



THE LEGEND OF TSALA

THE people of the north were hungry and thirsty as the great deserts were dry and arid, and dust rose in clouds to hide the sun as the animals migrated. Scribes wrote of the wonderful land of forests, rivers and the sea with snow white beaches, and the magnificent purple mountains; where rains fell gently and the air was warm. The beautiful people decided to move to the land of promise ---- all those of great wisdom, those skilled in woodwork, metalwork, stonework and pottery, weaving, hunting and many other skills. They reached the coast of Paradise, and found it as the scribes had predicted.

STONE was discovered and wood, and water in abundance, they built their villages with the stone from the boulders at Robberg above the sea, and with timber from the forests. Elephants were brought from the plains and trained to move the great logs of the towering forest giants. The women set to work weaving silk from the worms that fed on the leaves of the forest trees, gold was found in the stream beds and wrought into beautiful adornments, iron was smelted and beaten into spears and all manner of implements, clay was moulded into vessels. Vineyards were planted in the fertile valleys and wines of excellence filled the cellars. The beautiful people lived on the abundance of animals and fruit of the forest, and fish, mussels and oysters from the sea. The great flightless birds of the plains provided eggs and exotic feathers, honey was collected as it dripped golden from the comb, and grain was ground to flour. All was at peace in the land of EDEN.

WHAT happened to the Beautiful People is lost in the mists of time.

EONS later, the ruins of an ancient sacred village were discovered in the forest on the edge of a great valley. The collective memory of the people was re-awakened, descendants of those skilled and talented people began re working the quarries at Robberg and masons dressed the stone as they had in ancient days. Invader trees were felled to preserve the verdant forests and to sculpt beams for buildings and furniture, the potter's kilns were fired again and the anvils rang to the sound of metal being fashioned.

TSALA "the elevated resting place", rose majestic above the tree tops like the Phoenix rising from the ashes. Protection and security in the great tree trunks holding it safely high above the forest floor, linked together by a web of elevated walkways.

PEOPLE come from far and wide to find this place of peace and plenty hidden in the forest where the air is clear and the sun shines brightly and the breeze blows softly. Once again the waters flow, wine is brought up from the cellars, and nature's abundance is harvested and prepared. Joy and laughter is heard again in this place where the mountains and the forests of the great Tsitsikamma come down to meet the sea.