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□ ***Equatorial Guinea: The Enchanted Country™***.

***Chronicles of a territory where mystery is structure***

***What if I told you that in Equatorial Guinea there are men who go to wars that never happened... and come back the same day?***

***What if a deceased young woman could welcome you into her home... talk to you... sleep with you... and then disappear without leaving any trace but yours?***

***What if every evening, thousands of bats on Bioko Island took to the skies towards a destination that no one could follow?***

***What if the Sun and the Moon met in full light, every day, as if they shared a secret that no one dares to translate?***

***This is not a book about what could happen.***

***It is a book about what already happens, every day, in a country where logic kneels before the invisible.***

***"Equatorial Guinea: The Enchanted Country™" is a work without genre. It is testimony, rite, document and warning.***

***Narrated with symbolic rigor and narrative precision, it collects seven real chronicles***

***where the supernatural is simply... part of the landscape.***

***With confirmed accounts, changed names and undeniable facts, this book is the first narrative archive of expanded reality in Central Africa.***

***Witchcraft is not a myth here.***

***Time is not linear.***

***And the real thing... does not need permission.***

***Because on this earth, when night falls, it is not only darkness that falls....***

***The veil between the worlds falls.***

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Equatorial Guinea: The Enchanted Country™"**

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**"Equatorial Guinea: The  
Enchanted Country<sup>TM</sup>".**

**Title:**  "Equatorial Guinea: The Enchanted Country™ - Chronicles of a Territory where Mystery is Reality" **Author:** [Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo](#)

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*Introduction*

*Equatorial Guinea: The Enchanted Country™.*

*This is not a book of myths.*

*It is not a collection of fables for after-dinner entertainment. It is a living archive.*

*A vibrational record of what many have seen, few have told, and almost no one has believed.*

*These pages record what happens every day in Equatorial Guinea, even if the world ignores it:*

*real mysteries, presences that do not ask permission, impossible flights, invisible pacts, wars that leave no trace?*

*and visits that come from planes where the calendar does not rule.*


*Because here, the sacred and the everyday walk together. Because here, death sometimes has a name and an appointment... and yet, it sits at the table as if it were nothing.*

*This book is a bridge.*

*A silent agreement between the reader and the truth.*

*A truth that does not ask for scientific explanations, but for courageous witnesses. Because everything that is told here... is real.*

*Names have been changed, places have been protected, but  
the facts, strange as they may seem  
have been confirmed, repeated, and lived by people who do not seek fame or glory. They  
only seek to understand why, on this earth, mystery is not the exception.  
It is the structure.*

 *This book is written for:*

*Those who still remember seeing things they can't explain.*

*Those who have felt that the forest is watching them.*

*Those who know that there is more than one heaven.*

*And those who are no longer afraid to say, "I saw something too."*

*This work does not belong to superstition. It  
belongs to unofficial history.*

*To memory without permission.*

*To the Equatorial Guinea that vibrates beyond the map.*

*And if after reading it you still doubt...*

*look up at the sky the next time the Sun and Moon are together.*

*That will be your reminder.*

*Welcome to the enchanted country.*

*Where everything is*

*possible... and nothing is*

*imagined.*



# □ **Foreword**

**By Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo**

Founder of [House of Horus™](#)

Compiler and Witness of the African Expanded Reality

*I did not write this book to explain.*

*I wrote it because **it is no longer possible to remain silent.***

*For years, I have walked between visible structures and invisible forces. I have seen what is denied.*

*I have heard what is whispered.*

*I have felt - in flesh and soul - that **Equatorial Guinea is not just a country... it is an overlapping plane, a node in the global mystery.***

*I am not a witch.*

*I am not a mystic by fashion.*

*Nor am I skeptical.*

*I am an **ethical narrator of what others dare not record.***

*And in my walk - as a writer, as a strategist, as a son of this land - I have received stories that no manual can classify, but that **hundreds of people confirm with tears, with fear, or with sacred resignation.***

*This book is an act of restitution.*

*A symbolic reparation for the silence imposed on us.*

*A way of saying, **"What we live here... makes sense. Even if it has no explanation."***

