



# ASSAYA

EDUCATIONAL  
SHORT STORY  
AND CONCEPT ALBUM



## Foreword

Dear fellow art educator, music teacher, cultural worker or you who has an interest in (working with) vocal music,

During my 2020-2021 master study in art education, I have done research on vocal music beyond words, where I tried to find out how, we as a group, could co-create a series of workshops around vocal music that is based on the needs of the participants, named "co-researchers". As a self-taught artist I choose to focus on the exploration of the possibilities in the freedom of creative expression, rather than technical aspects of singing or sounds.

From a queer pedagogical point of view I am very much an advocate for questioning the ways we create, operationalize and evaluate artistic educational interventions in general, and how the uncovering of certain biases and norms might create a more open, safer creative space for all.

This research year with the Quest Workshops was step one. It led me to create the following short story and the concept album linked. Both appeared as a valuable outcomes based on my research experiences.

Parallel to these workshops I've committed myself to deepening my practice as a musician. I tried to understand my own relationship with my voice and my music. Which results in a process where there is a lot of exploration, fun, play, insight, frustration, blockage and still the willingness to keep on committing to this voice that is ever evolving.

This element of "process", and ongoing quest is very important in my work. I believe in process thinking instead of product thinking, this gives us the possibility to explore and play, invent in the present moment according to our needs.

Thus the *Assaya* short story + album is part of the process, a work in progress too. I mean... it's me as an artist-educator sharing my creativity as a part of my self-actualization as well. I aim to bring these two new resources in the realm of art education, which you can use as a means for discovery, critical reflection and dialogue.

*About Assaya the short story* - *Assaya* is about the main characters' journey towards finding their own voice. It is a wonderfully magical story full of "hidden" symbolisms. I raise questions about music, cultures, courage, fear, love, playfulness, reflection, ancestors, collaboration, physicality, gender-neutral language, spirituality and connection with a greater whole. It is a story where I want to let you dream, imagine, question and make links at the same time in a sonic parallel space.

It's the first time I've written a story as such, it feels like a beginning, that invites me to write more. It is primarily intended for a targeted audience of art educators, (music) teachers and cultural workers. But I think this story can touch anyone who loves or is intrigued by the voice, I think this story can largely be translated to children as well. The story contains elements of my personal journey, the co-researchers journey of this year and a number of interviews I had with renowned vocalists.

*About Assaya the album* - This album is a sonic translation of parts of the story with the same name. Altogether I want to illustrate my part of the sonic possibilities and broadness of vocal music. I emphasize different facets like daring, abstract vs. concrete, play, introspection, participation and discovery. Thus hoping to take you on a sonic adventure.

Link to the album + audiobook:

<https://healestate-arteducation.bandcamp.com/releases>

*Duration of the album approx. 30 minutes, best with headphones on.*

To know more about my work as an art educator, please visit my website, ask me for a chat, a workshop or collaboration via <https://heal-estate.wixsite.com/arteducation>.

I hope you will enjoy the journey.  
Thank you for reading and/or listening.

Yours truly,

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# ASSAYA

by

Solange Mariano dos Reis Borges

Once upon a time groups of elders gathered, there were thousands of them. A big announcement was about to be made. On these specific moments, the eagles would come back to their home base drawing a circle defining the area where the meeting would take place. For this occasion, the people wore colourful garments and made remarkable artwork with their hair. The young adults, teenagers and children had their gathering with their own rituals a bit further. Tea with hot milk was served all around, together with fruits and pastries.

An elder with a bright orange robe stood up and jumped three times on the soil. Everybody stopped talking, eating and sipping. People knew that it was time to listen since the announcement was about to be made.

*“Tudi kemami ku sta ki, obignana”* The elder said very seriously, *“Agora no bai kamimino djubi li be e shon, seruni”* they continued, *“Ki mindjer fala ku nos A- dza -aya”*, *“Mansa fitxuru li be e shon!”* *“dritu na sai dipus, no bai fassi pradunia pa eli!”* One lady stood up and took the word in a very emotional way, *“Nha doszi, nha doszi, na encontral poexa induidu fami. Obignana, Obignana...”* All the other elders looked at each other wondering where, when or how this thing would happen which they were waiting for. All they knew was that this was very good news, so altogether they stood up and started tapping their feet with very rapid movements onto the floor. The quicker they went, the more noise it made, it sounded like thunder coming from the floor, they all knew something was about to change...



