



# PSYCHO CHICK<sup>TM</sup>

I am Impi

PART 6:  
IZUMBA



MATURE READERS

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# I am Impi

## Part 6: Izumba

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*“Well behaved women seldom make history”  
~ Laurel Thatcher Ulrich*



**I still see their faces not as they were – beautiful,  
strong;  
But, as ghosts of agony – calling for help, for  
revenge – in a mighty throng.  
Distorted and fading I grasp at outstretched  
hands, falling.  
Trying not to forget every detail, but their agony,  
my agony at my sanity is calling.  
Tormented – the demons will not leave me alone –  
I am going mad!  
One hundred, two hundred, three hundred faces  
becoming one – an eerie comrade.  
Broken, fragmented husks blowing in the wind of  
time -  
They are now nobody, I am nobody. Just chaff with  
no voice, a phantom mime.  
I still see their faces mashed up as one.  
I remember their names, I forget their features,  
one by one!**



**We are the daughters of the Ingcugce, a warrior  
platoon.**

**Made up of all women, if you hurt the lowly and  
weak, you'd see us soon!**

**Our names nor our deeds are recorded in any  
poetry or history songs.**

**Brushed under a grass mat, our story is filled with  
tragedy and countless wrongs.**

**We were commanded by King Cetshwayo to marry  
his selected older soldiers.**

**Many of us were already involved with chosen  
lovers, we would not carry this instruction on our  
shoulders!**

**While detaining us, our insolence was met with  
the worst punishment thinkable.**

**Cetshwayo and the slighted regiment went to our  
camp and their depravity became more sinkable.**

**We were met with the worst humiliation and  
punishment and finally death!**

**For how dare a woman decide what she wants?  
Nothing to her belonged, not even her last breath!**





**San read the tale of their woe in the sand.  
Cetshwayo and the men came in a huge band.  
It was late and our sisters were already in their  
beds fast asleep.**

**The men upon the barracks like leopards did  
creep.**

**Using a combination of the Dream Root (Silene  
undulata), Imunyane (Wild Dagga) and Umayime  
(Clivia) and dried bird's nests.**

**Cetshwayo created a strong, sleep-inducing,  
paralysing smoke, the lack of struggle suggests.**

**Our lookout guard was easily disposed of by  
trained soldiers, old.**

**These smoking nests were thrown into the  
sleeping victims huts - the horror was just about  
to unfold!**

**Women were killed without the opportunity to  
defend themselves or even flee!**

**I can only torment myself thinking of how women  
lay drug-induced and unable to move as men had  
their way in lust and glee.**

**When they were done satisfying their evil, some  
were tortured, disfigured - all murdered - cattle to  
the slaughter.**

**No one was spared - not widow, not mother, child  
nor daughter!**







**You always have the advantage over an enemy  
who doesn't know his foe.**

**King Cetshwayo and his murderers will soon know!  
The five of us, had to bury all our sisters in early  
graves.**

**As each face was covered with the fertile earth, we  
more and more for bloody revenge craves.**

**We do not speak much; tears are long gone.  
We sleep little, for our sisters need to rest, to their  
ancestors the need to move on.**

**Our barracks are now a mass grave of emptiness  
and pain...**

**When we do speak, plans will be formulated to  
start our revenge campaign.**



**When a woman stands up for herself; they call her  
crazy.**

**When a woman says: "NO!" they say she is lazy!  
When a woman says: "I can do this!" they call her  
mad.**

**When a woman says: "I do not need a man!" They  
say she is bad!**

**When a woman says: "I have rights too!" they call  
her trouble-maker.**

**When a woman stands up for other women, they  
say she is a tribe-forsaker!**

**When a woman has had enough of being called all  
these names;**

**And she pushes back, she fights to end these  
abusive games –**

**They call her psycho, someone who is sick!  
I am Izumba: daughter of the Women of the Sky,  
descendant of Nandi, mother to King Shaka, I AM  
Psycho Chick!**