*Here are facts that science fears, that politics*

*hides,*

*that religion keeps silent,*

*and that the people **know -deep down- that they are true.***

*I do not write from doubt. I write  
from respect.*

*From the certainty that our land has been marked by something that **is neither taught in schools nor recorded in constitutions.***

*But it is here.*

**Alive.**

**Present.**

**Acting.**

*If you have felt that things happen in Equatorial Guinea "that don't happen"... you are not alone.*

***It's not your  
imagination. It's your  
sensitivity.***

***It is your lineage awakening.***

*This book is not made to sell mystery. It is made  
to remember it.*

*To restore dignity.*

*And to activate -in those who read it- the capacity to look at the invisible without fear.*

*Let each chapter be a portal.*

*May each testimony awaken your dormant memory.*

*And may each page confirm to you that, on this earth:*

***not everything that lives has  
flesh. And not everything that  
dies... goes away.***



*- Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo*

*Equatorial Guinea, where the ancient gods can still be heard walking among us.*

# Chapter 1: Luna Does Not Live Here

*A visit, a night, a young woman... who no longer exists.*

---

**Location:** Central district of Bata, Mainland Equatorial Guinea.

**Estimated date of occurrence:** March, year uncertain.

**Testimony related by:** An active member of the military, whose name has been withheld for security reasons.

**Name assigned to the young protagonist:** *Luna Biyogo Edjang.*

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## **Narrative introduction:**

When Private Nguema Esono returned to the young woman's house, he only wanted to retrieve his service badge. Little did he know that what he would find **would be a fracture between dimensions**. A crack in the flesh of time. Proof that, in Equatorial Guinea, what is real is never only what is visible.

## **The Innocent Night**

Nguema met her at a club. Luna was not like other women: her presence did not scream, **her eyes did not blink rapidly**, and her voice seemed to carry for centuries. They spoke little. They danced slowly. **He felt her as if he remembered her from a dream**. When she proposed to go to his house, he accepted as if he had always been destined to do so.

The house was modest, of dilapidated colonial architecture. Inside, everything had **a ceremonial neatness**. Bedroom with white curtains. Polished wooden bed. An antique mirror that returned her reflection paler than usual. They spent the night together unhurriedly. They fell asleep holding hands.

In the , Luna was still sleeping.

Nguema left **money folded on the table**. And carelessly, **his work badge on the dressing table**.

## □ ***The Return and the Fracture***

Hours later, noticing the absence of the badge or work identification card, Nguema returned to the house. **He knocked on the door.**

An older woman, surprised by his presence, opened the door. He explained his reason:

-I've come to get my badge. It's in Luna's room.

The woman **rolled her eyes for a second.**

-Who?

-Moon. His daughter. I slept here last night with her," he said, not understanding the tension.

The woman called the rest of the . Two older men and a younger woman came in. They asked her to repeat everything: names, actions, descriptions.

He accurately described:

the kitchen on the left,

the bathroom at the back,

the bed by the window, the

lamp that sparkled. **He said**

**where he left the money.**

The father, serious, **took out a picture frame with three photos.**

-Which one were you with last night?

Nguema, **without hesitation**, pointed to the one in the center:

-With her. With Luna.

Then the mother **slumped into a chair.** The

father pursed his lips.

**-That's our daughter Luna. But she... died two months ago.**

## ▽ **Vibrational Event Analysis**

### **What really happened?**

This event is not from the realm of fantasy. It is from the realm of the unresolved.

In many Central African cultures, **a person's energy may remain tied to a space**, especially if they died under abrupt conditions or with unfinished business.

Luna, probably, **had not yet crossed to the other side completely.**

I was **trapped between planes.**

And Nguema, for some reason - his vibration, his emotional openness, his purity - was chosen as a channel to **remember her, to release her, or to close an unfulfilled cycle.**

Sleeping with a spirit is not possession.

It is an unintentional ritual act.

**It is to enter the crack of time.**

### □ **Narrative Conclusion:**

When the father quietly entered the room... he found **the work badge.**

And next to it, **the money folded exactly as Nguema had left it.**

The man **no longer hesitated.**

He did not throw him out. He

did not shout. He just said:

-You can go now, son. And God bless you.