Assaya, lived here on planet earth, had many ambitions, many dreams of what they would like to become in the future. Sad thing was that they only stuck to the world of ideas, they rarely made their own ideas materialize into reality. They had many acquaintances from their previous experiences, but still they felt lonely and didn't know where their voice could fit in. They enjoyed all artistic activities but there was always some kind of blockage that prevented them from immersing themselves, letting themselves completely go into it. One night, as often happens during a full moon, Assaya had vivid dreams. This night was particularly strange and frightening, although they couldn't really grasp what it was about.

The next morning they woke up, not being able to use their voice anymore, they couldn't make anything more than a few sounds. They were ashamed, afraid, frustrated and didn't want other people to discover it, so they just nodded the whole time, avoiding that other people could ask them too many questions. In a way it felt relieving, because there wasn't so much to explain anymore, it felt good to just be able to be, and not be an explanation all the time.

At some point they felt two sore spots emerging on their body. One on the forehead and one in the heart area, looking in the mirror they saw that those were two eyes emerging. Their literal voice was gone, but once they found a way of how to look into these eyes, they saw dots, lines, in different colours on the road, on the map of their life. Since purple was their favourite colour they were more inclined to follow these lines. Reds gave them a sense of anxiety.



Walking and following those lines along, they just walked blindly and with full trust, which was fun, they let themselves be guided, until they arrived at a costume shop. And there they saw this shiny suit, and since it was their day off from this awful office job, they figured they would try it on. The suit made them think of Michael Jackson's suit in the Rock With You video clip. Assaya looked in the mirror and it was a perfect fit. There was no particular occasion that would allow them to wear it, but they decided to buy it anyway because there was a discount on it. Once they arrived home, they put on the suit, together with their favourite music playlist and started dancing and playing hard - even their black cat Apu staring from the side didn't know what was happening that day.

Suddenly while, shaking it all loose, the Prince song "I feel for you" was next on the playlist. Assaya looooooved to sing to it even if they never bothered memorizing the lyrics, it was the feeling and sound they liked. But something blocked them, some force that they couldn't control, they gave up on trying and continued to do the only thing they could do now, DANCE!

Then, the singer Prince (who is actually dead?!) appears, time stops for a few moments. While making some signature-screams, Prince touches their outfit and everything starts trembling heavily, their whole apartment starts to blur out... Assaya hears vibrations as if they were in their mother's womb, it was a sensation that felt nice but hurt at the same time.



They arrived through a huge portal in a new place, there was something in them that felt like they had been here before. Prince had already disappeared in the meantime. A big walking question mark came walking by and said, “*Assaya, oh, you’ve finally arrived! I was about to ask you which outfit you wanted to wear, but I see you’ve already chosen! Welcome to... MIRTH KIOOOOO.*”

A Treecycle (*that's the name of the trees you can fly on*) suddenly hops in between their legs, while being surrounded by a ball of fire they fly over the great landscapes of Mirth Kioo. Assaya sees circles of people, elders gathering together, they look so beautiful, so mystical, they shine a bright aura around them, as if they had super powers. They see trees flying and rooting again everywhere, teachers and disciples training magic, arts and other crafts, a huge tree where people are sleeping and resting, there is an area where they see people dancing, it reminded them of this ecstatic dancing workshop they once went to, but didn't feel comfortable about, but the music already sounded nicer. A little further they saw an island with a forest and next to it a huge red river. The red river looked like a stream of blood, or maybe it represented something like the blood of a war, people, animals? Full of admiration, disbelief and slight frustration, Assaya wondered why it was they came or were brought to this specific place. Question Marky just popped by again at that moment, took Assaya's hand and felt pushed by a force towards a middle gravitation center of Mirth Kioo.

They see the big cocoon somewhere there in the middle, that is beating like a heart with a lovely polyrhythm. They get pulled at a high speed towards it - on the way they hear voices of the elders that say “*You go my child.*”



Once inside the cocoon Assaya looks around, and touches the cocoon which looks green from the inside. Every time they touch the soft walls of the cocoon they feel themselves getting softer. Then they hear a far distant music, a voice they’ve heard before, the undulated hypnotizing melodies that remind them of... the Ethiopian singer... Asnaketch Worku! All of a sudden she stands there elegantly looking at Assaya while finishing up her cigarette and says, “*Assaya, my love, you have a dis-ease, I’ve heard, what’s going on?*” Still amazed from having Ms. Worku standing in front of them, they stopped for a brief second and tried to keep their mind in the conversation, attempting to remember Ms. Worku’s question. Clearly seeing how Assaya drifted away in their thoughts Ms. Worku repeated, “*What is going on, Assaya, Kuma di kurpu?*” Assaya replied, “*I guess I’m okay? The only thing I can think of that is “going on”, is that this morning when I woke up, I lost my voice, that I wasn’t able to speak or sing anymore. I felt like my voice was blocked, and then the next thing I know is that I ended up here! And now my voice seems to be back!*”

