



# 'MAMOHALE

## THE TALE...

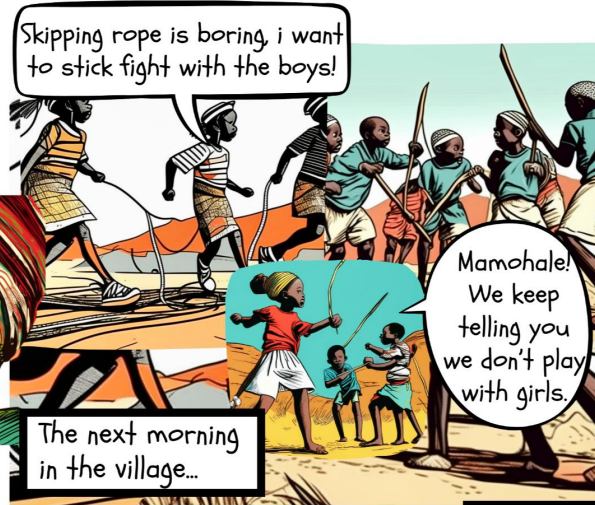
A CHIMÈRE COMMUNITIES (LESOTHO) PROJECT





Mamohale, an 11 year old Sotho girl, dreams of an invasion in her village.

Mamohale, behold! A dark cloud looms above. You, my child, will be the light.



The next morning in the village...

Mamohale! We keep telling you we don't play with girls.



What's wrong with me! Why can't anybody accept me!

Mamohale disappears into the mountains alone



Ah!

She screams and throws rocks, cursing everyone in the village for rejecting her



CRASH!

As Mamohale screams, a big boulder splinters off from the mountain range, and crashes into a canyon below.

crack!

crumble

Mamohale at 16 years old



What was that!

WOW!

Did I just lift that rock... with my mind?!

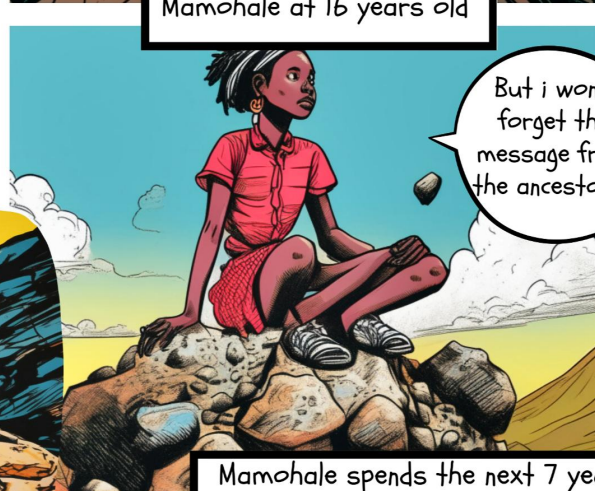
Mamohale at 18 years old



A few years pass...

I can't tell anyone about this, everyone will think I'm a witch.

Mamohale at 13 years old



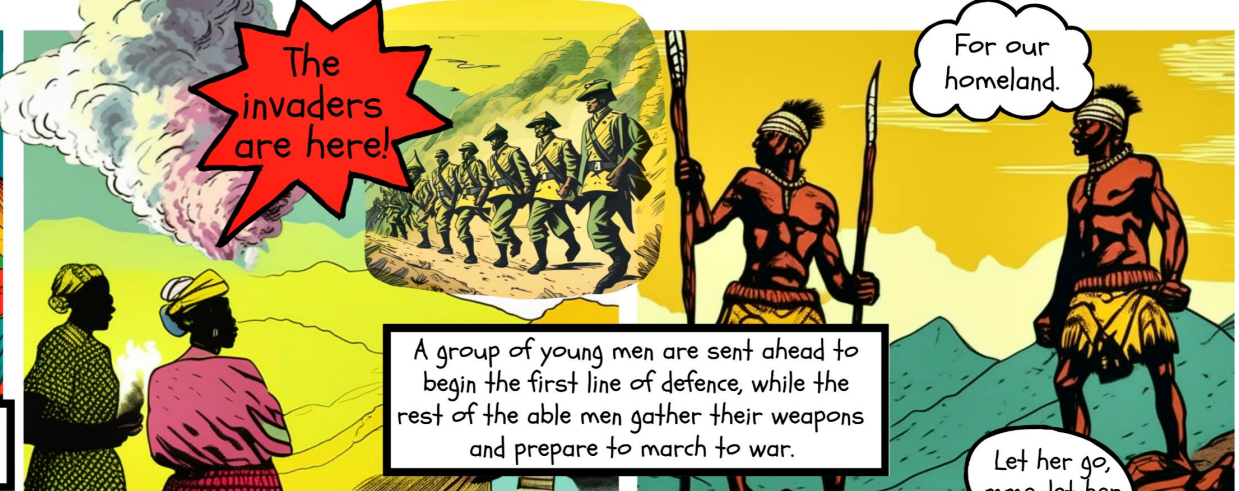
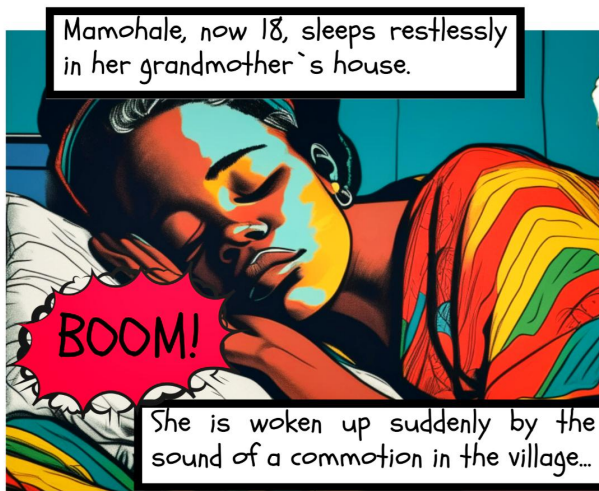
But I won't forget the message from the ancestors...



