

LIVING MUSEUM PRICELIST

1. Bush walk N\$ 220.00(€ 10,77) / person

Bush walk with snaring, tracking and collecting bush food.

2. Singing, dancing and games N\$ 180.00 (€ 8,81) / person

Singing, dancing and games around the camp fire.
Feel free to join in the fun!

3. Crafts in the village N\$ 250.00 (€ 12,24) / person

Lighting a fire, making ropes and snares, jewellery, bow and arrow. Learn and join in.

4. Action Day N\$ 330.00 (€ 16,16) / person

It includes everything as in programme 3 as well as the bush walk, singing, dancing, playing games, shoot a bow, throw a spear and watch the traditional doctor healing a patient. Prepare and taste traditional bush food. We also teach you to make your own bow and arrow as well as ostrich egg pearls and your own jewellery the old way.

5. Tracking Game N\$ 260.00 (€ 12,73) / person

Following game tracks like Elephant, Oryx, Kudu, Wildebeest, Hartebeest, Warthog, Giraffe or what we might find together with two hunters. Please take along sufficient water.

6. Hunting Trip N\$ 400.00 (€ 19,59) / person

Walking in the wild together with two hunters, trying to catch Warthog, Kudu, Springhare, Porcupine or whatever might be so careless to cross our way. No guarantee to success though. Please take along about 5 litre of water a day.

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The Story

In the old time
Before the before
In the former world of worlds

All animals talked, and listened to each other
Even the Moon, the Stars and the Sun
were part of the conversation

One day, scorching heat waves swept through the bush

Drained, hungry and exhausted
The daughter of the Moon went out
to collect her favorite worms
She searched and searched
under every leaf of the Mopane tree
Where they usually hide

She found a little tortoise instead
But she did not feel like it sharing with her mother
And devoured it, as if She had not eaten for days

With her belly full
She challenged the Moon
Arguing about the prospect of eternity
And the possibility of return

The argument steadily intensified
Until it exploded and there was no going back and forth anymore

Enraged, she left the conversation
And stormed to yet another tree
But still, no worms were to be found

Suddenly
The bush turned pitch black
She noticed two sharp eyes
Flying over the dimmed sky
Shining like two red stars
in a moonless night

She could feel the prickling of her back hairs,
so she stood her ground, looked straight into the stars
and certainly didn't call him by his name.

With a slow gentle paw
The lion closed the moon
And blew the wind and made it rain

She realised she had lost sight of her mother
She panicked, and screamed
And looked everywhere

Trembling, she retraced her mother's tracks
But noticed there was no next footprint

In the darkness of the moonless night
Soft rays of light touched her skin
And from afar She could hear the soothing voice of her mother
and with that She shifted, She changed, She became a bird

Flying over the bush,
She finally found the tree where the worms were hiding

But they laughed at her and wondered,
Had she come to collect them?

Now, In the latter world of worlds

Animals have lost their voices

The temporality of life and
The impossibility of return
have settled

The Moon rises in the sky above
While the animals hobble on the ground below

Her scream has become a song and
you can hear the birds sing it every morning

Now, In the time after
Behind the before

The Moon watches over her

While the worms are still hiding

It is almost dusk

And The low sun moves behind the trees

She...She still knows who She is

While the land is still there, , alive

Grounding, nourishing, preceding her

And the dance with the Moon ends here

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