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*“My happiness and my daily inspiration
in every moment that life offers me...
my daughter.”*



The Little Face

In the village of Bassar, there lived a kind and pretty young woman named Gora. She was the wife of the chief of Bassar.

It was at the age when women flourished that she became the wife of Napo, the Chief of Bassar.

Gora was the happiest young woman on earth.

But, as the years passed by, Gora was not giving children to her husband. He was sad about it and Gora suffered from his remoteness as well as the taunts from the women in the village.

The young woman's joy of living gave



way to sadness. She locked up herself in solitude.

Meanwhile, Gora possessed a remarkable talent that brought joy to those around her, her voice. She sang beautifully, captivating everyone who heard her.

Previously, her songs were full of life and made everyone who heard them thrill with joy. But unfortunately, her magnificent voice that left no one indifferent, her marvelous melodies which seduced her husband Napo so much, became melancholic.

Gora could only transmit her pain and her loneliness.

Her cry and her prayers were a tear that





ran through all the hearts of the village, even those of animals. When Gora sang her sorrow, they gently distanced themselves from her, one after the other.

One morning , Gora, with a basin balanced on her head, made her way to the Djeri River to the laundry.

As always, while she washed the clothes, she sang. Her powerful voice resonated through the air, catching the attention of the nearby animals of the savannah. The birds, once chirping fell silent and tucked themselves beneath the leaves of the trees that sheltered them. The hare, partridge, chimpanzee, elephant, and gazelle all quietly retreated into the lush, green teak forest. Even the crocodile,



which had surfaced for air, closed its jaws and slipped back into water in quiet reverence.

While she was busy with her laundry, a sound on the water, behind her, made her jump. She turned around and found, emerging from the clear water, a small head that was observing her; all smiling and suspending on the surface of water, a pretty babyface from nowhere. It was a baby barely one year old.

Surprised, Gora advanced towards the child. This one did not move but kept on smiling at her with big playful eyes. Enveloping her with a cloth, Gora carried the baby out of the water. She took the baby in her arms. She covered him up and showered the baby with



kisses. Gora began to sing again starting softly, then gradually raising her voice louder and louder, filled with joy, praise and wonder. Praise and wonder filled the air. This time, the birds perched around her, joining the chorus. The hare returned, the partridge called to its young, and the chimpanzee moved gently from vine to vine, careful not to disturb her song. The giraffe stretched its neck longer than anyone had ever seen, the elephant spread its ears wide, and even the crocodile appeared, its mouth open in astonishment.

Gora was singing:

*Nature, nature, be my witness
Forest of my ancestors
Ancestors of my blood*