



The Saga of The African Queen (By noaofori) By noaofori "Free Knowledge For All" is the motto of www.Todaynovels.Com Team. Chapter: 01 Maame Amma's P.O.V. I knew Mama was angry, very angry just by the tone of her voice. Mama usually got annoyed easily but was never angry, not to this extent. "Stay still, Maame!" My mother, Adwoa Bentum said angrily as she vigorously combed my stubborn hair and braided it.¹ "Ma, you're hurting me!", I said, groaning in pain. "If you want to look beautiful and decent, you better shut that mouth of yours so I can finish braiding your hair. And stop fidgeting!"⁵ "Patience, my daughter, patience. Have a little bit of patience with my granddaughter." My grandmother, Nana said calmly, while chewing on a hard chewing stick with her perfectly white teeth.¹ In my ethnic group, the Akans, the role of grandmothers was to pamper their grandchildren till they could be pampered no more. But as for Nana, she pampered me too much.⁴ "But Ma," my mother said "she thinks she is old enough to make certain decisions on her own and ignore her own mother's advice." Mama exclaimed. One could hear from her voice that she was hurt. Mama had done everything a mother was supposed to do to make me eligible for marriage. Unfortunately I had made up my mind to take a different course. "She should be able to make her own decisions, Adwoa. After all, she's seventeen and she's an adult. You talk too much!"¹ "Oh! So now I'm not allowed to talk in this household, eh? I shall keep my mouth shut then." "You're not talking, you're complaining. Too much! And now you're becoming a nuisance. What at all is so wrong with Maame Amma becoming a maid in the palace?"¹ "But Ma," my mother whined, "I won't be able to see my grandchildren!"¹ "And I also won't be able to see my great grandchildren, but I'm not talking."⁴ I was quiet the whole time, silently

listening to their arguments. Mama did not understand why I wanted to work as a maid in the palace. Rumor has it that those who worked in the palace are the ones who did not get a husband six years after their puberty rites, or when they had reached eighteen years.¹ She thought Opoku - my best friend since childhood or any suitable man would ask for my hand in marriage. I never told her, but I secretly had a crush on Opoku.² Only Nana knew. How she got to know, I really don't know. You know, grandmothers have their own way of finding things out.² Two weeks ago, when I was going to buy something from the market, I overheard Opoku's mother, Akosua Dampo and the village gossips talking and laughing. I was sure they were talking about unnecessary things such as who dressed nicely during the Bakatue festival.¹ I decided to get closer to them to greet them as custom demanded. What I heard forced me to take a step backward. Opoku was getting married! Opoku had never told me that. And to make matters worse he was getting married to Yaa Anyan. Opoku and I always used to tease Yaa for her rude and snobbish behaviour, so I never thought he would marry her!⁴ To tell you the truth, I cried myself to sleep that night. I was greatly disturbed. I then decided that I would work in the palace. I wanted to forget about all this. There I would not suffer such an incident.¹ "I'm done.", Mama said while fixing the last bead in my hair. I got up from the wooden stool I was sitting on. "Remember all the training I've given you. Do not go to the Manhyia Palace and disgrace me. Be a good girl like you've always been." [Manhyia Palace- the seat of the Asante king as well as his residence.] She looked at me and then gave me a tight hug. "Oh I'm going to miss you dear."² "I'm going to miss you Mama. And you too Nana." "Now go bid your father goodbye. Your belongings are in the bag on the bench outside." "Sure, Mama. " "Come, my granddaughter so I can tell you a secret.", Nana whispered as I was about to leave the hut. "What secret?" I asked curiously drawing closer to her. She smiled to reveal her white, but disoriented teeth and whispered "Choose number 5."² "Huh?" I asked obviously confused. She said smiling to herself as soon as she saw how confused I was. " I said 'Choose number 5.'" Then she quickly turned to her left and took a basket she was weaving earlier in the day but didn't finish. As she began to weave, the smile on her face disappeared and it seemed as if she didn't say anything at all in the first place. "What do you m-" "You'll understand when you get to your destination. Now go! You're getting late!" I was very puzzled. Sometimes I thought Nana was strange, but today I was very sure, with no doubt I just decided to forget about it.¹ At the thought of leaving home, I felt tensed, confused and happy at the same time. I couldn't understand the mixed emotions I was feeling at that moment, but as I stepped out of our mud-brick home, and was greeted with the delicate, cold wind that the harmattan brought along with, nothing could have been more clearer. I was ready to leave the nest and start my life afresh. Ch: 02 At the Manhyia Palace. ***** Finally, I was at the Manhyia Palace. It was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. Ornamented with flowers of different species, the palace looked and smelled lovely. I took only six hours to get to Kumasi, where the palace was located. I came with the Ofori household because their second daughter, Naana, was also going to be a maid. How glad I was that I was going to see a familiar face.² At the front gate of the palace, a petite lady wearing a black and white Kente cloth came forward and greeted us.¹ "Akwaaba, fellow people. Welcome to the Manhyia Palace. If your purpose for coming here is to visit someone or site seeing, please go to the smaller gate on my left side," she said pointing to the left, "and if you are here to be admitted as a new maid, guard or warrior please move to the gate on the far right and segregate yourselves into groups according to your purpose. A lady is there waiting for you to help you do that. Oh, and don't forget to take a key to your rooms at the kiosk there." [Akwaaba-Welcome]² Naana bid her father goodbye for the last time and joined me to a group which I suppose was the one for new maids. Most the girls were socializing and making friends. Others were crying. "I can't believe that one is crying, and I bet I'm younger than

her.", Naana said pointing to one of the ladies. "I'm also wondering why she is crying. Did they force her to-" I was cut short by another female. "Welcome once again to Manhyia Palace! I'm Odehye Serwaa and I will be your guide through the palace. " [Odehye-Royal. Royals run the day to day activities in Manhyia Palace.] She handed a form of pamphlets to us and told us to choose the section in which we would like to work in. I began to scan through the list and read it out loud to Naana's hearing. "Number one, dress making." "Nope." Naana said shaking her head.1 "Number two, cleaning." "Definitely not."1 "Number three,-" "Not on your life."1 "Number four,-" "Still no." "Please let me finish reading the options." I said annoyed by the fact that she kept cutting me short. "Number five, catering\catering"1 "Catering isn't so bad. I'm actually good at it." "Yeah." It then dawned on me that Nana had earlier told me to "Choose number 5". Is this what she was talking about? If so, why would she want me to choose catering? How did she know that I would have to choose the job I wanted? Did she know that number 5 was catering?3 I immediately chose catering. ***** The Tour These are some of the wall paintings I imagined Maame Amma see during the tour These are some of the wall paintings I imagined Maame Amma see during the tour. Each picture means something important. For example, elephants represent fertility. For example, elephants represent fertility ***** After the tour, I felt so tired. I thought blisters would emerge on my feet. I was supposed to unpack my clothes but Naana decided to do it for me so I got the time to relax. I went to sit on a bench near a cactus plant and relaxed. The fountain and the lantana flowers behind the lover's bench were together a beautiful scene to watch. Just then, I heard someone say behind me, "Hello, beautiful." A guy, tall in height, jumped over the bench and sat by me.1 "Ahh! How relaxing.", he said. He looked at me and smiled seeing how startled I was when he jumped over the bench. He seemed to be panting, as if he was running. "You seem new around here, beautiful. What's your name?" "I'm not beautiful! I'm Amma. Maame Amma!"2 "Wait, so you're not beautiful eh?" "No! That's not what I meant. Um..., what I was trying to say was-"1 "Hahahahaha,", he said laughing hysterically. "Tricked you there, didn't I ?"1 I tried to look angry, but his laughter and smile was so contagious, that I ended up laughing too.1 "I'm Kofi by the way." he said.2 "Are you new here?" Because I've never seen you around before. "Um,..yes. I'm a new caterer,.. At the royal kitchen." "Yes!", he exclaimed, "Finally I get to see new, pretty faces there. All the cooks and servants there are so old! I still don't get why my father wants to keep them around here."1 "Your fath-" Our conversation was interrupted by another guy far behind us who shouted, "Hey! Kofi, I got you!" He immediately looked behind and then said, "I've got to go. He,..he's chasing me. Meet me at the Sabi river. Oh, and don't tell anyone." He then gave me a peck on my cheek and run away. Oh my gosh! Did he just peck my cheek? Who gave him the audacity to do that?!3 All of a sudden I began to smile.1 No, Amma, you mustn't smile. You don't know him!1 Oh God of the Heavens! What a hectic day! Ch:03 Maame Amma's POV It was now night time, and all new maids were supposed to retire to bed early because we were going to start work the next day. As hectic and tiring as the day had been, Naana and i were feeling restless so we sat on our beds chatting. "You won't believe what happened today at the Royal Textiles Industry." Naana exclaimed. She was now in talkative mode and I was pretty sure she wasn't going to end now. Apparently, she had chosen textiles and fabric making. "So there was this girl eh, and she is a senior. You should have seen her for yourself. She was quite pretty, but her her hips! Wider than the oceans at Anomansa. She was just turning heads oo. Even the guards couldn't keep their eyes off. But forget about it. That's not what I wanted to say." I sighed deeply. I loved my friend so much but I had absolutely no idea as to how I was going to tell her that she talked too much! I laid down sideways and kept mute while I braided my hair and nodding obediently to everything she said. "She seemed rude so I tried my best to avoid her. But there was this new girl. Oh! How unlucky she was! She crossed the path

