



# PSYCHO CHICK<sup>TM</sup>

I am Impi

PART 3:  
SANGO



MATURE READERS

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I am Impi  
Part 3: Sango

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***“When one gate closes, another will always open” ~  
African Proverb***



**The setting sun with the last of her warmth touches  
his scaled back.**

**Nakayama\*, moves as muscles ripple, shimmering  
black.**

**Evil intent flickers off his forked tongue, trickery and  
lies.**

**A universe swirls, crashing into and tumbling down the  
slit-pupils of his eyes.**

**As night thickens, he slithers along, leaving sparkling  
grains across the sky dome.**

**Across the dark expanse he moves, for one prey he  
does roam.**

**She stands in flowing gracefulness lucent.  
Her skin of night, her gown of white, shawl  
translucent.**

**The serpent of darkness spots her beautiful vision and  
his lust grows.**

**She sees him darting forward, she must flee, his  
dishonour shows.**

**Weighed down by her magnificent gown, her escape  
from him is impeded.**

**He grabs her and coils around her dark pearlescent  
body, as she with him for mercy pleaded.**

**Darkness violates light, his coils tighten, blackness  
covers her – filled with self-loathing and dread.**

**The Moon Goddess lays dishonoured her beautiful,  
white gown now blood red.**

*\*Nakayama is a River Snake in the sky. A trickster who loves shiny objects and when he dives down to earth, attracted by shiny objects, causing lightening. He every now and then happens upon the Moon Goddess, mesmerized by her glow, he never takes no for an answer, violating her results in a blood moon.*



**In a grass hut, a mother lay with swollen  
abdomen,  
Worried faces hover over her - the night is filled  
with more than one bad omen.  
The blood moon testifies of a recent violation,  
An owl hoots an incantation in a nearby tree,  
causing further vexation.  
Clouds gather shooing the owl, they are about to  
start a heavenly dual!  
Their spears crash, metal sparks forming  
lightening to mere mortals, weather most  
unusual.  
The mother, in the hut, in agony does pray.  
A medicine woman chants, to keep the impending  
evil at bay.  
Of all the moon cycles, this baby decided now was  
the time to be on its way!  
Breaching through a veil into this world, it's a  
girl...but wait!  
Another head shows, no it cannot be! Twins! The  
worst kind of fate!**





**A gasp of horror, a cry so shrill.  
Lightening rages, a fierce battle outside, but inside  
everything is at a standstill.  
The first twin, unusually aware, turns her face  
toward her sibling, stretching out her little arm.  
The second twin reaches too, the witnesses raise a  
frantic alarm!  
The medicine woman's eyes turn white: "Kill it! Kill  
it!" she begins to chant!  
The babies, both girls, begin in unison to scream,  
to be together is what they want the adults to  
grant.  
One of the helpers pulls the second twin away, a  
most cruel reaction.  
The medicine woman unnaturally convulses,  
mother begs, the hut shakes demonically at this  
infraction!  
Umkulu\* takes charge and grabs the second twin  
and a handful of straw.  
Soon the twin is silenced, suffocated - a victim of a  
terrible superstition and tribe law!**

*\*Grandfather*







**The strange events of the night were felt  
throughout the whole tribe and fear spread like  
wildfire.**

**The future of the surviving twin and her bereaved  
mother looked most dire!**

**Soon they came in a mob to the hut of the birth of  
the accursed.**

**Rabbling and shouting threats at mother and  
baby, some of the them into the hut burst.**

**With sjambok\* whips they started to hit the  
mother on her back while she her baby tried to  
shield.**

**The baby began to scream, the air in the hut began  
to vibrate as if by some mystical force field.**

**The rise of a cold wind, sent shivers across all of  
the mob,**

**Those who beat on the mother found that the  
blood in their ears began to painfully throb.**

**The perpetrators dropped to their knees, on all  
fours from the hut they had to flee.**

**Tales to this day, among the remaining tribe, are  
still told of how an ominous shadow over baby and  
mother they did see!**

*\*a long, stiff whip*



**Growing up was not easy with this supernatural stigma.**

**Mother was constantly defending her daughter, the enigma.**

**Mother's husband-to-be withdrew his labola\* payment of cattle.**

**Leaving no livestock to pay for the damages of impregnating the girl; Umkulu for this insult didn't even battle.**

**Umkulu and Gogo\*\* shunned their daughter and granddaughter too, withdrawing all love and support.**

**Mother eked out a living, over the next few years, from the edges of the farm lands, never having enough, always short.**

