



PSYCHO CHICKTM

I am Impi

PART 7:
INKOSI



MATURE READERS

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I am Impi

Part 7: Inkosi

(The King)

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*“With every swing of the axe, the mighty baobab
tree will eventually fall.”*

~ African Proverb

**Six little men sleeping under a thorn tree,
One wakes up, does the hempen jig - now he is
free.**

**Five little men sleeping under a thorn tree,
One wakes up, does the hempen jig - this he didn't
ever foresee.**

**Four little men sleeping under a thorn tree,
One wakes up, does the hempen jig - now there
are three.**

**Three little men sleeping under a thorn tree,
One wakes up, does the hempen jig - his face
distorted in an unknowing glee.**

**Two little men sleeping under a thorn tree,
One wakes up, does the hempen jig - paying his
death spot fee.**

**One little man, screaming under a thorn tree,
"How did they do that? Why didn't they choose
me?"**



**They walk through the veld*, shaded by the tall
trees of the valley.
Boisterously bragging of how many women they
killed, how unwise to dally.
The little worm grows careless and fat, their fangs
are blunting, foolish Horned Viper.
Their senses have been dulled by overconfidence –
an arrow hits its target – in the tree a sniper!
The victim lays frothing, the others with assegais
cower around.
Then another and another fall convulsing to the
ground.
They clamour and they shout but then starts the
denouncing boom of the thunder stick.
Old world arrows meet new world guns, fat little
worms dying very quick.
I count the dead, tick off the names we know,
There is no stopping us, on this show must go!**

** grassland*



**The grass is tall - their own unknown battle rages
trying to be the first to reach the sun.
The men move quietly for who knows what lurks
in the grass, visibility is almost none!
A hunting party of rapists, murderers and pillages
– a tight brethren;
Thunder rolls across the African plains, there is
not one cloud in the heaven!
White-eyed panic ripples through the party -
where does the thunder come from, where do they
go?
Behind them rides Sango at neck-breaking speeds
on a very annoyed rhino!
Horn meets torso after torso, tossing men from
side to bloody side.
Those who escape fall into a pit of sharpened
stakes that was in their path, with branches we
did it hide.
Impaled, death is slow as heavy bodies to gravity
will succumb.
Sliding down sharpened sticks, nothing but final
death can their agony numb.**



Rivers of blood first trickle as the Tokoloshe* nibbles at their toes.

Faces distorted, tell tales of horror and only the beginning of their woes.

Each man now has two mouths, one on his face filled with lies.

The other gaping wide open down the neck, gargling noises as uttering words their tongue tries.

Sango and her sister work as a team.

Sango uttering dark words and her sister entering through cut throats, bursting out of them so fast they can't even scream!

Chunks of flesh and spraying blood excite the little Tokoloshe devil;

He dances swinging his long phallus as he in the gore does revel.

Sango does not stop until her dreadlocks drip scarlet.

This is the price you pay when you kill innocents following Cetshwayo, the harlot!

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



**Her ebony skin glistens in the moonlight,
shimmering lust.**

**Water trickles over her large breasts, clinging for
as long as possible is a must.**

**Water cloaks her, running off reluctantly to re-join
the cold stream;**

**They watch her, desire heavy in their loins - as she
seductively does preen!**

**Somahlaya's full lips sing a siren's song,
mesmerizing.**

**The men hiding on the banks, peeping, they start
their chances with her, against each other sizing.**

**As blood rushes to their loins, preoccupied by this
opposite sex;**

**So, distracted they barely feel us slicing open their
revolting necks.**

**Our beauty and our bodies we will use, seduction
is part of our feminine wiles.**

This leaves 20 more men in nice little, flesh piles!