of the senior maid and mistakenly stepped on her! There was so..... It seems like you're not listening to me. Maame Amma. Maame Amma!" "Huh?!" I said suddenly. "What did I say?" "Umm....you said that there was this girl who...um...,"I wasn't paying attention to her since I was busily braiding my hair. "It's OK. I think I've talked enough. Now it's your turn. Tell me about your day.", she said smiling. "It wasn't really interesting...so you wouldn't want to know about it." "Oh, Maame Amma! Come on, it wouldn't be that boring.", she said pouting her lips. "OK. Well when you decided to unpack my things for me, I decided to rest on the bench beside that big cactus plant. I met this guy..." "A guy? Tell me more!", she exclaimed. "He said he was called Kofi. We talked for a while...what surprised me was the fact that he was bold enough to approach me, a stranger and call me beautiful". "Hmmm?" Naana cried out. "But this is not boring at all. Tell me more!"² "Well, he asked of my name," I continued, " and before he left, he just leaned closer...a gave me a peck on the cheek!" "Eeii! Amma, this news is interesting to the core," Naana said excitedly, "but you know you are not supposed to engage in any love affair or else... You know the rules already." "I know, Naana. I want you to do me a favour." "What favour?"she said anxiously, her brow furrowing. "Please cover up for me tonight. I need to go somewhere." "Where?" "...Sabi river."¹ "What are you going to do there at this late hour, eh?" I was actually going to meet Kofi, but I did not want to tell her because I knew she would make a big fuss. I knew the rules very well and the punishments too. A part of me wanted to obey but another part of me wanted to know more about this Kofi guy. Besides I was just going to talk to him. Nothing else. "You don't really need to know. It's not that important. Please would you cover for me?" "Amma, I'm scared oo. What if they catch you?"¹ "Please, just this once." "OK. But only because I want to borrow your green and black Kente in return."² "Fine. One more thing." "What again?" "How do I get to Sabi river?"¹ Suddenly, out of nowhere I heard a velvety voice whisper, "Take the eastern road, skip two blocks on your left and take a sharp curve. It's a rough road so try to avoid thorns." "Who's that?!" I whispered, obviously panicking. "You were listening to us the whole time?" Naana asked, confused. "Um, yes. Sorry."the person with the unknown voice said.² "Don't worry. I eavesdrop more than you do." I said trying to ease the tension. "Please just don't tell anyone I'm going out. By the way I'm Maame Amma." "And I'm Araba." The girl said. Glad and exited at the same time, I exited the females' sleeping quarters quietly and headed east. ***** The road was rough, just as Araba had said. Since I was barefoot, I got a few thorns underneath my already callused feet. I tried as much as possible to muffle my screams until I reached the bank of a water body. This must be the Sabi river, I thought. When I reached the river, I could not see anybody. I knew it. I knew he wouldn't come, I thought. Just as I turned by back to leave, I heard Kofi shouting, "Hey! Amma, don't go." "Stop shouting!" I whispered. "Don't worry." He said sitting down on the wet green grass that boarded the river. "Come, sit by me. Let's talk." I quietly walked forward and sat by him. I noticed he was wearing Kente lined with gold beads! Most households owned gold but I had never seen anyone wearing Kente lined with gold. "What do you do in the palace?", I asked curiously, "because I'm very sure people who work in the palace don't wear expensive Kente." "Who in the world told you I worked in the palace?"he said chuckling. "Well, then what are you doing in the palace? Are you a royal? From what I've heard, royals do not go anywhere without guards and assistance, and-" "You talk too much."he said calmly flashing a smile. He was beautiful, i thought. Naana and I had talked about beautiful males before and I argued with her about how that was impossible. Now, looking at Kofi, i understood exactly what she said. "You talk too much."he said again. "I'm..not a royal. My father is just an important person in the palace. That's all." "So what does your father do?" "Hhhmm." he let out a heavy sign, rubbing his chin. "He's....he's very close to the King. In fact, he's the king's best friend. That's all I can tell you for now. But don't tell anybody I told you this."he said authoritatively.² An awkward silence fell between us

for some time after that statement until I asked another question. "Why did you call me here?" "Umm.."he said hesitantly. "I don't think our first meeting as acquaintances should be this awkward. Come on, tell me." I urged him on to speak. "To be honest, I'm quite lonely most of the time and I have a few female friends so I thought I wouldn't hurt to make a few friend." "Oh. Ok. Well i don't mind being friends with you at all. Shall we seal this with a handshake?" I extended my hand. "Sure." He smirked and grabbed my hand, his huge palm covering my tiny palm. Upon seeing the palm difference, we both laughed. "I'm sure it's almost midnight so I have to get going.", I said looking at the reflection of the moon on the surface of the water. "Will I meet you again?" "Maybe." I said.⁵ "It was a pleasure meeting you." He said smiling, then turned his gaze back on the river. I slowly stood up and made my way back to the quarters. CH:03 Maame Amma's POV It was now night time, and all new maids were supposed to retire to bed early because we were going to start work the next day. As hectic and tiring as the day had been, Naana and i were feeling restless so we sat on our beds chatting. "You won't believe what happened today at the Royal Textiles Industry." Naana exclaimed. She was now in talkative mode and I was pretty sure she wasn't going to end now. Apparently, she had chosen textiles and fabric making. "So there was this girl eh, and she is a senior. You should have seen her for yourself. She was quite pretty, but her her hips! Wider than the oceans at Anomansa. She was just turning heads oo. Even the guards couldn't keep their eyes off. But forget about it. That's not what I wanted to say." I sighed deeply. I loved my friend so much but I had absolutely no idea as to how I was going to tell her that she talked too much! I laid down sideways and kept mute while I braided my hair and nodding obediently to everything she said. "She seemed rude so I tried my best to avoid her. But there was this new girl. Oh! How unlucky she was! She crossed the path of the senior maid and mistakenly stepped on her! There was so..... It seems like you're not listening to me. Maame Amma. Maame Amma!" "Huh?!" I said suddenly. "What did I say?" "Umm....you said that there was this girl who...um...", "I wasn't paying attention to her since I was busily braiding my hair. "It's OK. I think I've talked enough. Now it's your turn. Tell me about your day.", she said smiling. "It wasn't really interesting...so you wouldn't want to know about it." "Oh, Maame Amma! Come on, it wouldn't be that boring.", she said pouting her lips. "OK. Well when you decided to unpack my things for me, I decided to rest on the bench beside that big cactus plant. I met this guy..." "A guy? Tell me more!", she exclaimed. "He said he was called Kofi. We talked for a while...what surprised me was the fact that he was bold enough to approach me, a stranger and call me beautiful". "Hmmm?" Naana cried out. "But this is not boring at all. Tell me more!"² "Well, he asked of my name," I continued, " and before he left, he just leaned closer...a gave me a peck on the cheek!" "Eeii! Amma, this news is interesting to the core," Naana said excitedly, "but you know you are not supposed to engage in any love affair or else... You know the rules already." "I know, Naana. I want you to do me a favour." "What favour?"she said anxiously, her brow furrowing. "Please cover up for me tonight. I need to go somewhere." "Where?" "...Sabi river."¹ "What are you going to do there at this late hour, eh?" I was actually going to meet Kofi, but I did not want to tell her because I knew she would make a big fuss. I knew the rules very well and the punishments too. A part of me wanted to obey but another part of me wanted to know more about this Kofi guy. Besides I was just going to talk to him. Nothing else. "You don't really need to know. It's not that important. Please would you cover for me?" "Amma, I'm scared oo. What if they catch you?"¹ "Please, just this once." "OK. But only because I want to borrow your green and black Kente in return."² "Fine. One more thing." "What again?" "How do I get to Sabi river?"¹ Suddenly, out of nowhere I heard a velvety voice whisper, "Take the eastern road, skip two blocks on your left and take a sharp curve. It's a rough road so try to avoid thorns." "Who's that?!" I whispered, obviously panicking. "You were listening to us the whole time?" Naana asked, confused.

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The next morning I was not awakened by the cockerel but by a lot of noise from the corner of the dormitory. I got up immediately and sat on my bed, rubbing my eyes. I looked at the corner from where the noise was coming from only to see a lot of girls gathered around a senior as if they were listening to Kwaku Ananse stories. What's going on this early morning? I thought. I got closer and heard one of the girls saying, "So you saw the prince and this girl sitting together at the bank of the Sabi river?" I do not know why but my heart skipped a beat when I heard this, but I silently continued to listen. "Yes! This is the fourth time I'm saying this." The senior narrating the story rolled her eyes, obviously annoyed.² "So did you see the girl's face?" "Unfortunately not. But her hair was braided." "Almost everyone's hair is braided. Then it must be a senior because they are the only ones who know this palace very well." Araba, the girl I had talked to yesternight exclaimed. There must have been some confusion, I thought. Only Kofi and I were at the Sabi river yesterday. If this senior's story was true then Kofi is indeed the Prince of this land. Is that why he was wearing expensive clothes? Was Kofi lying to me? I decided to brush the matter off and believe Kofi. After all, a good relationship between friends depended on trust, right?¹ Out of the blue, another senior came to the corner and commanded us to get up and go and

bath. Since most seniors were rushing up, the juniors like us also did the same. After bathing and dressing up, I immediately left the quarters for the Royal kitchen. But as I was going I was stopped by Naana. "It was you, wasn't it?" she whispered. "What do you mean?" "Oh! Stop pretending! You're the only one I know who went to the river last night." "Kofi is not the prince. I tell you. Maybe it was the prince and another girl." I retorted, pouting. "The girl was a maid! She was wearing her uniform. You! were wearing your uniform last night!" she said in a loud whisper. From the corner of my eye, I could see Araba running towards us. "I...I saved you back there, when..when I said the unknown girl would be a senior." She said panting when she finally reached us.³ "See? Even Araba is saying it. Don't worry, we won't tell anybody." "He's not the prince,.....I think." I said scratching my head. "Oh Awurade Nyankopon ! You're not even sure. And by the way, why did you even agree to go there to meet a guy you just met that day? Were you charmed by his smile? Was he muscularly built?" Araba said teasing. [Awurade Nyankopon- Omnipotent and omniscient God] "Ahhh! You've joined Naana to tease me eh?" I laughed hysterically.¹ ***** Kofi's P.O.V. Please note: The Queenmothers In Akan Ethnic group are different from the wives of the King. The Queenmother may be a close female relative to the king such as his aunt or mother. "Oh no!", I exclaimed, running my hands through my kinky hair. I had just received the news that my great grand-aunt, the Queen mother had summoned me. I knew she was going to complain about something. "What have you do done now?" my cousin and close friend Yaw asked, chuckling.¹ "I don't know. This woman is a nuisance. I have to go now because if I spend another minute here, Hell will break loose." "When you come back tell me about everything." "Oh don't worry, I will." I exited my quarters and was greeted by a lot of abrafo. I did not like it one bit that they would follow me everywhere. [Abrafo-Royal Guards]² "Please, just stop bowing." I said, annoyed. "Yes, your highness." they said in unison. I walked quietly to the Queen mother's quarters. When I knocked and went in the expression on her face told me that everything was not OK. "Come here and sit down." she said calmly pointing to the akonnwa in front of her. "Where did you go last night after dinner?" [Akonnwa-stool] "I went for a walk." I said quickly. "More like you went to meet a female maid at the great Sabi river." She said with a stern look.¹ What?! How did she know? I thought. I tried to act cool, but my facial expressions sold me off. Judging from the look on my face, she said, "I have eyes and ears everywhere, my child. Don't be surprised." She continued, " Your parents were looking for you yesternight. They wanted to discuss something very important with you." "Please would you be kind enough to tell me what they wanted to discuss with me?" "They wanted to tell you that...since you are ready for marriage, they have chosen the perfect bride for you. She will arrive in two days' time from her hometown. She is actually a princess." "What are you talking about? I...I can't marry a girl I don't know. I won't -" "She's not just a girl, she is a princess." she corrected. "Sorry." I mumbled. "That Princess! I can't marry her. I don't even know her." "If you're worried about looks, then don't worry. She's the prettiest amongst the girls in the land." I scoffed. "I'm quite sure the maid I met yesterday is prettier." I said⁰⁰⁰ underneath my breath. "I heard that." She said smirking. "Look, I know you may think I'm very strict, a disciplinarian to be exact, but I can also be jovial." She said smiling and winking at me. "What do you mean?" "I can help you evade this marriage. If I can't, I can help you marry that girl. You like her right?"¹ "Umm...well, she is pretty, but... I don't even know her well." I said scratching my head. "Why would you want to help me anyway." "Because I've been through what you are about to go through. I was forced to marry your great granduncle although I didn't want to. I became bitter afterwards because I thought life was unfair."² "Do you know what? One day prior to the arrival of that princess, give this ring to any girl you like. It could be that maid you've been seeing." She said giving me a shiny gold ring. "It belonged to my mother so tell her to keep it well. Also, tell her to wear it during the arrival party, ok?" "Well, OK.

