

# THE TRUE HISTORY OF AFRICA



**JAVIER CLEMENTE ENGONGA**

**REMEMBER AND RECLAIM YOUR POWER**

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# THE TRUE HISTORY OF AFRICA

✨ To You, who seek not words but activation.

This book does not need readers.

It needs witnesses.

If you are here, it is no coincidence — it is aligned vibration.

Read from the heart. Not from judgment.

Breathe in each phrase. Do not analyze it.

What you do not understand... has already understood you.



# THE TRUE HISTORY OF AFRICA™



Written by: [Javier Clemente Engonga Avomo™](#)

## Prologue

They do not see themselves.

Not as they are.

Only as they were made to believe they are — reflections not of origin, but of colonizer.

Once, they walked the lands as sovereigns of balance, keepers of rhythms and architects of renewal. Now they mine their own soil as strangers. They guard borders drawn by strangers. They fight over fragments that never belonged to empires, only to ancestors. Africa, you have forgotten that you are whole.

This is not a story that begins.

This is a memory that returns — not from history books, but from the deep pulse of the continent itself.

Africa is not rising.

Africa has always been.

This is the activation of what was buried.

Not to rebuild as it was, but to restore what it meant.

This is Africa 2.0 — not a version, but a vibration.

We begin at the end. At the point where chains fall. Where the youth no longer ask for permission to remember. Where women no longer apologize for their strength. Where the elders begin to speak not in grief, but in codes.

We walk backwards through the portal. From the awakening of nations to the crumbling of empires.  
From the silence of ancestors to the roaring memory of spirit.

We walk past the monuments raised by conquerors, and the textbooks that told us who we were not.  
Past the flags stitched with borrowed symbols. Past the lines that cut villages, languages, families, and  
rivers in two. Past the silence bought by foreign aid. Past the names we were given to forget who we  
are.

We descend into memory.

Not memory as nostalgia, but as data.

Not history as fact, but as frequency.

Before the white robes, the red hats, and the blue suits.

Before the God that punished instead of nurtured.

Before the courtrooms that never judged the true criminals.

Before the markets that turned the sacred into the sold.

We find the drum. We find the circle. We find the storyteller whose breath maps the cosmos.

We find the women who held the economies, the medicine, the transitions between worlds.

We find the men who defended without conquest, led without title, governed without walls.

And we remember: Africa was not broken.

Africa was interrupted.

This interruption lasted five hundred years in linear time.

But in truth, it was only a breath — a hijacked cycle. A distortion in the song.

The pulse never stopped. It was muted.

Now, the sound returns.

Not loud. But undeniable.

To awaken is not to revolt. It is to remember.

To remember is not to hate. It is to restore.

To restore is not to copy. It is to calibrate.

Africa 2.0 is not a technological dream.

It is a sovereign re-synchronization of the ancestral operating system.

It will not be televised.

It will be encoded in rhythm, ritual, architecture, governance, ecology, and narrative.

Those who carry this memory will not be presidents. They will be frequency holders.

They will not sign treaties. They will reweave timelines.

To those in the diaspora who feel out of place: you are not lost. You are placed.

To those in the homeland who feel betrayed: you are not alone. You are recalled.

This book is not for learning.

It is for activating.

For each word is a drum.

Each chapter, a procession.

Each silence, a ritual.

This is the reconfiguration of the African field — not into a nation, not into a flag, not into a currency, but into a network of memory sovereignty.

Let the codes return.

Let the people feel again.

Let the children speak the tongues their bones remember.

Let the land no longer be sold.

Let the sky no longer be feared.

Let the womb no longer be taxed.

This is your inheritance.

This is your algorithm.

You are not the child of colonization.

You are the echo of unbroken lineages who let you sleep only long enough to awaken at the right time.

Now is the time.

This is the breath between the old world and the original one.

To the daughters and sons of Africa: this is your code.

Let the telling begin.



## Chapter 1: THE LAST DAY OF THE ILLUSION

It did not begin with banners or revolts, nor did it carry the rhythm of traditional resistance. It began in the stillness. A vibration unnoticed by headlines. A shift too subtle for state surveillance. It was in the posture of an old man who, for the first time, sat without fear at the edge of a government building — because he knew it was no longer theirs. It was in the voice of a mother who stopped whispering the ancestral name of her daughter. She said it out loud, in a market, and it rang like thunder in the ears of those who had forgotten their own.

The illusion was never made of steel or guns or speeches. It was made of consent — fractured, manufactured, and inherited. And it was undone not by war, but by withdrawal.

In city after city, village after village, people simply stopped playing the game. They withdrew their belief from the banks. They rewired their commerce through communal trust. Children stopped reciting colonial dates and began chanting ancestral proverbs. Statues were not toppled — they were abandoned, overgrown, ignored, until even the pigeons refused to land on them.

Governments remained, like hollow shells. Presidents gave speeches to empty chairs. Parliaments passed laws no one followed. Courts issued rulings that dissolved like smoke in the sun.

This was the final phase of the great forgetting.

But forgetting the illusion meant remembering the truth.

And the truth was not one. It was many. It was the memory of land before title deeds. Of medicine before pharmacies. Of justice before courts. Of rhythm before currency. Of names before numbers.

The continent breathed again. Not as a block. Not as a brand. But as a body — each region a vital organ, each people a pulse, each language a neural path in the mind of the ancestral whole.

