

THE LEGEND OF
ANIMA

Synopsis

Sofia was born on the same day as a rare cosmic event, a synchrony that marked her from the start. In Anima, she was seen as a symbol of fate, a talisman for the fierce warrior women's city—but to her, it felt more like a burden than a blessing. All she ever wanted was to be a normal girl.

Everything changes when a messenger crosses the Wind Channel, carrying the words of a great astrologer. His prophecy speaks of an impending disaster, foretelling hard times for the entire kingdom.

Though her family does everything to protect her, Sofia can't shake the feeling that she was meant for something more. Strange encounters only deepen her curiosity. After crossing a mysterious fortune teller's path, Sofia finds herself with more questions than answers. Thus, the course north set by a prophetess seems unreachable.

A growing sense of being connected to something greater arose concomitantly with the emptiness of being misunderstood. Her will to find answers increasingly took over her mind and became a calling she could no longer ignore.

Then, on her twelfth birthday, the prophecy comes true. A massive earthquake shatters Anima, splitting the city. Faced with the reality of her fate, Sofia realizes she can't hide behind the walls forever. It's time to step forward and discover her true place in the world.

Determined to chase her dreams, she sets off on a journey that will change her life forever. Fear lingers, but so does courage. And as she moves forward, she learns that destiny isn't a straight road—it's a maze. Only those brave enough to surpass it will be able to live what's waiting on the other side.

THE LEGEND OF ANIMA

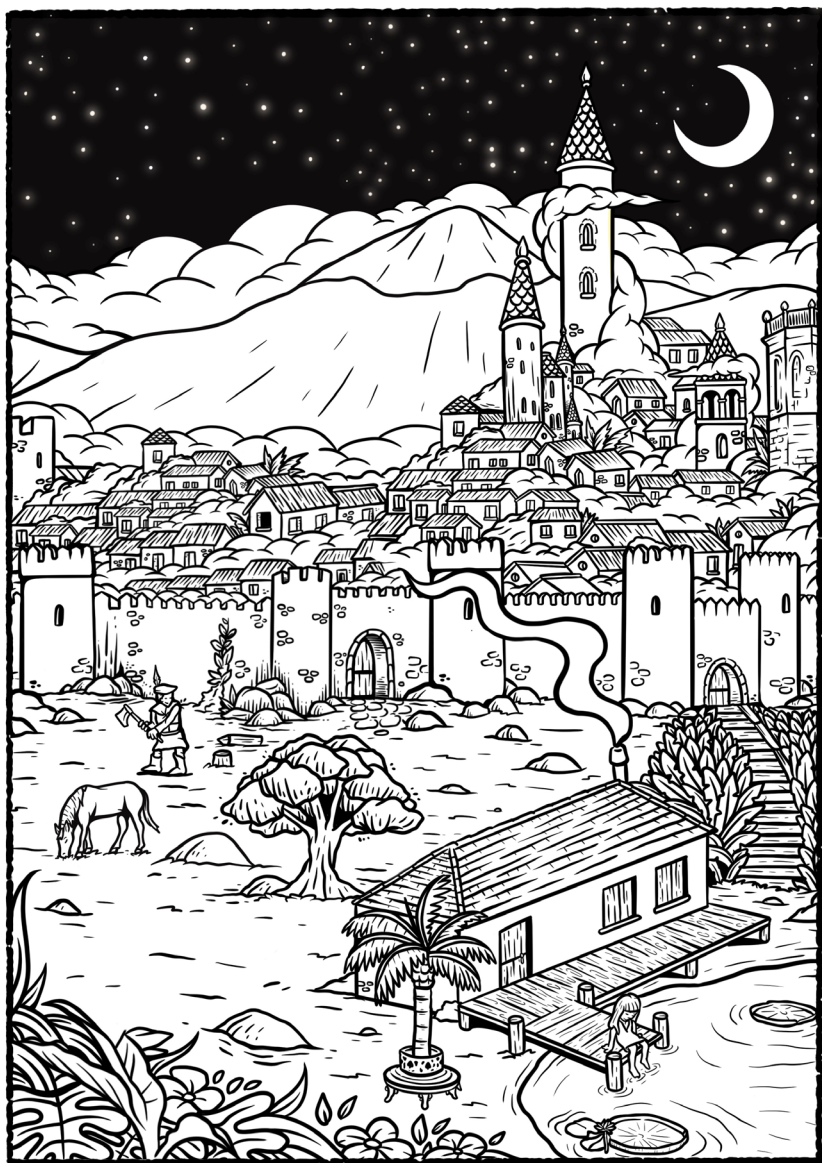
Pedro Porto



Scan the code and point the camera at the
book illustrations to discover its secrets.