Thank you very much." "Don't tell anyone about our meeting OK?" She winked at me. "Don't worry, I'll treasure this day." "You may leave now." she said with a stern look. She was back in disciplinarian-mode. I smirked. I looked at the ring intensely as I left her quarters. CH: 05 Maame Amma's P.O.V.1 I had reached the Royal Kitchen with Araba, since she also opted for catering. When we reached, we were asked to gather in front of the kitchen. I wasn't fond of being noticed by everyone so I stood at the back. We were greeted by a tall, dark, pretty lady. "I'm Odehye Gyamfiwaa. I'm the head chef of this Royal Kitchen. You have come here to cook for the king and his household. I expect discipline and comportsment from all of you. Obey rules and regulations.", she said with a stern look. She continued, " I know you are all new but that does not give you the course to be irresponsible. I also expect--". All of a sudden, I felt a warm hand grab me and yank me out of the crowd. I turned around only to see Kofi putting his index finger on his lips. "What are you do--" "Shhh. Be quiet now!" He said covering my mouth and dragging me to the back of the kitchen. "You didn't let me finish my sentence! I said what are you doing?!" I retorted once he removed his hand from my mouth. He then began to giggle. "If you aren't going to tell me why you've dragged me here, then I'm leaving." I said stomping out of the place, but he was fast enough to pull me back. "You're so dramatic. Drama Queen ", he whispered, staring at me. I rolled my eyes. " It's Amma, in case you've forgotten." "Listen,"he said now with a wooden voice, " I need you to come with me to the village square where the weekly masquerade is going on." "What?" I thought I had heard him wrong. A weekly masquerade? "I'm supposed to be in the kitchen right now. Today is my first lesson. Can't you go alone? After all, you just met me yesterday."I said. "But we are friends, aren't we? And friends look out for eachother, right?" He assured with a worried look. "Well,...yes but-" "Well then, let's go!"he said dragging me into the bushes nearby. "There's a road at the side of the building. We'll use that road."1 * Kofi's P.O.V. A s I walked with Maame Amma, I realized how fascinated she was with everything in the market. "Where are you from?" "From the coasts. I'm a Fante." She said, still absent minded.1 "I figured. It seems like you've never been around here." "Good morning, Owurayere Asiamah", I said, greeting the best Kente seller in Kumasi, the capital of the Ashanti Kingdom. [Owurayere: Mrs.] "Good morning, Kofi , I hope you're not here to engage me in another conversation because I'm very busy today", she replied. "Oh! As for today I'm not. I'm here to buy one of your most expensive Kentes for this beautiful lady here." I said pointing to Maame Amma who was busily gazing at the different goods sold at the market place.2 "I assume she's new here since she's busily looking around like that."she giggled. "Um--yes." She went into the wooden kiosk and brought out two types of Kente. One was designed in box and zig-zag patterns with four different colors; red, yellow, green and black. YOU'LL ALSO LIKE The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [Completed] by let_alpha_write The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [C... 20.8K 761 Folk tales and myths serve as a means of handing down traditions and customs from one generation to the next in Africa. For several generations, stories from Africa hav... Ghanaian recipes by KuukuaFosuaaAsomanin Ghanaian recipes 12.4K 474 All started when my mum taught me how to cook ? Anyway please enjoy our delicious recipes of life ? Rankings: [#13](#) recipes 7/07/18-- [#1](#) in recipes out of 125 books?TG♡? Mine (an African love story) ✓ by Skai9876 Mine (an African love story) ✓ 12.5K 1.5K Anima and Danny have been best friends since birth. They do everything together and are practically inseparable. When emotions, betrayal, mistakes, and mean girls are th... Blood Of Ashanti by LexiconAsh Blood Of Ashanti 2.1K 365 When Aura's father suddenly dies everyone suspects the cause to be African black magic- juju. Aura is the only one who knows the true cause of her fathers death. Not on... Catch Me by sweetdreamer33 Paid Stories Badge Paid Story Catch Me 30.2M 783K After overcoming a traumatic heartbreak as a teenager, Chloe struggled to grow up and establish her career, but after years of work, her life finally

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"Concentrate on what you're doing and stop staring!" Most of them obeyed but some were still staring from the corner of your eyes. "It seems like you're new since I haven't seen you around before, and you're already breaking the rules of the palace. I dislike girls like you."she said quietly this time. This made me remember what my mother said when I was leaving home. Be a good girl like you've always been, she said. She eyed the bag that I was holding and said,"What is in that bag?" "Erh....Umm....I --" She was just about to grab the bag when suddenly an abrafo, tall in structure approached us. He had ground charcoal smeared on his face and chest to intimidate those around him, especially in wars. This also showed that he was a guard to the King, Queen, Queen mother or the prince. [Abrafo-Royal guard/warrior.]1 "I have been sent to deliver a message on behalf of His Highness, Prince Owusu-Arko."1 "I have lent you my ears."she said. "He has ordered that he would eat a meal different from that on the menu. He wants to eat ampesie and abomu. He also said that he wants the food to be delivered by a lady called Maame Amma." "That's me!" I jolted. Oh lesser gods, what was happening?! Why me? Oh why me? I thought. "That's you?" The head chef asked, obviously confused. I myself was also confused. "Umm,..yes please." "Thank you, abrafo, you may leave now." Then she turned to me and said, "I assume you were just late for work. You've been saved by the bell. Next time, you won't be forgiven." And with that she stomped back into the Royal Kitchen. Whew! That was a close call. I followed her into the kitchen and found every one doing some sort of cooking. I realized that it was cooking practicals. Oh gosh, I've missed a lot. "Since you weren't here in the morning for lessons, you should to wait for us there."she said, pointing to a stool in the farthest corner of the room. I slowly walked to the stool and sat on it. I waited for two whole hours until they were done. Finally, I thought. Some of us were selected for the first time to serve the royals at their dinner, and of course, I was included. Araba was also included. One by one, the head chef and seniors called our names to come and collect the dishes. "Araba,"I called when no one was looking, "how did the prince know my name?" "They have a list of the names of all maidssp, so they can just ask anyone to serve them when they feel like it. Remember, they are royals."she said back stressing on the word 'royal' as she adjusted the orange Kente that held her breasts in position. "Listen, please tell me what I should do when I serve the food." "You have nothing to worry about. Just abide by one rule."she assured. "And that is?" "Don't make eye contact with the royals, leave the quarters immediately after serving the food, oh and make sure you don't talk back when they talk." "OK. Got it. But you realize the rules are three not one, right?"I asked. She pouted her lips in a funny way and I couldn't help but laugh. She then joined in the laughter.2 "Maame Amma, you're next." My heart skipped a beat when I heard this. "I can see you panicking.", Araba said. "Don't worry, you'll do just fine." "Ok. Thanks."I said hugging her. I went forward to collect the tray of food which was served in two asanka bowls. [Asanka- earthenware bowl] As I walked to the Prince's quarters, I was very nervous. Then I remembered Naana and Araba teasing me and talking about my meeting with Kofi. Could Kofi actually be the prince. How did he get so much cowries to buy these expensive goods for me? Very soon, I would find out when I go to serve the food to the prince. I would finally find out if Kofi is actually the prince.1 ***** Kofi's POV "Where have you been?" My father, the King asked, looking at me sternly from across my quarters. This was an unexpected visit. In fact, this was the first time my father had come to my quarters.1 "Erm...." "Owusu, you always have to create a good impression in front of the people, and also in front of the people who would be coming tomorrow."my mother added. "Which people are coming tomorrow?" I asked. "Your bride to be." "Oh! That." "You knew already?" My father asked. "Umm...of course not. Um.... I ... I just knew that very soon I would be getting married. That's all." "I'm glad you know you are of age to be married. Please put on your best behavior tomorrow for she would be coming with her parents."1 "Ok."I mumbled. ***** CH:

07 Kofi's P.O.V My parents had left my quarters not long ago and I was thinking about what they had just said. When I heard my personal maid servant announcing the arrival of my dinner, I knew Maame Amma was here. My best friend, Yaw had joined me for dinner that night. I had told him about Maame Amma and I had told him that she was the girl I was talking to, the day he was chasing me for breaking his favorite vase. Although I tried to paint a vivid memory of her, he still couldn't remember her. In the afternoon, after I had dropped Maame Amma off at the Royal Kitchen, he had suggested that I send an abrafo to deliver such news so as to save her. He was very clever and that was one thing I liked about him. Tonight I didn't intend on exposing my real identity to her. I knew females did not like to be told lies and always demanded the truth and I was sure Maame Amma was no exception. So Yaw (who always brought up crazy but intelligent ideas) suggested that I eat behind a veil that divided the room into two. He suggested that I sit behind the veil whilst he takes the food and brings it to the other side of the veil where I was sitting. I thought this idea of his was too much, but I also knew that I wouldn't have enough time to bring up an idea. Already I was thinking of so many things including the arrival of that princess whom I knew nothing about. At the sight of her, I froze in my seat. She was so beautiful. The moonlight from the large window that shone on her face, made her look like a goddess.² "Your Highness," she said softly, "your meal." Yaw stood up and took the food from her trembling hands and brought it to me behind the veil. Then she turned to leave. "Wait!" I shouted. "I mean,.... Stay there. Don't go!" I said, trying to sound intimidating so she wouldn't recognize me by my voice. Although I knew she would be waiting outside to collect the earthenware bowl after I was done eating, I didn't want her to stand outside in the cold harmattan weather. Besides, she was wearing a two-piece cloth. "Umm....yes, your Highness." She stood there gazing around, probably fascinated by the golden and bronze statues that were lined up in a horizontal manner. "She's very pretty, Kofi, why didn't you tell me she was that pretty?" Yaw whispered to me. "Shh. Don't call me that." I whispered, playfully hitting the back of his head. Thank goodness, she was too engulfed in what she was seeing, that I'm sure she didn't hear us. "Hey there, what's your name?" Yaw asked Maame Amma. "I'mMaame Amma Bentum, Your Highness." "You're very beautiful." I gave him a death glare when he said this but he didn't seem to notice. "Oh! Umm....thank you for the compliment." she said confused. I had had enough of their conversation. I wasn't jealous but,....why would Yaw say that when he knew I had feelings for her? Wait. Did I?¹ He looked at me and winked, noticing how I was looking at him. "You may leave now." I said in my strictest and meanest tone possible. "Yes, your Highness." she curtsied. This whole time, her head was down so I couldn't see her face properly. She took the asanka from which I ate from and exited the room with her back facing the door. And with that she was gone. YOU'LL ALSO LIKE The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [Completed] by let_alpha_write The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [C... 20.8K 761 Folk tales and myths serve as a means of handing down traditions and customs from one generation to the next in Africa. For several generations, stories from Africa hav... Ghanaian recipes by KuukuaFosuaaAsomanin Ghanaian recipes 12.4K 474 All started when my mum taught me how to cook ? Anyway please enjoy our delicious recipes of life ? Rankings: [#13](#) recipes 7/07/18-- [#1](#) in recipes out of 125 books?TG♡? Mine (an African love story) ✓ by Skai9876 Mine (an African love story) ✓ 12.5K 1.5K Anima and Danny have been best friends since birth. They do everything together and are practically inseparable. When emotions, betrayal, mistakes, and mean girls are th... Blood Of Ashanti by LexiconAsh Blood Of Ashanti 2.1K 365 When Aura's father suddenly dies everyone suspects the cause to be African black magic- juju. Aura is the only one who knows the true cause of her fathers death. Not on... Catch Me by sweetdreamer33 Paid Stories Badge Paid Story Catch Me 30.2M 783K After overcoming a traumatic heartbreak as a teenager, Chloe struggled to grow up and establish her career,