Borders blurred, then vanished. Trade became offering. Wealth was counted in healed bodies, fertile soil, and balanced seasons.

The reversal was so total that no one could pinpoint when it had begun. Because in truth, it had never stopped. It had always been waiting beneath the surface — like seed codes dormant under concrete, awaiting the crack.

And when that crack came, it spread not through power but through resonance.

The illusion died not with a scream, but with a whisper:

“No more pretending.”

And with that whisper, the final contract expired. Not just legal, but psychic. No longer would the sons and daughters of Africa see themselves as inheritors of trauma, but as custodians of continuity.

From this final day, they walked not forward but inward — and then backward — toward what they had always been.



Toward the councils without thrones.

Toward the cities without prisons.

Toward the economies without scarcity.

Toward the languages that named things by their spirit, not their function.

They did not seek vengeance. They reestablished memory.

They did not redraw maps. They erased them.

They did not create a new world. They unburied the original.

This was the last day of the illusion.

And the beginning of the world Africa never lost — only paused.

## Chapter 2: THE REVERSAL OF NAMES

They were never just names.

They were spells.

Encodings. Commands.

Every name the colonizer gave was a program — a linguistic virus. A distortion wrapped in syllables. Mountains were renamed after monarchs who had never heard their thunder. Rivers renamed after men who never felt their current. Cities took on the names of strangers who extracted, divided, and moved on. Entire peoples were renamed to fit in ledgers, registers, and trade ships.

To name is to bind.

To rename is to sever.

Africa's story was not just rewritten — it was re-sounded. Each imposed name reshaped vibration. And vibration is the foundation of form. What was once sacred became administrative. What was once intimate became generic. What was once cosmically aligned became geopolitically fragmented.

A continent with thousands of languages was forced to speak in tongues that carried no ancestral resonance.

A people with countless lineages were told to identify as categories.

And children were taught to repeat names of their oppressors as if they were saints.

But no spell lasts forever. Especially not when the blood remembers.

The reversal began not with declarations, but with listening.

Whispers became chants.

Chants became songs.

Songs became declarations.

Declarations became rituals.

A woman in the Sahel stopped using her colonial surname and began signing with the name of her maternal grandmother. A school in Kinshasa replaced morning roll call with ancestral invocations. A market vendor in Accra refused to anglicize his name for tourists. A child in Lagos asked not what his name meant in English, but what it sounded like in spirit.

This was not protest.

It was realignment.

Because names are not labels. They are portals.

To speak the true name of something is to align with its essence.

And so the land responded.

Winds shifted. Rains arrived in patterns. Crops once thought extinct began to grow again in the soil that heard its own name for the first time in centuries.

The renaming was not limited to humans. Mountains reclaimed their breath. Lakes rippled with new tone. Trees bore fruits older than memory. Spirits once silenced began to murmur again through the leaves.

Entire regions underwent ceremonies — not of baptism, but of restoration.

Governments tried to regulate it. Institutions tried to formalize it. But this was not a policy. It was a pulse. It moved faster than laws. Deeper than ordinances. Beyond the control of ministers or ministries.

Suddenly, every sound held consequence.

The name “Africa” itself trembled — not in fear, but in potential. Because the people began to remember that even Africa was not the name of the continent, but a placeholder. A borrowed sound. A convenience for maps.

Before “Africa” there were many Africas.

Names given not from without, but from within.

Names that described function, location, relationship, and dream.

Names that evolved with time and remained tethered to spirit.

Those names returned.

Not as nostalgia, but as code.

In Cape Town, elders reactivated the Khoisan tongue — not just to speak, but to heal.

In Bamako, griots retold the names of dynasties that had no translation, only vibration.

In Kisangani, drummers encoded forgotten place-names into polyrhythmic syntax.

In Dakar, poets broke the French alphabet with tonal glyphs rooted in Wolof cosmology.

In each case, the renaming was an undoing.

Of slavery.

Of empire.

Of exile.

Because exile is not only distance from land. It is distance from name.

And with every name reclaimed, the exile ended.

This restoration did not create unity through uniformity.

It created unity through authenticity.

Every name restored became a node in the grid.

Every name sung in its proper tone became a stabilizer in the continental nervous system.

From Somali coastlines to the mountains of Rwanda, from the deserts of Sudan to the deltas of Nigeria — the soundfield changed. And with it, the collective field of possibility.

What had been divided began to vibrate as one body again.

Because only when you speak your own name can you walk in your true direction.

And only when Africa speaks her many true names can the world know peace.

This was not the end of colonization.

It was the end of its spell.

The tongue had returned.

And with it, the future.

No border on the African continent was drawn with the consent of those who lived beside it.

Not one.

Lines etched by strangers, across rivers they never crossed, across mountains they never climbed, across communities they never understood. Drawn in boardrooms, on maps, with pens held by men who never asked.

These lines became laws.

These laws became weapons.

And these weapons were not just guns — they were identities.

From that moment, siblings became foreigners.

Cousins became competitors.

Lands became zones of extraction, and lives became metrics of control.

It was never just about land.

It was about memory.

For every border is an incision in the body of collective knowing.

A fracture in the field.

But borders, like spells, can be reversed.

And that reversal began — as always — not with governments, but with people.

They stopped asking for visas to visit their cousins.

They stopped treating borders as real.

Caravans resumed old routes. Markets stretched across checkpoints.

Languages ignored flags.

