



PSYCHO CHICKTM

I am Impi

PART 8:
CHANGING
OF THE
GUARD



MATURE READERS

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Part 8: Changing of the Guard

Writer:
Bernadette Pienaar

Artist:
Jason Pienaar

*“In all of us a Psycho Chick crawls”
~Psycho Chick*

**Run little dassie* run!
They coming with trap and gun!
The drum an irregular panicked beat
Whites show as irises brown roll in retreat.
Muscles taunt like a bow-string
Ache and burn as if a wasp them continuously
does sting!
Lungs wheeze as the nostrils are smothered with
the smell of fear.
Fear smells a lot like the sea, crashing waves of
pungent salt, face wet with tear after tear.
Legs grow weak as the bow-string is stretched and
snapped loose with every stride.
Run little dassie run, there is nowhere for you to
hide!
Crashing, tumbling, feet roll over head,
The smell of fear mingles with iron – blood! Are
you dead?
No little dassie can outrun the red, white and blue
dragoon!
The Mighty Zulu King from his throne is hewn!**

**rock rabbit*



*I was young, I began to bloom along with the uMsini - the
Coral Tree.*

*My cowhide skirt now oxblood red, my childhood from
me did flee.*

*I tried to hide my shame; the water turns bright red.
Panic. Scrubbing. Fear. Please rinse off! Bloodied hands.
Heart filled with dread.*

*If they know, I will be expected to marry.
I am too young, he is so old and fat; this burden, I should
not have to carry.*

*My parents don't want to hear my complaints, my plight.
Why should they, their status will improve, a large labola*
is in their sight!*

*I must hurry, I must my shame hide!
I do not want to become a Cetshwayo's child-bride!
Then, my mother walks in on my murdered youth, in the
basin a bloodied crime scene.*

*She rejoices for I am illegible for marriage, the village is
notified, my father celebrates, internally I scream!*

**a bride price*



*This is not how it is supposed to be!
No romance, no love, just a sweating, smelly, old hippo
on top of me!*

*I cry "No!" He hits me. It hurts. I struggle. "No! No! No!"
He continues. Go to another place: You're playing with
your dolls. This is not happening. Time passes slow.*

*Our meeting wasn't exactly romantic:
He saw me swimming - still a child developing - his men
grabbed me, I was frantic.*

*Even though I was kidnapped when my family were
offered cattle, they accepted, selling me to the mighty
Zulu king.*

*As soon as I could bear children, they would me as wife to
him bring!*

I fight. I run away but they find me every time....

*This should not be allowed, surely it is a crime?
I, Inkosazana, eventually lay still, the hippo grunts and is
finally done.*

*Night after night, I fight, he beats me, but in my mind, he
has not won.*

*He goes away to war and does not return, I am relieved!
Exiled to the Cape, I am safe for now, if he returns, a plan
to kill him I have conceived!*



**Three years after the all-women Ingcugce
regiment were murdered and died as martyrs –
Three long years, most of their murderers of the
iNdlondlo lay dead or in hiding because of Psycho
Chick's revenge charters.**

**When the British, the new overlord, had enough of
this Zulu threat!**

**Spurred on admittedly by Psycho Chick and her
warriors, Cetshwayo with the British's superior
power was met!**

**In a last stand against the British, with one act of
defiance, the Zulu King tumbled from his throne in
shame,**

**Without hesitation he abandoned his people and
ran like a coward, only to be hunted down like
mere game.**

**It was while fleeing like a rock rabbit that
Cetshwayo, the mighty King, the man of all Zulu
men;**

**The killer of women, the easily offended by
women's rights; was humbled again!**

**The British, stripped him of his titles and
humiliated he to the Cape was exiled.**

**However, justice was not served because in a
patriarchal society these Ingcugce sisters, in
history, would always be reviled!**



"No! No! No!" I will not go!
"No!" I am prepared for the long trip, I will be beaten
again, I know!
Inkosazana! What a joke! I am no princess!
No dignity, no crown. A child sex-slave or less!
To Cape Town I've being summoned, for the King needs a
wife or two, I'm the youngest, I have no say!
The other wives bicker among themselves as in a modern
house they would like to stay.
For me, this is a death sentence, I thought I was from the
blubberous hippo finally free!
"Take my place," I beg. I get hit across the face, no one
cares about my plea!



**Life as a political prisoner was too good for
Cetshwayo, the women slayer, a King guilty of
repeated femicide!**

**A debt still needed to be repaid from the last
remaining members of the Ingcugce he could not
hide!**

**To find him was easy, the colonists were abuzz
with excitement with the savage king in their
midst.**

**Psycho Chick, Edie and Sango scouted out his
prison, his home, their revenge did persist.
At night their ghost-like faces were apparitions as
the king from his windows would peer.**

**Disappearing again into the night, his nerves
jangled as his mind filled with fear!**

**Never again, would this King be made to feel
secure!**

**He became obsessed, with the three women's
presence, no one could his safety assure!
Although he knew the women could not touch him
while he was guarded by the Union Jack,
But psychologically their nightly appearances and
the dead creatures left outside his door, started at
his psyche to crack!**



*My senses go into overload as I visit the white man's
kraal, their mighty city.*

*Gawking eyes, low whispers follow us from upright men
and petal-puff dressed women, oh so pretty!*

This place feels like a cage, smothering walls.