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female in the palanquin, who's head was down saying, "May I ?" She took my hand firmly and stepped down. She was quite tall, and chocolate in complexion. The two piece cloth she wore revealed her curved body and smooth legs. I however felt uncomfortable around her.¹ Maame Amma! I'm sure she'll find out sooner or later that I'm the prince! "Good morning, your highness," she said curtsying. "Good morning," I said, trying to force a smile. Her smile was captivating, but I couldn't help but think of Maame Amma's laughter. My parents then led them into a grand room in which we were to eat. We sat down to eat and then waited for our meal. In the mean time, we spent the time introducing ourselves. *****

Maame Amma's POV I knew I had nothing to worry about but I was so nervous. You served the Prince yesterday. You can do the same today too. I assured myself as I waited to be called to serve the royals their meal. "Maame Amma, take this to Princess Nana Baisiwaa." my heart skipped a beat when I heard my name. I collected the bowl of nkatenkwan which was placed on a tray and followed the other seniors who were also going into the grand room. [Nkatenkwan- Groundnut soup]¹ You can do this Amma, you can do this, I thought. As I walked across the room, an disturbing feeling began to well up inside of me. A knot formed in my throat. There was something certainly wrong in this room. Or was this my imagination? I saw a pretty lady with a small beaded, golden crown and assumed she was the princess. As I was about to put the tray down, I heard a laughter different from every other royal. It was one I had heard before. I turned to the location of the laughter and suddenly I realized what that unsettling feeling was. In front of me was the guy who called me 'beautiful.' The guy who went to the Sabi river with me. The guy who made me sneak out of the palace to accompany him to the weekly masquerade. The guy I had secretly fallen in love with. Kofi. I was confused and astonished, and one question kept ringing in my mind. What was he doing among the royals? I remained frozen at the place. An unfamiliar voice brought me back to my senses away from my imagination. "Young lady, you have been standing there for--" and before she could complete her statement, the bowl slipped off the tray and crashed onto the floor, spilling most of its content unto the princess.¹⁰ Oh no! What have I done?⁵ ***** CH: 08 Kofi's POV

"Young lady, you have been standing there for --" my mother was cut short when Maame Amma spilled the soup on the princess.² Wait. Was that... Maame Amma?! I looked up to Maame Amma who, by the look on her face, was too confused and astonished to speak. She started at me intently, her hands shaking as she tried to hold the tray in her hand. "Ahh!! What have you done?!?" Princess Baisiwaa said, screaming at the top of her lungs. She turned to me, probably expecting me to say something. Anything. But what could I say? After all, I knew all this was my fault. If I had told Maame Amma that I was the prince, all of this mess wouldn't have happened in the first place. "I--I'm so--" Maame Amma tried to say but was stopped in the middle of her statement by the princess' mother who asked, "Princess, are you okay? Did you get hurt?" Surprisingly, her tone changed from an angry and depressed tone to a more calmer tone saying, "Oh. It's nothing, mother. I'll just go and change. I'm sure she's just nervous." she said shrugging. Then she turned to look at Maame Amma who at that time was picking up the broken pieces, saying "Don't worry, OK?" She hurried off, with two other maids escorting her to the west exit. "I'll help you with that." I said to Maame Amma, but my mother quickly said, "Owusu, you should be helping Princess Baisiwaa, not helping a maid with her job." "I'm sorry, your Highnesses." Maame Amma said as she exited through the eastern door. Now I was stuck on who to follow; Princess Baisiwaa or Maame Amma. Of course I wanted to follow Maame Amma, but my parents would oppose me.¹ Then I followed Maame Amma. "Where are you going? You're supposed to be headed that way." My mother asked, pointing to the western door through which Princess Baisiwaa exited. "I'm coming. Please, I just need a minute. I'll be back soon." I said running. I knew I had to hurry because I could lose track of her. I left the grand room and looked round to see if I could spot her among the numerous

maids that were passing by but I couldn't find her. Then it dawned on me that maybe she returned to the Royal kitchen. I run in the direction of the kitchen, and of course I received 'Good mornings' and 'Good days'. What I saw when I reached the kitchen made my temper rise. The Head Chef was shouting and scolding Maame Amma while she was sobbing. I stomped into the kitchen with a frown. "Your Highness, welcome." the head chef greeted, followed by the maids who said "Good day, Your Highness.", in unison. "What is going on here?" I demanded. When she noticed the soup on my Kente cloth, she became more composed, thinking that maybe I might agree with her scolding Maame Amma for ruining my Kente. "Well Your Highness, you see, she was very careful-" "You see what?" I barked at her. "Did you listen to her before shouting at her?" "Your Highness, she ruined the Princess' kente and your Kente." "But who told you it was her fault? My hand hit the tray and the soup spilled on the Princess. Mistakenly." I lied. Maame Amma, who's head was down the whole time, looked up at me, surprised. "Please, sit down." I then said to Maame Amma, pointing to the Head Chef's chair. She hesitated of course. She just couldn't sit on her head's chair. "Go on. Sit." She quietly sat down, her head still bent down. I knelt down in front of her and held her chin up, using the edge of my cloth to wipe her tears. "Your--your Highness, please,.. "Maame Amma said hesitating. I could hear "Oohs" and "Aahhs" in the room from the maids. "Stop hesitating." I whispered to her. "Your Highness," the head chef said sternly, but I cut her short saying, "Give her her job back, OK?" "But Your Highness,.. " "What again?!" I groaned. "A mistake can never be erased, Your Highness. I've been given orders by your father, the King, that careless and clumsy maids should be dismissed immediately and replaced with new ones." "Odehye Gyamfiwaa," I said calmly this time, "if you can't take orders from me now, what would make me think that you would take orders from me in the near future when I become King?" An uncomfortable silence fell between us, and then she finally said, "Yes, Your Highness." As I turned to leave, I remembered something. I had to apologize to Maame Amma. I went closer to her and whispered into her ears, "I'm so sorry." Then I said louder to her, "Take the day off. It's the least I could do." ***** Hey readers, just thought I would like to add Princess Baisiwaa's POV so you could all see things from her perspective. - Naana.2 ***** Princess Baisiwaa's POV I walked briskly to the Guest quarters, accompanied by two palace maids. One was my personal maid, Esi and the other a maid from the prince's palace named Akos. Esi made a statement that quite surprised me. "My Princess, that was a smart move you did there." She was referring to me acting all kind to that worthless maid. "You think so?" "Of course," she assured, "Did you see how he was looking at that girl? You don't know the prince very well. For all you know, he's having an affair with her. If you continue to act kind, he would come to trust you and think you are a good person." "Wait. Are you trying to tell me that I am not a good person?" I barked.6 "Oh no, my princess, that's not what I meant to say--" she quickly said but was cut short when we all saw that maid who spilled the soup on me. "Look at her going. Go give her a piece of your mind!" the other maid, Akos, who had not been talking the whole time exclaimed. I walked confidently to Maame Amma. "Your Highness," she turned and bowed as we approached her. "Good day. Your Highness, I am so sor--" "Oh, shut up!" I shouted. "How careless of you. Would you be able to buy this Kente for me, huh? Huh? Let me warn you. Do not make a bad impression about yourself now, because when I finally become Queen, I would make your life miserable." "Oh don't worry, your highness. She would have been sent home by the end of noon." Akos said, smiling. "Good. Let's get me a new Kente." I exclaimed, now satisfied that I was able to have my way.2 ***** CH: 09 Kofi's POV I knew after all that had happened, I wouldn't be able to easily face Maame Amma. I really didn't mean to hurt her like that. It was kind of a law that the maids weren't supposed to be in any kind of relationship, so as to concentrate on their jobs of serving the royals to the best of their abilities. But.....but I just couldn't stay away from her. My selfish heart

wouldn't allow me to stay away from her. I realized that if I wanted to be with her, I had to bear all the costs. I wanted to do everything in my power to show her how sorry I was, back at the Royal Kitchen, but she hardly even looked at me. The image of her crying kept torturing me. I felt so uneasy, guilty and depressed and I just couldn't take it anymore. Questions kept running through my head and this only made my headache worse. Would she ever look at me again? Would she ever forgive me? Would she..... I then decided to take a stroll in the market place. There, nobody would bother me, I guess. I wore an old piece of Kente cloth I had borrowed from Yaw, on the day I took Maame Amma to the masquerade. As I stepped out, I was greeted by an abrafo, who I knew was sent by my father, by his green Kente cloth. "Your Highness," he bowed. "Call me Kofi, please, I beg of you." I said rubbing my hands together. I was sick and tired of people calling me that. For goodness' sake, I have a name! Astonished and confused at the same time, he replied, "Umm..., your high..., Kofi, His Majesty wishes to see you tonight, when the Almighty Awia goes down. [Awia-Sun] "Why?" I immediately suspected something was quite fishy because, my father hardly ever talked to me and he had never called me to talk to me at sunset in my whole nineteen years of living. "I do not know, Your High--Kofi." "Well, OK, tell him I'll be there." "Yes,..Kofi." he answered and turned to leave. As I was about to leave I was stopped in my tracks by Yaw. "From your appearance, I can see that you are going out of this palace again, eh?" He said. "Uh-huh." "Don't worry, I'll cover up for you." he gave me an assuring smile. * Walking through the market was so tiring so I decided to sit under a big, old oak tree on the outskirts of the market, not too far from the palace. In a matter of minutes, slumber had begun to pilfer my senses. I had not even had the chance to lay my head on the tree when my sleep was interrupted by a loud voice. "What are you doing here?!"

Maame Amma's POV I felt so vulnerable after everything that had happened. I felt hurt when the princess mistreated me, but I felt more hurt, and even used when I got to know Kofi--the prince had lied to me. Now I know he's the prince, I better get used to calling him that. There was so much on my mind, that I found it hard to process it all at the same time. Thank goodness Kofi -- the prince gave me the permission to take the day off. I didn't want to stay in the palace.