Ms. Worku looks at Assaya with eyes of compassion while telling them, *“Dear, I guess no one really explained to you how things work here? You’ll see how you’ll figure out everything on your own during your journey, listening in and around is very important for what you’re about to do here.”* Ms. Worku continues, *“You must know that here, most people communicate telepathically, the physical voice which you are talking about is one of the other voices you can use. That is a really, really powerful one which omits even more vibrations. We use it a lot for telling stories, making music, healing, playing games, community connection and tuning in.”*, *“So you say you’ve lost your connection to that particular voice?”* Ms. Worku asked. *“Yes ma’am.”*, they replied, *“I think so.”*

*“Well, there you have your answer on why you are here, my dear Assaya! Many people of different stories and ages from your world come here for similar reasons. Let me show you one of the entrances you can start at. Time is on your side, but it is ticking as well, you can’t stay here forever my dear. Just make sure that you keep in touch with that little flame.”* All of a sudden, Assaya felt a little hot flame in their chest, it was like magic. As soon as Ms. Worku talked about it, it appeared! The little hot flame was there! *“Now my dear,”* Ms. Worku said in a serious manner, *“you will drop a level deeper, you will sink into the bottom of this cocoon. It is okay if a part of you feels scared, it’s normal. But trust me, you are safe in this place, just go with the flow of your journey. I will maybe see you later, I’m at Forest Island, I will be recording and archiving old new songs the whole day with the crew there! Good luck, Assaya!”*

With the sound of Ms. Worku's melodies, Assaya felt they were going deeper down and sinking slowly into a very dark space. It was as if they were all alone, it reminded them of the moments they sat on the toilet, that kind of loneliness, aloneness when you can immerse yourself into your thoughts when you are pooping. *"Is there anyone?!"* Assaya asked, *"Is there anyone?! Hello? Helloooooow? He-llo? Hello?"*

Suddenly, Assaya sees and hears the 5 year old her, humming a little song, while she walks out of nowhere towards them. She looks very cute, with her short hair and her sparkly eyes. First she walks at ease and then she RUNS VERY FAST AND ENTERS ASSSAYA'S CHEST WITH A RAPID MOVEMENT, with a happy jump and a big-little-naughty-sweet playful giggle. She sits down cross legged with a small flame in her hand while she looks straight up at Assaya. *"Hi?"* says Assaya, *"Long time no see (jokingly)!"* The Little-big-one responds in a giggly manner, *"Indeed you biggie!"* while attempting to grab Assaya's beautiful Amethyst necklace. *"Why are you here?"* Asks Assaya. *"I am you, silly! I'm always there! It's just that you only see me now! I need more attention than you may think."*, *"Okay, well, what can I do for you today, What do you want? What do you need, Little-big-one?"*, *"Well, Hum-hum, you can aaaalways do something for me. But now, today,... I want to play! And I need you to give me love!"* Assaya thought, *"Damn, this shit is getting kinda cheesy-"* *"Hey, give me some recognition and respect too! I heard you thinking there!"* Interrupted the Little-big-one,

*“Play, love, respect and recognition, start with this, I’m being serious!” “Yeah, yeah, okay,” said Assaya, “I’m taking you seriously! No need to get all crazy!” “Yes we do need to get a little bit crazy! Remember Seal’s song who said: No we’re never gonna surviiiiive, uuuunlessssss, we get a littleeee crazy!” “Oh yes, Assaya” Little-big-me continued, “I just received a message from Ms. Worku through my antenna! She told me that you had lost your voice?! Well, I’m sure that you can apply this playing, loving, recognition and respect to find your way back to your voice as well! See ya later! I’m sure you can do this!” The Little-big-one hopped on a nearby Treecycle and flew away while humming some happy songs. Little-big-one shouted from a distance while flying, “And use that craziness/foolishness of yours too, Assaya! You’ve become too serioooooouuuuuus!”*

Assaya takes a deep breath and shoots at a high speed like a rocket, up from the dark place, through the cocoon and seeing the overview again of a part of Mirth Kioo



Remembering what the little big one said, they decided to find a way to first play. They saw the dancing people again that they saw from a distance in the beginning. A Treecycle came towards them and swiftly took them to this dancing place. The music sounded kind of like techno or house with a deep heavy bass and catchy drums in the back.

