



PSYCHO CHICKTM

I am Impi

PART 5:
EDIE



MATURE READERS

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I am Impi

Part 5: Edie

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The strongest shackles are those of the mind
~ *Western African Proverb*

**They came and taught us that Hell is a place -
A place of eternal damnation and torment when
you fall from grace.**

**If Hell is a place then maybe Africa is Hell - a place
of sorrow, a place of no healing.**

**Maybe Hell is not a specific location but rather a
feeling.**

**Inside our barracks: Hell the location.
Our sisters, our comrades our friends – dead,
burnt, dismembered, raped – a evil and cruel
damnation.**

**Inside us, Hell the feeling festers.
I hear Somahlaya uncharacteristically cursing,
Sango denounces her beloved ancestors.
San's small body shakes as she openly weeps.
Inside of me rage flares, the Devil sweeps.**

**It is Edie who has me the most concerned:
Petticoats stretched behind her like wings, she is
kneeling, her head to the heavens is turned.
In English she prays to her Christian Saviour and
Lord, never her faith scorned.**

**She has cut her thighs, a blood crucifix on her
beautiful forehead adorned.**



**Born to a warrior woman from a faraway land,
Edie hailed from a legacy so fierce – a fearless
band!**

**Edie's mother was one of the wives of a very
powerful Dahomey King.**

**Mother was not so attractive, so to the marriage
bed the King never did her bring.**

**Instead, she became a member of his woman-only
bodyguard.**

**Men coward in this bodyguard's presence, soldiers
fled, leaving all men's ego severely marred.**

**A blood-thirsty, weapon yielding force to be
reckoned with, were these women of the elite.**

**Decapitation was their signature move in this
femme fatale fleet!**

**Nobody dared to touch these ladies – the King's
ugliest wives.**

**Even a servant-girl would run ahead of them,
ringing a bell and men scattered before them to
spare their own pathetic lives!**



**It came as surprise that while on the battlefield
Edie's mother fought alongside a handsome man
of her dreams!**

**He was attractive, he matched her energy, her
skills, her ruthlessness it seems.**

**Saving each other, covering each other's back,
fight after fight.**

**The chemistry-connection between the two was
like wood and fire, nothing about it was right!**

They fought side-by-side on the battlefield.

**Off of it they bickered and even duelled, even
hurting each other, both would not yield!**

**Lust gave way to love as they had to ward off their
desires.**

**Both knew their alliance was dangerous, worse
than any bush fires!**

**The others noticed and warned Edie's mother of
the dangers of their love-hate flirtation.**

**Reminding her that she was married and the King
did not take kindly to any adulterous realization.**



**As the elite women bodyguard engaged more in
battle and war;**

**Edie's mother grew closer to her warrior, at her
heart and her integrity this tore.**

**It was during their training, while sparing and
entering another of their many frustrated spats.**

**He had her pinned down with a blade to her
throat, on one of the grass mats.**

Anger dissolved into passion unyielded.

**Feelings once bottled up, burst forth, a kiss sealed
it.**

**Forbidden love bloomed into adultery beneath the
African ancestors and the union produced a child!
Their indiscretion revealed by her swelling belly of
shame; her flesh defiled!**

**It would not be long before the very jealous King
knew!**

**Their lives were in danger, what were the two
lovers going to do?**



**The couple, in secret planned to elope, nothing
their being together could halt.**

**However, the wives of the King, even though
scorned by not consummating their marriage with
their husband, were a loyal cult.**

**They were dedicated to their King and husband
with religious fanaticism.**

**With jealousy many of them would betray Edie's
mother with patriotism.**

**Time ran out and the two lovers were caught on
the run.**

**Hunted down by their own, with envy they did her
shun.**

**Edie's father was executed immediately for
treason.**

**Her mother faced the ultimate punishment, sold
to slavers – heavily pregnant – a two for one price
when she came into season!**



**The ultimate price was paid for love – life.
From the union, a life and so much strife.
Slavery hardened Edie's mother more but, in her
grief, came kindness in the most unusual form.
An English missionary and his wife got permission
from the slave master to convert these “heathen”
and calm their pagan storm.
The missionary was a kind man and did everything
in his power to get some rights for every slave.
Having no children of their own, they felt
particularly for Edie's then pregnant mother and
extra attention to her they gave.
The missionary managed to get her out of the hot
fields and into the big house as a maid.
It was the only chance for the unborn child's
survival, for outside the immense cruelty in
greater severity was been paid.
Many slaves had suffered terrible loss if they
didn't meet the ludicrous production quota, their
families suffered the most.
As slavers chopped off their wife or children's
hands and feet as punishment and sending the
appendages to the “slacking” slave, while the
slavers of their cruelty did boast!**