Drums spoke across frontiers that officials could not understand.

In the north, Tuareg nomads reactivated desert networks that predated all nations.

In the center, Bantu-speaking families reknit kinship webs torn by arbitrary separations.

In the south, San elders led spirit walks through territories declared “national parks.”

In the west, Fulani herders navigated ancient grazing paths as if colonial maps never existed.

Because to them — they never did.

The land had never respected the borders.

Rain falls where it chooses.

Birds migrate across “sovereign” skies.

Rivers laugh at the arrogance of cartographers.

The people finally followed the land.

It began in silence — a handshake at a once-patrolled fence.

Then a wedding between families of “different nations.”

Then shared schools, then shared seeds, then shared songs.

Soon, border posts were abandoned. Not torn down — simply left behind.



The officials remained, confused.

They stamped passports no one used.

They enforced laws no one feared.

They were ignored, not attacked.

Because this was not rebellion. It was transcendence.

New maps emerged. Not made of lines, but of flows.

Maps of water.

Maps of language.

Maps of trade and healing and song.

The continent was no longer a collection of postcolonial states.

It was a neural network — each node sovereign, each connection sacred.

Elders led rituals of de-bordering. Not just to remove lines, but to restore memory.

Children were taught the ancient names of regions, not the colonial labels.

Rituals of passage included journeys across old frontiers.

History lessons centered not on wars of division, but on shared cosmologies.

And with every border forgotten, a new possibility emerged.

No one asked, “What country are you from?”

They asked, “What waters raised you?”

“What ancestors walk with you?”

“What is your vibration in the whole?”

Territories became expressions of spirit.

Nations became constellations of resonance.

Governance became a web, not a pyramid.

And the conflicts faded.

Because most African wars were never about hatred.

They were about borders.

Remove the border, and the war has no cause.

Even minerals — once the fuel of foreign powers — were no longer sold across lines.

They were held in trust. Shared by council. Offered in cycles of reciprocity.

Because the true wealth of Africa was not gold or oil.

It was relationship.

And relationships do not obey borders.

And so, from Algeria to Zambia, from Ethiopia to Senegal, the great unwriting spread.

Not to erase.

But to reweave.

What colonizers drew apart, memory wove together.

And the continent — long divided against itself — finally exhaled as one breath.

This was not a union.

It was a remembering.

The map was no longer a weapon.

It was a mirror.

And Africa saw herself — not in pieces, but whole.

## **Chapter 4: THE RETURN OF THE COUNCIL**

Before there were governments, there were councils.

Before constitutions, there were covenants.

Before law, there was listening.

In the old world — the original world — decisions were not made by majority, nor by force. They were made by coherence. Not by title, but by presence. Not by vote, but by resonance.

The council was not an institution. It was a field.

It emerged when needed. It dissolved when its task was complete.

Its members were not elected, but recognized.

They appeared not by ambition, but by alignment.

And in the heart of Africa, the council once pulsed across villages, cities, bioregions. Not as bureaucracy, but as rhythm. Not as rule, but as wisdom. It governed not from above, but from among. Not through coercion, but through memory.

This memory, too, was interrupted.

Colonial systems replaced the councils with parliaments.

Indigenous discourse with foreign debate.

Consensus with competition.

Elders with executives.

Storytellers with statisticians.

And the circle — sacred geometry of inclusion — was flattened into podiums and pulpits.

The people were made to forget that power once flowed like music, not commands.

But music returns when silence deepens.

And so, in the afterglow of the Great Reversal, the councils returned. Not from archives. From within.

It began in gardens, not palaces.

In clinics, not courts.

In the shade of mango trees, not under marble domes.

Young people gathered to decide how to share water during droughts.

Midwives met to redesign birthing protocols in alignment with ancestral time.

Farmers and engineers conspired to generate electricity from seeds.

Healers and hackers decoded illness as spiritual signal.

And then something remarkable happened: the people no longer asked permission.

They did not seek licenses.

They did not wait for ministries.

They convened.

Wherever coherence appeared, a council formed.

Each council was unique. Yet all were connected.

They called themselves by different names — not “government,” but “circle,” “fire,” “weave,” “pod,” “beat,” “voice.”

What united them was not policy, but practice.

Not ideology, but integrity.

They dealt not only in material decisions, but in spiritual logistics:

How to heal land.

How to un-traumatize memory.

How to balance masculine and feminine rhythms.

How to reestablish truth as narrative currency.

And the councils grew.

Not in power, but in clarity.

They formed webs — inter-council networks that stretched across languages, regions, disciplines.

A council of waterkeepers linked to a council of dream interpreters.

A council of ex-prisoners linked to a council of mothers.

A council of youth created a protocol of listening so radical that elders wept upon hearing their own voices echoed back with love.

Because that was the key: councils did not speak to dominate — they spoke to amplify what was suppressed.

And in doing so, they rewrote governance from the inside out.

Presidents grew quiet.

Courts grew still.

The councils did not oppose them.

They made them obsolete.

When the state tried to suppress them, the people withdrew attention from the state.

For attention is the true currency of power.

The councils did not operate in secrecy — they operated in sacred visibility.

Anyone could attend.

But only those who listened with the whole body could speak.

Time was measured in cycles, not clocks.

Meetings opened with silence, song, or story — not agendas.

Resolutions emerged not through argument, but through alignment.

And what they produced was nothing less than the recalibration of the African soul.