*My husband, the King is an oozing heap - now my warden
– my skin crawls.*

*It's while hiding in the garden that I notice their ghostly
form.*

*I see the hippo's fear, as he peers through the window, his
dignity into a quivering, pathetic mass does transform.
He fears these women! Women? He is troubled at their
mere sight!*

*I must know why. I must know how. I am drawn to their
fight.*

*The women fill my every thought thereafter, I become
obsessed. One like the white woman of the town is
dressed.*

*However, she a regal quality of power possesses,
something I have never seen before.*

*A Sangoma is among them, surrounded by booming
thunder and brilliant blue lightening.*

*She chants, she glows, she flickers and next to her I see a
shadow, it is awe-inspiring but also very frightening!
It is the third woman, I see her, I see myself, this is who I
want to be!*

*She is strong, she is brave, she commands respect. A
warrior – that is going to be me!!!*



**She says she is a princess married to Cetshwayo
but, she is just little more than a child.
She did manage to find the three trained women-
warriors on her own, she is feisty and wild!
It is in that moment that the mighty Psycho Chick
awakens to a new idea....
They could do it all again! Crush the Patriarch, a
new army of women whom men would once again
revere!
Her mind had been foggy for so long by revenge,
revenge is like a dark cloud.
This princess needed their help, Psycho Chick had
women's suffering once again allowed!
Yes, this princess had her own ideas of how she
wanted to kill this rapist, the revolting King.
Psycho Chick looked at Inkosazana, she looked
into a mirror, she saw her self – the strangest
thing!
Psycho Chick and the other two knew that they
had to take the princess under their protective
wing!
Intense training began as Inkosazana, was their
new, direct channel to the king!
In this way, more affliction to him they could now
subtly bring!**



**Ah, a political prisoner, a king with no title, no
subjects his name to hail!**

**His kingdom – this house, his home his jail!
Inkosazana was an excellent spy and befriending
her proved to be most advantageous.**

**With muti's* and potions to destroy his spirt, the
women's psychological warfare turned
rampageous.**

**Spirits entered the King's exiled home freely as
spells locked in Sango's hair was put in secretive
places.**

**Nightmares robbed him of sleep, as the departed
sisters of the Ingcugce spirits visited him night
after night with rotting, distorted faces.**

**Daytime was no better and his prison became the
four concave walls of his mind.**

**Going out became impossible, despite the British
guard as several assassination attempts were
made by an unknow sniper - Edie they would never
find.**

**Insomnia led to delirium, delirium to madness.
Sangomas visited and fled in fear, doctors came
with their fancy degrees, even the clergy came –
all left with pity and sadness!**

**medicine*



*The King was going mad!
I did not care, as long as he left me alone, his demise
made my heart glad!
I could concentrate on my training and I soon became
very proficient.
From Edie I learnt marksmanship and weapons, I was
naturally very efficient.
From Sango and her shadow-sister I learnt potions and
poisons and minor spells.
She taught me new things about my ancestors, my
destiny, my calling – I was meant to join these rebels!
It was Psycho Chick that I felt most akin to, as we were by
our very souls connected.
We were like twins separated by years but not by spirit,
finally toward each other the Universe had us directed!
Psycho Chick's philosophy and teachings opened up my
mind to new concepts, a new way of thinking.
Her main teaching that woman is equal to man, their
status was just as important and to no man they should
be shrinking.
I mimicked Psycho Chick's every move and it came to me
as if I already knew, everything was already in my
memory sorted.
We synchronized – in thought, in emotion, in action – I
found my calling, my spirit soared!*



**The King ranted that his house, his prison was cursed.
Maybe a Zulu cannot be caged, to the outdoors he has
to burst!**

**Seeking a listening ear, he pleaded to see the Queen
Mum.**

**A Bishop whom felt pity for him, managed to arrange a
visit for him to London, a costly trip and to the crown a
huge sum!**

**So Cetshwayo set off, finally escaping Psycho Chick,
Edie and Sango's grasp once more.**

**To London he went to plead for his title and Kingdom
back, he would promise no longer to cause any war.
Word trickled from the island over the seas, of how the
warrior King was well received and embraced.**

**The Queen and politicians were pressured by public
opinion to reinstate Cetshwayo from being disgraced.**

**The Princess Bride was returned to the royal Zulu
home.**

**And the three-remaining warrior-women went further
north of Zululand, for an army they needed to roam.
They knew of animosity, no secret, between Cetshwayo
and his half-brother.**

**They would persuade him to denounce Cetshwayo's
birth right with that of a stronger blood-right, the
brother felt his right was higher than any other!**



*The excitement rustle in the kraal flutters past me.
My stomach ties in an all-familiar knot, "The King has
returned, come and see!"*