**It was when the Missionary came to tell Edie's mother that he had being reassigned to the south of Africa to go preach;
That she began to formulate a new plan to save her baby, she had to ask something of the Missionary that may their friendship breach.
Slavers did not like babies as it took a few years of investment before they could get a return,
But creating the next, free generation of slaves, was worth the marginal expense they did learn.
Edie's mother could not allow her child to suffer a life-time of such atrocities.
The Missionary and his wife arranged with the masters to assist with the looming birth.
If Edie's mom could convince them to feign the baby's death and smuggle the baby away - her love, her loss, her suffering and pain would all gain a new worth.
She begged the Missionary to be her baby's Saviour for it was the Christian thing to do.
His turn came to practice what he preached and while he could not save all of them, he could save one baby new!**



**Edie's mother held her daughter for what felt like
a second.**

**The infant drank once from her mother's warrior
breasts, before urgency and fear at them
beckoned.**

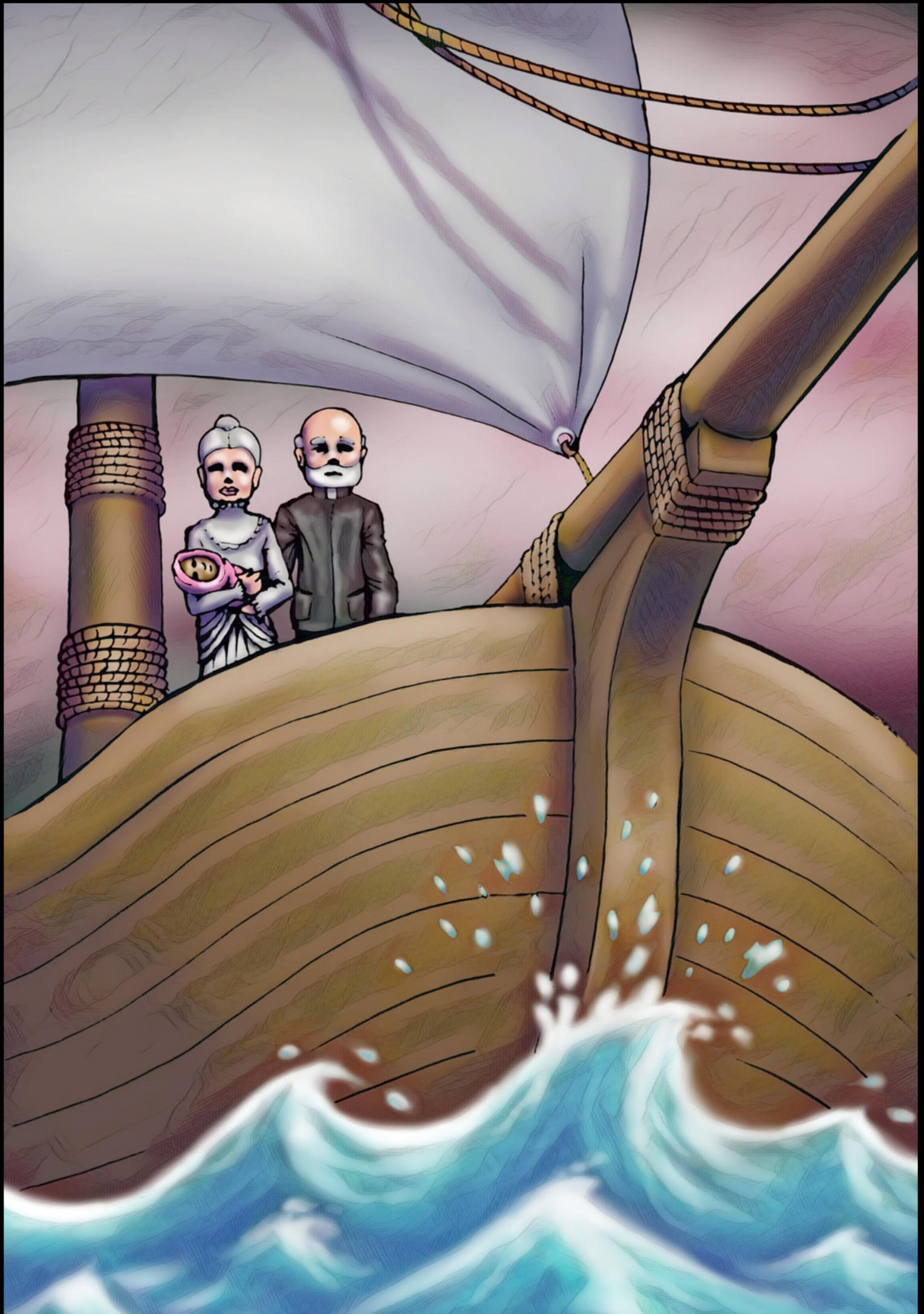
**The missionary couple had arranged that a corpse
of a stillborn infant from another village replaced
that of this baby;**