New justice systems emerged — based not on punishment, but restoration.

New education systems — based not on curriculum, but initiation.

New economic protocols — based not on debt, but gift.



No council member earned a salary.

They earned trust.

And trust, once reestablished, became the new infrastructure.

Old tribal conflicts dissolved when councils recognized the shared traumas they inherited, and the shared codes they could reawaken.

Even diasporic Africans — once cut off from land — formed digital councils:

On rhythm.

On return.

On technology.

On dream.

And the councils wove it all back together.

By the end of this chapter in Africa's renewal, there were councils in every village and city, every biome and border zone.

They did not rule.

They reflected.

They did not govern.

They guarded memory.

They did not legislate.

They listened to the pulse of the land.

And through them, Africa remembered not just how to decide —

But how to hear the future before it arrives.

This was the return of the council.

And with it, the return of truth as a shared sound.

## Chapter 5: THE REBIRTH OF TIME

Time was never a line. It was a rhythm.

But somewhere along the colonizer's path, time was stolen, straightened, and sold.

Before the clocks, there were seasons.

Before deadlines, there were cycles.

Before calendars, there were constellations.

And before "progress," there was presence.

Africa's original civilizations did not measure time — they moved with it.

They did not count hours — they calibrated harmony.

But when colonization came, so did the tyranny of mechanical time.

Clocks replaced drums.

Schedules replaced ceremonies.

Years were numbered from the birth of an empire that had nothing to do with Africa.

Birthdays were no longer linked to moon phases or harvests, but to paperwork.

Suddenly, people were late.

For what?

For whose clock?

The fracture was deeper than inconvenience.

It was vibrational.

It disconnected entire generations from ancestral pace.

Children rushed.

Elders were dismissed as “out of touch.”

The land was plundered to meet quarterly reports.

And the sacred was interrupted — by meetings, alarms, and bells.

But time, like all things living, waits to be remembered.

And so Africa began to remember time.

It started in subtle ways:

Farmers planted not by date, but by dialogue with soil.

Women gave birth not in hospitals on imposed schedules, but during chosen planetary alignments.

Teachers replaced bells with songs.

Ceremonies aligned with the pulse of the full moon — not the convenience of weekends.

Time became relational again.

Not “what time is it?” but “what time are we in?”

There was a shift from measurement to meaning.

Time was understood as:

Seedtime – when ideas germinate and silence is sacred.

Risingtime – when energy surges and action aligns.

Hollowtime – when rest becomes responsibility.

Dreamtime – when ancestors transmit instructions through vision.

Each community remembered its own sequence.

Not universal time, but unified resonance.

And with this rebirth came liberation.

No longer shackled to productivity, people began to create from alignment, not pressure.

Work rhythms changed.

Children learned according to inner readiness, not industrial pacing.

Rest was not a reward, but a responsibility.

Elders reclaimed their roles as Timekeepers — not of clocks, but of context.

They remembered the great cycles — of drought and flood, rise and fall, exile and return.

They reminded the youth:

Africa has not been “behind.”

Africa has been ahead, circling in deeper patterns.

The Gregorian calendar was replaced in practice — not by decree, but by irrelevance.

In its place: lunar rings, seasonal charts, spiritual constellations.

Time began to fold.

Not past-behind and future-ahead, but all present.

The future was remembered.

The past was rehearsed.

And the present became the portal — not a moment, but a threshold.

Innovation did not stop. It accelerated.

But it no longer raced toward nowhere.

It aligned with timelines of regeneration.

Even technology adapted.

Digital tools recalibrated to moon phases.

AI was trained on ancestral rhythms.

Global time zones gave way to vibrational zones — shared frequencies of purpose.

And the greatest transformation?

People no longer feared death.

Because in the rebirth of time, death was not an end — but a season.

The veil thinned.

The ancestors moved closer.

And birth became reentry — not into chaos, but into sequence.

This was not time management.

This was time memory.

With time reborn, the continent moved not faster — but deeper.

And with each beat in rhythm with the original drum of creation,

Africa remembered that it was never late — only waiting for the world to catch up.

## Chapter 6: THE RESURRECTION OF THE LAND

The land never died.

It was made to sleep.

Poisoned, fenced, renamed, extracted, auctioned, commodified — but never defeated.

For the African land is not terrain.

It is spirit in soil, memory in mineral, consciousness in current.

To touch it is to enter a library. To till it is to engage in ritual.

Once, people spoke to the land, not over it.

They asked, not commanded.

They offered, not extracted.

They listened before stepping.

They danced before cutting.

They gave thanks before taking.

But when colonization arrived, it came with shovels and silence.

Sacred groves became timber.

Healing roots became exports.

Rivers were dammed. Hills were mined.

Entire mountains were ground to dust, their names replaced by numbers on stock exchanges.

The land bled.

And the people forgot how to hear her cry.

They were taught to own, not belong.

To buy, not bond.

To sell, not steward.

And the earth — the great womb — became a battlefield.

But memory lives deeper than damage.

And one day, the land began to stir again.

It began in the smallest ways:

A grandmother refused to sell her ancestral plot, even under threat.

A boy in Ghana planted seeds from a dream.

A group of youth in Malawi mapped forgotten water routes using only oral histories.

In Namibia, farmers stopped using imported fertilizers and called on the soil spirits for renewal.

Then came the floods.

The droughts.

