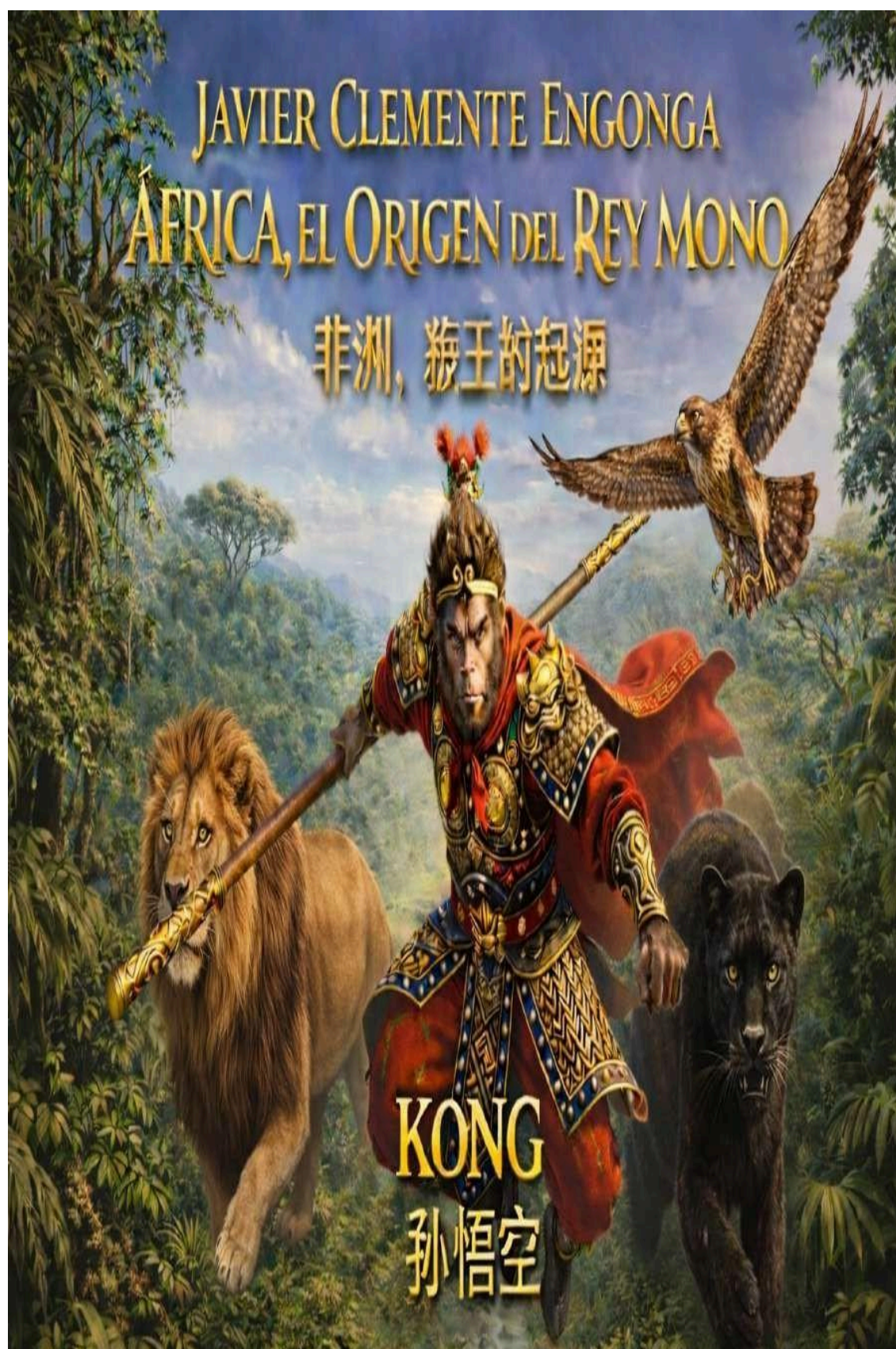


JAVIER CLEMENTE ENGONGA
ÁFRICA, EL ORIGEN DEL REY MONO

非洲，猴王的起源



KONG
孙悟空

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**"AFRICA, THE ORIGIN
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"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

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