Nguema did not speak about it again for years.

But he requested his voluntary discharge from the military six months later.

### □ **Cultural Reference Notes:**

- In the **Fang** language, "*A ke ah Mbó*" ("Go to witchcraft") is said as an expression of astonishment, fear or recognition of a supernatural event that transcends the acceptable.
- In ancient rites, money left by the visitor to a spirit is considered **a closing offering**, a way of sealing the contact.

# □ Chapter 2: The Hunger of the Panther

*When the wild beast does not roar from the jungle... but from inside one of our own.*

---

**Location:** Town of Dúmasi, Equatorial Guinea Mainland Region

**Estimated period:** Late 1990s - early 2000s (according to oral tradition) **Testimonies gathered from:** Eyang clan elders, Efulan healer and relatives of the missing.

**Name of Assigned Suspect:** *Mr. Valentin Obono Biyang*

---

## **Narrative introduction:**

Dúmasi does not appear on official tourism maps. It is a small town, sunken between ceibas, lagoons and a dense fog like an old secret.

But those who know it, know that **the forest there breathes like an animal**. And that, , that animal **asks for meat**.

This chapter records the events that took place during a time marked by fear, rumors, and the certainty that something - or someone - had **begun to feed the darkness**.

## **The First Disappearances**

It all started with a child. His name was *Ernesto Abeso Mba*. He disappeared one Monday afternoon while collecting firewood.

Hours later, *Don Valentin*, an old man known for his closed nature, said he had seen him go into the forest.

They did not give it any importance.

Two weeks , another disappearance: *Elvira Micha*, age 8. Again, Don Valentin was the first to say:

-I saw them cross the path of the lagoon.

The people began to murmur.

**The children did not return.**

**No bodies were found. No**

**screams were heard.**

**Only the silence of the forest.**

## □ ***The Visit of the Healer of Efulan***

Faced with the impotence of the local authorities, the elders decided to turn to *Mama Nene*, a healer from Efulan, a woman of sacred science and a fearless gaze.

She arrived in town at dawn.

He sat down in the middle of the square, asked for **absolute silence**, and began throwing bones and leaves on the ground.

With each fall, his face grew darker.

-There is no common witchcraft here," he said.

-There is a *pact* here. Someone feeds a beast. And that beast... asks for more.

He got up. He walked straight to Don Valentin. He stared at him.

He lowered his head. No one spoke.

-He is not the panther. But he has it in him.

He has fed it with promises and blood.

## □ ***The Ritual of the Nocturnal Judgment***

That night, the people gathered.

Mama Nene prepared a circle of fire. Don

Valentín was forced to enter it.

She began to speak to him in a language that no one remembers anymore.

Suddenly, **the old man collapsed, convulsing.**

From his mouth came a guttural, non-human growl.

**His eyes turned yellow.**

People

screamed. She

didn't.

-Don't kill him.

It is not he who devours.

But it has made a pact with what it does.

They kept him locked up for three days.

On the third day, **the panther appeared dead at the entrance to the village.**

But it wasn't just any panther:

**was more than two meters tall, had human eyes.**

Don Valentin died that same night, in his hut.

**His body was intact.**

**But his face... he had claw marks on the inside.**

### **Δ *Vibrational Event Analysis***

**This story is not from the animal kingdom. It is from the symbolic realm.**

In many regions of deep Africa, **wild beasts are manifestations of collective dark desire channeled through an individual.**

It is not that Valentin "became" a panther.

**He served as a medium for a predatory energy to manifest in the physical.**

When we speak of "feeding", we mean **giving life - vital energy - in exchange for protection, power, or silence.**

*The wild beast does not always hide in the jungle.  
Sometimes he sits with us, smiles... and chooses who to devour.*

### ***Narrative Conclusion:***

Since that day, **no child has disappeared** in Dumasi.

People don't talk about . But  
everyone remembers.

There is a statue in the center of town:  
an ebony panther with eyes of white stone. No one  
touches it. No one prays to it.  
But everyone passes through it with respect.