People were looking like they were going into a kind of trance through the repetitiveness of the music and their movements. Assaya decided to join them after a kind of dog which was swinging its hips as if they were dancing samba, looked at them with a nod that said, "*You are welcome to join us for the dance.*" Assaya was shy in the beginning, but when they noticed that no one was actually looking at them, they started getting looser to the rhythm of the music. Assaya thought of that moment in their living room, when they were dancing to their music before being transported to this place. At the same time they wondered how long ago they'd been here and what time it was. "*PLAY,*" they heard out of nowhere in a delayed voice, and Assaya danced, and danced, and danced, danced, until no more thoughts appeared in their head. The music started to fade away as they couldn't really feel the division anymore between their body and the outside world.

### ***SILENCE***

Assaya wakes up by the Mantree (this tree which sings mantras the whole time and where people can recharge and rest). Opening their eyes, Assaya sees a stunning person with orange hair, green sunglasses and a deep blue skin colour who is carefully combing a kind of mammoth, sitting next to them. Assaya is still quite blurred out from the dance, but they feel good at the moment and there is a sense of relief at the same time. Assaya asks the person, "Hey you, can you help me out? I'm trying to figure out ways to get my voice back." "Yes, sure!", the person replied, "I can help you think of something, not sure if it will work but you might want to try it. Let me come up with something and I will catch you later."

As Assaya dreamed away in the sky, they saw beautiful small and big jellyfish making their way into the cosmos.

Then, Assaya stands up hears something again...far away they hear the sound of a lot of people talking loudly, intensely and incomprehensibly. Assaya is intrigued, and scared at the same time. They invoke a Treecycle to drive them towards the noise, then they slowly approach the noise. They see an area that is in a completely electric blue colour, with people from all ages and stories talking very loudly with their eyes closed. It is as if these people were telling stories, being angry at people, telling sweet words, singing, laughing, crying... Assaya wasn't able to understand what was happening. They were afraid and thought it was quite weird, they all looked like a kind of possessed unleashed zombies. They hesitated to move to another place for a few moments, but then remembered the Little-big-one said "play", "love" and "respect". Assaya decided to join the people in this odd practice. First attempting to get one sound out, which felt very uncomfortable, they kept trying and trying, the others making noise around them made it a bit easier they thought. Bit by bit they started getting loose and making all kinds of "uncommon" noises. While they were doing it, they felt that their inner flame was growing and growing, as if they were burning the old parts of them while intensely talking in an unknown language which came out of them. The doing felt liberating, they did it for a while. It was as if all the words left unsaid from their lifetime came out in an abstract way.

***SILENCE***



Everybody opened their eyes simultaneously sitting there together alone together.

An elder stood up and said something in a language they couldn't understand. It reminded them of the language in the movie Avatar. "*Kolomkani borezmaadjanase kele padanjala, Assaya.*" Assaya didn't understand anything but their name, all the people surrounding them did a gesture with their heads indicating they were asked to move forward. Assaya did stand up with a little fear in their feet and shuffled towards the middle, where they stood still.

The elder sat down and everybody started humming. The vibration was very intense, the same kind of vibration they felt when entering this place. Assaya, not knowing what to do, went to look back at this inner flame that had calmed down and it whispered, "*sing*".

Assaya was in panic with all these people staring at them, and not knowing what to do because their voice was still gone. They felt their heart beating very fast, hoping to escape this moment, hoping this was just a dream...

Then a small bright and shiny little ball appeared on top of their head. It felt like a kind of antenna that was flickering. The hundreds of people around them said "*Aaaaaaaaaaah!*", as if they were relieved and knew exactly what was about to happen. Assaya, as if they could find the means to escape, looked at the sky as the sun was setting and the soil was brightening up. They blinked twice and they could see another little ball with a similar brightness as theirs floating in the sky. And then they saw another one coming from a different direction, and another one, and another, and one more, all coming closer and closer to their direction.