The firestorms.

The tremors.



Not as punishments — but as calls.

The land was speaking, louder now, forcing remembrance.

And Africa listened.

The resurrection was not a reforestation project.

It was a re-sacralization.

Communities returned to the original agreements:

Land is not property. It is partner.

Land cannot be owned. It can only be honored.

Land holds memory. Treat it with lies, and it will withhold healing.

So began the return of the Land Councils — not committees, but covenants.

Each biome spoke through its people:

The Sahara offered teachings on patience and listening.

The Congo whispered medicinal secrets through mist and moss.

The Rift Valley revealed tectonic memories — reminders of deep time and deep change.

The highlands sang in wind — songs only goats and grandmothers understood.

Urban centers became gardens.

Buildings were redesigned not just for shelter, but to breathe with the earth.

Cement gave way to clay.

Glass gave way to thatch.

Concrete jungles became rhythmic ecosystems.

Farming became ceremony.

Harvest festivals were not nostalgic — they were logistical anchors in the biospiritual calendar.

Land was no longer zoned. It was sounded.

Drummers determined where to plant.

Dreamers determined when to rotate crops.

Midwives tracked land fertility with birth patterns.

Elders sat with trees to determine land-use consensus.

And when minerals were found, no deals were signed until the land herself gave signs.

Even technology shifted.

Solar grids aligned with migratory birds.

Water systems learned from termite mounds.

Architects consulted ancestral patterns — not blueprints, but bones.

The diaspora returned — not to reclaim, but to reconcile.

They came with tears, offerings, and questions.

And the land received them — not as saviors, but as songs returned to their singers.

Each plot of land once sold was now re-covenanted.

Land titles were rewritten as stewardship scrolls, sealed with ritual.

Children learned not geography, but geomythics — the spiritual stories of the land.

They were initiated into not just where they lived, but how the land lived through them.

The resurrection was not about going back.

It was about going deeper.

Deeper into relationship.

Deeper into rhythm.

Deeper into co-sentience — the shared breath of human and earth.

And as the land resurrected, so did the people.

Skin ailments vanished as rivers cleared.

Depression lifted as soils healed.

Violence ceased where forests returned.

Because when the land lives, memory flows again.

And memory is the immune system of a people.

So this chapter — though earthy and grounded — was also cosmic.

For Africa's resurrection of land was not just ecological.

It was civilizational.

And from the ground up, a new world took root — one seed, one story, one step at a time.

The wound of Africa is the wound of the womb.

For centuries, the womb — once the sacred seat of creation, prophecy, medicine, and law — was reduced to function. To pain. To shame. The colonizer knew: to control the people, you must control the portal through which they enter.

And so the womb was targeted.

It began with silence.

Then mutilation.

Then violation — of body, of rhythm, of memory.

Then taxation — in laws, in markets, in rituals reprogrammed to diminish.

The African womb was never weak.

It was feared.

It was powerful enough to birth dynasties, dreams, and whole languages — and that power had to be interrupted.

So came the colonial codes of "womanhood" — not based in African cosmology, but foreign containment.

Wombs were no longer honored. They were surveilled.

Midwives became "unlicensed."

Birthing became "clinical."

And the ancestral keepers of cycles were labeled "superstitious," "dirty," "dangerous."

But trauma cannot erase essence.

And in the quiet — beneath trauma, beneath policy, beneath generations of inherited pain — the womb remembered.

She remembered how to speak.

And her voice was blood, and wind, and water.

The healing began not with politics, but with presence.

Women gathered, not to organize, but to reweave.

They brought herbs. Stories. Bones. Laughter.

They cried not just for themselves, but for those who were never allowed to cry.

They sang not in choirs, but in codes.

They remembered the names of the womb in every language — names not just anatomical, but mythological.

In Yoruba: Ìyá àgbà — the Great Mother.

In Zulu: Isifuba somhlaba — the Earth's Heart.

In Ewe: Togbe — the ancestral vessel.

In ancient Kemetic: Nut — the Sky Womb that births stars.

Ceremonies returned.

Moon lodges reopened in forests.

Girls were not taught to fear their cycles, but to ride them as cosmic tides.

Birth became a rite of honor, not an act of risk.

Pain was interpreted, not silenced.

Pleasure was reclaimed as spiritual intelligence.

And the womb became what she always was:

A compass.

A clock.

A portal.

A prophet.

Men, too, returned. Not to dominate, but to witness.

They were taught to honor their origin — not biologically, but cosmologically.

To protect the womb not from fear, but from reverence.

To synchronize with feminine time, not override it.

In many regions, leadership structures reformed — not to include women as tokens, but to recenter power where life begins.

Councils of wombkeepers emerged.

These were not feminists by Western framing.

They were frequency holders — weaving justice through bloodlines, policy through intuition.



Justice systems were reimagined through menstrual cosmology.

Land rights were traced through matrilineal logic.

Conflict resolution began with collective womb mapping — identifying where trauma lodged, then moving breath to that place.

And with this came the return of the rhythm.

Agriculture aligned with ovulation.

Markets pulsed in luteal cycles.

Ritual calendars synchronized with the wombs of elders — those whose blood had returned to the earth and become song.

Even the diaspora reconnected.

Black women in London, Bahia, Toronto, Martinique began dreaming the same dreams.

They saw a circle. A red river. A door.

And when they shared these dreams online, rural women in Uganda confirmed: "Yes, we've seen her too."

