**Binti: Home, Ignite Your Interstellar Imagination,** by Nzingha Nommo

*…I was in space. Infinite blackness. Weightless. Flying, falling, ascending, traveling through a planet’s ring of brittle metallic dust. It pelted my skin, fine chips of stone. I opened my mouth a bit to breathe, the dust hitting my lips. Could I breathe? Living breath bloomed in my chest from within me and I felt my lungs expand, filling with it. I relaxed. – an excerpt from “Binti: Home”*

I thoroughly enjoyed diving into the extraordinary interstellar world of Binti: Home’s space-time continuum. Once you dare to crack open this book, your sensory organs will be fully engaged by page after page of its intricately woven tale. In fact, If you hold the book up to the light, you may be able to see the magnetic field that surrounds it. Once opened, you’ll find it difficult to escape the strength of its pull. How author Nnedi Okorafor is able to capture the imagination in such few words is beyond understanding and logic. Binti: Home’s environmental landscape is set in a place of advanced technological gadgets that crackle and heat up in reaction to their owners’ disposition. The people consist of the Himba “harmonizers” and masquerades that dance and stir up an intricate spell binding science bending tale that satisfies both everyday readers and their technocrat savvy counterparts.

But this is only the beginning of the experience of reading any of Okorafor’s books. As a gifted and seasoned storyteller, Okorafor hones in all her skills to a new level and shakes up what you thought you knew about reality. Like the well-known Anansi, the spider character in African folklore, Dr. Okorafor, a.k.a. Spider woman, weaves a tale so well, you barely recognize you’re caught in her web and definitely will find it hard to escape the power of her literary grip.

When you’ve been secured on Okorafor’s carefully crafted creative launch pad, her vivid descriptions will awaken and reignite curiosities you thought were buried. You won’t get zapped, but her “Okuoko” tentacles that leap out from the pages may sting a bit. Once you meet Okwu, the 9-foot tall gas pluming jellyfish, your sense of depth perception will be turned inside out. Yes, it speaks and breathes out something that gets into your throat. Once you catch your psychological bearings, all warring bodies (human and otherwise) break loose and the tension in the story reaches a fever pitch. At this point, all you can do is try to maintain a sense of calm while Okorafor takes you on a fantastic journey.

Okorafor always provides a hidden gem nestled deep into her storylines worth every page before it. In this novella, we’re taken on a magical treasure hunt seasoned ever so gently with African wisdom and traditions. Each dimensional plane of the story takes the reader to deeper recesses of the mind. It is amazing how she does this without fanfare or pronouncement; once you’ve reached that magical place where you observe the beauty and mathematical complexity of it all, each page will appear to turn itself under the skilled direction of Okorafor’s literary hypnotic trance.

Okorafor ambidextrously glides between The Laws of Nature and the fractals of Math by “floating on a bed of numbers, buoyant, and calm like the lake water”. When she’s done, you won’t even realize what caused the colors, shapes and sounds you think you’re seeing and hearing. Triangles and moths play together with ease. Praying mantis like beasts, disconnected eyeballs, and, astrolabes all make up this creative world awaiting your willing eyes, ears, nose, throat, skin, lungs and spirit… Enter at your own risk and never be the same again.