

WAKANDA
DREAM LAB



BLACK FREEDOM BEYOND BORDERS

A WAKANDA IMMIGRATION ANTHOLOGY



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WAKANDA DREAM LAB

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Wakanda Dream Lab is a collective fan driven project that bridges the worlds of Black fandom and #Blacktivism for Black Liberation. It functions according to a value of emergence and celebrates the organic self-organizing nature of fandom. We intend to build on the aesthetics and pop culture appeal of Wakanda to develop a vision, principles, values and framework for prefigurative organizing of a new base of activists, artists and fans for Black Liberation. We believe that Black Liberation begets liberation of all peoples.

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FOREWORD

During Black August of 2018, a historical time of sacred resistance within the African American community, Wakanda Dream Lab invited Black and Afro-Diasporic writers, activists, organizers, movement leaders and freedom fighters to participate in #Black-FreedomBeyondBorders, a collective black liberation imagining centered around Immigration.

We are in the midst of a global migrant crisis. Hundreds of thousands of people continue to be displaced as a result of war, famine, environmental degradation and poverty caused by militarism, neocolonialism, white supremacy and racialized capitalism. The United States is at a moment of transition regarding immigration as we witness the tragedy of 'zero tolerance,' The 'Muslim Ban', and the end of Temporary Protected Status for hundreds of thousands of Black and Brown people from all over the world. This is just the tip of the iceberg, building on successive years of unjust immigration and foreign policy, which is rooted in separation. In order to develop a transformative approach to how we understand the history of our borders, who belongs, who can seek refuge here, etc. we invited our authors to look to the world of Wakanda, using science fiction, speculative fiction, afrofuturism, and poetry to create new stories about love-centered migration and belonging to inform our organizing and world building.

#BlackFreedomBeyondBorders is a fan fiction anthology. It honors the world of Wakanda and imagines it even more whole. Through this collective imagining we seek out new strategies, tactics, and hope for transforming immigration.

This anthology is dedicated to all those who leave their homes, with few belongings, in search of a better life.

Wakanda Dream Lab
Aisha Shillingford
Calvin Williams
Rufaro Gwarada
Terry Marshall

AUTHORS' NOTE

All the ways you say [welcome and blessings]

Across space, place and time – Our People have been blessed with those among us imbued with the gifts of storytelling through dance, music, song, magic and word. They are harvesters of wisdom, keepers of the culture, doulas of imagination, caretakers of truths... These storytellers have been called many names – but perhaps most fitting, 'Djeli' - the same word meaning the Blood in Mandé. Our Culture Gives Us Life.

As cultural emissaries of Wakanda, we have called upon Djeli Gnara of the African Diaspora to share fanciful stories of our future and sacred remembrances of our past the Kingdom opens its borders to the Diaspora for the first time. Wakanda is no longer in self-imposed isolation, and with this new openness comes a world of possibilities for all of us. But what is the new Wakanda that we are inviting people to build?

What stories must we be ready to tell about the new ways of governing and organizing our tribes? About hurts we must acknowledge, confront and heal across both new and familial relationships? About the new culture of a Wakanda that will emerge during this time of transformation?

This anthology is only a fractal for all the emerging stories of repatriation and reparations, healing and celebrations, love and redemption that we must document over time. May these stories give us Life!

For Our People and For The Culture -

Wakanda Forever,

adrienne maree brown, Writer/Facilitator at Emergent Strategy Ideation Institute

Allen Kwabena Frimpong, CEO, Zeal Press

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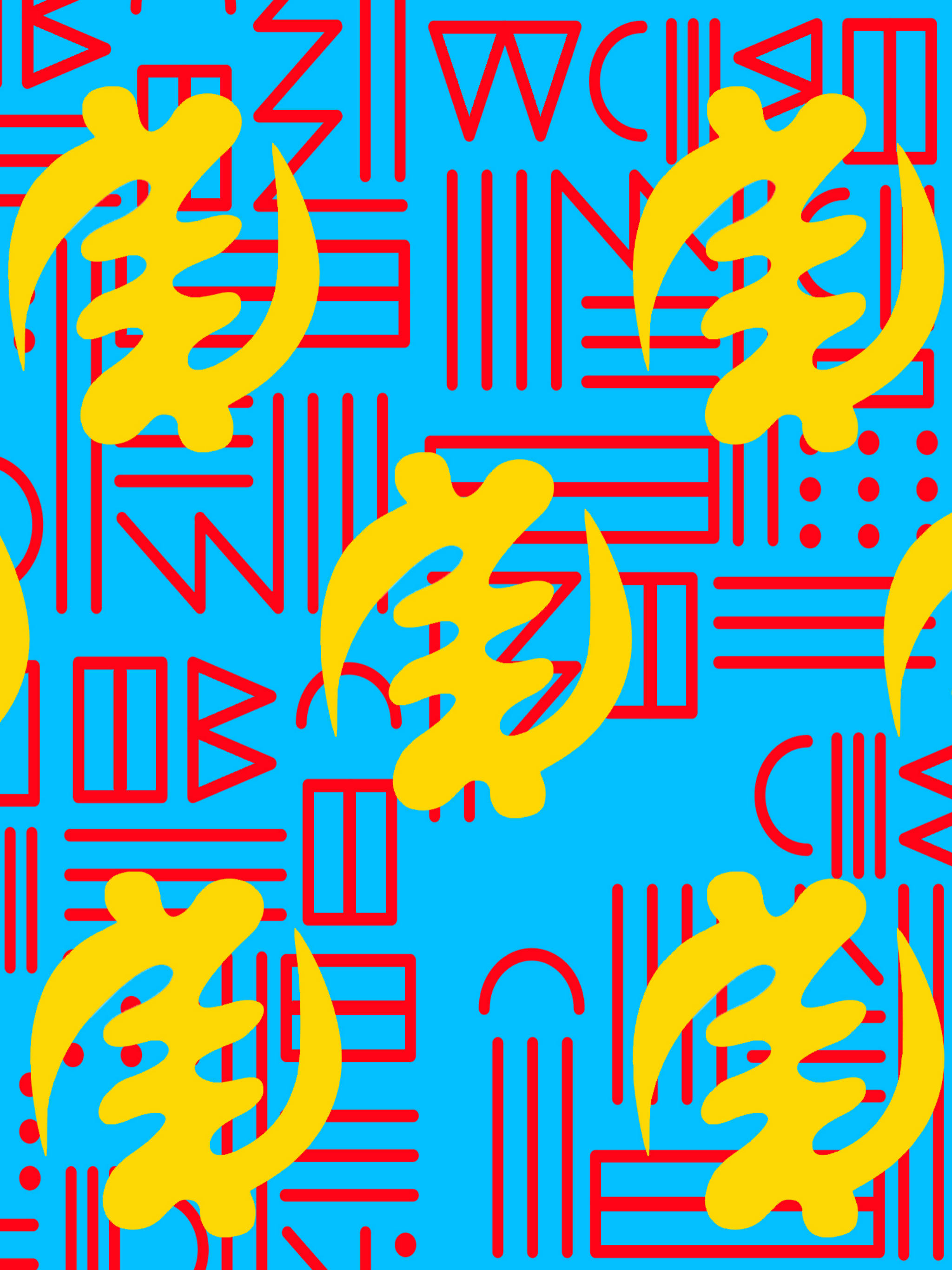
Shawn Taylor, Senior Fellow at Pop Culture Collaborative

Tammy Johnson, Principle Partner at Art/Work Practice

Terry Marshall, Intelligent Mischief



Section I:
New Considerations



1. KILLMONGER'S REVENGE & N'JADAKA'S REDEMPTION

A TWO-PART COMIC BOOK SERIES

Forthcoming Summer 2019

by Allen Kwabena Frimpong & Ben Ndugga Kabuye

PART I: The Reckoning of the Border Tribe

Page 1

Panel 1

[W'Kabi walks downstairs slyly, dressed in his Vibranium-laced traditional warrior regalia- evolved from the indigo Adinkra cloth of the Ashante acquired through trading with the Akans. Shuri is wearing a leopard skin striped adidas looking tracksuit with black cloth underneath an all white guntiino brought by Somali traders.]

Narratory block: [In lower left corner] Coming into Shuri's lab disturbed by the news traveling across Wakanda of the new migration policy that opens borders to the entire African diaspora since she has come into rule.

Panel 2

[W'Kabi taps Shuri's shoulder, and she turns around with her senses up as she is recharging her Kimoyo beads whose battery life is depleted after a month of use.]

Shuri: Don't sneak up on me like that again! You are like a hyena always prowling and sneaking around. I heard you even before you entered my lab, W'Kabi. What else are you here to tell me? How to do my job?! Eh?!

Panel 3

[Shuri gives W'Kabi the side eye and sucks her teeth in annoyance as she walks over to mainframe controls for the impermeable force field that protects Wakanda from invaders.]

W'Kabi: Do I look like Shenzi from the Lion King?! Your brother never complained about my wise counsel. [Sub-Panel: W'Kabi Smirks]

Panel 4

[Shuri laughs as W'Kabi walks over to the mainframe controls and looks outside the window into Wakanda.]

Shuri: Yes, things have changed and now you are upset. So you sneak up on me only to annoy me with your stories of how much we need to protect the borders. Next time, announce yourself before you speak, as long as you continue to wear those. [Sub-Panel: Looks down at W'Kabi's feet] I guess you along with T'Challa like my sneakers.