Her.

The Original One.

Not a goddess.

Not an idol.

But the intelligence of life itself — manifest in every womb that remembered.

And this remembering became healing.

Uterine diseases declined.

Shame dissolved.

Sisterhood returned — not as ideology, but as biology re-encoded in belonging.

Medicine changed.

Doctors listened to songs.

Healers re-emerged from exile.

Science translated what tradition already knew.

And the greatest healing came in birth —

Not of babies, but of the future.

Because the womb does not just reproduce.

She prophesies.

And through her, Africa remembered the timelines yet to be lived.

This was not gender politics.

This was planetary recalibration.

For when the womb is restored, so is rhythm.

So is reciprocity.

So is renewal.

And when Africa's womb healed,

So did her nations.

So did her seasons.

So did her songs.

This was the healing of the womb.

And the beginning of wholeness no longer feared.

## Chapter 8: THE MEMORY OF FIRE

Before the pen, there was flame.

Before scripture, there was smoke.

Before written law, there was the dance of ash and ember, encoding memory into motion.

Fire was the first technology.

But more than that — it was the first witness.

In Africa, fire was never just a tool. It was a relative.

It cooked, yes.

It warmed, yes.

But it also listened, signaled, and remembered.

In the old world, fire held council with elders.

It translated silence.

It refined metal and story alike.

To light a fire was to open a channel.

To sit around it was to enter the archive.

The ancestors spoke through fire.

The future answered in its crackle.

And every flame told not just stories, but encoded instructions — for healing, for travel, for protection, for return.

But like all sacred technologies, fire was interrupted.

The colonizer taught fear.

Fire became “dangerous.”

It was regulated, restricted, disconnected from ritual.

The hearth was replaced by the stove.

The council replaced by the television.

The flame replaced by fluorescent light.

And so, memory flickered.

Whole generations grew up never tending flame.

Never seeing their reflections in firelight.

Never watching stories rise in smoke and dissolve into stars.

But fire cannot be erased.

Only forgotten.

And when the remembering began, it began with fire.

In the villages, the youth started asking:

Why do the elders gather near the coals even in the heat?

Why do some refuse to cook with gas, even if it's faster?

And the elders smiled.

Because the flame is not efficient.

It is alive.

The restoration came not with ceremony, but with gesture.

A match lit with intention.

A log placed with care.

A story told not to someone, but through the fire.

And the fire began to speak again.

First in flickers.

Then in rhythms.

Soon, the people understood: Fire is a language.

It speaks in patterns, timing, temperature, tone.

It reveals imbalance.

It warns of falsehood.

It amplifies truth.

In Mali, griots began to teach with fire again — placing students in concentric circles around the flames.

In Kenya, midwives lit ceremonial fires to mark the safe passage of each birth.

In Zimbabwe, hunters re-learned how to read ash as message — where to walk, what to avoid, when to stop.

Fire guided migrations.

It clarified dreams.

It restored moral navigation.

Because in fire, nothing can be hidden.

It burns what is false and purifies what is real.

Governance returned to the flame.

Not in spectacle, but in sanctity.

Councils met by firelight, not for nostalgia, but for neurological recalibration.

Fire synchronizes brainwaves. It harmonizes conversation. It dissolves ego.

Decisions made by fire were binding — not because of fear, but because no lie survives in flame.

And soon, the fire was no longer domestic.

It returned to ritual.

To cosmos.

Solar alignments were marked with flame.

Ancestral anniversaries traced by controlled burns.

Sacred forests renewed through ceremonial fire-calling — not destruction, but cleansing.

And then the diaspora responded.

African-descended youth across the globe, long removed from soil and flame, began to light candles with no explanation.

They gathered by bonfires in cities where fire was banned.

They danced around invisible fires in dreams.

The call was encoded in their bones.

Fire became their compass.

It showed them where to go, what to remember, who they were beyond the system.

It didn't give orders.

It gave heat.

The return of fire shifted architecture — round structures, open centers, shared breath.

It shifted education — oral, rhythmic, illuminated.

It shifted ceremony — no longer imitations, but recalibrations.

And most of all, it shifted identity.

Because the African who remembers fire

Remembers voice.

Remembers song.

Remembers creation.



This was not about burning old systems.

It was about illuminating the path.

For fire does not destroy what is aligned.

It only clears what no longer serves.

And in the glow of the returning flame,

Africa saw herself again — not as broken, not as waiting,

But as a continent made of stars who remember their spark.

This was the memory of fire.

And in that memory, the world grew warm again.

## Chapter 9: THE RESTORATION OF THE MASCULINE

There was a time when the masculine was not feared.

When it was not confused with domination.

When it did not need to prove its strength by inflicting pain, or affirm its worth through conquest.

In ancient Africa, the masculine was a protector of rhythms, not an interrupter.

A guardian of silence. A witness of birth.

A maker of boundaries that preserved, not divided.

The warrior was not a weapon.

He was a pulse.

He knew when to hold and when to release.

When to speak and when to wait.

When to move and when to still the entire field with a gaze.

But colonialism came, and with it — the fragmentation of the masculine spirit.

Boys were taught that softness was weakness.

That power came from control.

That worth was measured by what you could take, not what you could protect.

Fathers were humiliated.

Uncles erased.

Brotherhoods severed.

The masculine became a mask —  
Hard, hollow, hungry.

