

## 10. Ruka Kwa Wakati – Jump at the right Time

The bus of "EXTEND YOUR MIND" Ltd., comes to a stop in the middle of the day 12:12 o'clock p.m. Clouds of red sand kicked by the car tyres swirl up. The sun stands high, no winds move the warmth. The floor heat corresponds with different air temperature slices hovering around. Their conversation results in breaks of light mirroring the environment in different air film layers.

A handful black people scuffle from the two hundred metres far all from woods build hotel towards the bus.

The front bus door opens and the driver, a one eighty tall, athletic African with cheek long dreads debarks. Sullivan Hoktamon. He steps down the three silver metallic dusty stairs onto the dry red soil and gets hugged by each one of the reception committee, which has meanwhile arrived at the long side of his bus.

One by one the explorers step out and down, put on sunglasses and hats and look around, absorb the surrounding, stretch their settled muscles.

Sullivan opens the side loader doors and the passengers crowd in front of the open hatches, seeking and sort the luggage pieces and pick their stuffs.

The reception committee stands together like a bunch of grapes, expecting the new arrivals to come over with their