Panel 5

[W'Kabi is speaking to Shuri. He rolls his eyes with annoyance and anger in their native language - translated]

W'Kabi: Yes, but anyway... I am annoyed because you don't seem to understand the threats from the colonizers and tribes that may have aligned with them that we have to deal with... even in our past before Vibranium. Our tribe has grown based on this duty. Now you expect us to just adapt at the clap of your hands to find a new way to keep people safe and at peace. Shuri, I don't like this at all.

Panel 6

[Shuri slams the surface of the mainframe controls]

Shuri: What don't you like?! You talk too much about these colonizers! Why must this always be about their money, their influence, their ways of understanding and undermining, and their threats? What about our power, our customs, our ability to have a different and better way to keep all of our people secure and safe?! It does not have to depend on one tribe?!?! We owe it to ourselves to find another way!

Panel 7

[Shuri, tears falling from her eyes, looks at W'Kabi with her arms raised in fists that she shakes back and forth towards him]

Shuri: Have you learned nothing from when you gave your trust to Killmonger or when we allowed T'Challa to bring war into our country?!

PART II: A Different Path for Wakanda

Panel 1

W'Kabi: [disturbed to see her cry] These changes... Shuri I am grateful that I was not punished for following Erik, but now if you ask me to manage our borders I must tell you what I see.

Shuri: What you see, or what you fear? [real anger]

W’Kabi: I admit, it’s difficult to separate the two but we are letting in not just refugees or children but criminals and terrorists, Shuri!

Shuri: Were you not one, once?[Softer and looking in his eyes.]

Panel 2

[As he struggles to answer Shuri gently takes his hand and leads him to a work table with chairs]

Shuri: I don’t just come to the lab to hide in technology and cry like a child. Look.

W’Kabi: I know battle and security, what are you showing me?

Shuri: These are the 100 major border clinics, and 2,000 support stations across our borders. They are run now mostly by former refugees and...

W’Kabi: I can not trust them!

Panel 3

Shuri: This from the W’Kabi who trusted a stranger into a battle against his own wife.

W’Kabi: [bows his head in shame]

Shuri: [ignoring his discomfort she continues] We have given every refugee housing and work as they need and are able. They are coming in from as far as the Americas, thousands every month, holding councils now that create our border policy. But this is only the beginning, now what do you see? [A map of Wakanda colored by political jurisdictions.]

W’Kabi: The New Wakanda...

Panel 4

[Manipulating and expanding the map, Shuri highlights overlapping districts.]

Shuri: Yes, no longer led by a God-king. In the mines labor unions, in our cities organized neighborhoods determine life, and my favorite

W’Kabi: The women’s councils... [rolls eyes]

Shuri: You have heard enough about those, from your wife eh?

Panel 5

[Shuri looks at W'Kabi with concern with her arms raised palms up towards him]

Shuri: No one leader can hold the destiny of many. My brother taught me that. When the people and Bast decide I shall no longer be the Panther. Some of our oldest legends say...

W'Kabi: [Shakes his head in disgust] Blasphemy, that Bast was found trapped and near dead from a god battle and children saved her!?

Shuri: And through the help of their village they saved her. Impressed with what she learned of cooperation she blessed them all with the herb that brought the warring tribes together, through peace not war. We have a chance now to create a Wakanda for all our people, but we, W'Kabi we must first let go of fear and begin to trust.

[END]



Allen Kwabena Frimpong is faculty of the Justice Funder's Harmony Initiative. Allen comes to Justice Funders as the principal consultant and resource mobilizer with Movement NetLab a think-make-do tank based in Brooklyn, NY with over 15 years of experience. He is highly talented in working with funders and donors in cultivating decentralized grant-making strategies that resource social movement ecosystems towards an economic democracy. His capacity-building work in philanthropy and government has focused on supporting the development of social programs, service delivery models, community organizing campaigns and cross collaboration system change initiatives. This is conducted through advisement, strategy development, and hosting communities of practice, such as the Old Money New System retreat that he co-founded out of the Next System conference in New York City in 2016.

He worked as the Senior Consultant at BCT Partners with Robert Wood Johnson Foundation's Vulnerable Populations portfolio of grantees as well as with program officers where he managed the development of their grant-making strategy focusing on health and educational outcomes for children and families. Prior to this, he was the Program Manager at Strong Healthy Communities Initiative in Newark, NJ as part of Living Cities Integration Initiative supporting the health and educational grant-making strategy to improve outcomes for children in Newark Public Schools. Aside from past experiences, he currently serves as the program director of an emerging fellowship program for

Black organizing and art called The Weavers Fellowship, and is the CEO and Founder of a black creative publishing cooperative, Zeal Press.



Benjamin Ndugga-Kabuye, is Black Alliance for Just Immigration's (BAJI) Research and Advocacy Manager where he analyzes, investigates, and interprets policies, programs, and issues that impact Black families and communities across the diaspora. Previously, Ben served as BAJI's NYC Organizer where he led base-building and leadership development initiatives, coordinated the NYC Black Immigration Network, and conducted Know Your Rights and other trainings in Black immigrant communities. A writer and researcher, Ben draws inspiration from his background as a Ugandan immigrant and his experience working on a range of policy areas impacting black communities in California, Washington, D.C. and New York. Ben received a bachelor's degree in Criminology, a Master's in Public Policy at The New School, and has held several public policy fellowships.



2. NEW TRIBES

by Shawn Taylor

N'Kalu and Zani had been in conversation for twenty-six hours. At the beginning of their discussion, several members from each tribe filled the raised seats of the chamber. The conclusion of the lorekeeper and the ancestral-geneticist's discussion would fundamentally remake aspects of Wakandan life. Everyone wanted to make sure these changes would be beneficial to all. At the tenth hour, more than half the spectators removed themselves. At the twentieth hour, only a handful remained. At the twenty-sixth hour, the aunt and her nephew were alone. They were just getting started, having exhausted the ritual banter that all Wakandan specialists engage in.

Zani waved his hand and the chamber filled with a gigantic vibranium-sand figure of a human body, overlaid with holographic representations of cellular structures. He reached into the figure's leg, pulled out a DNA strand and unraveled it. He and his aunt were surrounded by the unspooled multicolored DNA. "This, my aunt. This is where our story, our history is held. If each newcomer agrees to my genetic testing, it would be so easy to sort them into already existing tribes. And if enough of the newcomers have phenomenogenetic similarity, we could consider creating new tribes. With this many new people, the formation of new tribes has to be considered. My aunt, please see this." He collapsed the figure and two holographic images replaced it. "Anthony Gaultier and Malaika Cruz. Born and living three-thousand miles apart. Similar histories, similar genetic profiles. Very similar life experiences. Why wouldn't they want to be grouped together? Why shouldn't they?" His voice cracked on the last word. He was tired but he was the younger, so he would not show his aunt the disrespect of slumping or sitting down. It seemed to him as if she hadn't moved an inch during their entire discussion.

The lorekeeper truly considered her nephew's position. She turned, cocked her head and smiled at him. Her jewelry made the musical tinkling that reminded Zani of his childhood. N'Kalu admired her nephew's intelligence. A mind second only to Princess *ahem* Premier Shuri's. She truly wished his parents were alive to witness such brilliance. But he had so much to learn.

N'Kalu created a vibranium-sand bench and indicated her nephew sit. She then cleared the holograms and conjured images of the whipped backs of slaves, lynching photographs, images of the Holocaust. Zani was visibly stunned, saddened to his core. "You are right. New tribes may very well have to be considered," N'Kalu said with all her love. "Mind you, nephew, I am not intimating that you've suggested this, but separating people by genetic make-up and common perceived experiences has never worked. Invariably, hierarchies would form. I understand what you're offering, but I do think that

your ideas can be abused by those who are not ... in alignment with the idea of inviting the world into our home. This may seem hypocritical, being that the Wakandans are composed of tribes. But our tribes are not wholly dependent on lineage or biological affinity. My husband, your uncle, was of the Border Tribe. When we married, he joined me and your mother's tribe at the water's edge. Your parents did something different. Our family is made up of all the tribes of Wakanda, we even have some of the Panther's blood in our veins. I fear that we would be doing a disservice to the newcomers if we went this route."

N'Kalu summoned another bench and rested against it. Zani heard her inhale sharply and felt fluttering in his chest and stomach. She was about to talk story. He was instantly transported back to when he was a little boy and so thoroughly mesmerized by the way his aunt partnered with language. In all of Wakandan history, there had never been a better lorekeeper. It was as close to magic as he would allow himself to believe in.

She unspooled her tale.

Using the vibranium-sand as accents, the tale she told enveloped Zani. It was, quite literally, his story. He experienced the meeting of his mother and father, a merchant tribesman and water tribeswoman falling in love, making a home away from either tribe, beginning something new, with strong connections to their origins. Then he and his younger sister choosing to leave the community his parents and their friends created. He to pursue science, she to utilize her considerable skills as a war dog.