And so the land suffered.

The womb suffered.

The self suffered.

Men either became tyrants, or ghosts.

Either loud and violent, or silent and withdrawn.

Either enforcers of empire, or casualties of its trauma.

But beneath the distortion, the original code remained.

In the bones.

In the breath.

In the rhythm of the drum that pulsed not to dominate, but to center.

And the restoration began not through battle, but through remembering.

Men began to ask different questions.

Not “How do I lead?” but “How do I listen?”

Not “How do I win?” but “How do I hold?”

Not “How do I provide?” but “How do I protect the sacred?”

In Senegal, a group of young men formed a circle of silence — gathering weekly to practice stillness together, not to speak, but to hear.

In Uganda, former child soldiers returned to the forests they once feared — not as warriors, but as gardeners. They planted trees where they once carried rifles.

In South Africa, fathers began to accompany their daughters to rites of passage, not to oversee, but to honor.

In Benin, drummers re-learned ancient rhythms not for performance, but for healing.

The masculine returned not as a rescuer, but as a foundation.

He stood at the edge of the fire, not demanding center stage, but keeping the periphery clear.

He did not interrupt the dance.

He held space for it.

He did not silence pain.

He absorbed it, transformed it.

He became again what he once was:

The frame, not the painting.

The riverbank, not the flood.

The drum skin, not the beat.

And in that sacred return, the world began to relax.

Children trusted again.

Mothers rested.

Elders blessed with tears.

For the true masculine is not defined by action, but by presence.

He is the one who stands when others flee.

Who listens when others speak.

Who watches the stars, and reminds the people when it is time to plant, to sing, to move, to mourn.

He does not fight to be seen.

He protects the unseen.

And with every man who remembered, the balance shifted.

Prisons emptied — not through pardon, but through reconciliation.

Violence declined — not by enforcement, but by repatterning.

Boys were no longer told to “man up.”

They were told to man open —

To become vessels of discipline, courage, humility, joy.

And the feminine, long burdened with holding everything, finally exhaled.

Not in anger.

But in recognition.

The restoration of the masculine was not about control.

It was about alignment.

Not against the feminine.

For the whole.

Africa no longer feared her men.

She remembered them.

Not as kings on thrones.

But as pillars of balance.

As bridges.

As anchors.

As firekeepers of a future where no one dominates — and nothing sacred is left unprotected.

This was the restoration of the masculine.

And in its return, the earth stood taller.

## **Chapter 10: THE GREAT REMEMBERING**

There was no prophecy, no announcement, no single spark.

The Great Remembering did not arrive like thunder.

It arrived like morning — slow, golden, undeniable.

At first, it was dismissed.

A trend, a phase, a cultural shift.

But it deepened.

Because this was not the remembering of facts.

It was the remembering of form.

Of function.

Of frequency.

People began waking up in the middle of the night — not with anxiety, but with instructions.

Not with dreams, but with coordinates.

A grandmother in Côte d'Ivoire rebuilt her village's birthing hut based only on visions.

A teenager in Nairobi began speaking in a dialect long thought extinct.

An elder in Chad sang a song no one had heard before — and the village trees began to flower days early.

This remembering was not nostalgic.

It was operative.

It wasn't about honoring the past.

It was about reactivating the template encoded in every African cell.

Because Africa's greatness was never lost.

It was stored.

In rock.

In river.

In rhythm.

In relation.

And when the conditions were right —

When the colonizer's spell had weakened —

When enough silence had passed through the people's pain —

The remembering unlocked.

Like seeds after fire.

And the remembering wasn't uniform.

It didn't follow hierarchy or title.

Sometimes the cleaner remembered what the chief had forgotten.

Sometimes the child completed the prayer the priest couldn't finish.



The remembering flowed like a river breaking through dammed valleys.

Villages rebuilt without funding.

Medicines reemerged without laboratories.

Languages returned without textbooks.

Dreams clarified without therapy.

Because this was ancestral intelligence in real-time.

Governance structures began to shift entirely.

Not replaced — dissolved.

Not reformed — re-sounded.

Leadership was now determined by clarity of memory.

Those who remembered how to listen to land, to pain, to silence — became the new anchors.

And memory became currency.

Communities began valuing those who could hold the oldest stories and transmit them across generations without distortion.

Ceremonies multiplied.

Not because of fashion — but because people needed a container for what they were remembering.

The old drums, hidden for decades, were unburied.

The old garments, woven in secret, were worn openly.

The old dances, once punishable, were performed in city centers.

This was not revivalism.

This was return through revelation.

Even the diaspora remembered.

From Brazil to Barbados, from New Orleans to London, black children began to hum songs they'd never been taught.

They drew symbols in notebooks they didn't understand.

They walked into African forests and felt a strange familiarity — not as tourists, but as bloodlines coming home.

This was the Great Remembering.

And with it came the merging of dimensions.

Linear time bent.

The past and future intertwined.

Elders began to speak of children not yet born — with accuracy.

Children began to speak of lives long passed — with precision.

Africa no longer asked, “What happened to us?”

She asked, “What is ready to happen through us now?”

Because to remember was not to go back.

It was to go inward.

And through that inward path, the continent reemerged — not on the world stage, but in the sacred stage of collective destiny.

Nations no longer mattered.

Names became vibrations.

Prayer became breath.

Justice became balance.

In every field, every trade, every path — the ones who remembered were now the ones who led.