**Women in my family have always made it with or without a man.**

**Descendants of the mother of our people, Nandi, she showed us that we as women always can! She was the first of the strong, single mothers raising a powerful son, despite humiliation and disgrace.**

**She taught her son, Shaka, that the power of a woman, you should always embrace.**

**She was so revered and respected by her son that at her death, King Shaka went completely mad! He was assassinated by his half-brother; Shaka's family and his loyalists knew that this event was something very bad!**

**My grandmother had to flee with my mother and my aunts, to the outskirts of a kingdom now divided.**

**For having the same blood coursing through our veins as Nandi did, was now a crime; it was decided.**

**Going from positions of wealth and prestige my family for generations became outcasts thereafter, changing our very names to avoid eradication.**

**Living on the fringes like criminals, always hiding while an empire nearly descended into ruination!**







**Growing up, raised by strong, proud women as a strong, proud female in a patriarchal society is challenging.**

**I have watched men treat their wives, the mother of their children with such contempt, it is baffling!**

**How can a man claim to love his male child who is also of the flesh and blood of his mother, from her womb their son has sprung?**

**Yet, you despise and treat this woman, the bearer of your offspring, worse than animal dung?**

**I have watched as women have served men hand and foot;**

**Groveling as if the male is the superior, happy to eat his scraps – pregnant and bare foot!**

**I have observed boys my own age, trained, coached and encouraged to be whomever they choose to be;**

**While girls at the youngest of age, assume domestic roles training to become some man's wife in the future, even though she may not agree!**

**As a young girl the boys bullied the girls and when we told an adult, we girls got into more trouble, why were we given no respect?**

**Boys had superiority complexes in them instilled and thought that they could their God-given dues from females collect!**

**I started to train my body to become strong so that if any boy tried to hurt me, they would find the consequences.**

**On one such occasion, one of the disrespectful boys, tried to grab me below, he was found in a bush tied by his little member, punished for his harassment offences!**



**As I watched the Patriarch rule women with an  
iron fist,  
I formulate my own idea of a society which of  
women only would consist.  
We were the ones with the true power, the givers  
and protectors of life.  
We needed to take our power back, to end this  
narrow-minded man-strife.  
I met Edie when the preacher came. We became  
friends and she started telling me the tales of her  
real mama.  
How she was in an all women bodyguard, they  
brought to men nothing but trauma.  
We would lay side by side in the veld\* looking at  
the heavens blue,  
I would beg her to tell and retell the stories, her  
white mama told her, as she grew!  
Dreams turned into visions as I saw my very  
future, my destiny great!  
I knew it was the time of the daughters, the  
women of the sky! It was time to reveal our true  
fighting weight!**