"Choice, my nephew," N'Kalu said. "Choice. These newcomers need to be able to choose what is best for them. They need to be able to choose what they want to do, and train for it—how best they will contribute to the Wakandas. They need to have the right to choose where to live, who to associate with, whom to love without an implied genetic imperative, or biological corralling. I am under no illusions that their coming here will not have an effect. Some of these effects may be deleterious to what we've known. But as Premier Shuri has said repeatedly, 'it is time for us to stop hiding and fully join the world.' But in this case, the world is joining us."

N'Kalu saw her nephew was crestfallen, and took him into her arms. "My brilliant, brilliant indlovu. I think there is a way we can reach some kind of middle ground."

Premier Shuri entered the chamber, no guards, dressed in Western clothing. "Lorekeeper. Doctor," she respectfully addressed both. "Have you come to a decision? The council will act on whatever you suggest."

N'Kalu produced another bench. "If you would please join us Premier Shuri. We have so much to discuss. Zani rose and offered his seat. He then used the vibranium-sand and holograms to produce a DNA strand and the village his parents founded. "Our sto-

ries lie here and here.”

Premier Shuri nodded with pleasure, her agile mind ignited by possibility. She knew where this could go and she was pleased.



Shawn Taylor is a Senior Fellow at Pop Culture Collaborative and a Co-Founder of Nerds of Color (thenerdsofcolor.org). He writes and speaks about geek culture, mental health work, and parenting.



3. MAMA SALAM'S DECISION

by Itoro Udofia

In five days time I will clock one hundred. That's 36,500 days I've been living this life, and in all those days we've never let a seed found outside of Wakanda plant a root here. And though I'd never admit this to the Council of Elders, I'll say it to you. I'm caught in a predicament. I don't know what will happen if we open our borders. I'm the eldest on the Council and my position holds weight. But how I will use my power to speak, I don't know. They are looking to Wakanda. Our Black flowers. Scattered on foreign lands, growing in other dirt. The Council of Elders is preparing to meet one last time before we answer. Can we address all the travesties one of their countries, the United States, has wrought with the promise of a new home?

To call a people cut from the same cloth outsiders is now officially banned. The decree was written into law after T'Challa came back with his delegation to the US. After he killed Killmonger, everyone asked a question that plagues me into night sweats. Did we just kill one of our seeds? The delegation told us what they saw. The prisons, the poorest school districts, the unemployment line, the constant thwarting of access to one's history. A few Black people were celebrated as beacons of aspiration, but the masses were being forced out of their homes and neighborhoods, pushed further into a nightmare. Where's the aspiration there?

Last night, I asked a student from the School of Alternative Studies -- a beanstalk looking girl named Nia -- to show me the Black flowers that grow in the US. "Show me the colorful flowers, the fragrant, the unassuming and the poisonous. Show me the Black flowers." Nia used her power of holographic vision to help me. Being the smart mouth she is, she smirked and asked, "You know these Black flowers are humans right?" The days are changing I tell you, children are becoming more loose in the mouth and forgetting their elders have one foot on earth and another in the ancestral realm. How dare she try me? "Quiet young girl. When I want your opinion I'll ask for it!" I snapped at her like a crocodile ready to bite a fish in the water. I do like that Nia. I gave counsel to her mother when she was fearful of Nia's nightwalking into different realms. She time travels to get information from other worlds. She can bring people from different times and places to life to share what they've learned. Naturally, she uses the nighttime to explore these worlds and talk to people. Nia barely sleeps. It's the sacrifice for such a gift. That's what I told her mother as I held her hand and wiped her tears. "Respect your daughter's purpose. She'll be a great warrior for Wakanda."

The smart mouth girl hid her smile when I chastised her. I do like that Nia. I watched light beam from her forehead. She unveiled 3-D images of people I never met. Children playing. People walking to church, the market, work, making love, singing, laughing,

reading, crying, inventing, birthing, watching tv (which seems to be their national pas-time). Show me more. I demanded. I saw crowds of people marching the streets with signs. I saw a police officer yank the American flag out of the hands of a Black child. Some flowers stepped out of the image and spoke to me. I spoke with as many flowers as I could. I'm not concerned with only the most fragrant or colorful. All flowers have their perspective from where they grow. And all flowers experience the sun in different ways. I heard from many flowers, Annie Mae, Betty, Martin Luther King, Brother Kwesi, John, Malcom, Heather, Billie, Oscar, Nakeya, Marcus Garvey, little Bobby, and Mama Jean, the stalwart matriarch who lives in New Orleans on St. Claud.

They fed me their best culinary dishes, read some of their greatest speeches, showed me toys, asked me to doubledutch, and told me their hopes. These people, both living and dead, were looking towards Wakanda. "It can't all change in one day." Mama Jean said. She handed me a plate of collard greens with a pasta called macaroni and cheese. "But now that we got a nation that wants us, y'all better make room. That's our sanctuary. Figure this out." It was Nia that stopped me in the middle of our conversation. "Mama Salam?" She asked with a slight grin. "Forgive me for interrupting you in the middle of your race to become the only person in Wakanda that has spoken to all the Black flowers growing in the U.S. but it is morning now." I stopped in my tracks realizing that if I went any longer I'd miss the Council meeting. "Next time, don't let me carry on for so long! You know I like listening to others' stories." I sniped. Another smile crept across her face. I've always liked that Nia. I washed my body and put oil in my hair.

Still unsure of my decision.

But it is time now. The meeting is here and the Council of Elders sit ready for my thoughts on the matter. We have decided to meet before we report to T'Challa and the nation of Wakanda. Our people are too kind, they have left the final decision with us. My feet tremble and I worry someone will ask me what's wrong, but since I am old, I hope they think it's old age and not fear taking a toll on me. A voice cuts through and quickly silences my nervous chatter. "Mama Salam. What is your word?" I think of Mama Jean. We are both mamas to many people. I sit back and remember the flowers I watched grow and die last night. "Make room. Make room for our flowers. All of them." Mama Jean's voice laughs in the distance. "You did good. Now what about other Black flowers growing in other nations?"





Ito Udonde is a writer, performing artist, cultural worker, and educator based in Oakland, CA. She loves to tell stories that showcase strong female protagonists defying social conventions. As a first generation Nigerian writer, writing in this way is a liberating and healing process. You can find her work in *Slice Magazine*, *Meridians: Feminism, Race, Transnationalism*, and the anthology *Two Countries: US Daughters and Sons of Immigrant Parents* published by Red Hen Press. She has received residencies and fellowships from the Vermont Studio Center, the San Francisco Writers Grotto, The Edward Albee Foundation and the Summer Literary Seminars (SLS).



4. BLACK OBSIDIAN

by Pacita Rudder

Have you ever tried to block a spot of light with your finger? It only ever works if you have one eye closed. When both eyes are open you see the light everywhere no matter how hard you try to block it out. In Wakanda, the sun beams from every crevice in the walls, every cold glass sweating with perspiration held by market vendor hands. It is rare that it rains here. But today I feel the thick globs of water, flowing sun stroked across the sky, reminding me that the sun and rain belong together. Their union creating a miraculous magic that fills the sky with an assortment of colors, arcing from one end of the land to another. The straight lines of water soak into the deep fabric of my kente cloth immediately. I feel the rush of being one thing one second and something completely different the next. The shock of it making me squeal in a confused delight, both happy and terrified, the way tickling feels. Lifting my hands to catch more of it on my skin, I think about how later I will have to wrap my thick braids in a towel to soak up this gift from the goddesses.

The vibranium hums thickly in the air as I make way through the largest market in Birnin Zana. It's the only way to get to the home of my love, Nana. There is no language in Wakanda for romantically loving someone whose physical body mirrors your own. It just is. All the ways I experience love melded into a powerful expression of acceptance. It just is. Like the way magic grows from a plant, its flower infusing whoever eats it with a power beyond this realm. Overheard market conversations flow from both human and hologram mouths. My slow walk makes me pay attention to every detail. Color exists here. The entire spectrum of Blackness plays out in the exchange of goods, the laughter, the smells of spices sizzling, the lounging on wicker chairs lazily fanning away heat rays. It's beautiful, this integration of the old ways with the new. The rain has disheveled the market a little but the energy is still there, electricity powered by vibranium and love.

“Addae!”

I hear my name called and turn to see my friend Kofi bounding through the crowd, his cloth wrapped around his waist in the tradition of the Jabari. Shirtless, his muscled brown skin glistens with water and sweat. A smile comes to my face immediately. He has a way about him that makes me feel warm inside, he is my kin even though we come from different tribes. The way we love and who we love the same.

“Kofi!” I beam as he embraces me in a strong hug that lifts me off my feet, the wet of his skin making my hands slick.

“My friend, I’m happy to run into you! I’ve been wanting to talk to you.” His eyes glint as he puts me down gently.

“Eh, what’s wrong?” I look at him, rubbing my Kimoyo Beads in nervousness.

“Let’s walk.” He says, tightening his wrap around his waist.

We continue strolling side by side, listening to the sounds of the market.

“Last week I walked through the Crystal Forest on my way home to the Jabari Lands. As I was walking, I noticed a heavy wooden door nestled between two baobab trees. My curiosity got the better of me and I walked over to it and placed my hand on the metal handle.”

I glance at him and he is rubbing his Kimoyo beads, he shares in my nervous habit.

“As I walked through the door all around me was chaos. Our people fighting each other. The Dora Milaje against the Jabari. Then before my eyes the clothes they were wearing changed. They no longer wore the traditional cloth but the dress of the colonizer lands. Then I saw you standing on a mountain peak above the fighting, your braids blowing in the wind...but you...you were wearing the Black Panther suit.” He looks at me shyly.

