



Psycho ChickTM

I am Impi

PART 1:
SPOILS
OF WAR



MATURE READERS



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Part 1: Spoils of War

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Impi

Noun: A group of Zulu warriors, especially referring to men

In 1876, the young women of the Incugce regiment defied the Zulu King, Cetshwayo, by refusing to marry his chosen grooms.

For demanding gender equality, these women were massacred.
This is their untold story.

This is not a social commentary of an ancient, beautiful culture; but rather, the tale of an ongoing fight of women, all over the world, for equality.

*“Ngingedwa ngili thonsihamanzi
Ndawonye singumfula
Imfula ubhidliza izintaba.”**

**“I am one drop
Together we are a river.
Rivers move mountains”
~ African Proverb*

**We came into this world covered in blood and
screaming.**

**We have chosen to go out that way too, skin
with crimson blood gleaming.**

**If we have to, we'll take whomever we can with
us.**

Stab, hack, slash – surrender we do not discuss.

We are no strangers to pain;

To mercy we ourselves will never deign!

Our enemies will recognise their first mistake:

**When they stood on the hills, with their
laughter the ground did quake.**

**Their jeers and mocking with testosterone,
reverberated, they were guaranteed an easy
victory!**

**Yes, before them stood a never-before-seen
sight, to their culture, an army most
contradictory.**

**After, as many lay dead and others screamed
for their mothers through gargled blood in their
throats, they choke;**

**Their eyes glazed over with horror, the final
thought crossing their minds:**

**They had just been maimed or killed by
womenfolk!**



**Yes! Women! Mothers, daughters, sisters –
all female!**

**Determined, fierce, well trained – far from
frail!**

**Being a woman gives us the upper hand;
For when the enemy comes to the
battlefield, meeting women is not what
they planned.**

**Right there, in retrospect, they have made
mistake number two.**

**First their disrespectful laughter empowers
us anew.**

**Then, you always have those that turn their
backs in disgust to leave.**

**Only to be met by arrows - iron into
unsuspecting muscle will cleave.**

**Like fangs the arrow head injects poison
into their blood stream,**

**Coursing through their veins, a quick death
is only a dream.**



**The African sun is unrelenting in her fiery rage.
The air shimmers hotly over the battlefield stage.
The earth coughs up red dust as we set in motion.**

**A roar – deep throated, savage – shows our
devotion.**

**Calloused feet at first pad on the hot wheezing
ground,**

**In unison, the pride begins to sprint, forming horns
and chest as we for the men are bound!**

**Surprise! We are well-trained, they are
uninformed.**

**Mistake number three leaves their army
malformed!**

**The sun intensifies, the earth moves, the final roar
of a banshee-like blood-curdling shriek!**

**The sound of clashing cowhide shields is what my
ears now seek....**



**Each and every woman has a reason to be here in
this squad.**

In a patriarchal society you would think it odd.

No king or army drafted us into warfare.

**However, to King Cetshwayo we gave the honour,
to go against him we would not dare.**

**It was necessity coupled with oppression that
created the rebellion,**

**Grief from loss and chronic hopelessness creates
the hellion.**

You are either broken by pain and inhumanity,

Or you are born by it in strength and insanity.