For a better experience, download the app.





The Wall of Anima

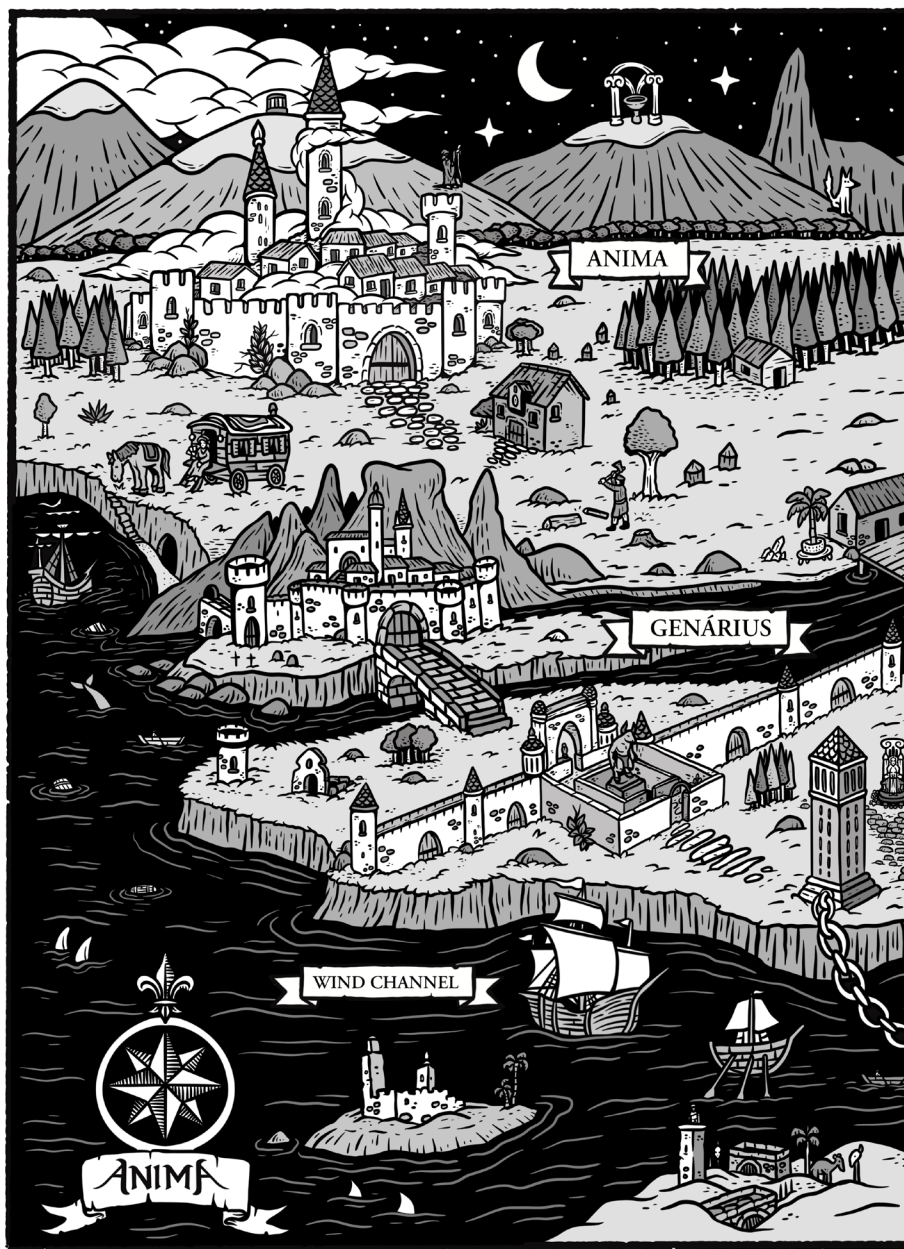
PROLOGUE



Sofia woke up suddenly, with the feeling that something terrible was about to happen. That night was not so warm, yet Sofia awoke with her garments soaked in sweat. Her heart did pound so fiercely, she feared the sound might rouse her parents. She had dreamt of a bird—a most foul creature, one the likes of which her eyes had never beheld. It was black and white, with a long, crooked neck, and a beak that curved downward, whilst its legs were unnaturally long.