**A little opium syrup was used to silence the new-
born Edie, a common treatment of the day.**

**The dead baby was shown to the slaver while they
smuggled Edie out in a cart of hay!**

**Leaving by sea the very next day, Edie with the
missionaries escaped the horrors of slavery!**

**Mother's heart could not break more and she
would never see her daughter again, this as a
warrior was her most valiant act of bravery!**



**The missionary couple were childless, so they did
cause quite a scandal;**

**Because they raised this little child of colour as
their own - too bad if society could it not handle!
She toured Europe, Britain and much of southern
Africa with them over the years. Her step mom a
real lady taught her to love beautiful clothing and
cosmetics and all the fine things.**

**Her step father – ex military who found God on the
battlefields of Africa – was quite the gunman and
to the table his knowledge of weapons he brings.
However, it was through her very veins, her blood
courses of warriors true!**

**Her genes mapped out her destiny and into a
beautiful but fierce lady with the knack for guns
she grew.**

**It was while in what the Brit's called Natal, her life
took a drastic change.**

**While preaching among the Zulu people, Edie
played with the children and an extraordinary
friendship did interchange.**

**At first, the other children bullied her for her
fancy clothes and for her English “slave” name;
Until a little crazy girl, me, Psycho Chick, to her
defence came!**



**The two became inseparable, best of friends.
It was then the idea of a women-only army from
their union extends.**

**Training for hours together, the two girls became a
formidable force – strong and skilled.**

**Attracting other girls and training them, they
formed a warrior's guild.**

**Slowly Edie came to be accepted as one of the Zulu
tribe.**

**Although spending less time with them, her
missionary folks understood her warrior vibe!
It was then they sponsored and accompanied Edie
and I on a trip home to visit her mother and
homeland.**

**Her step parents were unaware of what the girls
actually planned!**



**Sometime the cavalry does come too late.
African stories rarely have happy endings, with
the stories of other cultures, they cannot emulate.
Edie's mother had a few years earlier died of
consumption.
Poor living conditions often spread the diseases
among the slaves, is the assumption.
Edie was enraged, she sought retaliation.
Even if these few slaves could assist, became her
new affirmation.
Revolutions don't need much but an immense
amount of guts and courage;
With a good leader and a dream, one person can a
revolt encourage.
Slaves outnumber their masters, the shackles of
the mind the true captor.
Enter us, the heroes who would their chains break
and change this sad chapter.**



**While her missionary-parents visited with their old
flock;**

**We two, riled up the slaves - bravery at their door
of fortitude began to knock.**

**Weapons acquired; they began their oppressors to
overthrow.**

**The Master and Slave Owner of Edie's mother –
rich, gluttonous and evil – would die slow.**

**Once found hiding behind his wife's petticoats in
the dresser,**

**He would soon discover what it was like to be
treated as a lessor!**

**Tied to the whipping post in the courtyard,
Each and every newly freed slave was permitted to
whip him, only to him alive was when they were
barred.**