You, my child, will be the light.

Mamohale spends the next 7 years training in secret in the mountains, honing her powers of telekinesis in preparation for the inevitable invasion she dreamed long ago.









Mamohale sleeps in a cave on the mountainside.

Rise, Mamohale.

The ancestor arrives as a waking vision...



Is she a ghost?

It is I,  
the ancient mother  
who walks in your dreams...  
Rise, warrior,  
and fight for your  
people.

Take this rock.  
Rise, but do not rise  
above. Be the rock  
that crushes the  
enemy.



The Vengeful Rock of Prophecy



RAT -  
TAT - TAT

clash!

clang!



Ahhh!

Ohhh!

BOOM!



Even with your  
guns, you will  
not win this  
war!

We won't  
let you take our  
homeland,  
enemy!



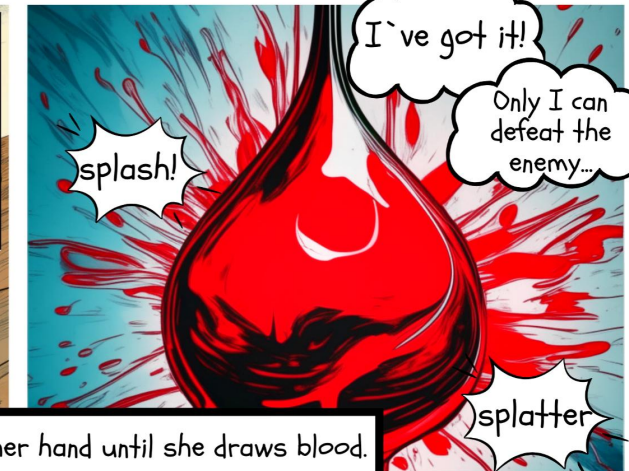
What am I  
supposed to do  
with this?!

Rise, Mamohale, but do not rise above!



Mamohale  
watches from a  
crack in the  
rockscape as the  
Basotho fall,  
one-by-one.

She grips the stone in her hand until she draws blood.



I've got it!

Only I can  
defeat the  
enemy...

splash!

splatter





The invaders call for reinforcements...



The mountain is awash with blood.



There is a stalemate. Both armies, though significantly weakened, are dead-set on victory.

Mamohale marches into battle, dodging spears and bullets and the bodies of her tribesmen falling to the ground.



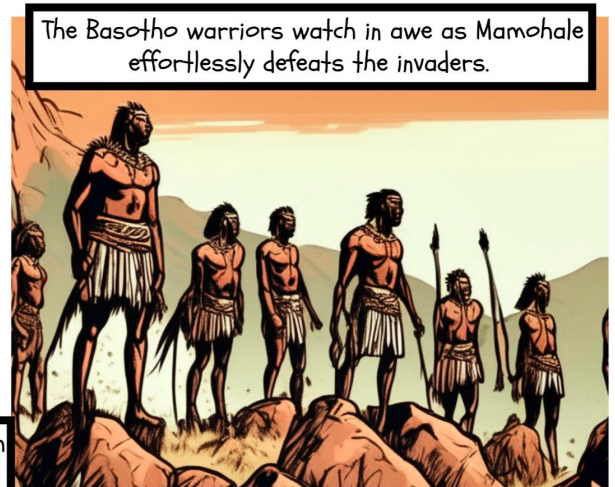
now it's my turn...



crack!

CRASH!

Mamohale levitates the rocks and throws them down with perfect precision, crushing the enemy where they stand.



The Basotho warriors watch in awe as Mamohale effortlessly defeats the invaders.

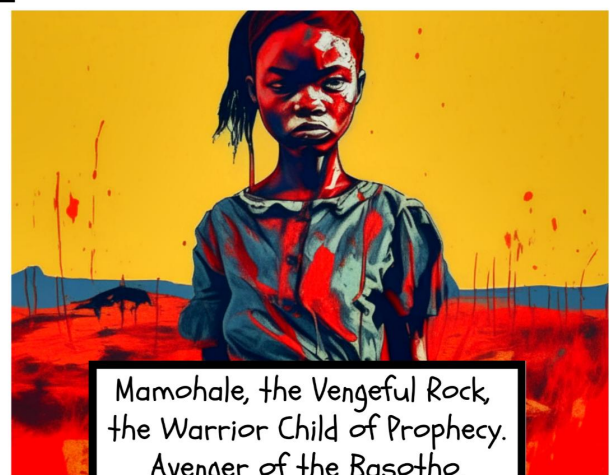


The invaders, what's left of them, beat a hasty, fearful retreat.



All hail, Mamohale, the rock that crushes the enemy!

The men still left standing on the battlefield fall to their knees in front of Mamohale.



Mamohale, the Vengeful Rock, the Warrior Child of Prophecy. Avenger of the Basotho.





**The end...**



**A CHIMÈRE COMMUNITIES  
(LESOTHO) PROJECT**

**+**

**The Hub (Moriya)**

**+**

**Art.1.st**