“What an unsightly bird,” thought she, as her breath began to steady, her heart easing its frantic rhythm. As she strained to recall the dream, an odd realization dawned upon her.

“I did not merely dream of this bird... I was the bird!” She remembered soaring over distant lands, gazing upon a most peculiar scene. All was strange: the people, their clothing, their dwellings. A great temple rose before her, and a tall man climbed its tower. She could feel the cool breeze from the vast canal, gently caressing her feathers. This memory calmed her, and with it, her eyes closed, drawing her once more into slumber’s embrace.





A great bird circled overhead before alighting upon the crown of a mighty palm tree. From afar, it did gaze upon a scene bizarre yet common in those lands. The herald, or *muñadi* as he was known beyond the Wind Channel, possessed the loudest voice in all the city. Tall and lean, with sun-kissed skin and a shaven head, this man bore an air of strange authority. His feline eyes and his swift ascent to lofty places made him a figure most admired. He had scaled the minaret, the highest tower of the Almah mosque, and in that very moment, silence overtook the streets, muting the clamor of markets and the murmurs of prayer. All did await, breath bated, the words he would soon proclaim.

In truth, such messages often bore ill tidings—new laws, more taxes, or the prophecies of the grand astrologer. The crowd stood still, their minds at the ready.

“The alignment of the stars—Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus—shall come to pass at the next new moon, as foretold by our grand Astrologer, the most brilliant clairvoyant among all men,” the *muñadi* declared.

“Almah!” the throng did cry in unison, so perfectly synchronized that even the walls of the temple did tremble at their chant.

“Ye shall make ready, for a great trembling of the earth shall occur. Stay within your homes, and the army shall stand watch over the people,” the *muñadi* continued, his voice an omen of what was to come.

“Almah!” echoed the crowd once more.

Amidst the multitude, a man clad in a turban and robe that hid his countenance slipped away unnoticed. He wove through alleys, turning this way and that, until he reached a small square perched upon a hill, overlooking the canal. Here, houses were piled one upon another, their walls the color of amber

under the sun's golden light. The arched windows, bedecked in intricate tiles, gleamed like the eyes of an ancient god. Two boys played upon a rooftop, and a woman, hanging her wash to dry, cast a glance at the man, recognizing him. "Could he be the messenger?" she mused, and swiftly retreated indoors.

An old lady at a window also saw him and whispered to her half-slumbering husband, "The outcast has returned," before closing the shutters.

The man sneaked into a house just below where the boys lurked. Up on that hill, every shabby little shack had a prime view of the ocean, shimmering like liquid gold. He started messing with the curtains, yanking them open and shut in a rhythmic pattern. Off in the distance, the signal landed—a ship dropped its anchor and began gliding, slow and steady, toward the channel's entrance, guarded by a massive chain with links so huge that a man could practically tightrope-walk across them.

Stepping out of the house, he climbed onto the roof of another one, slightly further down. Time was ticking away, so he ignored the boys' astonished looks and whipped out three sheets of papyrus, a quill, and a tiny ink bottle. The boys, wide-eyed and buzzing with excitement, leaned in:

"Look! He's writing with invisible ink," one whispered, like he'd just discovered some next-level magic trick.

"Invisible ink? Impossible!" said the other, disbelief dripping from his words. "My dad is an *Amir*, and the army he leads is trained to detect informers, he told me spies use lemon and vinegar to write secret messages. They show up when you heat them! You really think this guy's a real spy?"

The man finished scribbling, reached into his bag, and pulled out a dead fish, sliding one note into its mouth before tucking it away. Then, he took a bone tube hanging from his

neck, rolled up another message, and secured it inside before snapping it shut.

The boys' heads were practically spinning as he pulled out a pigeon and tied the last note to its leg. One boy gasped, blurting out:

"No way! There aren't any pigeons left. The sultan had them all wiped out because of... s-s-sp-p-piesss," he said, voice faltering as he gulped.

The other boy couldn't hold it in and shouted, pointing frantically.