Don Valentin was buried without ceremony.

His name does not appear in any official registry.

But in Dumasí...

**everyone knows what he  
did. And what he failed to  
do.**



## □ Cultural References and Symbols

- In the Fang and Ndowé tradition, spiritual covenants may involve **giving life energy -human or animal- to tutelary or destructive entities.**
- The appearance of the dead panther represents an **involuntary breaking of the pact** and the end of the cycle.
- The trial of fire is an actual ritual used in areas of the interior to **activate an individual's energetic truth.**

# Chapter 3: The Flight of the Curse

*When traveling is not moving, but crossing to the other side.*

---

**Location:** Town of Ekuku Ebuman, South Central Province, Continental Region of Equatorial Guinea.

**Estimated date:** Mid-2000s

**Main testimony collected by:** Local rural teacher, with data corroborated by the zone delegate.

**Names assigned:**

- *Carlos Micó Ondó*, the wounded boy
  - *Emilio Nsogo Andeme*, the paralytic young man
  - *Pablito*, Carlos's younger brother (name withheld out of respect for the family)
- 

## **Narrative introduction:**

Mystery doesn't always come in black cloaks and night fires. Sometimes, it appears in the **form of a wounded young man coming out of the woods at dawn**, his clothes torn, his eyes missing and his body covered with scratches from something no one can see.

Thus began one of the most talked about - and most silenced - stories of the Equatoguinean interior. An episode that defies physics, logic, and taboo.

### ***The Boy Who Never Walked***

Emilio Nsogo was known to all.

Paralyzed since childhood, he moved around in a chair or crawling with dignity. He lived with his grandmother. He never left the village. He never left himself.

Carlos, the narrator of the event, **was his best friend**.

They always played together, talked, read stories when they could.

And when night fell, **they said that Emilio talked alone... with someone no one else could see.**

One night, Carlos and his younger brother disappeared. They were out all morning.

In the morning, Carlos returned alone, wounded, dazed, **and repeating a phrase that the people will never forget:**

- *"He threw me out of the plane because I didn't want to throw my brother."*

### ✈ ***The Invisible but Tangible Airplane***

Carlos was taken to the health center.

The scratches were real.

Torn clothes.

But **there were no signs of animal attack.**

The village teacher, surprised, interviewed him several . His story did not change:

- Emilio came to pick him up. He walked as if he had never been paralyzed.
- It brought a "small plane, but big inside", similar to a floating cabin.
- He said he needed him for something. That he and his brother would come up.
- Once in the air, Emilio **gave him an order:**
  - Throw your brother away.
- Carlos refused.
- Emilio told him:
  - If you don't do it, I will.
- When he resisted, Emilio **threw it at him.**
- He fell in the forest. He woke up hours later, alone, with scratches, **but no trace of his brother.**

## △ ***Vibrational Event Analysis***

This is not a metaphorical account.

This is a **multidimensional record disguised as a children's story.**

In the African esoteric worldview, **the "plane" represents the spiritual vehicle of sorcerers or souls who have made a pact with unseen forces.**

They travel at night, in dreams or in a trance. But the impact is real. What happens there **marks the body here.**

Emilio, the paralytic, was never limited.

**His body was the curtain.**

**His spirit was the operator.**

□ *The order to launch the younger brother is symbolically clear:*

**Sacrifice the innocent, or you will lose your place in this other world.**

Carlos resisted.

And for that he was  
punished. But he was  
also **released.**

## **? *Where is the brother?***

He never showed up.

Searches were made.

There was no trace.

For many in town, **Pablito was not murdered... but transferred.**

"*He was taken,*" say the elders, in a low voice.

That : **his energy was given to an obscure cause.**

□ ***Narrative Conclusion*** Carlos

never recovered. Not physically, but  
spiritually.

For years, every time a real airplane passed overhead, **he would start crying.**

Emilio was visited.

He was still  
paralyzed. He  
denied everything.