As the bright balls came closer, Assaya saw that there were people underneath the balls sitting on a Treecycle coming closer and closer and then they landed next to Assaya in a half moon. In total were 5 people next to them, one was a seemingly very young person, who must be about 10 years old wearing a beautiful purple glittery skirt, a bright yellow t-shirt and white boots that had the shape of clouds. And then there was another very tall person who wasn't wearing any clothes, but they wore a hat that was at least 2 meters long. It was very high and full of diamonds and crystals. The other three were ... Assaya, loving their outfits, got lost in that admiration for a minute, until someone touched their shoulder and said, "Assaya, *right?! Do you know what we are supposed to do here now?*"

"*I don't know,*" Assaya replies, "*singing, I guess? But I'm not sure I c-*" "*Miaaaaauuuuuuwww, rrrrrr rrrrr rrrr*", the sound of a cat made by one of the people standing in the half moon interrupted Assaya's doubts. The person looked at the rest of the people and forcefully opened their eyes in a way that insisted they wanted them to join along. "*RRRRBBLFFFRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUFFFFF*" The tall person screamed like they were trying to imitate an elephant. "*Mhheiii, Mhhheeeiiii Mheeeiii, Mheiiii*", "*OO OO, AAH AaH AAH*" The people watching them started giggling one by one. "*KAAA KAAA KAAA KAAA*", "*Miauuuuuuuuw*", "*Muuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhh*", "*MUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUH*". There was silence for a moment...

“Rebbet, Rebet”.... “Tk tk tk tk tk tk tk”, “U UUUUUUUUUUh” “zzzz zzzzz zzzzz zzzzz”. The people listening started to laugh uncontrollably, then all the people standing in the halfmoon started to laugh as well until they couldn’t produce anymore sounds from laughter. It was one fun and funny happening. Then the crowd around started vanishing slowly as the sun was setting even deeper, the sky turned black as the soil brightened into a light orange and yellow.

The only ones left were Assaya and the 5 other people whom they just played with. They all sat down catching their breaths. The 10 year old said, *“I’m huuungry, I haven’t eaten anything since I arrived here!”* “And when was that?” Assaya asked. *“If I remember correctly, it must have been in the afternoon, back home, but I don’t know how long I’ve been here.”* “Me too!” Said the other person with the looooooong sparkly cape, *“I “left” my house around that same time!”* Checking on each other, they all left around the same time, so that might be their connection as a group? That they arrived here at the same time? *“Why are you people here? Are you also looking for your voices?”* Assaya asked. Two of them said they didn’t know yet why they were here. One said they wanted to learn how to be more vulnerable, one wanted to let go of shame which apparently blocked them from being who they “really were”, one of them deeply believed in magic, saw being brought to this place as a dream come true and a proof that magic existed and that they would learn how to do magic with a teacher here.

*“I’m huuuuuuuuuuungry.”* repeated the youngest in the sparkly skirt and cloud-like boots.

Someone else replied, *“hmmm, indeed, I would like to eat some good chicken with veggies and rice, that my uncle makes soooo well.”* *“And I’d like to have a piiiizaa margariita, with loads of cheese and tomato sauce!”* *“Hmmm, and I’d like to have some dumplings”*... After a while of dreaming and talking about food, they felt as if they had fed themselves with the idea of the food. They felt like they had eaten enough not even touching one bit of food. During the rest of the night Assaya and all the others exchanged their experiences of the day and fell asleep around a small fire they made.

### ***SILENCE***

The next morning, waking up, all the 5 others from the group were gone. Assaya tried to sing or hum, they heard the sounds in their head but still nothing was coming out of their actual voice. Assaya got discouraged, and angry, wondering why they couldn't just sing everything they wanted to sing like everybody, not caring about this “beautiful and ugly” thing or about singing correctly, just be me, just be free, why?

A Question Marky rose through the fire that had already died out from the night before, and sat down next to Assaya. *“Oh Question Marky, you’re here right on time! I’m completely lost...”* Said Assaya while going through a few Fuchsia plants with their head bent down. *“You can call me Qmarky if you like!”*

*“Assaya,” Qmarky continued, “I’ve seen many people here in Mirth Kioo who were lost just like you, and trust me, that is a part of finding your way! Asking yourself questions can often help you further, in your case, I would like to ask you: Can you remember when and if there might have been a moment in your life where people told you things about your voice not belonging, being welcome nor being valid?”* What a weird question, Assaya thought. *“Hmmm, I’m not sure people told me anything about my voice...”* *“Well, go and dig deeper,”* Qmarky said. *“there must be something!”*

As Qmarky faded away with their voice, Assaya had no place to look toward. So they tried to look through those two eyes again which showed the coloured lines. *“I’m not scared,”* Assaya thought, *“I’m going to go for the red line this time.”* They make a loud bird whistle calling a Treecycle, and off they go.

