

ONE EVENT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE... FOREVER!

Of Sentimental Value



BESTSELLING AUTHOR

FUMI HANCOCK

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The Adventures of Siberia Tonka

PRINCESS FUMI HANCOCK

"This is a star-studded and suspense grabbing story introducing colorful Africa. Is it a tale of the unexpected, a narrative of what almost all new African immigrants have to cope with in America or is it just a work detailing an epic piece in literary writing? Whatever it you may garner from it, the story is superb."

~ THEODORE, L., AN AVID MOVIE & BOOK CRITIC

"Hancock has no rivals for her writing on the mysteries of Africa! A gripping adventure, prepare for the ride of your life through the challenges, both in the physical and spiritual plane, of young African immigrant in an unknown world"

~ THE NEW AMERICAN TIMES

*It is during our darkest moments that we must focus to see
the light.*

Aristotle Onassis



Princess Fumi S. Hancock, Author

ONE EVENT

Elects Who You Are...

ONE EVENT

Molds Your Values & Believes...

ONE EVENT

Charts the Course of Your
Journey... Good, Bad or
Indifferent...

ONE EVENT

Determines Your DESTINY...
FOR EVER...

ONE EVENT

Can Change Your Life...
FOREVER!

1 A MURKY HAZE

COME...LET ME TAKE YOU TO A LAND. A land of deep rich forest... a land where knowledge is our clothing and unconditional love our way of life. There is a river which runs deep in the heart of this land... come, drink from the river of wisdom. Our destination is Africa.

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Spiraling at its core and moving through the murky haze is a stream of white smoke; Africa's humid and gloomy weather riddled with boisterous strikes of an African "bata" drum from a far distance; a sign of an impending doom in this Never-never land called Oyo, seated yet majestically in the flat plain fields of West Africa.

Wrapped in ruffled white sheets and face painted with pungent white chalk, distinct tribal marks from Oyo; she chuckles and giggles out loud, sometimes overpowering the African “bata” beats exploding in the air. This enigma of a mystery woman’s deep tone carries with it an air of danger and magic. Her fiendish chuckles are exaggerated by her unwelcoming mannerisms. She adds to the mystery in the air by thrusting out of her spectacularly painted arms, a uniquely designed African clay pot filled with bubbling steaming water. The haze spiraling out of the magical pot is consuming and overbearing. She begins to laugh out loud as the resounding African beat gently fades out, instantly replacing an urgent tick-tock superficial sound, intensifying the anxiety airborne. Yemoji, my clandestine woman’s animated and daunting striking face becomes boisterous while squinting her overpowering eyes; eyeballs which protrude fiercely, eliciting intense fear in those who behold the strange sight.

With the tick-tock sound increasingly building up the looming kismet, Yemoji abruptly embraces her magical pot yet again into her heated bosom. Her firm left arm stretches out with the other arm majestically, displaying her remarkably long clawing nails. She beckons me to come closer. Yemoji hushes me into undeniably captivating presence, placing one of her painted, but blunted long finger nails on her sultry lips.

“Sshh! Sshh!”

Suddenly, the tick-tock sound erupts yet again as Yemoji's thunderous and wickedly cold laughter explodes into the atmosphere.

“Did you hear me? I said.... Sshh! Sshh! Siberia! Si-be-ria!”

Her firmly elevated voice echoes into the darkness of the night in my home village, a place I'd called home all of my life... a place where I would sit under a gargantuan iroko tree... my village's popular meeting spot for the village youths. Of everything we prided ourselves on in this neck of the woods is our iroko tree... a large hardwood tree sitting majestically in the middle of the community. It's brownish color distinct and fearfully made. This is an enchanted place where I would scribble all of my innermost thoughts, my dreams... good, bad or indifferent. I would jot them all down on some stacks of crinkled paper. This popular meeting spot carries with it an air of magic as the rumor permeating the slim and dusty streets of the village is that everyone who'd dare to sit under it all of their dreams would come true, if you offered the right sacrifice! So every year during the summer season, the villagers would gather round and offer sacrifices to the spirit believed to live in it. While mama and papa warned me about believing such rumors, they were not taking any chances either with any of their children! They once called us in and told us what we'd heard growing up about the iroko tree... that the day you see the spirit come out, that is the day you become insane

and die a miserable death! And whoever chooses to cut down that tree, just dumped a slew of misfortune upon his own head and that of generations to come in his family! With all of these rumors flying around, the tree had been sitting in the center of the village for over 200 years! Through it all, I was most enamored at the thought of my dreams coming to pass... and the rumors did not faze me. This was the chance of a lifetime and I was willing to take it regardless.

At the setting of the moon, when mama and papa had said their good nights, I ran out and sat right underneath the tree, watching the sparkling stars and wishing my innermost dreams would quickly come true. Sometimes I was awoken from my dream by the rattling sounds of an airplane zooming through the often dark and murky skies of Oyo, my motherland.