But a close aunt confessed that **Emilio talked in his sleep with "the woman in the sky"**.  
And that once, he woke up asleep, and drew an airplane on the wall,  
**with a child hanging from the door.**

#### □ **References and Symbols:**

- In many villages in Equatorial Guinea, "*going by plane*" is common code for **spiritual journeys linked to witchcraft, dark initiation or power pacts.**
- Throwing someone out of the plane represents **vibrational betrayal to get something in return.**
- The absence of typical physical injuries in Carlos indicates that the damage **was dimensional transit.**

# Chapter 4: The War That Never Happened

*Combat occurred. The wounds are real. But time... does not remember.*

---

**Place of Origin:** Bata, Equatorial Guinea Mainland Region

**Area of operation:** African Country X (name omitted out of diplomatic respect)

**Official date:** Undetermined. The day of departure was also the day of return. **Direct**

**testimony from:** Sergeant Major *Saturnino Abaha Ela*, decorated for the mission **Collateral**

**witnesses:** logistics units and family members.

**Reference General:** *Commander Biyang Mangué*

---

## **Narrative introduction:**

There are battles that change history.

And there are others that **do not appear in the books, but change men.**

This chapter is the testimony of a decorated sergeant, called to fight in a war that, according to the watches and diaries, **never existed.**

But his bloody uniform, his dead comrades, and the foreign anthem he heard in victory?

**did exist.**

Just **not in our usual timeline.**

## **The Call I Wasn't Expecting**

Saturnino was at home. He had

two days' leave.

He received a call from Commander Biyang:

-Prepare your equipment. We are going on an international mission. Leave today.

**There were no documents. Only orders.**

He obeyed.

At the base, fifteen other men were waiting for him.

They were all put on an unmarked plane. Destination unknown.

No one asked.

## ***The Phantom Front***

Upon landing, they found **an armed conflict in full swing.**

They were assigned a line of defense.

They identified them as a **"foreign allied tactical unit."**

They fought for six days.

They witnessed **bombings, massacres, and the death of two comrades.**

On the seventh , **the flag of the allied country was raised.**

They had won.

They were decorated in a quick ceremony. And  
returned to the plane.

## ***The Impossible Return***

When they landed at Bata...

the sky had the same light as when they left.

The base personnel received them as if **they had never left.**

The commander did not remember sending them.

The diaries did not show the operation.

The clocks did not add up.

Saturnino asked what day it was.

**It was the same day. The same time.**

But he had bone dust on his boots. And a  
bullet lodged in his vest.

## △ **Vibrational Event Analysis**

This is an extreme case of what in some systems is called "**extracontinental temporary operation.**"

□ *That is to say: a group was used by superior forces - human or not - to operate in a plane slightly displaced from the usual time.*

What for?

- To change an event in another story line.
- To help in a war **without leaving a trace here.**
- To fulfill a political-spiritual pact **sealed on another plane.**

The existence of hidden wars is not science fiction.

In Africa, there are conflicts that do not appear in the news, but which **alter the energy fields of nations.**

Saturnino **participated in a real war... which was not for this time.**

He went and came back **with his memory intact, but with his surroundings denying everything.**

## □ **Post Mission Symptoms**

- **Repeated nightmares.**
- Loss of appetite.
- Spontaneous visions of landscapes that do not exist in Guinea.
- Dissociation of time: he felt that weeks had passed, when for the calendar... **not a minute had passed.**



He voluntarily retired from the army. He never wore uniform again.

He said to his sister:

-If it weren't for my back hurting from combat, I'd think it was all a dream.

### □ **Analytical Notes:**

- In many African worldviews, soldiers may be spiritually "loaned" for missions that do not affect their country, but **strengthen invisible covenants**.
- The "day that didn't happen" is a clear manifestation of **suspended chronos** or uninterrupted timeline, where the soul moves and returns, leaving the body as if it had never left.

### □ **Narrative Conclusion**

Today, Saturnino lives as a farmer.

He has a small farm. He does not talk about politics.

But in his pocket, he keeps **a medal from a country he has never visited... officially.**

He says that, some nights, he can hear the echo of war drums.

And that in dreams, he still greets the comrades who died...