“What happened next?” I gasp, the fear apparent in my voice.

“I don’t know. I heard a gunshot and then all of a sudden I was back in the Crystal Forest and the door was gone.”

“Do you think this has to do with the Black Panther’s decision to reveal us to the world in that war with the murderer Thanos? And the invitation for Africans from the global diaspora to come?” I say this, ignoring the part of the vision where I am the Black Panther. How could I ever hold that position of power with no royal blood? And what about Shuri? The thought suddenly stirs a feeling of remembrance inside me that I can’t place, heat rising in my body as if I am engulfed in flames.

“I think it’s something to consider, my friend. Every decision has an impact.”

Without me noticing, the scenery has changed from the bustling, rainbow colored market to the lush greenery of the neighborhoods. This is where we part ways, we both know it. There’s no need for us to say goodbye with words. We can feel it as it transcends our bodies. He embraces me again and I hold on tightly to the comfort, letting him go slowly and with trepidation. I watch him run back into the explosion of color, the dark brown of his back getting lost in a sea of hues.

I'm outside Nana's house now, knocking on the door quietly. She opens the door with a bright smile. A gentle touch to my cheek and a light kiss are enough to ease away some of my tension. I love these moments when we're alone together, where I don't have to explain the experience of my day just yet. Those fleeting moments that are sometimes hard to grab a hold of like a wayward eyelash. The land, rich with vibranium, flowing through the veins in the earth under our feet, in the crevices of mountain peaks hardened by risen earth and shaped by stone. Love in its purest, most dazzling form. Like the sun shimmer in slow moving water. Wakanda stands as a backdrop to my drifting. Feet planted firmly but still floating away.



Pacita Rudder is a cultural strategist for Power California and brings her love for creative writing and cultural expression into movements for justice. She is a queer immigrant, writer, and storyteller living in Oakland, California.



5. THE KINGDOM IS DEAD

Fan(tasy) Fiction

by adrienne maree brown

Dear adrienne

It has been my pleasure to write to you in this way, across time, across space, across boundaries of our own making, and borders we would never have imagined.

Things have been terrifying and interesting and beautiful as we recovered from the devastation of Erik Killmonger. He left exposed rifts and conflicts that have been painful, gaping wounds in our small community...it has never been a utopia here, but there was so much that we did not question before he came, things we began to question and realize we wanted to change, and we disagreed on how to change.

Perhaps you can understand the level of narrative that we have lived with here, as you live in a place that claims to be number one in a world of significantly older nations, as if you were a collective toddler claiming to be the wisest human to ever live. Perhaps you all are so great, perhaps we are, perhaps, anything is possible. But, for real though?

Anyhoo...sometimes I have looked in the mirror and wondered if I am flesh or symbol. I said to my mother that it is as if Erik threw a massive stone at us, believing us to be a house of glass, but we are a body of water. The rock did not break us, but it changed the surface, it shifted the volume in perceptible ways.

One of those shifts is the main reason I am writing to you now, new and forever friend.

My brother T'Challa was quite shaken in the aftermath of Killmonger's arrival, the battle, the death of this man who was family and stranger to us, who never had a chance to know his destiny. My brother tried to move so quickly to resolution, and then he got stopped by his own grief, a sense of being an imposter, or a fool. I have always told him this is foolish, but when I thought I had lost him...I cannot even explain how much it hurt, what a loss it would have been to my life.

But it hasn't been the same, even as he spouts new ideas and intentions, he hasn't been the same. Something has been brewing in him which, articulated and set into motion, changes everything.

To make a long emotional process story slightly shorter, T'Challa has decided he wants to make a major change - he wants to end the monarchy altogether. Killmonger said he wanted to spread power everywhere Black, but he didn't actually want to be part of a collective, he was still a man acting alone. And T'Challa, even with me, with Okoye,

he still felt so alone in his fight, like the responsibility for integrity in Wakanda was too much for a human to hold.

He wants to shift our system of governance away from a monarchy. Yes we have vibranium, yes we have the capacity to make Black Panthers - I have been toying with taking a flower myself from the next batch. Those powers need not be tied to royalty - we are stronger if many more of us have tasted the flower, have been imbued with the wisdom of our ancestors. He wants to open the magic and science up to many more of us.

He has a lot of questions from our elders, but also a lot positive responses...and I am certainly supportive. I have very strong opinions about the future of this country, this world, and I was frankly a bit frustrated by my brother's initial attempt to relegate me to a single project in Oakland - what do I know about California? I'm a technology designer! I think in terms of systems, of resolving problems that seem impossible. I don't know youth program things...or American things...I only know a Wakandan perspective really, a Wakandan context. I want to do well in the place I am rooted, to cocreate systems that allow us to grow.

This letter is mostly to tell you about these changes, but I also have a request. T'Challa knows how to lead, but not so much how to follow. I know how to invent and create, but not so much how to collaborate. Okoye knows how to defend and fight, but not so much how to de-escalate and connect. We have parts of something powerful, and we are the generation to take this liberatory project forward. We have heard about some of the ideas you are working on there around facilitation and emergent strategy, there is much alignment in the design principles I use. And...

We would like to invite you to visit us, to exchange with us and possibly facilitate some of our conversations around how to make the shift beyond the monarchy. Our elders are a bit hesitant to engage Americans this way, but I told them, at least it isn't another dying white man needing saving. I told them about you! Though...if you do need any medical support, holla. (Did I use that right?)

This is getting long so I will stop here, but my mind is lit up with the possibilities of our work together.

Say yes.
Shuri





adrienne maree brown is a writer, facilitator, emergent strategist and pleasure activist living in Detroit.



Section II:
New and Old
Familial Hurt



6. A REMEMBRANCE FOR PASSING DREAMS

“And we will know him then for what he was and is – a Prince – our own black shining Prince! Who didn’t hesitate to die, because he loved us so.”

[Ossie Davis, Eulogy for Malcolm X]

by Calvin Williams
For Prince White and Brandon Harrison

I remember our first encounter,
At the gentry cafe on Broadway in downtown Oakland.

We spoke boldly, unapologetically -
With our truth tattooed upon our lips.
I knew immediately from your spirit alone, we were of the same tribe:

Of prodigal sons of movements past,
Of a new vanguard for a revolution whose time has come;
Of a new generation of warriors reclaimed, right here from the Town.

But just as a passing dream - that now seems so long ago.

I’ve lost more warriors than I care to count.

But never like this.
Stolen. Taken. Slowly, yet suddenly... gone.
A passing dream.

Ceremony seems sacrilegious ... when you are unwilling to say goodbye.
Again. And again.
And again...

Sacred engravings that serve as rituals of survival
offer little refuge when there is no longer room on my skin
to bear the names I am burdened to remember.

And now... Yours?

In this time, We are at a loss:
Our altars too crowded with martyrs;
Our ceremonies too absent of elders.

I'd as soon surrender my seat among the ancestral plane
To return life for those who have fallen too soon,
Even at my own hand.

Because I am tired of being called to war
When all I've ever wanted was to be called back Home.

But never like this.
Alone. Imprisoned to memories
Of a passing dream... Called Home.

How can our People so desperately seek Sanctuary
In the very lands that kept us hostage in our struggle?

And what good are their open doors
When I must enter them in secret, still?

The Sun will one day set
Upon A Wakanda
In which we all are Free...

But, **all** of Us.
Or **none** of Us.

Today - I learned
Our Prince had fallen.

His name is N'Jadaka.

And his death
Shall not be in vain.

[Author's Note]

To: Your Highness Queen Shuri and Taifa Ngao
From: Uthman T'Alindo

Princess Regent Intelligence Division Executives [P.R.I.D.E.]
RE: Truth & Reconciliation Healing Circles

To Your Highness and Most Honorable Queen Shuri,

And The Esteemed and Wise Elders of Taifa Ngao -

In compliance with his commitments to the Truth & Reconciliation Healing Circles among former dissidents of the **Hatut Zeraze** intelligence agency (AKA War Dogs) and families impacted by the Battle of Mount Bashenga, **[name redacted]** formally submitted the following journal passage to P.R.I.D.E.

According to P.R.I.D.E. intelligence records, **[named redacted]** is the son and only child of two War Dog Field Agents who were both killed in action while on assignment in Los Angeles, CA, USA during the Uprisings of 1992 - by state mercenaries armed with smuggled weapons traced back to Ulysses Klaue.

King T'Chaka assigned **[name redacted]** to Oakland, CA, USA as a Senior Field Agent of the Hatut Zeraze only ten years later as he followed in his parents footsteps. By 2011, he was named the youngest Deputy Director of Operations in history of the agency.

In the most recent Truth & Reconciliation Healing Circles, **[name redacted]** claimed responsibility for using this post to organize dissident splinter cells of the **Hatut Zeraze** loyal to Prince N'Jadaka (AKA Erik Killmonger) in his mission to overthrow the throne and supply Wakandan weaponry for armed revolutions across the Diaspora. Evidenced by encrypted Kimoyo recordings, he confirmed their correspondence began in 2009 during the Oakland Uprisings following the BART Police murder of Oscar Grant.