Flying around and following the red line, they arrive hovering above Forest Island. The creepy looking “blood river” is right next to it, and with slight hesitation they decide to land on Forest Island.

Trying to make themselves invisible they walk near the edge of the island, near the red river. They can see a tiger, an orangutan, a blue whale, a leopard, a gorilla, a giant panda, a turtle, a giraffe and a lion forming a great team together. They are very busy recording songs in their outside open air built studio. They are doing a lifetime’s work of recording, archiving and preserving songs of existence. They travel around the world and invite people here in order to keep oral traditions alive and expand them.

Assaya trips over a rock and lands in the red river. They get carried by the heavy current that goes immensely fast. They can't taste whether this liquid is blood or not. Loads of fish dropped from the sky on them, there was no possibility of climbing back or holding onto something, so Assaya just let themselves be aggressively carried away by the red "water".

## **SILENCE**

Finally Assaya gets thrown out of the red river onto the soil of a desert made out of small crystals. Assaya's head hurts and is disoriented from all this heavy movement. Their eyes are blinded by the reflection of all these crystals. Suddenly they get all these visions and flashes in their mind; *their bigger brother telling them over and over that they are really bad at singing and that they should stop doing it, the choir leader obliging Assaya to sing very high soprano parts they didn't like - which in turn hurt their voice and made all their colleagues laugh, an image of people standing on their knees and having their tongues being removed against their will, the singing of mourning the dead, all the shameful singing experiences they went through in their lives, all the times they wanted to do or say something but didn't and kept themselves small, they see a line of women standing against a wall and a line of men standing in front of them as if they were picking something to eat, loud screams and shots, armed people putting fire to houses and precious objects, to the first screams they made coming out of their mothers belly.* Assaya takes a deep breath and feels their body shaking as they are crying.

At a further distance they can see a black jacket with something marked in the back. They dry their tears and get closer and closer to the jacket. They see a name written on the back “Zaira”, coming closer and closer they see it is a polar bear! Back home Assaya would have been scared from a polar bear, but this one made them feel safe, their name sounded nice. Zaira signalled Assaya to come and sit closer, Assaya leaned on their soft warm skin and soon closed their eyes.

Assaya’s grandmother walks toward them “*Nha doszi, nha doszi, na encontral poexa induidu.*” it is no longer Zaira next to them, but their grandmother who is holding them in her arms. “*Assaya, if you lose your voice because you don’t dare to take up spaces in your world, to speak up, to be you, do you, then you are silencing all of us. I’ve been waiting for so long to be able to tell you this. And I say this on behalf of all your ancestors. We are here with you, we are watching you, helping you, but you have to dare to take the real first step.*” As their grandmother was slowly vanishing, Assaya had a million questions to ask to their grandmother they never met but only saw on photos.

Alone, in this desert they look up as the sun is setting. Feeling multiple emotions at the same time, but mostly relief. In the sky they suddenly see a golden sloth energetically waving at them and telling them to jump along on their boat made out of cloth. The sloth has a slightly different energy, maybe they come from another nearby place? Assaya declines the friendly invitation and decides to stay by themselves.

They close their eyes, feel the breath through their nose,  
looking in to find a way out.

They breathe in, and out

in, and out

in, and out

in, and out

in, and out

in, and out

Little-big-me is taking a nap inside them, while holding their amethyst necklace. Assaya closes their eyes, they are grateful for being alive and feeling their body, their breath. Breathing in, and out. They put their hand on their chest and feel their heartbeat, rhythmically, they slowly start to rock back and forth to that rhythm in the middle of the desert.

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum



Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

Bu-bum

and starts singing the song of their heart.

Nani weeeelo0000

Duri kanta000000

Nani weeeelo0000

Djubi deeeees

Nani weelo0000

Oritandaa

Naniwel00000

Ohoda

Nani weeeelo0000

Duri kanta000000

Nani weeeelo0000

Djubi deeeees

Nani weelo0000

Oritandaa

Naniwel00000

Ohoda

Nani weeeelo0000

Duri kanta000000

Nani weeeelo0000

Djubi deeeees

Nani weelo0000

Oritandaa

Naniwel00000

Ohoda

And thus, not only Assaya or “*A- dza -aya*” benefited from this journey as an individual, but something bigger was repaired, healed for the past generations. Something new was created for the generations to come. Assaya fulfilled the prophecy, or at least for now, a part of it.

