

For all ages from 3 to 12+ years

KOFFI



&

Two incredible
and amazing
detectives from
Africa and their
funny and
thrilling
adventures

BITACOLA

written by
Dantse Dantse

illustrated by
Sankara Dantse (7 years)



Volume 1:

Koffi is looking for a friend:

"Hello dear monkey, my name is Koffi and I'm
looking for a friend. Do you want to be my friend?"

KOFFI & BITACOLA

Two incredible and
amazing detectives
from Africa

The funny and thrilling detective adventures of
Koffi, a five-year old with supernatural powers,
and Bitacola, the little monkey

Volume 1: Koffi is looking for a friend
“Hello little monkey, my name is Koffi and
I’m looking for a friend. Do you want to be
my friend?”

by Dantse Dantse

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Thank you to my kids Sankara (8) and
Marah-Noussi (6) who came up with
the idea of illustrating this book
themselves and not leave it up to the
professionals this time. They were the
first fans of this tale and had so much
fun drawing the wonderful pictures in
this book when they were just seven
and five years old.

Your wonderful original pictures were
not tampered with in any way.

Thank you for your time, your effort
and your enthusiasm!



[...] Everyone in the village knew him and laughed at him, but they let him be. "How are you, little four-eyed-child?" you could hear them shout. "I only have two eyes!" responded Koffi. But usually he didn't let it get to him, he ignored everything or just ran away.

His best hiding place was a branch of a giant baobab tree that he was almost flying to with a huge leap. Extraordinary for a five year old! Every day after lunch he went to his favorite

place from which he could watch men, women and kids dig out earth, carry it away and wash it. He was always wondering why they had to wash the earth at all. "Grown-ups are weird," he thought. And what does the light man do standing around all day? His skin had the color of fire and his face was very, very red (He was actually talking about the white man who bought the precious metal). [...]



[...] Every morning before preschool he was standing in front of the house and watched children pass in khaki or blue clothes. The first time he saw them he thought this was very strange. He ran to his mum and asked:

"Mum, mum!"

„Yes, what is it Koffi? What are you yelling for so loudly?"

"Come here mummy, fast!"

"Yeah, you again, why do I have to come? You can come to me."

"No, mummy, I want to show you something!"

"Well, I know what you mean by 'showing something' well enough by now!"

"No mum, it's for real this time, come quickly!"

His mum did get up in the end, holding the baby in her arms, and went to Koffi who was standing in front of the house.

"Here I am Koffi, what is it? I hope for you that

you have a good explanation.”

“Of course mum, as always. You know Koffi is a smart child. I want to know everything.”

“Well, are you going to tell me why I had to come?”

“Mum, why is everyone wearing the same clothes?”

“This is why I had to drop everything, to watch these kids? I already told you to leave me out of your business.”

“Yes mum, I will. You grown-ups are too weird. I am only asking you a question! Instead of just answering you get upset. What good is it for you to get upset? It’s not healthy, mum. You got up already and are standing here with me now anyway, why don’t you just answer me?”

“What was your question again, you know-it-all?”

“Mum, do you have a problem with me

knowing it all? Are you jealous?"

"Koffi, don't get on my nerves."

"I'm not, mum. I just want you to stay calm, mum. It's just about one question. Mum, why is everyone wearing the same clothes?"

His mum was always perplexed by how this five year old child could hold up in an argument so well. Because she wanted to avoid getting more lectures about what and what not to say, she decided to answer his question.

"These are uniforms," said his mum.

"What are uniforms, mum?"

"They are the clothes that students wear."

"Why are they wearing them?"

"Because they are students."

"What are students?"

"Students are children that go to school," answered his mum.

"Why are they students?"

"Because they go to school."

"Why do they go to school?"

"Because they have to go to school."

"What is school then, mum?"

"It's where you learn to read and write."

"Why do you have to learn to read and write, if you can talk, mum?"

"To know things, and to write letters, or read books."

"What are letters?"

"In letters grown-up children tell their mum and dad how they are."

"Why do they have to write letters, mum? If I wanted to tell you how I am I will just come and talk to you."

"Yes, but once you have grown up and live somewhere else, you can write to your dad and tell him what you are up to."

"No!" he yelled vigorously, "I don't want to leave!"

"But when you are grown up, you will have to, my dear."

"If I am your dear, why do I have to go?"

"When you are grown up you have to go, because that's what grown-ups do."

"What if I don't grow up, mum? Can I stay with you then?"

"All children grow up, you will too."

"No, this is why I won't, mum!"

"Why don't you start by telling people your real age then? I thought you wanted to be older. You are three and still tell everyone that you are five already."

"Because it is true, mum, I am five. I spent two more years inside your tummy. But now I don't want to and I will not grow up any more."

[...]

[...],



"Hello young man, what are doing out here? It will be dark soon and so dangerous! Hurry and go home fast!" the snail said. Koffi answered: "Hello dear snail, my name is Koffi

and I'm looking for a friend. Do you want to be my friend?"

The snail didn't take long to think and answered at once: "Yes, I would like that, I am going to be your friend. My name is Kalamango."

Suddenly Koffi heard the parrot Kalabala sing:

"No, no, no. Kalamango is too slow for you. She is not going to be a good friend. For your detective adventures you'll need someone that can keep up with you as well."

Koffi was disappointed, but he could see that Kalabala was right. For his adventures he needed a friend that could run fast.

When he wanted to leave, the giant snail noticed all the things Koffi carried with him.

"Who gave you all these things? They could be dangerous for a child." [...]