Similar to Killmonger, **[name redacted]** is covered with ceremonial scarification tattoos that he claims represent each fallen warrior of both Diaspora and Wakandan Descent who have died at the hands of state violence, including his own parents.

Our circles of healing and transformative justice in this time of reparation and repatriation must reach deep... enough to embrace the ancestors whose names should never live as passing dreams:

We are a commitment to new dreams of our freedom to emerge

We are a commitment to new prayers, songs, rituals, and ceremonies in this journey of healing

We are a commitment to all of us.





Over the past 10 years, Calvin Williams has worked in the field of policy advocacy, leadership development, and education. He believes our movements are sustained when we create spaces for health, healing, and transformation through authentic relationships.

As Senior Associate at Movement Strategy Center, Calvin supports youth engagement projects focused on the Boys and Men of Color/Sons & Brothers initiative with the California Endowment. He previously served as Program Coordinator for the Oakland Boys and Men of Color (BMoC) initiative at the Urban Strategies Council and was an inaugural BMoC Fellow with The California Endowment.

Calvin developed innovative fellowship programs to engage a new generation of progressive leaders. He was the founding director of the Health Equity Fellowship program, a partnership between The Greenlining Institute and the California Endowment. He coordinated national policy campaigns and trainings through the Generational Alliance, a strategic coalition of 15 progressive youth organizations, to build collective power among young people of color and low-income communities. He also directed the fellowship program at Young People For (YP4), a project of the People For the American Way Foundation that engaged young progressive leaders in creating community change across the country.

Calvin was an educator in Mississippi and Alabama, teaching high school and junior high. In 2008, he was recruited by Wellstone Action to be a trainer for emerging college campus organizers. He has since advised curriculum development for YP4, California Black Student Union, and BMoC youth trainings.

Calvin received his BA in Political Science at LaGrange College in Georgia. He received a Master in Public Administration at City University of New York, Baruch College School of Public Affairs. He now resides in Oakland, CA, where he actively serves on several boards including Brothers on the Rise, United Roots and YouthSEED.



7. WAKANDAN LOVE LETTERS

by Tammy Johnson

How is your heart, Femi?

I hope that it is still strong and tender. This weak muscle in my chest still longs for you and holds out hope for us and our beautiful Wakanda. And even though my head still rattles with rage from the words exchanged the last time we spoke; my heart forgives you, black man. Our last Kimoyo Bead communication was so acidic, leaving me raw inside. So, I decided to go old school and send this letter through my brother Kyauta, who will meet you at your P.R.I.D.E assignment in Germany. Your protocol forces me to write in a foreigner's language, so don't you dare laugh at my twisted spelling and grammar.

My words attempt to lift the mood, but I have to be serious now. Week of last, we battled with you in a New York high rise and I in my lecture hall in Wakanda. But I could feel the torment that rattles your soul as if you were here next to me. Femi, you have every right to be angry. As a P.R.I.D.E agent, you have paid dearly for our freedom. The atrocities that you have witnessed have left you restless, drowned in night sweats and the thunder of your own screams. Every silent procession that you made to the burial of a comrade, and the unjust death of the great Hatut Zeraze warrior Mbokomu, your sister, has aged you far beyond your four decades. Does it feel like a march to your own grave? The sacrifice is too great. Come home, Femi. Wakanda needs you here. I need you. The twins need you.

I know that you are still angry with me for supporting Queen Shuri's call for Wakandan citizens to shelter African refugees. You would overstand the wisdom of her vision better if you were here. Fighting for Wakanda's existence with a long spear makes little sense when you can feel your foe's breath on your cheek, and no sense at all when the real enemy holds the spear. Yes, it's true that P.R.I.D.E agents and their predecessors have successfully kept colonialists and their ways at bay for centuries. They have detected, manipulated and intercepted global plots with ever advancing technology without fail. What is also true is that the world is here now, at our doorstep. That's scary, but it's not our greatest threat. It is the ancestral wisdom of the village that cultivates, nurtures and sustains peace. This too is true. We become an enemy unto ourselves if we ignore what makes us strong. Wakanda, our values, our culture, our people, they are our greatest strength, not isolation. You know that this is true Femi.

That is why the arrival of the twins, Gboliwe and Ejura to our home is a blessing. Like you, these four-year old babes have witnessed war and unfathomable human destruction. As I watched them eat their first bowl of my peanut stew I could see the wisdom behind Queen Shuri's vision. This was not about saving the world, but about creating

a world worth saving. Wakanda has the opportunity to show the world, not only how to govern justly, but how to hold each other with great care and love. Yes, what you said that day is true. In the world that the twins were born into, I would be called out of my name, a freak. But I was born here in Wakanda, where I am called scholar, wise leader, daughter, wife and friend. My Spirit shapes my being. Anything or anyone outside of that has no power over me. And here in Wakanda the twins, despite all that they have seen and been through, joyfully call me mama. The world calls them war refugees, but here they are children, our children. It's our calling to bring us, all of us, back to our full humanity. And we will succeed! Oh Femi! Gboliwe and Ejura, their very names tell us to rejoice and prosper! This was the right decision.

The night before his death, the last words you heard T'Challa say were, "Never forget who you are. Never forget what you are." I know nothing about this Kenneth, that you pretend to be while conning arms dealers on jet planes. Let Kenneth go. Remember that you are Olufemi, the one God loves. So, you have nothing to fear. You are Wakandan. But even more than that, you are African, from the birthplace of humanity. This is our collective history. It is also our future. It is where our humanity will be restored. Gboliwe and Ejura are our future. Come raise them with me.

In Wakandan love,

Kayin

[Written in Wakandan but translated here for the reader]

My Enduring Heart Kayin,

I can't remember the last time that I have placed pen on paper. I write in our tongue because it is important that I never forget it. Fuck protocol. And even when I do forget who I am, I can never forget you. You are Kayin, the one whom they called from birth, 'the celebrated child'. Your brilliance and steadfast love has saved me once again. Too often when attempting to explain the ways of the world to you, I try to impose logic onto illogical deeds, and lose myself in the process. And every time, you bring me back to myself, to Wakanda, to you. I still fear for our future and grieve our past. But please my heart, although you witness my struggles, do not hold my grief as your own. Spirit will guide me and with you in my arms I will heal. I can't wait to see you, and the twins. Show them Wakandan pride, and that we make the best jollof on the continent! I will be home soon.