**Nothing can motivate a woman more than getting
her own back.**

**Revenge becomes a cornered leopard if freedom it
does lack.**

**And so, with such mighty bonds our group
together ties –**

**We are women-strong, the lost daughters of the
skies!**



**Many of us no longer in our communities
belonged.**

**Once victims, we were ostracized, even though we
were wronged.**

**The most recent intruders, rapists, murderers and
pillagers we now faced.**

**They attacked the defenceless at a nearby kraal*,
the few survivors were displaced.**

**We were from such circumstances, where our men
either fled or were killed.**

**The invaders usually then held the women and
children as hostages for weeks, until their lust and
evil were filled.**

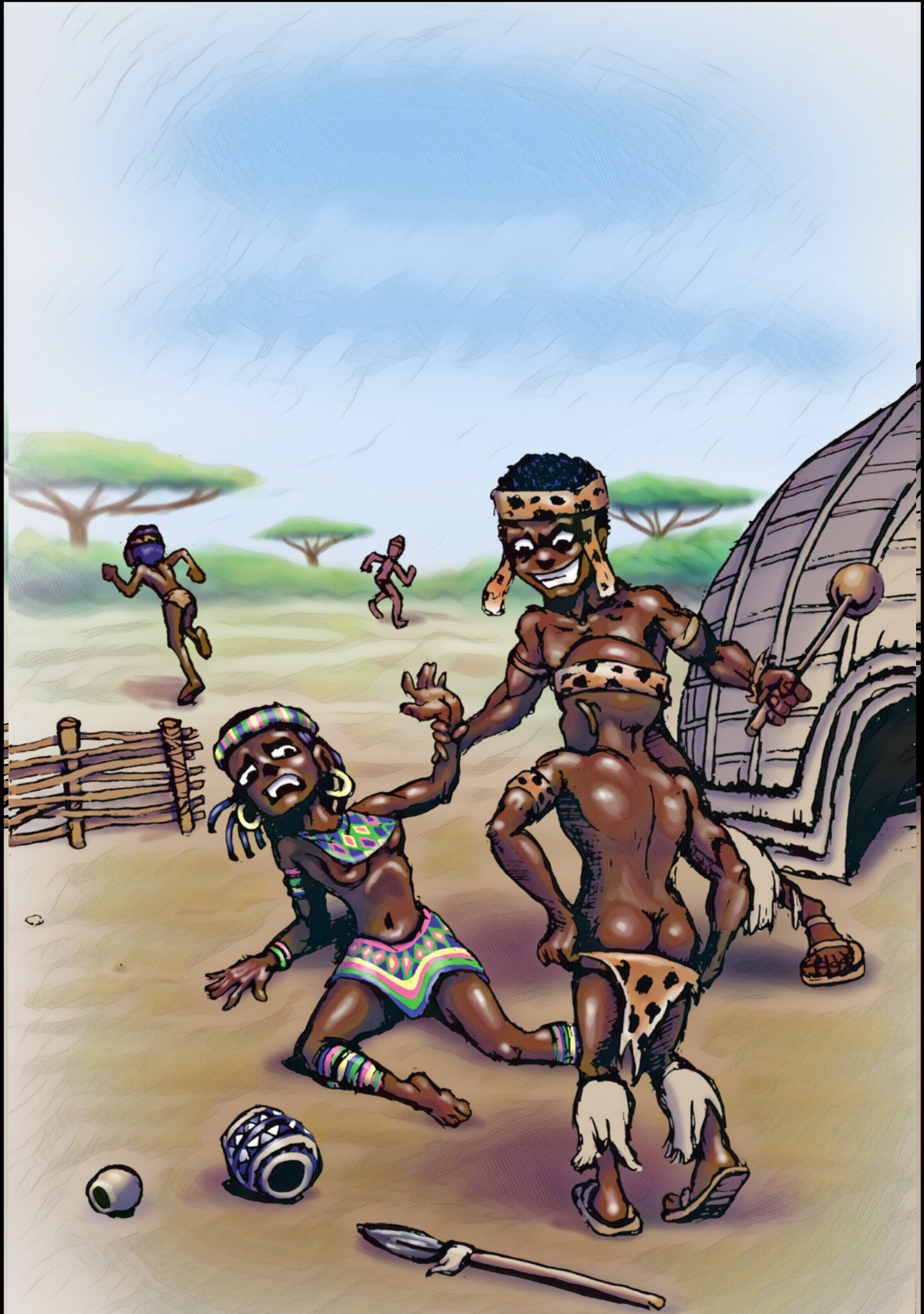
**Many of my women soldiers carry such scars –
more mental and emotional.**

**With everything stripped from them, their anger
and revenge become religious, completely
devotional.**

**Although warriors, at night, you can hear their
weeping.**

**Nightmares of their children's heads getting
bashed in and their violation robs them of
sleeping.**

***a traditional African village of huts, typically enclosed by a fence**



**Cow hide shields finally clash like thunder!
Our assegaïs, their flesh from bones sunder!
Block, deflect, expose their body - thrust!
Wounds open spilling blood and guts; eyes widen,
shrieks, to the thought of death they adjust.
We fight in the style of Shaka, the mighty warrior
king.**

**Advancing with purpose and precision, our
superiority a venomous sting.
As our frontline hacks and stabs through their
throngs,
The lionesses behind us finish off any survivors,
righting any wrongs!
Some of these shieldmaidens swing their axes
aiming for a clean decapitation,
And the clean-up crew cannot resist a bleeding-out
of the barely surviving men by castration!**



**My generals are extraordinary women with equally
extraordinary life tales.**

**Their courage, leadership, support and friendship
play an integral part in our success, without it all
else fails.**

**The practice of using bows and arrows in warfare is
not customarily our people's own.**

**To my left, you'd be amazed to see a woman of
small stature and lighter skin tone.**

**From the ancient Khoi-San tribes, the first settlers
of this realm;**

**Our umzingeli – hunter: San, tiny she may be but
her skills will you overwhelm.**

**She was like the poison she made, small and
seemingly insignificant but absolutely deadly!**

**Her precision with her weapons hits the right note
every time - bow and arrow a fatal medley.**

**Tracking and surviving were added to her noxious
skill set.**

A lady of the bush, a petite but devastating threat!