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to the masquerade. Ughh! Why do I keep saying his name? I thought. It took approximately fifteen minutes to finally get to the market square. I bought some roasted plantain and groundnuts and decided that a big oak tree which was not too far from me was the best place to rest and eat my favorite snack.³ As I approached the tree, I saw a slightly built young man peacefully asleep under the tree. In order not to wake him up, I quietly walked behind the tree, but something unusual caught my eye. It was a ring. A gold ring. A ring that no usual person would wear. What confused me was that I thought I had seen this ring before but didn't know where I had seen it. I went closer to the person only to see Kofi, one arm on his eyes and the other on his side. "What are you doing here?!" I angrily said, interrupting his sleep. Honestly, he looked very handsome in his sleep but I was too angry and frustrated about what happened earlier to even acknowledge his beauty. "What...what...?" he suddenly sprung up and sat upright quickly, looking around to see who had woken him up. "Maame Amma? What..what are you doing here?" he asked as soon as he saw me standing in front of him. "I asked first!" I quickly said, but I immediately came to my senses. I wasn't talking to Kofi, but to the prince. "I..I...I'm sorry. I'll just leave." I turned to leave but was stopped in my tracks when I felt him grab my arm.¹ "Please, just leave m--" I was cut short when Kofi turned me around to face him and grabbed my waist. He looked at me with stern eyes and pouted, his lips only inches away from mine.² "What are you doing?" I demanded. No matter how hard I tried to sound angry, I just couldn't. "Look, Amma, I'm so sorry, OK? I'm sorry for lying to you. I'm sorry for all that happened today at the grand hall. I...I didn't think that it will all turn out this way." "Please, first leave me alone." I said calmly. He let go of my waist but held my wrist firmly.¹ I looked at his face and I could see from the expression on this face that he was indeed very sorry. Yet still, I wouldn't believe him. I wanted him to know how I had felt a few hours ago: hurt and embarrassed. I managed pull my hand away from his and turned to leave again, but his hands immediately held my other wrist. "Please," he said, "please, would you forgive me?" "You don't need to be forgiven. You're the prince. You can do whatever you like and whenever it pleases you. Why would you even want me to forgive you?" I said, stressing on the word 'me'. "Don't you realize that I'm just a simple man behind royal clothes? You're more important to me than you know it."¹ I was important to him?! I thought. His sweet words weren't going deceive me this time. Silence settled between us. He stretched his hand towards me, gesturing me to hold it. I looked at him once again but this time I took his hand. I couldn't believe I had actually forgiven him. Oh! Well... He pulled me to him again and hugged me. His warm body sent shivers down my spine. "Okay, so now do you forgive me?" he asked again. He really seemed serious about this forgiveness thing. "Well,...okay." "Yes!" he screamed. I just couldn't help but laugh. I spent the rest of the day with him sitting by my side under the oak tree. We both ended up dozing off. "Oh my goodness, the Sun has set!" I said quickly, realizing the moon had come up. We had to get back to the palace. And quickly. ***** CH: 10 Kofi's POV. "Huh?" "I said the Sun has set. Look." Maame Amma said pointing towards the west.¹ "Oh, no!" I said remembering that I had a meeting with my father. "What?" the look on her face showed that she was worried and confused. "We have to get back quickly." I exclaimed. "Kofi, is something wrong?" she asked again. "Oh, no! We just have to hurry up." I said quickly, grabbing her hand and moving toward the palace. ***** Reaching the palace was quite hard because Maame Amma and I couldn't see our surroundings very well. Well I couldn't see my surroundings very well but Maame Amma could see quite well. I wonder how since our only source of light was the Osram and the Nsroma. (osram - moon/ nsroma- stars.) Although getting back to the palace was hard, it wasn't as hard as sneaking past my father's guards. They are very vigilant of their surroundings, and they had been placed at the different entries of the palace. Maame Amma and I had hidden behind one of the guards' quarters that was closer to my quarters. "How are we going to bypass

these guards?"she whispered. " I think we just have to wait for a miracle to happen."I replied.¹ Moments later, Maame Amma said, "Look! The guards are leaving. We've got to go!" She grabbed my hand and stepped out of our hiding place but she didn't realize there was one guard left there. I quickly pulled her back. "What are you doing? You'll expose us. " I whispered, pointing to the guard, who at that time was sitting a chair, dozing off. "He's asleep. And look, our "miracle" is here. " Maame Amma said, as she pointed to Yaw who was pacing up and down in front of my quarters. I threw a stone in his direction and luckily for us, he turned and saw us. He run into the direction of the guard and said, "Hey you!" You can leave now. " "But no guard is here to protect the Prince, Odehye Yaw!"the guard exclaimed. "Don't.... Don't worry. The Prince has his own guards. You can go now. " "As you wish, Odehye Yaw." he said and turned to leave. Yaw then run to us and seeing us, (Maame Amma and I) he stood there and stared at us. "Well, what do we have here? " he said, folding his arms and smiling. "Ummm.... I... I... I have to umm.....go." Maame Amma said quickly and turned to leave. I grabbed and her hand and asked, " Aren't you forgetting something? Don't you think you need to say something before I go to sleep? " "Good night, your Highness." she shyly said. "I smiled and gave her a peck on her hand saying, "Good night to you too. "¹ She turned and walked quietly towards her quarters. The whole time, Yaw was standing there staring at us with his mouth open. "What? " I asked. "Nothing. Nothing at all. Oh! I almost forgot. You're late for the meeting with your father! " "Oh, yeah!" "Take this. Dress now and run there. " He shoved a Kente Cloth and some gold bracelets into my hands. YOU'LL ALSO LIKE The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [Completed] by let_alpha_write The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [C... 20.8K 761 Folk tales and myths serve as a means of handing down traditions and customs from one generation to the next in Africa. For several generations, stories from Africa hav... Ghanaian recipes by KuukuaFosuaaAsomanin Ghanaian recipes 12.4K 474 All started when my mum taught me how to cook ? Anyway please enjoy our delicious recipes of life ? Rankings: [#13](#) recipes 7/07/18-- [#1](#) in recipes out of 125 books?TG♡? Mine (an African love story) ✓ by Skai9876 Mine (an African love story) ✓ 12.5K 1.5K Anima and Danny have been best friends since birth. They do everything together and are practically inseparable. When emotions, betrayal, mistakes, and mean girls are th... Blood Of Ashanti by LexiconAsh Blood Of Ashanti 2.1K 365 When Aura's father suddenly dies everyone suspects the cause to be African black magic- juju. Aura is the only one who knows the true cause of her fathers death. Not on... Catch Me by sweetdreamer33 Paid Stories Badge Paid Story Catch Me 30.2M 783K After overcoming a traumatic heartbreak as a teenager, Chloe struggled to grow up and establish her career, but after years of work, her life finally feels like it's bac... Broken ✓ by kendallblacc Broken ✓ 13.7K 2.8K In the attempt to fight for her rights as a woman, an African rural teen born to a misogynistic people is suddenly thrown into a world of evil that she must overcome if... The African Winds by Lovely596 The African Winds 4.8K 235 Meet Adansi, the rebellious Prince of the Ashanti Kingdom in Ghana, Africa. It's 1778 and when Adansi is faced with an arranged marriage from his father, the winds of Af... As I was dressing, Yaw said, "I had to tell your father that you had a headache and so you had slept. So if your father asks, tell him you were sleeping."² "Got it!" I exclaimed and ran towards my father's quarters. * "Sit down, Owusu- Arko." My father said, pointing towards the stool in front of him. I realized my father had called me with my surname. This only occurred when I had done something wrong.¹ I sat down and then waited. An awkward silence fell between us. Why wasn't he saying anything?! My conscience screamed. "Father, you sent for me." "Ah! Yes!" He exclaimed, as if he had been suddenly pulled away from his deep thoughts back into reality. "Why were you late?" "I..I was sleeping. I had a headache." "Hmm...Owusu-Arko, I'm not a child!" He retorted. "You are stammering, which you never do because you have grown up to be a confident boy. And....you were seen exiting the

palace." ".....ermmm..." I scratched the back of my head. "Kofi," he said softly, "you are now an adult. You are no longer in your teenage years when you used to sneak out of the palace and I had to pretend that I didn't know." "Huh?!" I said, my eyes bulging out of its sockets. My father knew I had been sneaking out of the palace when I was little?! He laughed out loud at the expression on my face. My father hardly smiled, and now he was laughing? This day gets surprising by each minute. At last, he straightened his face up and continued, "I knew all along. But now, you are an adult, and you must act like one. I know...that keeping one confined in a palace is not good, but I survived and so should you. Besides, you would be going for wars so you would definitely leave this palace. Now back to business...Kofi, you know you are now ready to get married. I have enjoyed the years that the abosom (gods) have given me, and I have used it wisely to rule this Kingdom. Ruling this Kingdom is hard work. We are not ruling those small towns who have decided to settle along the sea. We are ruling major cities; the Asantes, the Fantis, the Nzema, the Denkyira and others. We have great kingdoms around us, the Gas, the Ewes, not to talk of the Dagombas. I want you to become a good ruler, in fact a great leader and in order for you to become a great leader you must start with a wise and faithful partner. You must start with...marriage. That is why your mother and I chose Baisiwaa as your bride. She has been groomed to be a perfect wife and Queen. And....and all I want you to do for me is to marry her. Please, marry her and quickly." My father never pleaded. He was always the type of man who intimidated people with his stout stature, cunning looks and deep voice. "Father..., I know I must marry. But I can't marry someone I have just met. I don't know her. In fact, I don't ...love her." I exclaimed. My father got up and paced up and down his unnecessarily large room. "Do you think I loved your mother when I married her?" he asked. "I didn't love her when I married her, although I respected her, but I grew to love her." He stopped walking and sat on his stool again. He lowered his voice and said, "that is not the reason why I want you to marry her. The Denkyira Clan is misbehaving they are complaining that they want the Paramount Chief from their clan. They are strong and aren't afraid to fight and die.Kofi, look at me. I'm now weak and old. If the Denkyira clan strike now, I won't be able to go for war. And I can't risk putting the lives of my people on the line. A lot of people will die if we were to go to war with the Denkyiras. Therefore, I need you to marry her and become King, so that the Denkyiras will be at peace. "So this whole marriage is an....agreement between the Ashantis and Denkyiras to be at peace?" I asked. "Yes." he nodded. "Well..I don't know. I need some time to think over it, father." "We don't have much time to think about this, but I'll give you just a day. Meet me tomorrow to tell me your answer." "Okay, father." I stood up and took my leave. But before I could exit the room, he said, "I hope you consider her." I left without saying a word. ** [The Akan Ethnic group is made up of different clans that have come together. The clans have the same history, but due to some circumstances they have slight cultural differences. Each clan has a sub-chief that takes care of the clan, but all sub-chiefs fall under a Paramount Chief\ King who normally but not all the time, comes from the Asante clan. (Kofi's family are from the Asante Clan and they are royals, Maame Amma is a Fanti while Princess Baisiwaa is Denkyira. There are other clans, in fact more than fifteen that make up the Akan Kingdom.) It's more like a President who has regional ministers or governors to take care of the states or regions that form the country. (Kofi's father is the Paramount Chief.) In this story, the Denkyira clan is fed up of the Asante Royal family ruling them. They want someone from their own people to rule.]1 * "What? So you're going to marry Princess Baisiwaa because the Denkyira clan wants to take the throne?" Yaw asked after I told him of the meeting with my father when I got back to my quarters. "Well, I don't know." I replied "What do you think I should do?" "Why won't you marry her? She's pretty and very intelligent." "Well..." "Well what?" "Maame Amma."1 "Oh. I forgot about Maame Amma." "But what has Princess Baisiwaa got to