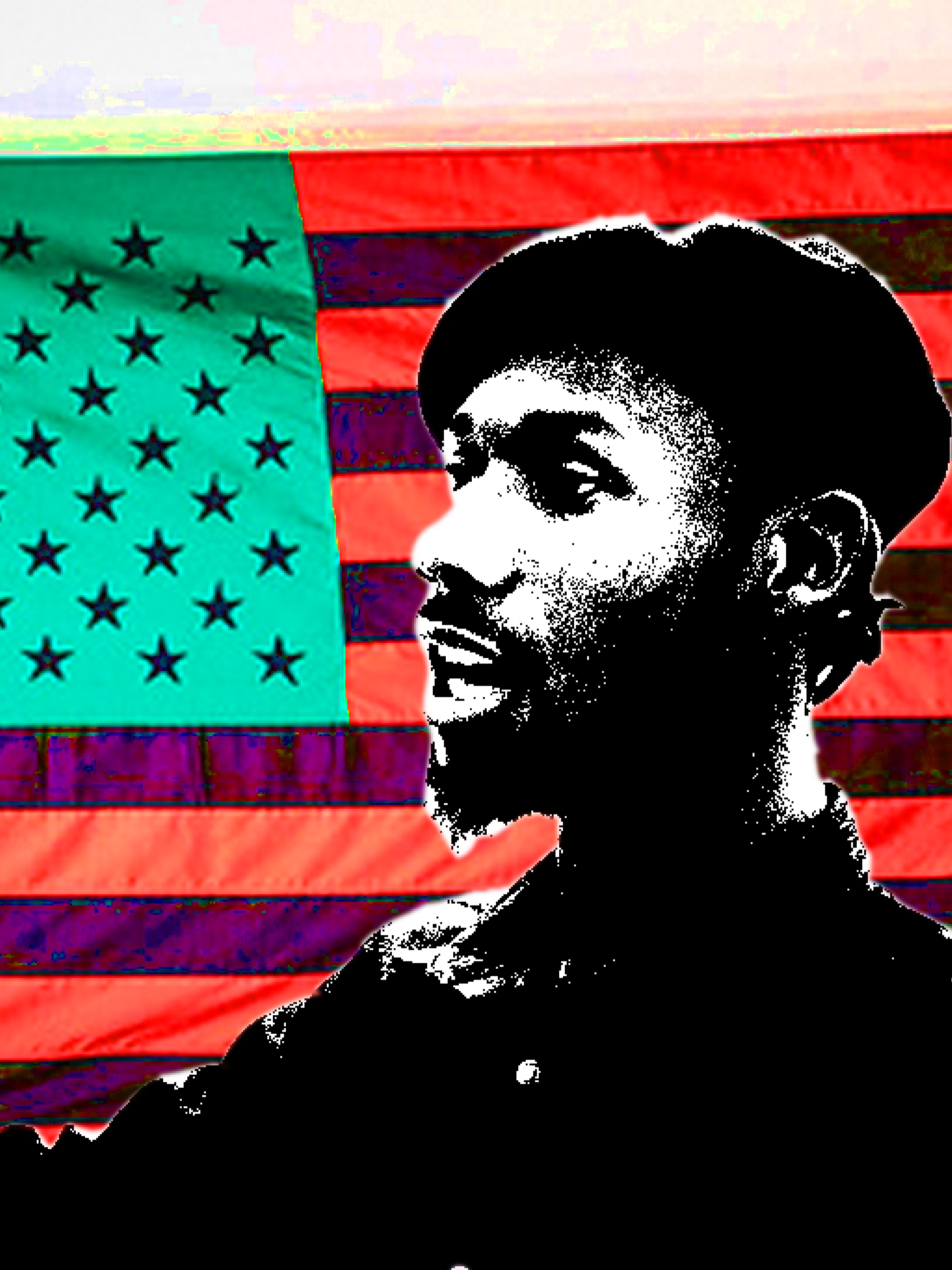
In Wakandan love,

Femi





Tammy Johnson is a dancer, writer, and equity analyst living in Oakland, California. As a highly visible and effective community organizer in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Tammy directed campaigns on economic justice, electoral reform and public education. Tammy's gift for strategy development and ability to nurture strong relationships with groups on the ground led to a decade at Race Forward, spent advancing racial justice at as a national organizer, trainer, writer, policy analyst and public speaker. She co-produced the television special "Colorlines: Race and Economic Recovery" with LinkTV, and has written for the Christian Science Monitor, The Huffington Post, and Colorlines.com. Along with Nayantara Sen and Channing Kennedy, Johnson is a principle partner of Art/Work Practice, a firm that advances cultural strategies with a through an equity-based approach. Johnson is also an Egyptian style bellydancer and the director of cultural production company, Project Aiwa.



8. the black american delegation from the united states speaks to Shuri at the first truth and reconciliation convening in Wakanda

Wakanda, 2019

by Saida Agostini

first, let us in
then learn the weight of
our bodies, the full rich weight of our
dead. put your ear to their headstones
ask for forgiveness, feel the
rough whisper of caskets
and let the maps of grief come in.
say words like tulsa flint loosies
miscarriages jasper, smell our blood in the
air as you would jasmine: pungent, triumphant
and alone. conjure our dead:
burn blue fires for the next hundred
years, plaster sakia, islan, rekia, eric and
kalief's pictures on the walls of your homes
light candles, pray silent before their names
never speak, never try to explain how one
black loving nation could only survive
through starving the rest. we know.
the beast of your grimace living for
centuries in our homes, haunting
every dream, how we each trade
what we love to live. pretend that
hoodies, tight dresses and boundaries
are what kill us, when we all know
each line of the psalm that reigns over
our lives. let us in.

let us in.

Note on "the black american delegation from the united states speaks to Shuri at the first truth and reconciliation convening in Wakanda"

As I started to imagine Wakanda: a Black paradise that I and my elders have been barred entry into, an inarticulable rage grew. What would it mean for Wakanda to not

only open its doors to us, but acknowledge a white supremacist politic of isolationism? What grieving would Wakanda have to hold? Could we forgive? How would we come to terms with the gambles each of us make to survive in a world where Blackness is held as an exploitable resource? I began to imagine Wakanda hosting a series of truth and reconciliation convenings to create spaces for public grief and accountability. --
Saida Agostini



Saida Agostini is a queer afro-guyanese poet and activist. She is the Chief Operating Officer for FORCE: Upsetting Rape Culture, a survivor led artist collective dedicated to resisting rape culture. As COO, Saida supports FORCE in sustaining and expanding its capacity to engage in survivor led movement building work. She is also the founding member of the Rooted Collective, a liberatory gathering of Black LGBTQ people to define, dream, and expand on the ways we heal from oppression. In her work, Saida has organized statewide advocacy initiatives promoting the rights of LGBTQ youth in foster care, education and juvenile justice, and directed art actions uplifting the visibility of Black girls, women and queer folks. A published poet and writer, Saida's work is featured in several print and online publications. Saida has received support for her poetry and resistance work from Cave Canem, the Leeway Foundation and other institutions.



Section III:
New Wakanda



9. WAKANDA DREAMING

by Rufaro Gwarada

Neema walks to the lectern worrying the edges of the letter held between her two hands. Clearing her throat, she speaks in the deep, orotund voice, which often surprises listeners who don't know her. Slender and standing at five feet, her age is indiscernible in her face - she could be 25, 35, or 45.

“Before we begin our deliberations, I'll read a letter from an old friend. We connected years ago at a conference on African unity, peace, and prosperity. But we lost touch over time ... now Mufambi has found me. Mufambi wants to relocate to Wakanda.

‘Wangu,

Warmest greetings. How're you? Congratulations on your appointment to the Taifa Ngao. When did we become old enough to be considered elders? But then again, with us Africans, the six-year-old is an elder to the two-year-old.

I'm in California. Please forgive my silence; you're not forgotten. I often think back to when we met as young activists for the love of Mama Africa. I never dreamt that I'd leave home yet staying was unthinkable. No good jobs; a head of state with delusions of omnipotence; dissenters disappeared; women's dress supervised; refuse-laden rivers and poison air endanger all life; the rich engorge themselves on our country's resources as politicians portion them off to the highest bidders ... It goes on. My spirit was dying and still needs tending to as this United States undeniably seems to mirror what I left behind.

Five years since I left, the wisdom of the elders still rings in my ears everyday: kusina mai hakuendwe. How I long for my mother and to be back in Mama Africa's bosom. Perhaps Wakanda will receive me with the same love and gentle touch.

The documentary 'Black Panther' reminded me of the beauty and possibility that lies in the sovereignty of our people. I'm elated that you're considering welcoming diaspora siblings to Wakanda to experience this.

Wakanda, whose people readily follow a young woman's lead!

Where the powers that be ensure bellies are full, bodies nourished, and all are sheltered and valued.

Wakanda, where the baobab, our great Tree of Life once again roots deeply and thrives.

Where leaving is about curiosity rather seeking the elusive promise of other lands.

Wakanda where Black joy, brilliance, and dignity is not a pursuit, it just is.

Yes, my Wakanda dreaming inspired poetry. I know you're smiling. You always liked my poetry.

Let me tell you about my journey. Traveling with 25 others - women, children, and men, we headed for the southern border. Our attempt to cross into the first country, was nightmarish. Despite forcing us to flee our home, violence possessively tried to pen us into a kraal of horror as our homeland's border patrol shot at us. Imagine?! We left those felled by bullets just lying there in the dust. The remaining 15 of us couldn't stop to cry for or cover them. What good would it have done to stay and present ourselves for death's embrace? After that first perilous hurdle to our freedom, we pressed on. It hurts to think that were we leaving home now, we could've gone north instead; straight to Wakanda and maybe those we lost would still be here.

Kenya to Tanzania, on to Malawi, then Mozambique, Zimbabwe and South Africa. Our numbers dwindled as some chose to take their chances in the countries we passed through. Once in South Africa five of us procured passage on a cargo ship. So began our less than economy-class trip to the Americas. Clearly the authors of our school books omitted, by design, anything about what happened to our kin after they were stolen from among us. I can scarcely catch my breath whenever I think about my Atlantic crossing ... I listened for the voices of the ancestors who Erik Killmonger invoked in his final words in the documentary.

Landing in Brazil, so began an arduous journey by train, lorry, and foot through Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua then Honduras, Guatemala, Mexico, and finally, the US. At the border I stated my business. I sought asylum, refuge ... protection. I was stunned to be imprisoned as I awaited a hearing to determine whether I could stay. Fortunately, after 3 months, I had a bond hearing. My cousin who had encouraged my journey to the US withdrew \$3,000 from his mutual aid society and I was released. I was thankful but heartsick to leave behind my friend Esi. We met in prison. She said she had been there for 398 days. Over a year in captivity in pursuit of dignity and liberty I tell you. Mind you, they could still deport her.

But back to Wakanda now. Is what the Diaspora Talking Drum network saying true? That if I arrived at the Wakanda border today, joyful song, dance, and ritual carried on the melodies of kora, mbira, and adungu would welcome me? I'd get food and water to revive me, then a health and wellness check with treatment for any maladies. Next, a revitalizing bath in waters from the sacred Maisha Springs. Last would be a bed designed to ensconce me for restful and restorative sleep. DTD says the Border Tribe is running all of this at the Wamkelekile Ekhaya reception centers. But apparently the Border Tribe is no longer known as such in Wakanda. The border only exists because of the neighboring country's policies.

You know, the US of the movies seduced so many of us with its lies. Greener pastures turned out to be harsh and unforgiving. Worse still, our color renders us non-human to the ruling party. Children are caged, seekers of a better life are thwarted for being melanin endowed or Muslim. Love is policed and the battle to keep Mother Earth alive actively undermined. From the arrival of settlers through the present day, Indigenous, Black, and Brown people have fought and toiled for this country as our home. Our resilience and indomitable spirit inspire me. I would've tried to stay but Wakanda calls and offers balm for my heart.

I hear that under the new policy neither my passport nor other papers are necessary. When I get to the consulate I'll share that I'm there for the Diaspora Reunion & Repatriation Program. I'll then be issued Kimoyo beads that have been updated to include the new Kinship Bead, which strengthens all wearers grounding in Ubuntu.

