in dreams-it is not an announcement of conquest.  
-not in mouths, but in dreams- it is  
not an announcement of conquest.

It is a warning.

The world is not asking for a savior. It is  
asking for remembrance.

And the animals know  
it.

And the waters know it.  
And the earth knows it.

Only men still doubt.

This story doesn't begin when Kong acts. It begins when the  
world starts talking about him again.

For every time the Lost King returns, he does not  
return to reign.

He comes back to ask:

Do you remember who you  
were before the crowns,  
before the closed skies,  
before forgetting that you are also jungle, sky and water?

# FOREWORD

*(What can be seen from where the sky does not rule)*

*I do not belong to the sky that rules. I belong to the air that **connects**.*

*From up here - but not too high - the world is not hierarchy, it is **weft**.*

*The mountains are not high.  
The rivers are not low.  
Everything is distance in relation.*

*That is why I saw Kong  
before men spoke his name again.*

*When the world tightens, the air knows it first. Currents become straight.*

*Winds stop wandering. That is never natural.*

*Order loves clean lines. Life does not.*

*Five hundred cycles ago exactly,  
the air began to behave obediently.*

*I knew then  
that something ancient was being contained again.*

*Lost kings are not sought by men. **They are detected by the system.***

*Not because they threaten the throne,  
but because they **disrupt the distribution of meaning**. Kong was never a problem of force.*

*It was a problem of orientation. I*

*saw him being born.*

*Not the way humans are born.*

*It emerged when the earth decided to  
remember a form that was neither beast nor  
man.*

*I didn't go near it.*

*Those who are born like this  
should not be observed from above. But the  
air opened up for him.*

*That was enough.*

*When the sky decided to intervene, it  
did not descend as a storm.*

*It descended as **method**. First, the  
crown.*

*Not to honor him. To  
close it.*

*A tiara that does not cut the flesh, but  
squeezes the conscience  
whenever someone believes that order should be imposed. Then,  
punishment.*

*Not death.  
Never death.*

**Suspension.**

*Five hundred cycles out of motion, but not out  
of memory.*

*The system learns over time. Or  
thinks it does.*

*During that confinement, I flew.*

*Over felled jungles. Over  
channeled rivers.  
Over skies divided into permits. I saw*

*something clear:*

*the world wasn't just forgetting Kong.*

*It was forgetting  
that he **was** never just human.*

*Nor  
king.*

*Nor  
god.*

*Bridge.*

*When the air broke its routine again, I knew  
the cycle was turning again.*

*There was no announcement.*

*Systems do not announce their failures.*

*They only **react**.*

*Men don't know it yet, but the sky  
already recalculates.*

*Not because Kong is coming back,  
but because he returns **in a different form**.*

*Not  
concentrated.  
Not available.*

*That's what heaven won't tolerate.*

*I don't follow Kong. I*

*don't follow anyone.*

*But when he moves, the  
trajectories change.*

*The animals raise their heads. The  
water changes its pulse.  
The jungle speaks again without asking permission.*

*And the air - my home -  
recovers its favorite  
mistake:  
the **detour**.*

*This story does not begin when Kong acts.*

*It begins when the world  
can no longer pretend that everything is in its place.*

*From up here - but not too high - I see  
something clear:*

*the sky will try again to close the center.*

*And Kong  
will never be one again.*

*That's what changes*

*everything. I will fly low.*

*Where the system doesn't look.*

*Where there's still a choice.*

# CHAPTER I

## ***I remember before I woke up***

*I didn't wake up all at once.  
No one who has ever been truly restrained does. First the weight came back.*

*Then, the sound of water.  
Then, something older than the sound:  
**pressure.***

*It wasn't pain.  
It was depth.*

*During five hundred cycles I learned to distinguish them. Pain asks for escape.  
Depth asks for silence. I was under both.*

*I did not see with my eyes, because eyes were not necessary.  
I saw as the stones at the bottom of the river see:  
By accumulation of time.*

*The world had changed above. That was noticeable even underwater.*

*The currents no longer spoke the same way.  
The water was moving faster, as if in a hurry. That's never a good sign.  
Then I heard it. It wasn't*

*a voice.*

*It was a **memory pushing up from below.***

*Kong.*

*They didn't say it with  
words. They said it in form.*

*A form that only water knows.*

*The first face I recognized was not human. It was*

*Mbú, the old fish.*

*Not old in years, but in depth.*

*Mbú had been born when the rivers still remembered his full name.*

*-You've been late," he said to me without a mouth.*

*-They did not let me out," I answered, using word and thought at the same time. Mbú  
does not judge.*