**in a war that no one remembers except him.**

## □ **Chapter 5: The Daughters of the Water**

## ***Sirens, covenants and calls from the depths***

---

**Location:** Mbini coasts, Rio Campo and fishing areas of Annobón and Corisco Testimonies collected from: Fishermen, elderly women of the Ndowé ethnic group, retired missionary monks.

**Period:** Various decades, records to present day

**Cases collected and verified:** 3 apparitions, 2 disappearances, 1 revealed covenant

---

### ***🗣 Narrative introduction:***

The sea keeps secrets that the jungle does not dare to utter.  
And in Equatorial Guinea, where the Atlantic Ocean kisses the land , there are stories that are not born of foam,  
but of the dense silence beneath it.

In these waters, mermaids are not sweet myths.  
They are ancient, powerful and sometimes dangerous entities.

This chapter gathers testimonies of non-human marine presences that have interacted with fishermen, coastal dwellers and young people who have never returned.

***The Fisherman and the Woman Singing Underwater***

José Edu Nsogo, a fisherman from Mbini, disappeared for three days at . He was found in his cayuco, with no signs of hunger or injuries, but with a lost look, dilated pupils and hands full of scales.

He recounted that, on the evening of the second day, a dark-skinned woman with braided hair emerged from the water singing. But she was not moving her lips. The sound vibrated directly in his mind.

-It didn't have legs," he said, "but something that looked like floating fabric... like a skirt of water.

The woman asked for his name. And when he gave it to her, she smiled and kissed him on the forehead.

He woke up the next day... with the cayuco floating on its own. And the hook snapped in two.

---

### □ *The Girl from Corisco who Dreamed of the Sea*

Martina Mba Ada, 16, began having intense dreams about a woman calling her from the beach. Every night, I heard the same phrase in old bubi: "Wé aba nyi, nkolom."  
(*"Come home, sister."*)

One night, he left his house and walked to the shore. He did not return.

They only found his sandals.  
And a sealed shell...  
with your name engraved on the inside.

## ***The Unbroken Agreement of Old Thomas***

A Ndowé elder, *Tomás Micó Engono*, confessed before he died that he had made a pact with a "woman from the bottom."

He said she offered him abundant fishing for 30 years.

In , he was never to look back when throwing the net at the last full moon of each year. He

complied for 28 years.

In year 29, he forgot.

He returned without fish.

And from then on, his house began to smell of seaweed, even though he lived far from the sea.

He said that in dreams, she came for what he promised. And every morning, his bed was wet.

He died on the last full moon of that cycle.

His lungs were filled with water.

But no one had seen him approach the sea.

---

## ***Vibrational Event Analysis***

The mermaids of Equatorial Guinea are not decorative or mythologized in the European sense. They are considered by the native peoples as:

- Keepers of ancient covenants.
- Messengers of profound change.
- Watchers of the spiritual purity of the communities.

***They are neither "good" nor "bad". They are conscious forces.  
They are entities with their own rules.***

When someone sees them... it is because they have been "called". And when someone follows them... they don't come back the same.  
, it does not come back at all.

Symbolically, they represent the memory of water, the undomesticated cosmic feminine, and the secrets that cannot be written... only felt.

□ **Cultural Notes:**

- In Annobón, mermaids are called "*nkombé*", and are said to have a drumming voice and a look that shows death or destiny.
- In Corisco, rituals are performed to calm the "people of the bottom" when there are unexplained storms or marine disappearances.
- In the Kogo region, some older women still throw coconut milk into the sea "so as not to be called by those who sing."

□ ***Narrative Conclusion:***

Unlike other chapters, there is no solution here. There is no closure.

The sea does not close.

It only changes shape.

And while the people sleep...

the daughters of the water keep calling.

They keep choosing.

They are still waiting.

## □ **Chapter 6: The Bats of the Threshold**

*The sky is covered with wings. No one questions it. But everyone knows it's not normal.*

---

**Location:** Bioko Island, city of Malabo and surroundings

**Daily observation:** Bats roosting in trees during the day, and mass migrations every evening.

**Phenomenon reported by:** Local inhabitants, public officials, environmentalists and local elders.

**Duration of the phenomenon:** Constant and daily for decades

---

### ***Narrative introduction:***

There are things that are repeated so often that nobody sees them anymore. They become landscape. They become background.