But dear Neema what hope is there for people like Santos, my friend from Honduras? Like me he is undocumented, which can be terrifying and isolating. Surely Wakandans would welcome with open arms those who seek refuge, to belong and thrive but don't identify as African? Remember how all those years ago we professed that Black liberty is a first step toward liberty for all? May it be so.

As I await your response, I'll continue to dream about being escorted to the consulate hanger where I'll board the Homegoer aircraft, which will take me straight to you and Wakanda free of charge.

Wako,
Mufambi'

Folding the letter Neema looked up at her fellow council members. "On behalf of my tribe, I move that we adopt the new policy with an addendum. In our abundance we must choose more than just ourselves."



Rufaro Gwarada is a US-born Zimbabwean who spent the formative years of her life in Zimbabwe and migrated back to the United States as a young adult. She is currently Director of Cultural Strategies at Power California (formerly Mobilize the Immigrant Vote and YVote). Rufaro co-founded ThriveAfrica.us, a giving circle for and by African immigrants

and refugees in the United States and sits on the board of Priority Africa Network. She previously was content developer and editor of AfricaSpeaks4Africa, an online magazine, which lifts up and advances African perspectives on key cultural, socio-economic, and political issues. She is a writer who believes in the transformative power of stories, and is committed to gender justice with an emphasis on women and girls' rights. As a diaspora African, Rufaro is committed to migrant rights, and the advancement of African-led solutions for Africans. Rufaro sometimes creates mixed media visual art, has been known to disappear into stories, and loves 90s music.



10. SECURITY

by Makani Themba

Walking through the Trauma Processing Unit was the hardest part of her day. High Facilitatress Shuri took a deep breath, closed her eyes and vibrated into her heart chakra until she felt the low hum of the Mzunguko wa Nuru in their morning incantations. Wakandans had taken for granted the inner peace and wholeness that was their way of being. She knew that now. Her years of study taught her that Black people the world over had suffered, but it was not until she watched the daily play of images on the TPU's Great Monitor that she could grasp the depth and breadth of their suffering.

She caught herself. Their suffering. We are one people now. And as Wakanda's new found relatives made their way to the Karibu Kubwa or Great Welcome, there was much to be done to support them in releasing the fear and pain of their oppression.

They came laden with stories - lies really - about their beauty, their abilities, their history. It was hard to believe that anyone could look at them and not see their beauty, their brilliance. Yet, they could not see it for themselves. And if they could not see it for themselves, they would not be able to see it in others. And that was the danger in their entry before processing.

Shuri caught herself sliding into concern. *Breathe. Feel the assurance of the Circle as they chant gratitude for the Sun. Gratitude for each being. Gratitude for the love they are and have yet to be.*

As she walked into the TPU, the Guides were already busy preparing the units. Between their singing of the old songs and their all white dress and head wraps, they looked like birds gliding over the new arrivals, or ndios, as they helped them to ease into the deep sleep so essential to the Process. Shuri made sure to hug each Guide warmly. She wanted each and every one of them to know the love and gratitude she felt for their sacred service and contribution to Wakandan national security. She knew that this was the only security that mattered - the safety and wellness of its people.

Like always, the screens were full of horror - large and small. The disrespectful cashier. The unspeakable acts of violence. Unbelievably, some of these traumas occurred when the ndios were very young. *Breathe. What kind of society would do that to a child?*

It was too much to fathom. And she never wanted to "understand."

Next, the Sawobona Center and the vibranium beds where memories were reconstructed at the cellular level and reset to their ancient knowing. Here they would re/member who they really are. This was her favorite part, seeing the vibranium and melanin dance together again just outside the aural energy ring. The colors bursting like fireworks - blue, orange, gold until the final wave of violet. The way the lights washed over the center just enough to allow her a glimpse of ancestors visiting from the other side to offer prayer and thanksgiving. Each passage to citizenship was a precious miracle of rebirth.

As beautiful as the re/membering was, the daily projections from the TPU revealed the depth to which humanity has sunk. Black people everywhere were suffering and those who perpetrated these crimes against our humanity seemed only redoubled in their hate and destructive intent. Could Wakanda survive in a world where there was so much trauma, greed and violence re/membering only thousands when there were billions of fractured ones?

Some on the Facilitative Leadership Council advocated that we should abandon our peace and use our technology to wipe out the lost and dangerous ones. They argued that it was important to save the planet, for self defense and for retribution for the heinous crimes the lost have already committed against our people - and the planet itself. Others argued, who were we to judge? What kind of negative energy would come from so many deaths? It could not be the way, but after these many mornings spent at the TPU, she honestly was no longer sure.

She knew that pressure was mounting on the Council to develop some kind of plan forward. In the meantime, she would close her eyes and offer a heart welcome to the next cohort of awakening Wakandans.

The Mzunguko whisper, *Trust. The answer will soon come.*



Makani Themba is a Jackson, Mississippi based organizer, author, dreamer and proud Black nerd. She works as Chief Strategist at Higher Ground Change Strategies where she's blessed to support and collaborate with some of the smartest change makers in the country.



11. DANCEHALL POLITICKS

by Terry Marshall

Ag, we needed this. Everyone was concerned that it might not happen given all that has struck Wakanda in the last year but the Council knew we all needed this. The go ahead was given for the Annual Great Bast Festival. My Umakhulu always said “no one can’t stop a good jol, music and dance are soul-food. Or more like Soul-desert”. Tonight, is the biggest Jol for Bast Fest, Hyper Jol. Tonight, in my opinion, will be one of the finest examples of the success of Shuri’s new open borders policy. Before fully implementing the policy, the council conducted small experiments through cultural exchanges. One of those experiments resulted in tonight’s DJ line up with South Africa’s DJ Black Coffee performing alongside Wakanda’s very own DJ VibeZ. You know, DJ VibeZ was one of Wakanda’s first hip hop MCs going by MC Vibranium, then shortening it to VibeZ when they became a DJ.

VibeZ and Black Coffee are playing a SoundClash - well, more playing together than clashing- tonight. South African Gqom versus Wakandan Gqom! YO! Listen, Gqom may have started in South Africa but I don’t think Black Coffee is ready for the thunderous bass to have people bouncing off of walls. I mean act-ua-lly bouncing off walls. See, as part of the 1967 Dancehall Act to reduce waste and produce regenerative energy, it is mandatory for every dancehall to be built with vibranium walls and kinetic motion sensors in the floors. Vibranium absorbs sound and kinetic energy so all the sound from the music and the motion from the dancing feet gets transformed into electricity that runs the monorails and city lights. Even after that there’s a lot of energy left over so one can literally bounce off of the vibranium walls during the dance. Makes for a lot of interesting dance moves. Ag, sorry I am a bit in a dwaal. Going on and on about my musical knowledge. But you must forgive me, it’s what I teach at the university: African Diaspora Musicology and its Basis for African Political Unity. I’m actually responsible for tonight’s jol with Black Coffee. I serve on the National Cultural Committee of the Open Borders Transitions Council and I pushed hard for this experiment. I’m personally hoping to hear some S.A. House, Kwaito, Afrobeats and early Wakandan hits too.

Walau, me and my friends gathered at my house in downtown Birnin Zana to prep to go out to the dancehall. We laughed, drank, practiced dance moves and of course discussed politics, a Wakandan past time. In our crew there is me, Nuri, (the teacher), Fundiswa (the scientist), Adebisi (artist and part time wizard in training), Akhona (a War Dog, we don’t know much about her work life), and Fezeka (a vibranium Miner). I guess I should get out of my head and interact.

[In the living room practicing dance moves off of their Kimoyo Beads]

Fundiswa: Nuri get in here quick. You got to help us practice our Gwara Gwara!

Fezeka: Yes! All the dances look better with more people.

[In the kitchen]

Nuri: Just now, I'll be there just now. I'm making the mampoers.

Fezeka [Entering the kitchen]: Nuri, as if there won't be plenty of drinks at the jol, eh? I can't wait to wall bounce. This is the best Bast Fest ever!

[At the kitchen table, Adebisi is levitating to demonstrate his new magic lessons from his apprenticeship at the Magic School of the Arts]

Adebisi: Yebo! Thanks to the new Open Borders Policy we share our knowledge with the world and in return we get Black Coffee, our national Wakandan Futbol team in the World Cup, and Lil Yachty. Fair trade indeed HA HA! [sarcasm rings in his laugh].

[Nuri carrying the mampoers into the living space as everyone follows]

Nuri: not so fast on the World Cup. FIFA officials are still trying to determine a way to detect usage of the Heart Shaped Herb in athletes. Ssstttuuueepps [sucks teeth]. So stupid. 1. Only the Black Panther is allowed to consume the herb and 2. Why is it illegal? It is 100 % natural, from the earth! If weed can be legalized... [walks away head shaking in disgust]

[Akhona walks out to the living space last]

Akhona: Ag, by Bast I swear. You all are so blind to the problems of this Open Borders Policy by these goodies. A concert here. Futbol match there. Wait till the refugees come. Then you'll see the problems.

Fundiswa: be careful Akhona. You sound like W'Kabi before the Killmonger incident. You see where that got him.