**Salt and pepper were rubbed into the ribbons of
his skin and mangled flesh.**

**A common torture he used now had him in pure
agony thresh.**

**Fitted with an iron muzzle and collar he was left to
bake in the lava like sun.**

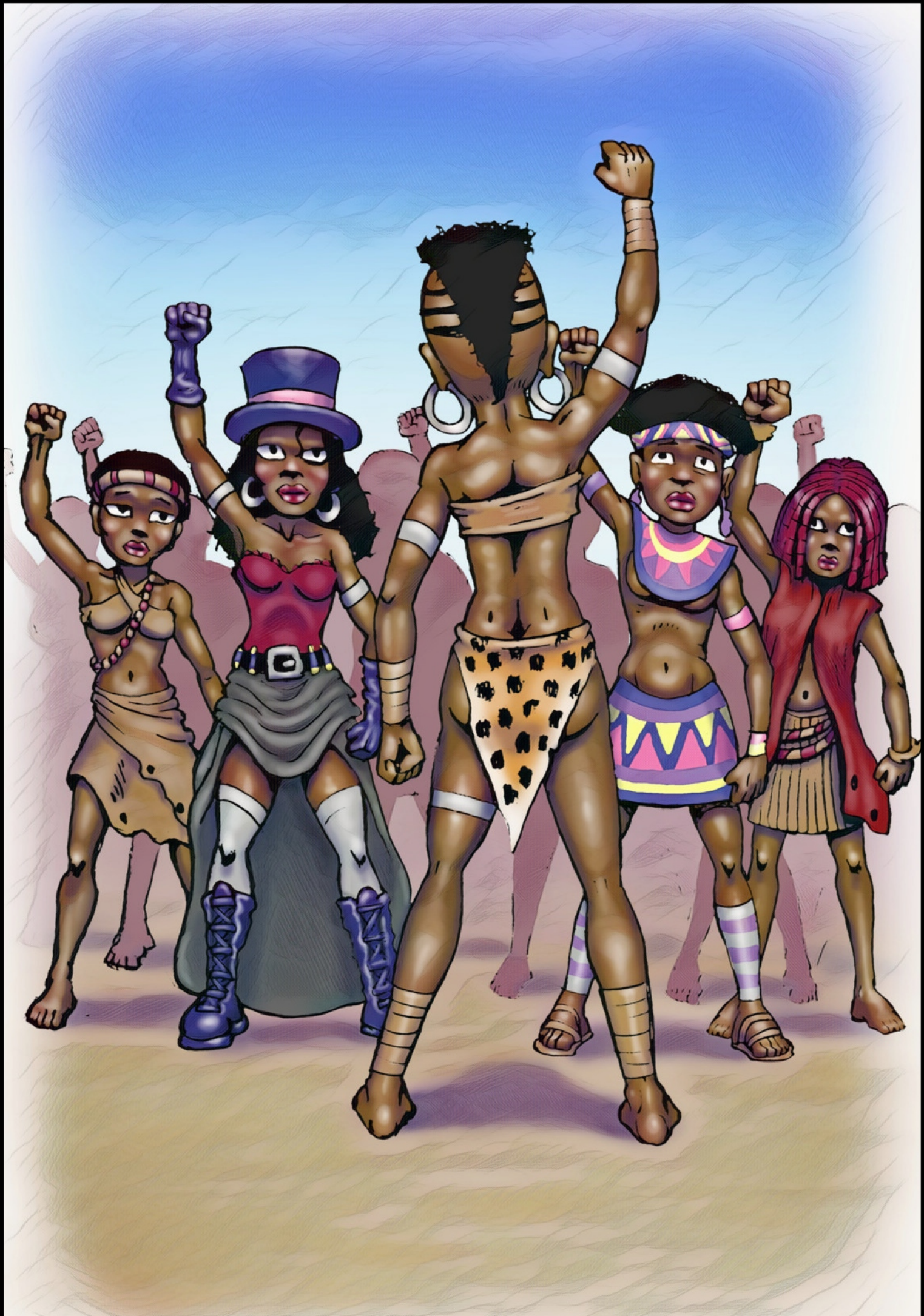
**Flies feasted on the open wounds - rest – he would
have none.**



**Those who suffered the worst at the Slave Owner's
hand, became the monster he was to them.
Slicing body parts off, with a gelding knife, how
could you then condemn?
They say what goes around comes around, but
only to a select few;
The Slave Owner certainly had karma calling on
him, he got what he was due.
We knew we could not stay on the plantation and
encouraged all the slaves to pack up and go.
Edie distributed the owner's possessions, riches
and wealth, a new life they could know.
There were those who decided to stay on, they
were with the former Master not yet done.
For weeks, it was heard, they kept him alive until
the flesh on his body was almost none.
We later also heard news that our rebellion across
a few plantations had sparked courage and it
among the slaves did spread.
Others broke those shackles of the mind and a
season of revolt against slavery was led!**



**Returning home, we were never the same again.
We realized then that we needed to help the
oppressed, our only means to stay sane.
As time went by Edie and I had other like-minded
women join our group of freedom fighters.
We were warriors, abolitionists, rebels accused of
being inciters.
Women – all damaged - refugees of a patriarchal
society flocked to us.
We welcomed them, no matter what the
circumstances, there was not much to discuss.
Soon Edie and I created an army, a nation of
females.
Now. It was all gone, destroyed by an arrogant,
unreasonable, tyrannical bunch of misogynistic
males!
Hell is a place. Hell is a feeling.
These men would soon learn with whom they
were dealing!**



**The fires die. The smoke billows no more.
The wind whispers the song of the Women of the
Ingcugce evermore:**

**“The African Sun of gold blankets the earth,
warming our now ashen skin - seeping into our
ivory bones.**

**The red silken petals of the uMsini (coral tree)
brushes over us, the ground and stones.**

We do not rest.

No one will remember us.

No one can our spirits save.

We have nothing.

**Far from our homestead, slowly forgotten and
dishonoured.**

With no grave....”