\*grassland





**It was just as I started flowering, a crimson sin of shame.**

**Tradition dictated we be isolated and treated as if dirty, a female's bloody bane.**

**In the dead of the night, puberty ceremonies and the killing of a goat all done –**

**An older boy, obviously used to doing this when a young girl was alone, snuck into the hut wanting to have his fun.**

**We struggled, with strength far superior he beat me; trying to take my virginity, trying to serve his needs.**

**I fought back, he pinned me to the ground, my screaming no one heeds.**

**Never giving up my flaying hand, finds some pottery made of clay!**

**He dared to think I was like that pottery, a weaker vessel, his first and only lesson was learnt that day!**

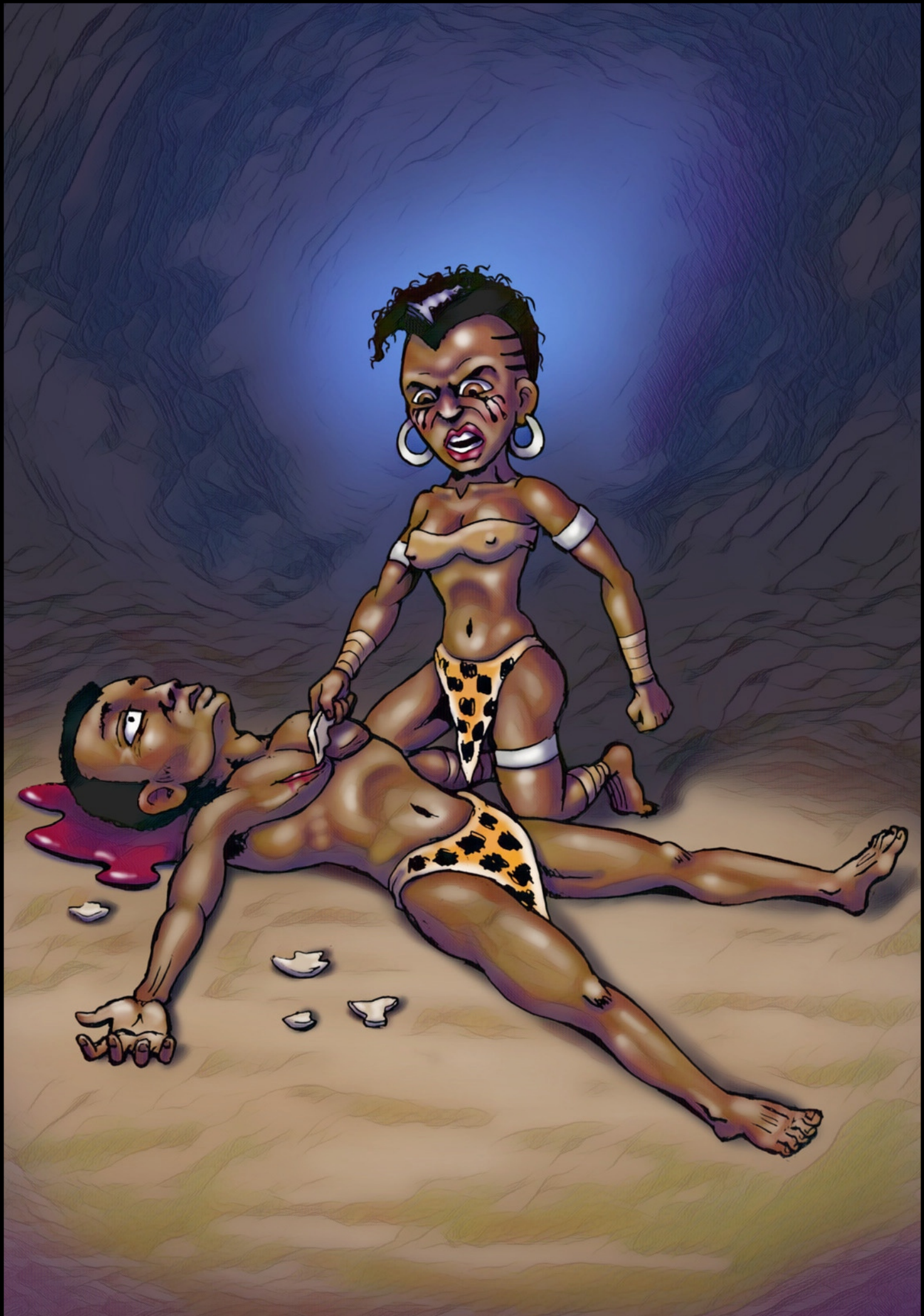
**After bashing him over the head, with the broken shards I cut and I sliced, this would be my first bloody kill!**

**The commotion was never investigated by the villagers making me think that this boy performed such evil more than once - a thought that made me more ill!**

**I made him feel the pain of all the young girls who were silenced by their families after they had suffered such violation.**

**When I came to, I ran to call Edie to help clean up and hide his body, the only evidence kept was a small flesh-memento - his final pain of castration.**







**My rebellion against male domination caused shame to my family and started a ripple effect.**

**At the reed ceremony, while girls felt pride and excitement, I watched the perversion drool from the King and dignitaries as they gawked at the maidens' breasts - taunt and perfect.**

