The Magic Doll
A Children’s Book Inspired by African Art

Adrienne Yabouza
Élodie Nouhen

PRESTEL
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The sky is blue. Blue skies…
Against the blue, the sun looks like the yolk of an egg in a frying pan.
Today is just like every other day – it’s scorching hot and my mom is preparing a meal.
She is in the kitchen, outside. But I am not the only one watching what she is doing.
Mom has placed her doll, named Dolly, not far away. It lies at the foot of the mango tree
that offers shade for our yard. The doll’s real name is Akua’ba, but mom and I prefer
Dolly because it just sounds right.
This beautiful Dolly, ever so wise, is my big sister. She was born one year before me,
and I know that because mom told me so.
One day, mom got married. There was a celebration where everyone wore pretty cloth garments. Oh, such beautiful colors! And then came the day after the wedding, and then the next day, and the days after that... and time slipped by.