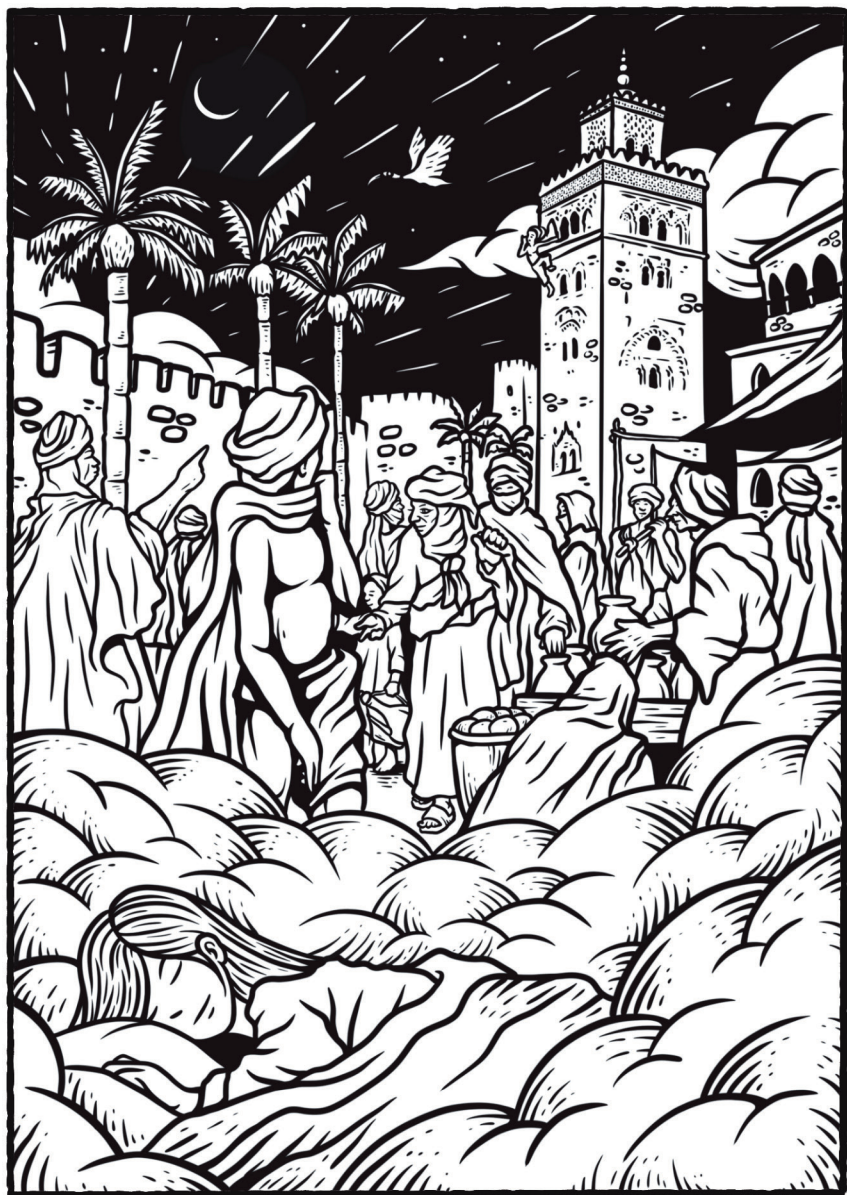
"He's a spy!"

The man let the pigeon go and shot down the hill like a rocket, aiming straight for the port. The boys, torn between thrill and panic, started chucking rocks at the bird. A living pigeon or a dead one was worth a pile of coins in reward. One rock clipped the bird's wing, making it falter, but not enough to bring it down. Even hurt, it kept flying, stubborn and true, toward its distant pigeonry.

The spy paused, heart pounding, to see if the bird had made it. Relief washed over him as he spotted it, injured but pushing forward, a tiny dot heading for the horizon.

"The trip's gonna be long and rough. If I don't make it, it'll carry the message," he muttered under his breath.





Sofia's dream

Pedro Porto

Pedro Porto was born in Rio de Janeiro in 1985, and from an early age, he developed a strong connection to art, influenced by his family of renowned artists. At 10, he began focusing on comics and character creation. By 14, he was already leaving his mark on the city's streets through graffiti.

Graduated in Graphic Design, he specialized in the illustration process for children's books, earning a master's degree in the field. As an art teacher, he taught at various schools in Rio and presented a paper at the ESF - LIU Conference on Children's Literature in Sweden.

His artwork has been exhibited in cities such as São Paulo, New York, Barcelona, Amsterdam, and Phuket. Additionally, he has collaborated with major brands, including Coca-Cola, the FIFA World Cup, SporTV, Faze Clan, the Olympic Games, and Roger Waters of Pink Floyd.

He currently lives in Barcelona, where he focuses on writing and illustrating books. His travels through Spain, Portugal, and Morocco were the major inspiration for this work.



www.pedroporto.art