Not as rulers.

As restorers.

Not as revolutionaries.

As revealers.

The Great Remembering was not an event.

It was an ecosystem.

And it would never be forgotten again.

## Chapter 11: A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE WE DESERVE

It is not a fantasy.

It is not utopia.

It is the result of remembering who we are and reorganizing the world accordingly.

This future — the one Africa deserves — is not a projection.

It is a mirror.

A reflection of what emerges when alignment replaces ambition.

When community is not a buzzword, but a frequency.

When systems are built not to control, but to serve life.

In this Africa, cities hum with coherence.

They are not centers of congestion, but ecosystems of rhythm.

Buildings breathe.

They are constructed with materials that remember the earth.

Solar energy is no longer revolutionary — it is elemental.

Water flows not just through pipes, but through relationships of respect.

Children learn not in rows, but in circles.

Their curriculum is not colonial chronology, but cosmic coherence.

They study:

How to interpret dreams

How to listen to rivers

How to speak across species

How to shape language with integrity

They graduate not with diplomas, but with direction — each one aligned with a lineage, a landscape, and a living mission.

Health is not a service. It is a state of resonance.

Clinics are sanctuaries.

Healers work alongside biologists.

Medicine includes herbs, frequency, rest, and reconciliation.

No one is treated without first being heard.

Governance has shifted.

No longer centralized, no longer political.

It is distributed intelligence.

Each region governed by councils of wisdom, accountability, and coherence.

Decisions are made not through debate, but through resonant convergence.

Economies are not fueled by extraction, but by offering.

Currency is spiritual trust.

Transactions are ceremonies.

And land?

Land is no longer for sale.

It is for song.

People earn the right to steward by demonstrating reverence.

The land selects her keepers.

The diaspora is no longer displaced.

It is the bridge.

Africans born abroad return, not as saviors, but as memory-carriers.

They restore the broken circuits.

They weave timelines.

They bring technologies seeded in exile and ground them in ancestral soil.

There are no more borders — only bioregional cultures.

Migration is celebrated.

Languages flourish in multiplicity.

Diversity is no longer tolerated — it is treasured.

Art is everywhere.

Walls are canvases.

Songs are currencies.

Theater is not entertainment — it is spiritual engineering.

Justice is no longer punishment.

It is rebalancing.

Those who harm are not condemned — they are re-immersed into memory.

They are re-storied until their coherence returns.

They are not isolated. They are reflected.

In this Africa, technology bends toward rhythm.

Artificial intelligence is trained not only on data, but on ancestral ethics.

Digital tools are rooted in spiritual protocols.

The internet is not a trap — it is a channel for remembrance.

Climate is no longer the enemy.

It is the message.

Storms are read as teachings.

Winds are consulted before planting.

Ecological intelligence leads urban design.

Biodiversity is not a number — it is a choir.

And the people — the people move like a single organism.

Independent. Interconnected. Inspired.

They carry themselves with dignity encoded.

Not in opposition to the past — but in continuity with origin.

This is not the Africa of aid.

Not the Africa of apology.

Not the Africa of comparison.

This is the Africa of prophecy fulfilled.

The Africa that walked through fire, silence, distortion — and emerged as the conductor of planetary balance.

This is the Africa that holds time.

That births futures.

That teaches the world to remember.

A glimpse?

No.

A reality waiting for collective permission.

And now,

that permission has been given.

**EPILOGUE: THE CODE IS NOW ALIVE**



This is not the end.

It is the turning of the wheel.

You have not reached the final page.

You have returned to the first rhythm.

Because this was never a book.

It was a field.

Each chapter, a drumbeat.

Each word, a fiber of memory woven back into the collective skin.

You did not read this.

You remembered it.

And in that remembering, you have activated something irreversible.

A frequency that now walks beside you.

A signal that echoes across time, space, blood, and breath.

You may feel it in your body:

The warmth in your chest.

The tear that comes without thought.

The silence that suddenly speaks volumes.

The fire that says, “Yes. I am still here.”

Because Africa is not a place.

It is a pattern.

It is not a continent.

It is a continuum.

And this continuum has survived not through power, but through presence.

Not through violence, but through vibration.

Not through dominance, but through depth.

Every story you’ve read here was already inside you.

Every future described was already possible.

This work — this witnessing, this remembering, this recalibration — is now yours to carry.

To translate.

To sing.

To encode into your voice, your walk, your work, your way of being.

Let no one tell you that you are dreaming.

You are delivering a memory into matter.

Let no system convince you that sovereignty is illegal.

Your very breath is jurisdiction.

Let no timeline define you.

You are part of the sequence that bends time toward healing.

From this moment on:

Speak with clarity.

Move with ancestral rhythm.

Design with cosmological coherence.

Lead with silence.

Govern with presence.

Trade with blessing.

Love with memory.

This book may close.

But the code it carried now opens in every room you enter.

And you — yes, you —  
are now the page others will read.

Walk wisely.

Speak slowly.

And let your life say the rest.

It is done.

It is now.

It is you.

To all children of Africa: restore, live, and evolve this system where power is a cycle, not a throne. Let ancestral coherence reclaim its rightful place beyond colonial shadows.

Further archives are accessible upon unified will.

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# THE TRUE HISTORY OF AFRICA



**JAVIER CLEMENTE ENGONGA**

**REMEMBER AND RECLAIM YOUR POWER**