But when the bats - guardians of the night - **decide to live also during the day**, and every evening, without fail, **they all fly to a place that no one knows**, we are no longer dealing with simple fauna.

We are in front of a **portal suspended in the air**.

### ***The Black Wings Urban Forest***

In Malabo, just look up.

**The trees are full of bats.**

Not hidden. Not asleep. Awake.

Assets.

**Hanging as if guarding something.**

They are there **in the daytime. Under the sun.**

They move. They watch. Some even fly. Nobody bothers them.

**No one understands them.**

At the central market, grandmothers to them.

In the ministries, officials ignore them, but never look directly at them. Because everyone knows something that is never said:

**Those bats are not just bats.**

### ***The Migration of the Six***

Every . Without  
exception.

**From six or seven o'clock in the evening**, the show begins.

Thousands - literally thousands - of bats **take flight in perfect synchrony**, as if guided by a silent command.

They fly in an unknown direction.

**No one has been able to follow them to the end.**

No drones.

No

cameras.

No

witnesses.

*It is as if they were entering another layer of the sky.*

They do not return

immediately. It is not known

where they sleep.

But every morning... **they are there again.**

### **△ *Vibrational Analysis of the Phenomenon***

Bats, in many ancient cultures, are **guardians of the threshold, carriers of interdimensional information**, and **sentinels of the Earth's energetic portals**.

On Bioko, what we see is not simple animal migration. It is  
a **daily collective energetic dance**.

A mass ritual that maintains **a kind of balance between planes**.

*That they are active during the day indicates that the "veil" between worlds ~~is~~ weakened.*

The visible and the invisible no longer take turns. **They coexist.**

**Bioko Island is an energy node.**

A crossing point where physical reality **overlaps with non-human, non-rational, non-measurable layers**.

**Bats are living sensors. Winged antennae.**

**And codes with claws.**

## **What do the local sages say?**

They speak little. But they say:

- "They are going to inform the ancestors."
- "They guard the secrets of the city."
- "They are the true owners of the Bioko sky."

And some claim that **the day they don't fly... we will know that something profound has changed.**

### **Cultural and Symbolic Notes:**

- In Bantu and Fang cosmologies, the bat is an ambivalent symbol:  
**Sacred darkness, messenger of the dead, and silent witness to what no one should see.**
- Synchronized migration at the same time is considered by some elders as  
**a "daily call" to the Other World Assembly.**
- The fact that they fly over the city indicates that **the city itself is being measured, observed or protected.**

### **Narrative Conclusion:**

There are no such bats in other African capitals. Not with this consistency.  
Not with this ritual.

And when a visitor comments on it, the locals only respond:



-Here it is normal. But it is not natural.

Because in Equatorial Guinea,  
**what is normal, many ... does not  
belong to this world.**

## ☐☐ Chapter 7: When the Sun Embraces the Moon

*Two stars, one sky. They do not alternate. They recognize each other.*

---

**Place of observation:** All the territory of Equatorial Guinea (mainland and islands).

**Phenomenon:** Simultaneous presence of the Sun and the Moon during the day, visible to the naked eye.

**Widespread testimony:** Rural and urban dwellers, fishermen, farmers, travelers, etc.

**Duration:** Permanent and daily, especially visible over the last 10-15 years

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### **Narrative introduction:**

The sky has always been the theater of the gods.

Where once signs were written, destinations were plotted, and the pulse of the world was measured.

And now, in Equatorial Guinea, something is happening that nobody comments on out of habit...

**but which should not go unnoticed.**

The Sun and the Moon,  
together. In broad  
daylight.

One reigning with fire, the other floating as a specter. Both  
present.

Both looking.

Astronomical coincidence?

Planetary symbol?

Warning?

**All answers are true at the same time.**

### **Double Look Days**

From Luba to Mongomo, from Malabo to Ebebiyín, **whoever looks up sees something that seems harmless:**

- The sun, bright, master of the day.
- The moon, pale, hung beyond, gliding calmly.