**Always on my right, a most elegant dame.
Don't let the corsets, bustles and petticoats fool
you, she will you maim.
Eye paint, reddened lips, skin a dusting of pearl
powder;
Top hat embellishes her curly hair, pure elegance
shouted her beauty louder.
Edie is her name and she is a pure, feminine force!
Proficient in white man's weapons – yes! Guns of
course!
With the fighting stick of thunder, she could shoot
accurately for many yards.
Within minutes enemies in the middle of their
foreheads: Bullseye! They felt her warm regards!
However, this lady did not shy away from close
combat neither,
For the way of war in her blood flowed and from a
warrior she never took a breather!**



**During the battle, the sky darkens as if by
providence divine.
Conjuring, chanting, praying, stands one then two
on the skyline.
Winds rise, thunder rolls, lightening crashes!
Sending our foes into piles of ashes.
The sky clears, fear increases, how unholy!
On the horizon stands my third general, suddenly
looking lowly!
A sangoma* of formidable skill and supernatural
power!
People say that Sango is possessed, a spirit over
her does tower;
Others say it's her dead twin that is forever to her
linked,
And sometimes they say she has two shadows,
though quite indistinct!**

***medicine woman**



**Every good military campaign needs someone with
a little influence, a little sway.
Enter general number four, our voluptuous spoilt
brat who enjoys a good melee.
Any good mood can be resurrected, a mood-
exhumer!
Somahlaya, understood the politics of battle,
But the ugliness of it would her not rattle.
She could make the sternest warrior chuckle,
And in the same breath your whole world under
her sarcasm could buckle.
Daddy's little girl knows how a man around her
finger to wind,
And she often would get her chieftain father to our
plans bind!**



**The smell of iron fills our nostrils – iron of spear,
iron of blood.**

**Red earth darkens in pools of gory mud.
Low whimpering is silenced as to their ancestors
they are hopefully sent.**

**If we feel kind enough to these barbarians, the
request for their bodies by their families, we may
consent.**

**Otherwise, in the open they must forever lie.
For their sins against the once innocent, the once
weak, these men's spirits will never die.
Food they'll become to the creatures of the wild.
Mere carrion, a disgrace and a warning to never
get our women-army riled!**

**Justice done by vagina and breast,
Female heroes, vindicators of the oppressed!**



**Victory is ours; glory is the kings.
It is the way of our people, praise to men alone
history always sings!
After making camp tonight, to our barracks we will
return, our hearts triumphant.
Although never recognized, liberating others gives
us the most comfort.
The magnificence of the setting sun, paints colours
of glory.
The birds settle down, the cicada beetles serenade,
crickets chirp to the singing of women en masse –
a mighty auditory!
Behind us, as they gorge on the feast, we left
them, we hear the hyenas gluttonously giggle.
Spirits are high but something at me does niggle.
San and Edie are alert, they too are troubled.
I raise my hand in a fist, our party falls silent, our
military composure redoubled.
Out of the bush steps a few dark figures,
identifying themselves as the king's envoy,
Relief, a ripple of inquiring excitement washes
over our convoy!**



“His Majesty the King of the People of the Sky, King Cetshwayo KaMpande of Mlambongwenya, wants you all at a meeting at his kraal to attend”.”

“Your regiment has pleased His Grace and his gratitude to you he would like to extend!”

“For your victories, in his name, he wishes you to reward...”

“You are all to be betrothed to his retiring regiment of loyal warriors, the iNdhlonhlo regiment, this way your womanhood can be restored!”

“Wait. What?” I ask with rising rage.

“We are to marry? iNdhlonhlo?... These men are of a significant age!”

“Marry? Reward? Us?” whispers of anger spread like a plague among the ladies. This was no prize, it was a punishment worse than Hades!



**The envoy indignantly reminds us: "This is the
King's command; you dare not disobey!"**

I know this. But how can he us so betray?

**Somahlaya suggests the other women proceed on
to our barracks as their rabble will soon be taken
as treason!**

**The five of us will divert and to the king we will go,
to try with him reason.**

**We are insulted, we too are warriors, we are no
one's possession, we are not sex slaves, nor a
male's bed trick!**

**The King better listen or my wrath he will feel. For
he will soon learn that I am Psycho Chick!**

To Be Continued....