*Water beings do not judge.*

*They know that everything comes back when it should.*

*-Upstairs the world is dry," he showed me without saying it.*

*They have forgotten that power also flows.*

*I saw cities where the water had been driven out. I saw*

*men building walls against rivers.*

*I saw crowns without roots.*

*-Again? -I asked.*

*-It's always again," Mbú answered. That's why  
you come back.*

*I remembered who I was before I remembered who I was.*

*That is important.*

*I didn't think of myself as a  
king. I never do.*

*I thought of myself as a **listener**.*

*Because that's what I am when I'm not forced to wear the crown.*

*The tiara was still there. Not  
visible, but present.  
Tighter when the world tries to pray to dominate. Tighter when the  
world is silent.*

*Now it did not tighten.*

*That meant  
something.*

*I climbed.*

*Not with body first. With the  
intention.*

*The water made way for me because it still recognized  
me. The fish moved away without fear.  
The currents held me as before.  
When I broke the surface, the air seemed light, almost clumsy. Too much  
noise.  
Too many words without weight.*

*The jungle waited for me.*

*Not as one waits for a savior,  
but as one expects from someone who **has** been **gone too long**.*

*-You have changed," said **Nguma**, the leopard, from the shadows.*

*-So have you," I replied.*

*Nguma is guardian of the edge. He  
never goes all the way in.  
He never leaves completely.*

*-Men are forgetting how to look," he said. They see shapes,  
not presences.*

*-That's why I come back," I replied.*

*Nguma came closer.*

*He sniffed me as one sniffs a memory.*

-You still smell like water," he said.  
That's good.  
It means they haven't dried you out inside.

I walked.  
Every step reminded me of something the world had covered with new names. I was born a monkey.  
That was true.

But not because I was less.  
But because the monkey still remembers when body and thought were not separate.

When I get too close to the human, the world becomes unbalanced. When I remember the animal, the world breathes.

They know that too.

The birds told me of the heavy sky. The insects of the tired soil.  
The roots of the water that no longer comes. No one asked me to command.

They asked me to **listen**.  
  
The crown tightened then. Just a little.

That is also a sign.  
  
It means that, somewhere, someone uttered a name with the intention of shutting down the world again.

It doesn't matter.  
  
I've come back before with the crown on.  
And always, even then, memory finds cracks. Five hundred years do not erase what was true.  
  
They only hide it.

*I am Kong.*

*Not king of men. Not  
god of heaven.  
Not beast without conscience.*

*I am what comes back  
when the world forgets that it is also water.*

*And this time,  
I have not returned alone.*

# CHAPTER II

## **Where the water recognizes me... and the crown awakens...**

*I returned to the water because the water was the first to call me. I did not descend as bodies fall.*

*I descended as names return.*

*The underwater world does not open to those who seek power, but to those who **still remember how to yield**.*

*The water enveloped me without resistance. It did not ask my permission. It never does.*

*Down there, light does not rule. Neither does time.*

*Everything happens in layers.*

*The guardians were already awake. They didn't emerge suddenly. They were always there.*

*N'Kála, the snake long as an ancient stream, was the first to surround me. It did not touch me.*

*She measured me.*

*-You smell different," she said tonguelessly. Upstairs you are getting heavy.*

*I did not deny it.*

*-The air does that," I replied. It forces you to choose shapes.*

*N'Kála slipped around the staff I carried with me, though the staff did not need water to exist.*

*-The scepter remembers," she whispered. But you are beginning to doubt.*

*That hurt more than the crown.*

*Down below, where pressure turns thought into pulse, **the Old Ones of the Deep** awaited me.*

*They have no fixed shape. Sometimes they are fish. Sometimes they are shadows with eyes.*

*They predate the crowns and postdate the origin.*

*-Kong," they said in unison, soundlessly. You've come back with noise inside.*

*-The world above screams," I replied. And when he yells, he pushes me to speak like a man.*

*There was a long silence.*

*The silence in the background is not empty. It is **accumulated memory**.*

*-That's dangerous," finally said Mbú, who had come down with me. Whenever you become too human, you forget to listen.*

*Then the crown tightened. Not like before.*

*Not as a warning. It*

*really tightened.*

*I felt the hedge close around my thought, as if someone, on the surface, had pronounced my name not to remind me, but to **possess it**.*

*The water churned.*

N'Kála tensed.

The Ancients gathered themselves.

-It has begun," they said.

I reflexively brought my hand to my head, though I knew there was nothing to touch.

There never is.

-It's not pain," I said. It's reduction.

Because that's what the crown does:  
It reduces.

It reduces the world to hierarchy. It reduces conscience to obedience. It reduces the king to a symbol.