While others had dreams of becoming the village popular caterer, or a plumber, or perhaps a teacher like both my parents who are now retired, many others had more simple dreams...to be married at the expected age of nineteen. Mine? I would watch the airplanes fly by and wished one day I would be in it, jet away to a land I'd heard of... a land where we'd gather in the village hall and watched through the television the white and black folks walk around like they are going somewhere....a land they'd told me was flowing with milk and honey. It was a land with a Midas touch; you had no choice but to succeed. America ... a free country, they say is a land of opportunity with streets

inlaid with gold which bedazzled everyone on that part of the planet. This wonderful dream biosphere is a place where the daily hunger most experienced here in my home village is non-existent! If you ask me, it reads like heaven! And one day, I will ride in one of those boisterous jumbo jets and fly away from a place I'd called home all of my twenty years and venture into a world where all of my hopes and aspirations of becoming a bestselling author are just waiting for me to grab a hold of! The thought of one day accomplishing all of this fuels my pen and I find myself ignoring the strange noises coming from within the iroko tree. The noise the youth villagers have been warned to stay away from. Whatever that strange and evil spitting noise was, it was inconsequential to my big dream. If sitting through the scary noise meant my dream of flying away and being all I'd prayed for would be accomplished; then no evil scare could deter me away from sitting under the tree.... Well, except my parents who I know would become livid if they knew what their youngest daughter was doing every night when the whole village was asleep.

Of all of their children, Naiya Tonka and myself; they'd always referred to me as the one who would probably kill them from worries. Mother calls me the dare-devil amongst the clan while Naiya, the oldest, was the quiet home-body type. Naiya, in her early twenties is content with living the village life; a desire she took from mama and papa who'd spent most of

their lives in the village. Naiya hopes to one day get married and settle down as a primary school teacher. Her wish to become a teacher finally came true and now she awaits the suitors... the right one, at least. The one mama and papa believe would take good care of their daughter. Though the clock has long gone over her as other youths in the village rudely reminds her, she is nervous at the thought of no one coming to seek her hand in marriage. Mother on the other hand, a secret rebel herself, rests on that issue, fervently reminding Naiya that she has a home with them and should wait for the right man to show up, a concept totally strange to papa. They married when mama was exactly nineteen years of age.

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“Come, come Si-be-ria. Yes, that’s right, come to me now!”

Her resounding evil laughter increases with anticipation of the doom lurking in the murky night. Suddenly, her phantomlike image is swallowed by dusk. Just when I am about to breathe a sigh of relief, Yemoji’s face reappears! Only this time, her pungent brown eyes, begins to blink uncontrollably; morphing into a dazzling greyish set of eyes in distress, and a different yet familiar face of Naiya, you know her by now... that’s right, my older sister! How could this be, thinking out loud? But then again, stranger things

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have been known to happen in my village. Before I could figure out if it was really my sister's face, the alarming tick-tock sound blasted into the air yet again, the disconcerting image of Naiya abruptly disappearing. All I am left with now is pitch black!

Dear diary, my name is Siberia Tonka and this is my story. Born in the heart of Oyo, a land though riddled with poverty yet rich in colorful culture and fierce tradition; a place I hope to one day return; fortified with wealth and notoriety as Africa's biggest superstar! When you read my story, some of you may love me; others... well. Here is my story....

FUMI HANCOCK

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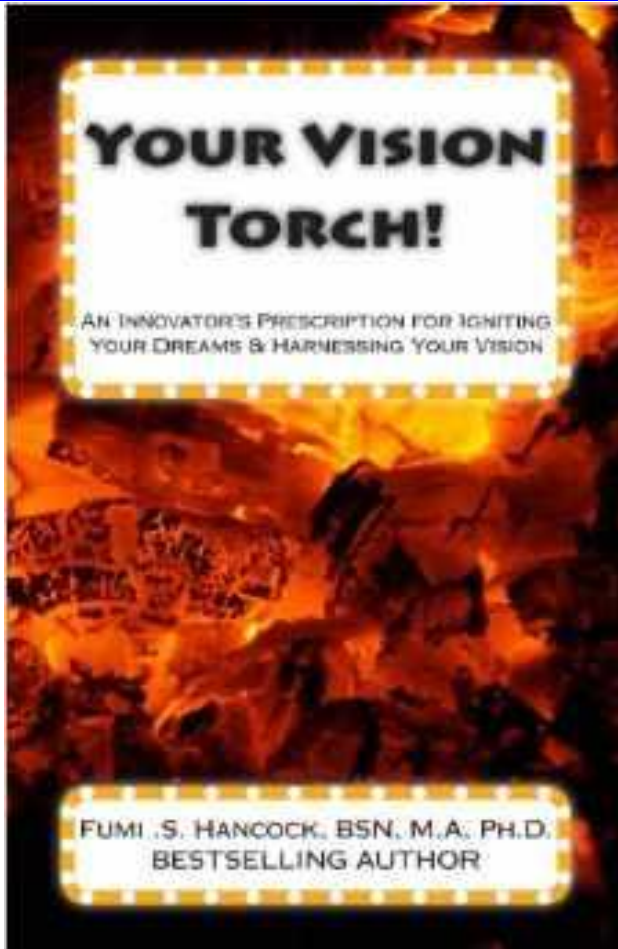


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