**It was while exhausted, sleeping in the run-down squalor of a hut on the edges of the village, the villagers came again - their bullying relentless!**

**The kidnappers crept into the hut and kidnapped the sleeping toddler, their intent evil and repentless.**

**Mother eventually awoke as if someone shook her, her child gone! She ran from hut to hut frantically searching, no time for tears!**

**Her search led her to a commotion near the gate of men on the ground screaming, bleeding from eyes and ears!**

*\*dowry*

*\*\*grandmother*





**The villagers gathered en masse around the  
gruesome scene, fearful and shocked.**

**They called to the chief to immediately banish  
mother and child and without hesitation from the  
village he them blocked.**

**People picked up stones and began at the two,  
mother and child, to throw!**

**Even Umkulu joined in, to his own blood, mercy he  
did not show!**

**Mother with merely the skins on her back and a  
small child was cruelly ostracized,**

**Without an outlook, overcome with worry, she  
into the bush went - spirit pulverized.**

**The dreaded night came with all its dangers. With  
an empty stomach, mommy and child in an  
abandoned warthog hole tried to find sleep.**

**Sleep did not come to the young mother, she did  
everything in her power not to bitterly weep.**

**The child touched her mother's face reassuringly  
and then a feeling that someone else embraced  
her, a feeling rare.**

**Terrified she noticed a snake enter the hole,  
slither up to them and as if intentional dropped  
from its jaws a little wild hare!**

**The snake lingered, waiting for the toddler to  
reach down with her tiny fingers and its back to  
brush!**

**The snake flickered its tongue and left the two  
unharmd in no particular rush!**







**Many nights thereafter, the two in the bush on  
meat from snakes survived.**

**The toddler seemed to summon them; from a  
meal they were never deprived.**

**Eventually with some luck or strange interference,  
Mother and daughter stumbled upon a sangoma\* ,  
also from society exiled.**

**The old woman welcomed them for she recognized  
the strength and wonder within the child.**

**This sangoma needed to take this little one under  
her wing and become her mentor;**

**For such power could be abused for evil and she  
wanted to rather channel it for valour!**

**It was in that time, Mother and Mentor, decided to  
name the child Sango, for she was a gate to  
another world;**

**And the shadowy presence they felt protecting  
them was discovered to be Sango's twin whom  
from existence so vilely was unfurled!**

*\*shaman/ traditional healer; also can be a priestess and/or prophet in the community*



**As Sango grew, so did her powers.  
To learn to control them was the biggest challenge  
and often mood between child and Mentor sours.  
On more than one occasion Sango during one of  
her tantrums blew up their humble home!  
She on several other occasions summoned some  
rather understanding demons by accidentally  
breaking a divinity bone!  
Sango's mother, ever supportive, would merely  
offer the demons a meal or something to drink!  
It was only in the small hours of the morning,  
Mother into her bed with fear would shrink;  
Woken by two children's voices, speaking a  
foreign, unearthly tongue!  
Her heart raced with fear as her ears with the  
language of demons and angels painfully rung.  
For hours, Sango played, conversed and laughed  
with her sibling dead!  
Her eyes completely black as charcoal, sometimes  
even levitating above her grass mat bed!**





**Soon Sango was even able to control the very  
weather!**

**Lightening was her speciality but still difficult to  
tether.**

**There were more than a few electrocutions during  
her training.**

**Sango was always reminded that her gift was from  
the ancestors when she started complaining.**

**Their garden grew like no other during wet and  
dry season -**

**The little family of three females, prospered -  
Sango's summoning of rain the reason.**

**Passers-by were rare but they often envied this  
homestead;**

**Soon tales of the miracle child and witch through  
the valley spread.**

**Unwanted guests start unwanted rumours of the  
child practising black magic!**

**Then came the men, an army of thugs, their visit  
to villages and homes was usually tragic.**







**These men were well known for their inhumane deeds.**

**Pillaging other villages, murdering the men, using women and children to satisfy their lecherous needs.**

**Sango was in the bush, with her sister playing Their favourite game – dress-up with real snakes as hair swaying!**

**Then she hears “Help!”; the voice in her head as if Mama was standing right there:**

**Sango shouts: “Go!” to her snake hair.**

**The snakes slithered down her and all the other snakes in the area moved hastily at Sango's instruction.**

**While she ran, her shadow twin grew, the weather gathered to monumental destruction!**

**Only 13 years of age, Sango, the only cavalry, to her Mother and Mentor's aid arrived!**

**Men were already lying in their own frothing vomit from the venom of the snakes, their demise contrived.**

**Mother and Mentor were battered no doubt, but trying to hold their own.**

**The twin shadow flew forward and wrapped around one man after another, crushing ever single bone! The rest were punished with lightening bolts, burnt into human lumps of charcoal.**