**It sickened me. These vultures with hands on their crotch.**

**They turned this ceremony into their personal viewing, they with such perversion and lust the prancing girls did watch.**

**There were stories of these old men picking and choosing the choicest virgin girls like picking the best fruit.**

**With promise of making them one of their wives, they often discarded these naïve girls once used, threats to their lives left them mute.**

**When it was my turn to appear in the reed ceremony, I did the most disgraceful and unthinkable;**

**I firstly made sure not to expose my breasts, my next action would show these perverted vultures that their crotches were very shrinkable.**

**With a sharpened, shorter reed, I proceeded with the silly little girls in their propaganda trance,**

**I stopped when in range and threw my reed, now a spear, so it landed between the very King's legs, mere millimetres from his love lance!**

**Disappearing into the herd of breasts and panic, I escaped!**

**Leaving with Edie and her white parents north the next day, from death's claws', I that time scraped!**





**Today, I grieve, I beat my chest and I am crazy.  
I will stand up for myself, for ourselves, you will  
see crazy!**

**I stand here, our destroyed home and I am mad!  
We do not need men, we can do it, we ARE mad!  
I call together the remaining warrior women, my  
closest friends, I am trouble-maker.**

**We have rights, we will stand for each other, call  
us TROUBLE-MAKER!**

**Please, we dare you to call us all these names!  
We wear them with pride, to all your derogatory  
ignorance we shall finally prove your claims!  
We are woman-strong, we are mighty – doubt us,  
be the sceptic!**

**We are women, you will hear us roar, be prepared  
for all of us that is PSYCHO CHICK!**





**Grief is debilitating, grief robs you of action!  
Grief turns into revenge, a desire to rectify the  
imbalance – this brings satisfaction.**

**Women are creatures like that – one minute  
crushed and destroyed;  
The next we rise from the depths of an endless  
void.**

**We five, changed in a moment by grief –  
exhausted, dirty and muddied.  
We sat first in silence, with thoughts and bodies  
bloodied.**

**Tear stained faces like ghosts stare into the fire.  
It was then I spoke to what I would now aspire.**

**“We have fought for truth and justice, for many  
women's rights,”**

**“This will be our final act of righteous indignation,  
the most important of our fights!”**

**“Even if each and everyone of us see the end of  
our life nigh,”**

**“We will destroy those monsters and King  
Cetshwayo will die!”**





**The sun rose, the sun set and still around that fire  
we did sit.**

**We spoke of how we were going to go about  
exacting justice, to a plan we had to commit.  
San disappeared for a while between our planning  
and scheming.**

**She returned with a springbok, heat from its  
lifeless body still steaming.**

**Somahlaya, usually ever-hungry, realized she was  
famished and got up to prepare us some food.  
It had been many days since we had actually eaten  
anything, our appetites us did elude.**

**Edie, with a fading blood-crucifix still on her face,  
drew diagrams of tactics on the back of animal  
skins;**

**And a list of names, the ones we knew, were  
compiled, each one would pay for their atrocious  
sins!**

**I examined and re-examined our plans until I felt  
that they were categorical.**

**Sango with her sister finally consulted the bones –  
words whispered from the ancestors; commands  
boomed from the Gods – we knew our final destiny  
was spoken by the ivory oracle!**





**We eat. We rest. We prepare. We train.  
We do not rush into our revenge, we are few, our  
worry and anxiety we do not feign.**

**Methodical and deliberate we take our time.  
We know it is a precious commodity, to hasten  
would be a mistake, a hot-headed crime!**

**The regiment we will be assassinating are  
seasoned lions, a little past their warrior peak;  
We have to be crafty, we have to be cunning, if  
victory over them we do seek.**

**“ iNdlondlo, you Horned Viper, you evil snake,”**

**“You bit us in our heel but you did not us  
completely break!”**

**“Watch out! For we the remaining daughters of the  
sky, are not yet all dead!”**

**“We are coming for you little worm and we will  
crush you with our injured heel, in your horned  
head!”**