do with the Denkyira Clan taking the throne? Why do I need to marry her particularly?" "Princess Baisiwa's father is the Denkyira Sub- chief. His people want him to become the Paramount Chief, something the Asantes wouldn't allow so easily. So in order to prevent war, I think your father decided to let his daughter marry you so as to protect both clans from unnecessary death. I'm sorry to say this but I think you have to marry Princess Baisiwa. It's only wise and it's for your own good and the good of both clans. Besides, marrying Maame Amma would be quite impossible unless you're a king." "If you were in this situation, would you have married her?" "Well, I don't know. That's why I didn't come into this world as a prince." he smirked. "Yaw you're not helping." I frowned So now the possibility that a war could occur between two clans depended on me?! How perfect.2 Then I remembered. "I know who can help me out of this situation." "Who?" "The Queen mother!" I exclaimed. "The Queen mo-- What has the Queen mother got to do in this situation?" "You wouldn't understand." I said, slipping my legs into a pair of ahenema. [Ahenema-Sandals]1 *Traditional sandals (Ahenema) plated with gold and displayed on a piece of Kente4 *Traditional sandals (Ahenema) plated with gold and displayed on a piece of Kente.* I headed towards the exit of my quarters. "Wait!" Yaw shouted. "What?" "I'm confused." he said calmly. "I'll explain everything later." ***** CH: 11 Maame Amma's POV "Where have you been all day?!", Naana whispered loudly when I had managed to sneak past the sleeping girls in the quarters and I had arrived at my bed. "Yes. We demand an answer!" Araba continued. "It's.....it's a long story. I'll tell you later." I replied, yawning. Today had been an exciting day but I was too tired to narrate every thing. "Since you look tired, I might as well do this.", Naana said, pinching me. "Ageii--!!" I screamed, but I was stopped when Araba immediately jumped out of her bed and covered my mouth before I could wake up anyone. [Ageii - Ouch] "Listen! What happened at the Royal Kitchen this morning does not happen every day, you know, the prince wiping your tears away and saving you from being sent home. I think we deserve an explanation." Naana said. "Yes. Please just tell us where you were. But before that, I need to confirm something...." Araba said looking at Naana. Naana noticed Araba's glares and said, "I thought we settled this in the afternoon." "No we didn't." Araba replied. "What did you settle?", I asked them, but they both ignored my questions. Instead, Araba asked me, "Maame Amma,.....is the prince....Kofi?" This question obviously took me by surprise and I did stammer before answering her. "Well,...umm...yes." "I knew it! I told you it had to be Kofi." Araba exclaimed, forgetting that she was shouting. "Ugh! You are making noise. Go to bed." One of the girls whispered and then returned to sleeping. "I told Naana this afternoon that the prince might be the Kofi guy you met, but she was like 'Oh it's impossible.' ", Araba said, mimicking Naana. "Now back to the main question. Where were you?" Naana said ignoring Araba's teasing. "I..umm..I went out of the ...palace?" I responded after a long pause. "Huh?" Naana said. "What were you doing there?" Araba asked. "I was bored so I left the palace." I shrugged, acting like it wasn't a big deal although it was. "Hmm." Naana said. "Well I better get to bed" I said but I was stopped again by Araba. "Don't go to bed right now. I need to tell you something. Today during lunch, it seemed like everyone was talking about you. The seniors came to sit by us in order to know more about you. Can you believe it? The girls from the Royal Kitchen spread the news about your encounter with the prince. Even some of them have made their own version of the story. Some of the girls who were narrating the story even said the prince gave you a peck!" Araba said. "Have you ever heard of Akonnwa-Yere Ansongwaa, the slave who became the concubine ? Everyone is saying you might just be the lucky maid to win the prince's heart." [Akonnwa-Yere - Concubine] "I guess that's why you two were looking for me." I said. "In fact every maid was looking for you." Naana said. "But the Prince is going to marry Princess Baisiwa." Araba reminded. "That princess from Denkyira? I heard she has beauty that could make even the strongest of men go weak just by looking at her..." Naana said. "I

want him to marry you and not the Princess, but he may not be able to because he still is the prince and doesn't have the power of a King to liberate a palace maid and marry her.", Naana said. YOU'LL ALSO LIKE The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [Completed] by let_alpha_write The African Folktale: Collection Of Tales [C... 20.8K 761 Folk tales and myths serve as a means of handing down traditions and customs from one generation to the next in Africa. For several generations, stories from Africa hav... Ghanaian recipes by KuukuaFosuaaAsomanin Ghanaian recipes 12.4K 474 All started when my mum taught me how to cook ? Anyway please enjoy our delicious recipes of life ? Rankings: [#13](#) recipes 7/07/18-- [#1](#) in recipes out of 125 books?TG♡? Mine (an African love story) ✓ by Skai9876 Mine (an African love story) ✓ 12.5K 1.5K Anima and Danny have been best friends since birth. They do everything together and are practically inseparable. When emotions, betrayal, mistakes, and mean girls are th... Blood Of Ashanti by LexiconAsh Blood Of Ashanti 2.1K 365 When Aura's father suddenly dies everyone suspects the cause to be African black magic- juju. Aura is the only one who knows the true cause of her fathers death. Not on... Catch Me by sweetdreamer33 Paid Stories Badge Paid Story Catch Me 30.2M 783K After overcoming a traumatic heartbreak as a teenager, Chloe struggled to grow up and establish her career, but after years of work, her life finally feels like it's bac... Broken ✓ by kendallblacc Broken ✓ 13.7K 2.8K In the attempt to fight for her rights as a woman, an African rural teen born to a misogynistic people is suddenly thrown into a world of evil that she must overcome if... The African Winds by Lovely596 The African Winds 4.8K 235 Meet Adansi, the rebellious Prince of the Ashanti Kingdom in Ghana, Africa. It's 1778 and when Adansi is faced with an arranged marriage from his father, the winds of Af... "Well I still think he would not marry Princess Baisiwaa."Araba said. "I know the princess is pretty and all that but Maame Amma still has a chance, you know." "Erm...palace maids aren't allowed to marry."I reminded them. "Go to bed. It's late."I said yawning and jumping into bed. Within moments, I was in dream land. ***** Kofi's POV. "So the girl who poured the soup on the princess is the maid you have been talking about. What's her name again?"the Queen mother asked. "Maame Amma."I answered. "Ah! Yes. Maame Amma. She is very pretty. You do have good taste for young ladies."She said winking.1 "Queen mother..."I said, embarrassed. Laughing, she said, "That's just by the way. Continue talking." "Erm...so...the King just called me into his...erm...quarters and he told me that I should...marry Princess Baisiwaa." I said "And?" "And I don't want to marry her. I really need you to help me avoid this marriage. Father said I should marry her because her people want to take the throne with force and if I marry her--" "I know."she cut me short. "This thing started long ago." "Really?"I asked surprised and confused at the same time. "Yes. This marriage is life threatening because if you don't marry her then her people will wage war on us. And your father is too old to go to war." A loud silence fell between us and then she finally broke the silence. "I can help you,...but I won't." "What?" "I said I won't. I'm sorry I won't do that." "But why? You said--you said you were going to--to help- -" "I know I said that. Now I'll explain to you why I won't help you. Number one, if you evade this marriage it might spark a war between the Denkyira and us. It can put all of us here in danger. Everyone here would be taken as slaves, including Maame Amma. Number two, although the Asantes are strong enough to go to war we can't go without a king. Your father is sick." "You knew my father was sick? Why am I the only one who wasn't informed of this?" "You were too young to hear of this, so try to understand. Now number three." She said stressing in the word 'three'. "Your father's last wish is for you to marry the princess." "How did you know?" "Well he told me this afternoon to convince you. Besides only a king has the power to liberate a slave or a maid. So when you marry the princess, you would have more than enough evidence to show that you are old enough to be king. All the council

elders will elect you as the next king. Then once you are king you can marry Maame Amma." After pausing for a while she continued, "I know this is hard. I've been through it myself and I really wanted to help you, but we are all stuck in a situation where you are the deciding factor. Everything now lies on your shoulders. It is either you marry the princess and avoid war, fulfil your father's wish and at the end of the day you still get to marry Maame Amma or you refuse the marriage and cause chaos. Being a wise leader starts now so choose wisely.", she concluded. ***** CH: 12 Narrator's POV The wedding of Prince Owusu-Arko of the King of Asanteman, King Owusu-Arko I and Princess Baisiwaa Gyakari of the King of Denkyiraman, Chief Ntim Gyakari was grand event. Kings and Queens from all over came to witness the ceremony of two kingdoms coming together through marriage. [Asanteman/Denkyiraman - Land of Asantes or Asante Kingdom/ Land of Denkyiras or Denkyira Kingdom.] Unfortunately, the ceremony was associated with a sad event. The King of Asanteman had passed away days before the ceremony. The Royal family of Asanteman kept this a secret to avoid chaos. Everyone was shocked by the news but the Prince was the one who was most disturbed by the news. Being forced to marry a Princess and losing your father at the same time is a lot to take in at a time. However, the ceremony went on smoothly. A week after the ceremony the death of the late King was announced. Sure, people suspected something fishy going on when they realized the late King was not present at his son's wedding but they didn't expect to hear his death days after his son's wedding. The Prince was then made King, two weeks after he had married. The Princess automatically became a Queen. The new King and Queen had received their parents blessings and they would live happily ever after. Or so everyone thought. Meanwhile, Maame Amma, Naana and Araba were disappointed that the prince (now King) had married the princess (now Queen) and although they knew there was a high possibility that it would happen Maame Amma was disturbed and hurt.¹ ***** Maame Amma's POV "I still can't believe it! Well I knew that it it would happen but I still can't believe it!" Naana said pacing up and down in front of Araba and I who at that that time, was sitting on a bench in fact the same bench I met Kofi-- the prince-- erm..the King. I have got to start addressing him as the King now! I thought. "Naana, would you stop saying this?! We get it okay? You'll end up upsetting Amma the more." Araba exclaimed, getting up quickly from her seat. Three weeks ago, when I heard that the new King was going to get married to the princess, I was ... I don't even know how to express what I felt that day. I knew that on a scale of one to ten, there was a 9/10 chance that he would marry her considering the fact that if he didn't marry her he could be inviting chaos and death into his kingdom. But I still chose to have faith in what Araba and Naana were saying, that I might just be lucky enough to win his heart. What was I even thinking?¹ I did shed a few tears and I'm sure that I'm now over it, I think so. Just as I was about to tell both of them to cut the matter short, Naana fell down suddenly as if she had just fainted but Araba was fast enough to catch her. "Naana are you okay?" Araba asked, and from the looks on her face I could see that she was very scared. Naana had just collapsed and I was very sure that she wasn't sick. "I think we need to take her back to the quarters. You take her, I'll get a physician." I suggested. Moments later, she began to twitch and slowly opened her eyes. "Naana are you okay?" Araba asked again. "Ye--yes I think so." Naana replied. "What happened?" I asked. "Amma, she fainted." Araba said through her teeth, obviously annoyed that I asked such a question. Araba and I helped her unto the bench and sat down beside her "I -- I can't believe this is happening to me again", Naana said rubbing her head. "What do you mean?" Araba asked. "What is happening to you?" I also asked. "Should we get you a physician?" "No. I don't need one." she replied quickly. "Are you sure?" Araba asked again. "Umm--yes. This happens to me all the time." She replied shaking her head, as if to shake off the dizziness. Then turning to me, Naana hugged me tightly and whispered into my ears, "Don't worry. Everything's going to be alright. "¹ "Huh?" I