**It was on that day that Sango finally mastered her ability and got her once frantic magic under her control!**





**Life continued much the same for a few years  
after.**

**Filled with love, crossing from one realm to  
another, laughter.**

**Things would change, however, on a cold African  
winter day,**

**People came to inform them that Sango's Gogo  
had passed away.**

**To the funeral and to their former home mother  
and daughter returned.**

**Memories of the past, although years before had  
mother concerned.**

**Her worry was not unfounded as she soon  
discovered.**

**From their fear and discrimination most had not  
recovered.**

**It was Umkulu who unreasonably blamed Sango  
for Gogo's death and ordered an extra ritual killing  
to ward off her "evil".**

**His ranting and irrational raving, pure hatred,  
caused an even bigger upheaval!**





**Umkulu rabid-mad grabbed now grown Sango,  
holding an assegai to her throat;  
“Kill the witch! Kill her!” he shouted; with  
obscurities he began to gloat!  
The crowd excited by a human blood sacrifice,  
cheered for Sango's execution!  
It was when Mother tried to intervene and was  
swatted away like a fly that Sango began her  
unearthly prosecution!  
Sango's shadow twin, for years had an urge for  
revenge on her murderer - her Grandfather.  
She entered his nostrils - he gagged, dropping the  
assegai, opening his mouth - the shadow now  
entered his mouth, inching in further;  
Suffocating him slowly, as if shoving his throat  
with straw.  
Death would come slow and painfully. He in that  
moment knew what the baby twin he killed felt in  
her death and all!  
Eyes glazed over as oxygen with every second left  
Umkulu's brain.  
He tried to scream through the dark that  
smothered him, in his final moments he was  
completely with remorse insane!**





**Sango, in the meantime, had started in the tongue of those in the spirit world, an unearthly chant. People dropped to their knees for they knew what their fate was to be and begged for mercy; but once these demons were summoned, to undo it**

**Sango can't!**

**Terror reigned - roars of monsters, screams of mortals continued right through that unholy night.**

**The morning was greeted with skinned bodies, headless beings, faces etched with horror impaled on the kraal's thorn fence – a gruesome sight! Those who were lucky enough to escape, were still punished for generations after - a cruel life sentence for their animosity.**