**Good little impi boys standing at attention.
I stand before them – filthy rapists, some visibly quake,
one urinates himself at my condescension!
Using the paralysing dream smoke, the same they used
on our sisters, deceased!
We strung them up, balancing, on narrow stumps, with
hands tied these filthy beasts!
“Tip toes, tip toes, boys!” Edie ordered.
They teetered and tottered for if they slipped from
their stumps, they would choke, unknowingly with a
quicker death they'd be rewarded!
I start my inspection of their form, panga in hand.
“Eyes forward soldiers!” Edie behind me orders, their
eyes roll white, trying to determine what I had
planned.
I move my free hand under the first man's loin cloth,
“Ah, you have a python, very nice....”
He seems to enjoy my feminine touch, soon the python
writhes on the ground the man screams as my panga
makes its first slice!
Bleeding out slowly, we slacken their noose so they
cannot their pathetic lives with one step end;
One after the other - panicked screams, my panga's
sharpness dulls with the constant hacking - they are no
longer men, their members lay on the ground as life
eventually from them does expend!**



Clouds congregate, angry and dark - grumbling as they announce bad tidings - they roll in with great speed.

The clouds blanket the kingdom with rumours of doom and dread. Cetshwayo finally takes heed! He is probably angrier than those clouds but his eyes hide a flicker of fear;

He offers a large amount of cattle, a handsome price on our heads: dead or alive, he makes his command clear.

I imagine him cursing and spitting as his lips crash together like the puffy buttocks of the baboon and when he gets angrier, I imagine the shaking of his flapping jowls.

How could a small band of women kill half of his prized veterans? His chin quivers as he painfully scowls.

The tales of our revenge only grow in power: Soon our legend is so great, we as giants in these tales tower!

We are man-eaters, slayers in the storm.

Wearing testicle necklaces, making muti* out of penises – into things of nightmares we take form.

This storm has finally come and it lashes at the King's very door!

Fear reigns down, denting their egos: "Worry not Cetshwayo, there is more!"

**traditional medicine*



**With a price on our heads, our revenge killings
slowed down to a trickle.**

**With the promise of being enriched, people allow
greed to make them fickle.**

**Once sympathizers looked at us with different
eyes.**

**We became very aware that anyone could now be
one of Cetshwayo's spies.**

**We often had to go into long periods of hiding.
However, difficulty never stopped a determined
woman, just show patience as we our time kept
biding.**

**Often separating, splitting up our group, we
temporarily went different ways.**

**Our only form of communication, when we
needed each other was a white smoke fire, to the
east, every night eastward we would gaze.**

**As individuals we were capable and effective too,
none of the iNdlonldo were ever safe and sound.
This was our only purpose left in life- the revenge
of you our comrades – we still this filth relentlessly
did hound.**



**As history took its course, with Zulu pitted against
Zulu, Zulu against Boer, Zulu against the British,
Cetshwayo was certainly not going down without
a fight!**

**We watched with interest as the events unfolded,
the powers that be would sort out what was right!
Up until now Cetshwayo had enjoyed the favour of
the British power.**

**Allowed to do almost as he pleased, a formidable
King over his enemies he did tower.**

**The British, however, were taking note that the
Zulus were becoming too strong!**

**Patience, for me, was becoming harder as my
sisters lay dead, revenge was taking too long.
We would wait though, Cetshwayo would still for
his crime's pay.**

**When hunting the hunter does not merely give up
on her already injured prey!**

**Hush, my sisters, your spirit is with us, your voices
still scream in my nightmares!**

**We'll abide our time, even while he is under the
protection of the crown; with us Cetshwayo, we'll
will still sort out our affairs!**



**Days blurred into weeks, weeks into months and
soon into years.**

**Slowly we whittled away at the iNdondlo,
increasing the few survivor's fears.**

**While we plotted and hid, the storm from the red,
white and blue was now upon the Zulu King.
Edie and I knew we could probably this in our
favour begin to swing.**

**The new British High Commissioner was a no-
nonsense man on a land-grab hungry mission;
Cetshwayo was slowly falling out of British favour,
to dethrone him, would add to my ambition.**

**We formulated a plan to force the High
Commissioners hand,
We would stage raids on the British people's land!
Making it look like Cetshwayo and his cronies we
did.**

**We even raided Edie's adopted parents, we really
would do anything to be of Cetshwayo rid!
The stolen livestock we "planted" as evidence, on
Cetshwayo's land, a British-Zulu treaty infraction.**

**When Edie's parents and the other settlers
reported the many excursions, the British High
Commissioner jumped on this opportunity against
Cetshwayo to take action!**



**I was so obsessed with the downfall of Cetshwayo,
I had long ago become the very thing I killed - a
beast!**

**While distracted by the political affairs of all the
warring nations, I failed to closely watch the east.**

**I am not sure for how many nights the white
smoke rose,**

**When I finally saw it dread filled me and my mind
froze.**

It came from Sango's location, a signal of distress.