*Servants scurry around to prepare for him, there will be a
feast!*

*I cringe, I feel sick. I will not lie again with that filthy
beast!*

*Then a calm comes over me as I grab such negative
thoughts by their neck.*

*I am now a warrior; I am a woman! I am Psycho Chick! I
will him this time wreck!*

*I never met the sisters of the Incugce but I know them all.
Their voices come to me, they strengthen me, I will be
strong, I will fight, I will never fall!*

*War will come to Zululand again, brother against half-
brother!*

*I know that Psycho Chick and company would strike in
the morning, with pure force they would Cetshwayo
smother!*

*I could not alert the others to my knowledge; I would play
along in the expected dutiful way.*

*I could avoid the hippo, as he drank to his victorious visit
in the UK and he was King, yes, just for this last remaining
day!*



**They came covered in the grey of dawn.
Warriors like shadows advance, the darkness parts
to their mighty brawn.
A few morning lights began to flicker as fires by
the women were lit.
However, most still lay asleep in their beds, this is
the best time the village to hit.
Psycho Chick was on a beserkers rampage!
There was no stopping her, one aim filled her
mind, she was filled with rabid rage!
Her charge through the soldiers, stumbling, blurry-
eyed out of their huts was magnificent; you could
see she was frustrated.
Sango was summoning the weather, Edie loaded
and reloaded her gun - hot with firing and re-firing
- this all took time and Psycho Chick kept running
and became isolated!
Sango suddenly stopped her chanting, her sister
sped up ahead!
She called to Edie: "Something is wrong!" They
both ran past the many dead!
Inkosazana screams. Her hands bloodied – Psycho
Chick oozes precious blood!
Disappointment and a sense of self-loathing over
Psycho Chick's face did flood.**



Psycho Chick's breath was shallow as air escaped an exposed lung, her life hanging on my mere fingertips! Sango chanted and summoned, her sister hovered, but healing someone so close to death, her powers did eclipse!

Edie's fine skirt, lay in pools of crimson, as she cradled Psycho Chick's head in her lap!

Edie prayed to her white, Christian God and the ever-elusive Jesus for a miracle from this tragic mishap.

Inkosazana was devastated, her face streaked with black ash as from her eyes escaped the tears!

Psycho Chick wheezed: "I stabbed him twice... leg... Too many... so... many spears!"

"I... fail!... Sorry..." she turned to her protégé, Inkosazana, the Princess Bride;

"You... carry... this mantel now... my blessing.... My...Curse... wear it... with... pride..."

"We did good.... My sisters..." Filled with grief they somehow knew that they would meet again!

Edie stroked Psycho Chick's hair: "Go to our sisters now, you die the greatest woman warrior to have lived, your sacrifice was not in vain!"

The moon's shadow covered the sun, a darkness blanketed the African escarpment, fear filled all of mankind.

The ancestors opened their arms, guiding a great spirit home to a crescendo of women crying, saluting their leader, one of a kind!



*I have but one mission, my mission from the very start.
Cetshwayo will pay for all your lives and the lives of San,
Somahlaya, in vain you did not depart.*

*Sango and Edie will guide and protect me. They are my
guardians; they are my guides.*

*It was fate that made this despicable King notice me by
the river, it was fate that put me as a wife by his side!
I am sent for, like a good wife I shall to him go, his crimes
against all women will him finally cost.*

*When I arrive, I find that the two wounds inflicted by my
predecessor, have gone gangrenous and his leg is nearly
lost!*

*He is happy to see me but he is shocked at my
transformation.*

*In the back of his mind, I probably remind the King of
someone else, this reduces his elation!*

*I waste no time and give him a special drink, to ease his
pain and calm his worried mind.*

*A goblet of death, raises up the ghosts of all the women
he has killed, his own demise will be long and the pain
very unkind!*

*I watch as his face contorts with every remembered face,
His mouth I have gagged to muffle the pain screams,
eventually the cause of his death will from his lips
evaporate without a trace!*

*As a last vision before he exhales his last breath,
Cetshwayo, the Zulu King, the hater of women sees the
indignant faces of Psycho Chick, Somahlaya and San.*

*I whisper the last words that he will ever hear, "You
should never have messed with a woman!"*



**We sit under the uMsini Coral tree, it is finally done.
So many women's lives lost, precious every one!
So much hurt, so much pain through these three
women DOES course.**

**Sango, Edie and new Psycho Chick continued, though,
with their freedom-fighting work, as the world around
them changed.**

**Labelled with all the negative things, with pride they
knew that to be told you were a psycho never made
you estranged.**

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

**Our daughters are pulled from our wombs, in our
blood gleaming.**

**From that first day we are born into a struggle, a
never-ending conflict,**

**Because of our gender, with discrimination men will us
afflict.**

**Even though we are the life-givers and the mothers of
all children, we still fight for justice and equality for all
females.**

**The whole of society our gender completely fails!
Africa's women are grown strong!**

**Women have fought against oppression and for
equality for so long!**

**The fight is not over, it will never be over until every
woman and girl are completely free.**

**To those who have come before us, to those warriors
today and those whom come after us we salute thee!**