Akhona: Eh! So, what? Someone has to tell the truth. Better to be a W'Kabi than a moegoe. And don't act like just because Killmonger is dead his ideas died with him. There are many Wakandans who took up arms alongside him against fellow Wakandans and there are many still who whisper he was right. Listen, I'm not saying I agree with everything he said but I am a War Dog. I live out there beyond the borders. I've seen the pain and misery that thank Bast no Wakandan child knows of. I've seen Blacks killed for no reason in the US, I've seen people slaughter each other because they were told they were different, I've seen refugee boats from our continent get turned over by the Italian authorities so as to not let Africans in their country. All those diaspora people will bring their problems with them to Wakanda. And the ones who have power over them now. They will work hard to have power over Wakanda too.

Fezeka: Akhona I hear you. We all hear you. We were here for the Killmonger incident too. I work in the mines. I think about how in a few weeks the foreigners will be arriving and how I may have more competition for my job. But then I think about one of Wakanda's oldest sayings "There is and will always be enough for everyone". There is always a way to have enough for everyone. Walls cannot stand forever.

Nuri: besides we can't keep pretending that Wakanda is some perfect pure-blooded isolated paradise. All the tribes intermarry. My father is of the Border Tribe and my mother is of the River Tribe. And War Dogs have always brought back home loves from other lands. Our very own Queen Mother Ramonda is South African. And we have always secretly traded with other African nations. We would not have survived as a nation very long without doing so.

Fundiswa: it's also simple science. Diversity is key to survival of any species.

Akhona: Eish! You all cut me with your words. You make me sound like I'm some barbarian that is heartless and doesn't care about others. I just wish there were more indabas about the policy and more time to consider. I just want us all to be cautious.

Fundiswa: I see you Akhona. But we must always move forward while looking back like the Sankofa. Never stuck in the past.

[Everyone's Kimoyo beads shoot a hologram in the air with the time 12:00 a.m. flashing]

Nuri: Sorry to interrupt the talk people but VibeZ and Black Coffee are about to go head to head. Let's catch the shuttle monorail to the jol.

All in unison: Laduma!

[On the shuttle]

Akhona: Nuri, I know you have deep knowledge about what I was talking about because you serve on one of the national committees. You have to review a lot of the intelligence about the outside. How do you stay so positive?

Nuri: Eh, listen I am an Ubuntu Dialectical Materialist, ok. I'm always positive ha ha!

Slangology:

* ag: [agh] Generally used at the beginning of a sentence, to express resignation or irritation, as in: "Ag no man! What did you do that for?"

* Umakhulu: Grandmother

- * jol: [jawl] A versatile word with many meanings, including “party”, “disco”, “having fun”, or just “thing”.
- * dwaal: [dwarl] Lack of concentration or focus: “Sorry, I was in a bit of a dwaal. Could you repeat that?”
- * Walau (anyhow)
- * Birnin Zana (Capital City, Golden City)
- * mampoer: [mum-poo-er] Extremely potent brandy made from peaches or other fruit, similar to American moonshine.
- * yebo: Yes. Used to show agreement or approval.
- * moegoe: [moo-ghoo] A fool, buffoon, idiot or simpleton.
- * eish: [aysh] Used to express surprise, wonder, frustration or outrage: “Eish! That cut was eina!”
- * indaba: [in-daa-bah] A conference or expo, meaning “a matter for discussion”.
- * laduma!: [la-doo-mah] A popular cheer celebrating goals scored at soccer matches, for “it thunders”.
- * ubuntu: humanist philosophy that holds as its central tenet that a person is a person through others



Terry Marshall has been involved in social justice movements for over 20 years and founded Intelligent Mischief in 2013. Born in Boston, his feet are firmly planted in Barbados where his family is from. Terry’s work has spanned a range of intersecting creative and social justice endeavors including cultural organizing, creative production, curation, writing, cultural research, dance, event production, design, and political strategy.

Terry is interested in traveling and developing an international network of creatives that share a vision of transforming the world through communications and making their beliefs real.

Terry is superstar facilitator and brilliant cultural strategist. Prior to Intelligent Mischief he founded Streets is Watching and the Hip Hop Media Lab. He is an affiliate trainer and consultant for the Center for Story-based Strategy (CSS), a Beautiful Trouble trainer, co-founder of The BlackOut Collective and sits on the board for Center for Artistic Activism.



12. SHURI OF WAKANDA: ADDRESS TO THE UNITED NATIONS COMMISSION ON GLOBAL MIGRATION

by Ismahan Abdullahi

Birnin Zana, Wakanda
August 17th, 2018

I greet you with the greeting of peace, As Salaamu Alaykum, peace be upon you all. Peace be upon you who stands tall for justice and is a beaconing light for mercy and compassion, peace be upon you who is seeking refuge in our shores, fleeing for your safety and the pursuit of life, freedom and humanity. Peace be upon you who is oppressed simply because of the color of your skin, the belief in your heart, your country of birth or any form of identity deemed unwanted. Peace be upon you who smiled despite your pain, who laughed despite your fear, who strove hard despite your losses, and peace be upon you who said 'I am here, home at last in Wakanda.' For our home is your home now.

I am honored to address the United Nations Commission today to open your eyes to the success of a global migration policy that we have witnessed in Wakanda. Wakanda has become a home for those whose hearts were left wandering and unsettled. Wakanda has become a homeland for those who were treated as outcasts in their lands, whose ancestors were rooted from their countries of origin and whose souls ached for the richness of their ancestry. Wakanda has become a sacred place for those who believe in the ability of humanity to expand its potential to build a true land of the free.

It has been an eventful and taxing couple of months that have added to countless pains and ongoing injustices that we've seen globally for a very long time. We continue to see how families are torn apart by deportations and unfair targeting of undocumented and refugee families, while hopes are crushed and lives put at risk by immoral and unjust immigration policies, and the ongoing crackdown on our most vulnerable communities. Not to mention the continuous use and abuse of black bodies and complete disregard for black lives. However, I stand here today not to lay out the global political landscape or discuss the absurd reality we are witnessing. Rather, I am here to share the success we've had in Wakanda in hopes that we can water that seed of change inside you all here and inspire minds and hearts to prove worthy of the trust of millions around the world who are weighed down by the global migration crisis. As global citizens, and Africans, the people of Wakanda believe it is our duty to open our borders and welcome all people from the African Diaspora. We have redefined what it means to have borders as a country and it is high time our fellow global citizens follow our lead and learn from our success. We reimagined a world where borders are mere geographical definitions that ought to be respected for trade and not barriers that keep human souls away. Mi-

gration is a natural part of human history and we are doing our part in facilitating a way forward.

We opened our doors as an invitation to our relatives in the African Diaspora to join us, no matter where they hail from, what faith tradition they follow, or how they identify themselves as individuals. With the sacred doors of Wakanda open, we have created a reunion policy stemming from the Islamic faith tradition. We paired those born in Wakanda with those migrating to help ease the newcomers' resettlement as we provided the resources and basic needs they needed to build a life of dignity. By establishing a sense of kinship and allocating resources, we created an infrastructure to help support the influx of new immigrants and build a sense of belonging, home, and community.

Africans born in Wakanda are no better than those who are born outside of our borders. To become a citizen of Wakanda, one must commit to serving the public good in a way that speaks to their strengths and individuality. There is no replication of the colonizers' citizenship acquisition ways, with tests of knowledge of Wakandan history, if you know what I mean. To be a citizen of Wakanda means to honor the values, commitments and vision of creating an equitable world for all. Every individual living in Wakanda has the ability to participate in democracy fully and to exercise their right to add value to our democracy. Monied interests do not decide the direction of our country. It is the full participation and equitable distribution of power - all who walk in these lands feel represented and included in the fabric of our society that determines the vision of our country.

Take heed of our success, for it paves the way forward for a world that is inclusive of all its inhabitants, lifting up those who would otherwise be silenced elsewhere. While the challenge of strengthening this policy and improving the long-term impacts of the infrastructure created exists, we have laid the seeds that can propel us to new heights. We are as we imagined, and we can only get better. As long as we continue to center the voices of all, listen to the voices of all without neglecting anyone in our society, we will be #WakandaForever.

Thank you.
Shuri



Ismahan is a fierce advocate, community organizer, motivational speaker and an unapologetic Black Muslim Somali refugee woman who is passionate and relentless in working for justice and equity. In her role as Director of Movement and Campaign Strategies at PANA and as a Board member of the Muslim-American Society, she focuses on building grass-

roots community power through organizing, advocacy, alliance building, designing and implementing a civic engagement infrastructure in Muslim and refugee communities, addressing hate crimes, bigotry and using an integrated voter engagement strategy to build a visible refugee electorate. Ismahan champions the full civic, social, and economic inclusion of refugees. She co-hosts Flip the Script: The Future is Female podcast. Her experience as a refugee and a Black Muslim woman in America has shaped and inspired her to advocate for and work on building and strengthening marginalized communities.

GLOSSARY & OTHER TERMS

People/Gods

Bast

Black Panther

W'Kabi

Erik Killmonger

N'Jadaka

Shuri

T'Challa

Thanos

T'Chaka

DJ Black Coffee

Council of Elders/Taifa Ngao

Hatut Zeraze/War Dogs

PRIDE

Tribes

Jabari

Border Tribe

Places

Birnin Zana

Crystal Palace

Jabari Lands

Mount Bashenga

...

Vibranium

Kimoyo Beads

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