**I ran the entire way - thorn trees grabbed at me,
the ground stumbled my gait - for my body I cared
less.**

**I started thinking of all the unimaginable things
that could have gone wrong.**

**To get to Sango, my journey was rather long.
Was it Sango who was in trouble, who needed our
aid?**

**I knew Somahlaya had a yearning to see her
Father, so for her safety I wasn't afraid.**

**San accompanied Somahlaya as her route passed
by that of Somahlaya's home dwelling.**

**Edie? No! The smoke came from Sango, Edie was
just a few days ago with me, so that fear I kept
quelling!**

**Stupid girl! Hate is all consuming, determination is
a hard master, obsession is blinding.**

**But fear, fear for those you loved - had me of my
vulnerability reminding.**



**The following events I now will to you have to convey.
Of which I was informed on my arrival at Sango's
hideaway.**

**Somahlaya took every precaution not to go into her
home village as surely it was being watched by our
foes.**

**She sent word to her Father to meet her in a secretive
cave, only he knew of, close.**

**San decided to stay with Somahlaya as she felt a
prickling of danger in her body, maybe a sixth sense.
Somahlaya welcomed the company and knew that it
would be an extra defence.**

**On the day of the arranged meeting, Somahlaya's
father did not even show!**

**San had to convince Somahlaya to be patient and for
her not to her father to go.**

**The women slept as they knew the location of the cave
was unknown to most,**

**They worried not for possibly the Father had in his
chief duties engrossed.**

**In the dead of the night, a sharp kick to the gut woke
the women in their cave!**

**The women were surrounded, they tried to fight their
unseen enemy back, panic came as they were beaten
wave after wave!**



**It was to the sound of Somahlaya's Father's voice
that they finally came to.**

**“You promised you would not hurt her! She is
almost dead.... Black and blue!”**

**Betrayal's hurt is felt physically and nothing is
worse than the disbelief!**

**The heart breaks, the mind shatters, there is no
relief.**

“Take her!” he begged pointing to San.

**“She's already dead!” said an unseen man!
They had Somahlaya on her knees, holding her by
her hair, a knife to her throat – her flesh and
windpipe to the sharpness conceded.**

**As her life slipped away, she watched her Father
with all the hurt in the world, her father on his
knees for her forgiveness pleaded....**

**The women's bodies were tossed in a bush for the
hyenas to come and feast.**

**It was only when the men were long gone, San
moved, internally dead, her body still alive at
least!**



San could do nothing for her dear Somahlaya, her own injuries were too severe.

She clung on to the remains of her life, she had to warn us, maybe help would appear.

She dragged herself into a dry, disused animal drinking hole.

Chanting the songs of her ancestors in low, hypnotic hums, trying herself to console.

The chanting surrounded her as she fell in and out of the awake.

Vomiting blood, blurred vision, broken ribs, she knew her life was at stake.

Maybe it was the ancestors, maybe it was the vibrations of her hum that into the earth reverberated.

When she finally woke, a beautiful sight over her stood – Sango through her mystic powers had San finally located!

San's small body was a wreck, as if trampled by buffalo.

Yet, she hung on, waiting for Edie and I to arrive, nobody should ever die that slow!

Even though she lay in agony she still was so angry that she could not save Somahlaya, she could not protect her friend!

Nothing could console her broken heart, none of Sango's medicine helped, she just would not mend!

It was on the warmest of days when she asked to be carried outside, into the sun.

She lay cradled in our arms, basking in the glory of her golden god, when she sighed and her life was done....