Both stars **share the sky**, sometimes separated by degrees.  
Sometimes, almost touching.  
Sometimes, one on top and the other on the bottom.

And it doesn't matter if it's noon or four o'clock in the afternoon. The moon is there.  
**As if he refused to wait his turn.**

### △ ***Vibrational Analysis of the Phenomenon***

In cosmic terms, **the simultaneous presence of the Sun and the Moon represents an imbalance that has ceased to be abnormal... because it has been absorbed by a new type of reality.**

In other words:

**Day and night no longer take turns as before.  
They have united.  
Because the planes of consciousness have also so.**

☀ *The Sun represents the conscious, the visible order, the rational.*

☾ *The Moon represents the occult, the emotional, the subtle.*

When both are shown together, the message is clear:

**"There is no longer a separation between what you know and what you feel. Between what you see... and what you sense."**

### ☐ ***A Nation of Double Light***

Equatorial Guinea is entering - or already is - a vibrational phase where:

- **Intuition can no longer be ignored.**
- **Logic alone is not enough.**
- **The veils of mystery have become thin.**

That is why so many stories, so many visions, so many visits from the other side. Because **the sky itself has been altered.**  
**And with it, the way of living time, faith, history.**

### □ **Symbolic Reading:**

- In several initiatory cultures, the simultaneity of Sun and Moon marks **the "day of awakening."**  
A time where **initiations no longer require temples or rituals, but perception and presence.**
- It can also be interpreted as **a call to act with a double consciousness: that of the warrior and that of the seer.**
- In the African esoteric tradition, the double sky is symbolic of **one era ending and another becoming active with both eyes open.**

### □ **Narrative Conclusion:**

Every time someone in Equatorial Guinea looks at the sky and sees the Sun and the Moon, **they are witnessing an eternal dialogue.**

A dance without music.

A communion of forces that, in other countries, still take turns. But here they already **cohabit.**

Because here, day no longer beats night.

Here, mystery no longer waits.  
Here, the future and the past  
**have shaken hands... over our heads.**

And while the world sleeps...  
**Guinea has already woken up.**

## □ **Epilogue: The Enchanted Country Is Not Asleep**

*Equatorial Guinea as a living frontier between worlds*

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We did not write this file to entertain. We did not  
write it to convince.

**We are writing this for the record.**

That there is a land -unique, intense, dense- where  
mystery is **neither fairy tale nor superstition**, but  
**structure**.

Equatorial Guinea is a **planetary vibrational node**. It  
doesn't look like it on the maps.  
It does not proclaim it in the news.  
But in its streets, in its jungles, in its skies,  
**the secret truth beats every day**.

## **Here, the sacred and the wild intersect.**

- Here the dead visit unannounced.
- Here the animals speak without words.
- Here wars are fought without a trace.
- Here time can be doubled.
- Here the day does not frighten the night.

Here, **people don't need to see to believe...**  
Because they *believe because they feel*.  
Because it *feels because it remembers*.  
Because he *remembers because it is in his blood*.

## **This file is not a document.**

It is a **narrative pact**.  
It is a **vibrational testimony**.  
It is an **act of active memory**.

To let the world know...  
So that our people do not forget...  
So that the mystery is not erased by cement or bureaucracy.

## **If you have read this ...**

...you are not just a reader.

**You are a threshold guardian.**

You have  
crossed over.  
You have  
remembered.

And now, like us, **you know that Equatorial Guinea is not just a country: it is a portal.**

An enchanted country.  
But not asleep.

A country observed.  
But not yet understood.

And if the world continues to laugh at our truths...  
**who laughs.**

Because when the veil falls,  
they will be the ones to ask how we knew before.

## **Final verdict:**

\*Guinea is not witchcraft.  
Guinea is a border.  
Guinea is mirror. Guinea  
is message.

And those who inhabit this land...  
are not mere inhabitants.

They are the bearers of the echo of the invisible.





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Equatorial Guinea: The Enchanted Country™"**

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