asked obviously confused. Smiling, she said, "Do not continue to grieve about the King. Every thing is going to be bliss and perfect. You'll see." "Um...are you thinking straight and seeing things right?" Araba asked once more. "Oh I am seeing things." She said smiling but still rubbing her temple.¹ *****

Baisiwaa's POV "Announce the Queen's presence. Tell the King that the Queen wishes to see him urgently." Akos, my maid asked the Chief linguist. "My Queen, the King is having a meeting with his cousin, Odehye Yaw. He has instructed me not to let anyone in." He said. "But I need to see him now. It's urgent. Just ask him if I could see him." I pleaded. "Well, yes your Majesty ." He said before making his way into the great hall. "This way." He said gesturing his hand toward the entrance when he came back. When I entered he was busily talking to his cousin. He raised his head and when he immediately saw me, he stopped talking. "Good day your Majesty." I greeted. "Good day." he said. "You said you needed to see me because it was urgent." "I came to bring you some snacks. I figured out that you must be tired and so I decided to bring you something to bring you something." I said removing the kente cloth that covered the food and revealing roasted plantain and some groundnuts.² "Umm-- I'm not very hungry right now,..." he said but seeing the disappointment on my face he quickly said, "but I will be, so thank you." "You're most welcome, your Majesty." I exclaimed walking towards him to put the food on his wooden mahogany table. But as I put it there something caught my attention; a letter. Although it was just a sheet of paper with an adinkra symbol on it, it made me feel very uneasy.¹ I quickly brushed the matter off. As I was making my way out, a young lady in warrior clothing came in. She looked exactly like the King's cousin, Yaw. "Ah, you're here." I heard the King say. She smiled at the King and greeted by bowing. She then turned to me and bowed. Who was she? Why hadn't I seen her before? I needed to know who she was and I knew the perfect person to help me. *****

Kofi's POV "Your Majesty, good day." Yaa Antwiwaa, Yaw's twin sister greeted. Antwiwaa was a female warrior, the first female warrior in my late father's army and the only female warrior I knew. Since her childhood, she was always the fighting type and often skipped classes to watch the warriors practice. With time she became an expert in archery. She is now the leader of the archers in the army. Yaw and I were executing a plan and we thought she might be the best person to execute it for us. I still hadn't forgotten about Maame Amma, although I'm sure she thinks I have. I remember the Queen mother saying that I would be able to marry Maame Amma when I become King so I decided not to waste time in doing so. But marrying her wouldn't be easy. I would have to meet her parents and ask for her hand in marriage. That means that I have to travel all the way to her hometown, which I can't because the Council of Elders wouldn't allow me to do so because I have just been crowned King. So I have decided to send Yaw to Maame Amma's hometown and Antwiwaa was going to accompany him with a few warriors. The only problem was; I didn't know where Maame Amma's family was located. Yaw had suggested that I should send a letter to Maame Amma through him, asking her the location of her family. But I knew I had to write more than that. I had to remind her that I still loved her, and had to convince her to marry me. I really had a lot to do and I'm glad I had Yaw and his sister to help me. Now that Antwiwaa was here, we had to get down to business. *****

Hello readers, thank you very very much for reading this chapter. Do you think Kofi and Maame Amma's marriage would be successful? Please don't forget comment, vote, follow and share. I'd really appreciate it if you do. A/N: I just want to clear a misconception. So this story happened in like the olden days like the 1800s so the story is more like a historical story/romance. There's no way it can happen in modern Ghana. CH: 13 Kofi's POV "Okay, so, let's revise this plan again." I said to Yaw and Antwiwaa. "Antwiwaa would get all the things ready for the trip to Maame Amma's hometown. The foodstuffs, the horses and the gifts to present to her parents. In the mean time I would deliver the letter

you wrote to Maame Amma and collect the name of the town, and the location of her parents. "And when he's done," Antwiwaa continued, "we would set off as soon as possible. But your mother will find out one way or another. You can't hide the marriage from her." "I know. I'll tell her at the right time." I said. "Tell her when we go. Or else she might forbid you from doing it." Yaw stated. "But he's King. His mother has no authority over him whatsoever." Antwiwaa exclaimed. "That is true. But my mother is assertive. She would do anything to get her way. Anything. Although I would explain things to her, she might still not understand. But that isn't going to stop me. We just have to follow the plan and hope everything goes as planned." I said sighing. "By the way, Yaw, how are you going to deliver the letter to Maame Amma without being suspicious? Definitely, the maids around here do n't normally receive letter." Antwiwaa pointed out. "Don't worry. I know exactly what to do." He smirked. ***** Maame Amma's POV. I thought my life couldn't get any worse. Until the King's cousin, Odehye Yaw summoned all of the Kitchen maids and chose me out of about 60 girls to do a particular job I knew nothing about. I knew he intentionally chose me, since he already knew me. But as the day went by, I realized that it wasn't so bad after all. This is how it all happened. I, along with other juniors were helping the seniors to prepare the afternoon meals when Odehye Yaw appeared in the Kitchen; a place where you would hardly find a male royal. As customs demanded we were all supposed to stop whatever we were doing and greet Maaha and if he had any announcements to give, we listen. [Maaha- Good afternoon.] He then proceeded to announce that he needed someone who could write beautifully. Now that was odd because he didn't need a cook to write for him. He needed a secretary, and by the way I was sure he could write perfectly. Looking at each of our faces one by one, he got to me and pointed at me saying, "Ah! Look. The clumsy girl. Come here. Can you write?" "Yes." I replied. "Well then, follow me. You would be writing a lot of important details so make sure you aren't clumsy this time." he teased. I followed him to a room situated near the grand hall. There in the room I saw a big table with a throne-like chair and a quill and parchment on the table. "Sit down." He commanded. "Open the letter." I obeyed and sat down. I hesitated before taking the letter and looked at him again for approval, but he nodded saying, "Go on." Reading the letter, I broke down in tears and covered my face with my hands. Reading the letter, I broke down in tears and covered my face with my hands. I'm not sure why I cried because I was having mixed feelings at the time but the tears kept coming. Handing me a cloth to wipe my tears and another quill and paper, Odehye Yaw said under his breath "Ladies are so emotional..." I laughed at that statement while drying my tears. I guess these were tears of joy. I wasn't expecting at all. "The King wants you to give him the location of your parents and their description. He wants to ask your parents for your hand in marriage but he can't do that if he doesn't know your hometown. The quill trembled in my hand, but I managed to write the description and the location. The whole time I was still sobbing. As I handed the parchment to him, he said, "I would leave you here to calm down, OK? Then you can go back to doing what you want to do. I hope you understand the situation the King is in." "Oh, umm," I said sniffing, "yes I do. I don't even need an explanation right now to believe him. Thanks." "You're most welcome, my Queen" He replied smiling, while bowing. My Queen. The words rang in my ears. I smiled back at him and he excused himself. Holding the Kofi's letter in my right hand, and the cloth and quill in the other I left the room and headed toward the girls' quarters to rest. ***** Hi. Thanks for reading this chapter. It's quite short but the next chapter will be very long. I've been very busy lately but I will still try to update quickly. Pls continue to vote, share, and follow. Feel free to comment. 🤍 Love, Naana. 🤍 ch: 14 Narrator's POV Odehye Yaw and his twin sister Antwiwaa had wasted no time in going to Maame Amma's home town when they received the location. They were accompanied by a group of maids and man servants. Two guards led the procession, followed by

Odehwe Yaw who rode on a horse and Antwiwaa who was given a palanquin. Behind them were maids who carried gifts of the most exquisite Kente cloths, different fruits, vegetables, crops and wine, and even the most expensive jewelry. Another four guards ended the procession. It was indeed a long journey and the party was quite glad that they had reached their destination. Of course, the procession caught the eye of those who saw them and rumors spread that royals from Asanteman had arrived. How the gossips of the town got to know specifically where they were from is a mystery. Having reached their destination, they were greeted by people with happy faces and beaming smiles. Adwoa Bentum, Maame Amma's mother upon hearing the good news that her daughter was going to be married, not just to any man but to the King, almost fainted. She found it hard to believe because she knew perfectly well that her daughter could not marry because of her status as a maid, and she never imagined that her daughter would marry someone of such high status. As you all know, once success finds its way into your life you automatically gain friends. The women in the town who thought that she would never experience the glory and honour that befalls on a mother when her child gets married began to befriend her, and skipped their chores just to come and congratulate her and talk to her. Back at the palace, the new King was planning to tell his mother about the news of his marriage and hopefully prayed that she would bless the marriage. **** Kofi's POV "Send these to the great hall, and immediately deliver this permission letter to the Head Chef." I instructed the heavily built guard named Mensa whom I sent for. "Yes, your Majesty." he quickly replied and proceeded to carry out my order. Meanwhile, the Dabehene was preparing me by picking the Kente cloth and helping me in it because the Kente cloths that kings wear are way heavier than the one I used to wear when I was a prince. [Dabehene- a person who teaches the Chief the different types of cloths to wear at different occasions and is in charge of the maintenance of his room.] I really wasn't sure if mother would approve of the marriage, not to talk of the Council of Elders. If they disapproved of the marriage and I went on to marry Maame Amma, they might not be in favour of whatever decision I make in the future and this is going to make my work as a King more difficult. I dismissed that negative thought as quickly as it had flashed through my mind and tried to be optimistic as possible. I quickly finished a heavy breakfast of ampesie and headed to my mother's quarters followed by two guards. The guards that guarded the entrance to my mother's quarters quickly stepped aside and bowed and then proceeded to announce my arrival.2 "Mother, good morning." I greeted when I saw her. "Good morning my son." she replied weakly. Her face and voice showed that she had still been crying continuously and in just one month, she had lost a lot of weight. "Mother, have you been skipping meals?" I asked. She didn't reply but instead looked straight into my eyes. I asked one of her maids the same question. She hesitated at first, but replied, "Your Majesty, she--she has refused to eat anything for the past th--three days." "Three days?!" I exclaimed. "Why wasn't I informed of this?!" "Umm..well Your Majesty,..." "I told them not to tell anyone." My mother quickly responded. "Why would you do that?" I asked, confused and tensed at the same time. "What do you expect me to do? What do you expect a helpless woman to do when she has lost her husband? When she has lost the thing she cares for very much?" She answered, her voice shaking. I was really disturbed when I heard my father had passed away but I didn't mourn him to this extent because the Council of Elders expected me to be brave. I stood up, walked to her and knelt down and hugged her. She rested her head on my shoulder and cried some more but I didn't want to stop her. After a while, she stopped crying and I ordered some breakfast to be brought to her and dismissed all her maids. When she felt a little better, she asked, "What brought you here? Kings aren't supposed to go to their subjects' quarters." "You aren't my subject. You are my mother and I've come as your son. I came here because I wanted you to - I don't know how to put this - I wanted you to give me your blessings-- on my marriage."