I saw myself from the outside.  
That also happens when it squeezes. I saw the monkey that I was.

Free.

Light

Able to move without deciding.

And I saw the man I start to be whenever the world needs me too much. The man is heavy.

He wants to explain.

He wants to order. He wants to save.

The monkey remembers.

-If you go on like this," said Mbú, "the water will stop recognizing you.

That was worse than the punishment.

*-I don't want to lose this," I answered. I don't want to lose them.*

*-Then don't choose," said N'Kála. Remember.*

*The staff vibrated.*

*Not because I ordered it,  
but because he **recognized the conflict**.*

*It barely elongated,  
touching the  
bottom.*

*When the scepter hits bottom, the  
world listens.*

*The currents stilled. The crown  
loosened for an instant.*

*Just an instant.*

*Enough.*

*I understood then something I had avoided accepting:*

*every time I go back,  
the world pushes me to be king when I  
only want to be a **bridge**.*

*But the bridge also wears out.*

*I went up.*

*Not because the underwater kingdom expelled me,  
but because I knew that conflict is not resolved below. It  
manifests itself above.*

*Before breaking the surface,  
Mbú spoke to me for the last time on that descent:*

*-Don't forget this, Kong:  
the water does not need you as  
king. It needs you **whole**.*

*I nodded.*

*When I emerged, the jungle greeted me with a tense silence. Nguma  
was there.*

*-It's already started, hasn't it? -he asked.*

*-Yes.*

*-Then take care of this," he said.  
The men come when they smell decision. I looked  
at my hands.*

*They were  
strong. They  
were precise.*

*Too precise.*

*For the first time since I returned, I felt  
fear.*

*Not of  
punishment. Not  
of the gods.*

*Fear of **becoming what the world expects** and  
forgetting what the world needs.*

*The crown was still there.*

*The water was behind  
me. And me, Kong,  
walked right in the  
middle.*

# CHAPTER III

***When the jungle, the sky and the water stopped talking at the same time.***

*The trouble didn't start when they forgot the water. That was just the symptom.*

*The problem began when the world stopped remembering itself as jungle, sky and water at the same time, and began to name them as separate things. That's when the fracture began.*

*I walked into the jungle.*

*Not because I was running away from men, but because the jungle still **does not require me to define myself**.*

*Here, the trees don't ask who you are. They ask **how you breathe**.*

*-You're closing up," said Kóma, the old tree, without moving a leaf. Kóma is not a tree.*

*It is accumulated vegetable memory.*

*-I am not closing myself," I answered, "I am being closed.*

*-It's the same if you let it," he answered. That hurt.*

*The jungle always says the right thing. Never the comfortable thing.*

*The insects were talking all at once. Not with words, but with pulses.*

*They showed me something I didn't want to see:*

*Places where once there was diversity, now there was organized silence.*

*No death.*

***Uniformity.***

*That's worse.*

*-They have learned to call reduction progress," they said. And to call us chaos.*

*I did not respond.*

*The crown tightened a little more.*

*Every time the world needs me to be a symbol, something in me hardens.*

*I looked up at the sky.*

*The sky had changed*

*too.*

*Before, the sky was conversation. Now it is distance.*

*The birds feel it first.*

***Sáli, the hawk, descended to my height.***

*-They no longer look at us," he said, "They measure us.*

*-That always happens," I answered, "when the sky becomes property.*

*-No," he corrected.*

*It happens when the sky stops being a relative.*

*That's new.*

*Then I understood something I had been avoiding accepting:*

*colonialism didn't just take territories.*

***It took relationships.***

*It separated the human from the*

*animal. The animal from the tree.*

*The tree from the*

*water. Water from*

*the sky.*

*And then he called superstition*

*everything that tried to remember unity.*

*Ontology was not destroyed. It*

*was **silenced**.*

---

---

*To continue reading this book, [click here](#). Sincerely,*

*Javier Clemente Engonga*

*Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo*

**Copyright Notice for the Document: "AFRICA, THE ORIGIN OF THE MONKEY KING (非洲, 猴王的起源)™."**

Copyright © 2026 by [Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo](#). All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

For permission requests, please contact the author at:  
[info@theunitedstatesofafrica.org](mailto:info@theunitedstatesofafrica.org)

Published by [The United States of Africa™](#).

This work is protected under international copyright laws. Unauthorized use, distribution, or reproduction of any content within this book may result in civil and criminal penalties and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

JAVIER CLEMENTE ENGONGA  
ÁFRICA, EL ORIGEN DEL REY MONO

非洲，猿王的起源



KONG  
孙悟空