

KOLONIALE VERBINDUNGEN
Düsseldorf/Dschang – Rheinland/Grasland – Deutschland/Kamerun

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The White Man of God

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“Put out the fire,” he said. “I can’t sleep in such a hot house.”

The Fon, greatly astonished, summoned his medicine-men together.

“Did you say that this man was an ordinary man? How can an ordinary human being prefer sleeping in a cold house to a warm one? Let me tell you this, if this man turns out to be a destructive force in this land you will be the first people to go.”

“Your Honour, we examined him through and through, as best we could, and found him to be an ordinary man. Maybe his being a white man has helped him hide his secret powers beyond our reach, but as far as we can see he is an ordinary man.”

The fire in the white man’s house was put out. He removed blankets from his box and put them on his bed, many of them, and the Fon and his counsellors bade him goodbye and left wondering what kind of an odd guest they had.

They had not been away long when one of the Fon’s pages ran to them to report excitedly that that man had manufactured sunlight in his house.

“He has created sunlight in the house!”

“How?” the Fon asked in great fright and the fright was shared by his counsellors.

“He has caused the sun to shine in his house. He has a piece of the sun, the sun exactly as it is, only much smaller, but shining with the same brilliance.”