**Sango instructed the Tokoloshe\* to forever make that village his home, a huge atrocity.**

**Any returning refugees who escaped found that their home, was plagued by this scally-wag!**

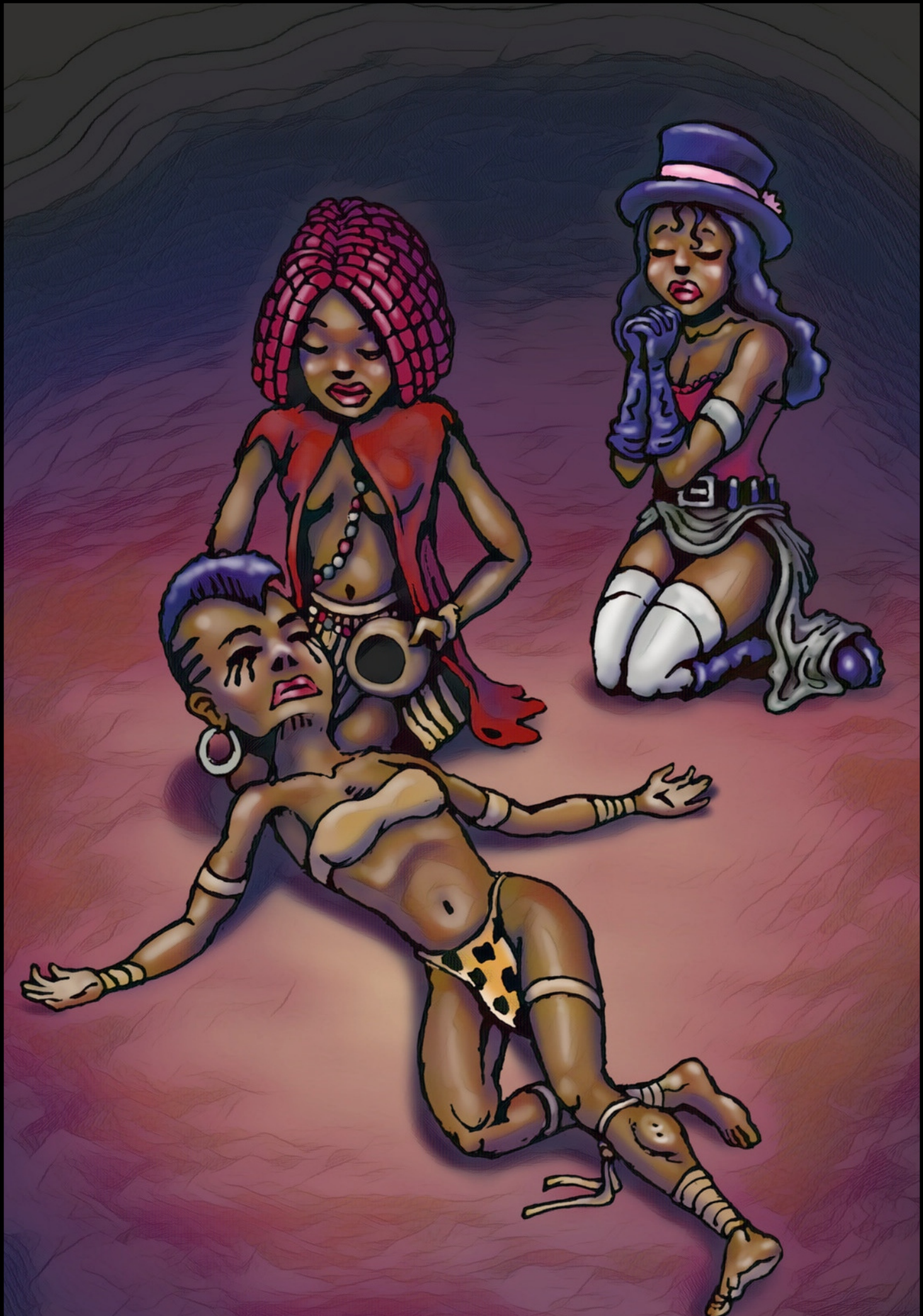
**Even leaving did not help as Tokoloshe would follow them, for what they did to Sango and her family would them forever nag!**

*\*Tokoloshe (toe-kohl-osh): a small, mischievous but terrifying mythological creature that prevents sleep and can even cause death*





**Sometime later, when the Moon Goddess in the  
night sky revealed her full gown of white;  
To Sango's home, a group of women dragged their  
leader with a leg swollen from a snake-bite.  
Venom charged through her already fired veins,  
Death held her by her hand and showed her the  
ancestor's plains!  
The women begged for their leader's life, for she  
was a great warlord.  
To lose her would be the end of their all-women  
army something the world could not afford!  
Sango, proficient in healing knew this snake bite  
was of the worst.  
Snake was her friend, however, in reversing the  
effects of the venom she was well versed.  
She was already prepared with the necessary  
roots and herbs because she had foreseen their  
arrival when throwing the bones of divination –  
They foretold the coming of a Great One, a  
Warrior, a Psycho Chick and showed that Sango's  
story was about to follow another narration!**





**Within a short time, remarkably Psycho Chick  
returned to full health.**

**A priceless connection was made between all the  
women and to have Sango join them would only  
add to their skill-wealth.**

**Sango knew this was to be her destiny, but, what  
of her beloved Mentor and Mother?**

**They were along in years now and to look after  
them, there was no other!**

**Mother would never hold her daughters back, for  
she knew this was the very will of the Gods;**

**Urging the twins to go, this kingdom needed them  
more by all odds!**

**It was then, that the one who had so many gates  
on her closed;**

**A gate opened to her – her purpose and place  
finally disclosed!**





**As we return to the present, my musing of the  
early life of Sango done; the bones, ivory voices  
from the beyond,  
Lay in their pattern of gloom, how do we to this  
respond?**

**To the King we are supposed to proceed.  
But to our plans the bones do not concede!  
Sango trembles at what these skeletal oracles  
have spoken.**

**My words of reassurance are a mere mask, a  
deceiving token.**

**"To King Cetshwayo we have to go!" I, Psycho  
Chick, order my posse strange.  
Secretively, my mind with worry has become  
deranged!**

**The pattern that lay before us - one of snake  
fangs, shells, bones and vertebrae -  
Foretold our inevitable destiny - Death to us all  
was on the way!**