"Oh well you already have my blessings."she said laughing. "No mother. I'm getting married—again." The expression on her face quickly changed. "Huh? But you just got married." "Yes mother, I know that, but I want to get married to someone else. The only problem is....she isn't royal." "Well then, who is she? Where is she from? Is she from a good social background? Are her parents wealthy and influential?" "Do you remember the first day we all met Princess Baisiwaa and her family? And during the serving of the food, a maid mistakenly dropped a bowl of soup?" "Yes. What about that?" "She is the one I want to marry." "The maid?" "Yes, mother." "Kofi, I only want you to be happy but a maid isn't good material for a Queen. Would she be able to handle the pressure? Baisiwaa was trained to be a Queen so she would be comfortable in her situation. Some past kings have done the same but they received a lot of criticism. Moreover, would the Council of Elders agree?" "Leave the Council of Elders to me mother, I only need your blessings." "Don't worry. You have my blessings but I'm still not convinced. I want to meet her." "Thank you mother. I'll make sure you meet her." "Now it's up to you to convince the Council of Elders. they are the backbone of your Kingship so make sure you don't mess up." She concluded with a warning. Later that afternoon I summoned the Council of Elders to the Great hall and broke the news to them. Some said I just got married and so I had to wait, while others said I needed my freedom to choose whom I wanted to marry. Others disapproved of it altogether. After a lot of deliberating and convincing, majority of them accepted. Luck was indeed on my side. ***** Narrator's POV2 News about the King's new bride spread like wild fire. Invitations were sent to all other chiefs and kings of different clans and kingdoms. The king sent more and more gifts to his future in laws and even invited them to permanently relocate to the palace. But home is where one's heart is. They grew up in that town as well as their parents and grandparents. They decided to come for the wedding and stay for a while and then leave back to their hometown. The king kept his promise to his mother and introduced Maame Amma to his mother. **** Maame Amma's POV The news of my marriage had spread very quickly and the king had already sent gifts after gifts to my parents. He had sent a letter to the Head Chef and I'm quite sure that the letter concerned me because she had begun to treat me well. Not that she didn't treat me well at first but now, she treated me like – royalty. First she dismissed me back to the quarters and told me to choose a few girls to accompany me back....for no reason at all. Of course I chose Naana and Araba. Back at the quarters I broke the news to them. They were so happy, and from the looks on their faces I could tell that they were happier than I was. It wasn't long until a heavily built guard told us to follow him. We were all amazed at how big the different rooms were. I wondered who lived in them. We arrived a door that led to one of the rooms. The door was wooden and symbols had been carved at the corners of the door. We entered the room and what we saw was breathtakingly beautiful. The room was as big as the sleeping quarters that all the other girls slept in. Naana argued that it was bigger. There was a very big bed with a wide window that shone light into the room. Flowers arranged in pots decorated the room and gave more liveliness to it. A wardrobe full of Kente cloths, head bands, royal sandals and jeweleries stood in front of the bed. A model of the golden stool, the symbol of supremacy in the kingdom, stood at the foot of the bed. "Oh this gold necklace looks so pretty.", Naana exclaimed. "I like this one better." Araba said pointing to an ivory bracelet. "And all this is for you?"she asked. "Well I don't know."I replied. "It actually is ma'am. The king asked you to choose friends that would keep you company for the time being."the guard said. "I can't believe this." I whispered. "You better believe it."Naana retorted. "Ma'am, I've been instructed to lead you to the King's mother. She would like to speak with you."the guard said. "The King's mother?" I asked. "Maame Amma you heard him." Naana said giggling. "Please change into something different other than the uniform."he said and with that he excused himself and left. Araba and Naana were of great help to me and helped me change into a yellowish black, two-piece Kente

cloth. My attire was actually made of two pieces of cloths; one long and one short. The shorter one of the two was tied to my bosom and the longer piece was tied to my waist. Simply put, I was dressed just like the way all maidens dressed. I decided not to wear any jewelry although both Naana and Araba wanted me to. It felt too extravagant. When I was done, Naana and Araba escorted me to the king's mother's quarters. In about three to five minutes we reached our destination. Naana and Araba wished me luck. My presence was announced and I followed the guard into the room. ***** Hello there thanks again for reading the book. I wrote a lot this time just as I promised. Please continue to vote, comment, share and follow. Love you all. -Naana. ch: 15 Maame Amma's POV As I entered the King's mother's quarters, a feeling of anxiety rushed through me. I stopped in front of the door once it was closed behind me and bowed my head. "Come in." A velvety female voice ordered. I obeyed and walked closer to where she sat, keeping my head down. I greeted her. "Raise your head."she commanded. I did so immediately. "I can see you've begun to wear expensive clothing." She kept quiet for a while and continued, "Such a pretty face for a normal girl like you. No wonder my son has begun to pamper you already with rich, expensive cloths."she said sighing. The expression on her face was unreadable and her voice, emotionless. I looked back down. "I said look up."she said suddenly and her commanding voice sent me raising my head so quickly. "Do you think you would be able to do the job of a queen? It's a stressful job." Without thinking through my answer, I quick replied, "I'm not sure, Your Majesty, only time will tell." "Good answer, but not good enough." She stood up and walked over to the biggest wardrobe I'd ever seen in my life. She opened it with an ivory key that hanged from her neck and searched through a compartment full of scrolls until she picked one out. She walked over to a big table behind us and spread the scroll on it. "Come here." I walked to her quietly. Looking at the scroll, I realized it was a battle plan. Symbols were drawn all over the scroll so couldn't understand very well, but she explained each and every one of the symbols. "This is the palace,"she said pointing to a symbol that looked like a small house, "and this is the battlefield.", she said pointing to a valley. "The battle field is east of the palace but a trip to the battlefield is quite far and is very dangerous because the opponents might ambush us on our way." "This would reduce the number of soldiers going to the battlefield. Isn't there any other route to the battlefield?", I asked. "Unfortunately, all other routes are very far and they cause our soldiers to get very tired by the time we get to the battlefield."she said. Then turning her back to face me, she said, "If you were the head of the army, what do you think should be done to help the soldiers?" From what I was seeing, she was testing me and I knew I had to answer cleverly. "May I have a paper and a quill, please?"I asked. She turned and walked towards the wardrobe and brought out a paper and a quill just as I requested and placed it on the table. I quickly drew a replica of the battle plan she showed me. "I think-- I think I would get more soldiers. In fact, I would use both men and women." "Women?" "Yes. Women. Women have the potential to do a lot." I said. "As I was saying, would divide these people into three; 2 groups of men and one group of women. The women would stay back in the kingdom and guard it. Therefore, when the male warriors go to war they can now protect their children and the city. One group of the men would climb and settle on the hills with large boulders. You see, when the opponents settle in the valley, we could throw down the large boulders, arrows and rocks on them to reduce their number. This would be an advantage for us." She stayed silent for a while and then asked, "what about the other half?" I simply replied, "Well, they would wait to be signalled. If our attack at the valleys on the opponents work they would be signalled to march forward to the battle field."The King's mother stood in silence. Then she told me to leave. I really was confused but she thanked me and told me I could leave. I still couldn't read her facial expression so I couldn't understand whether I gave her the right answer to her question. That night, Naana and Araba had

moved in with me into the new quarters. They asked me if all went well with the King's mother and I said yes, although I wasn't sure. They talked about the jewellery and the Kente cloth and tried to engage me in the conversation but I was absent minded. But could you blame me? I was thinking of the wedding that was going to occur tomorrow and the King's mother. I thought to myself that maybe I was worrying too much. I decided to take some rest before the big day tomorrow. Kofi's POV My mother had summoned for me and I wasn't sure if it was good news or bad news. I had sent Maame Amma to her because she wanted to see her but I didn't know what she had said or discussed with Maame Amma. "Where did you find that girl?"my mother asked when I had reached her quarters. "Huh?"I asked, confused. "I never knew a girl that clever could be from a simple home!"she exclaimed. "We train royals to think this way but they all end up becoming the fools of this kingdom, only thinking about gold and thrones." I smiled because now I knew my mother liked her. "I had to tell her to leave because I was so surprised at how she answered my questions with ease. That girl gave me a battle plan that could help our army conquer our opponents."she said smiling. We talked some more and then after a while, I went back to my quarters to take a long nap. Narrator's POV The next day, the palace was livelier than ever, even livelier than the day the King got married to his Queen. Servants could be seen pacing up and down, cleaning and sweeping. One could smell the aroma of different kinds of foods from the palace kitchen. Every one in the city did not go to work that day. They were all preparing for the wedding. Only royals from the kingdom and other kingdoms, and important personalities were supposed to witness the event but this time the King wanted the event to be a lively and memorable event so he invited the people. Some of the villagers had come from their homes to help the servants. That morning, the bride's parents had also set out very early to attend the event and some of the townspeople had also decided to attend the event too. Meanwhile , maids had gone all the royals in their quarters to prepare them for the event. Three maids had gone to Maame Amma's quarters to prepare her. Maame Amma did not sleep very well the night before so she wasn't very happy when the maids had come to wake her up. While two of them were setting up her bath, one was laying out her Kente cloth. She brought out of the wardrobe a Kente cloth of different colours, a gold pendant and many gold rings and bracelets of different shapes and sizes. Naana and Araba had also woken up to help. Her bath was filled with water and fragrance extracted from roses. Her long, curly hair was braided into big rows by Araba, and gold and brown beads were woven into them. Gold pendants and necklaces were placed on her neck. Even her sandals were plated with gold. She looked beautiful. Her feminine curves also added to her charm. The same preparations were also done for the king. He wore the same Kente cloth as Maame Amma, the only difference was that his cloth was much heavier. He looked magnificent but even more magnificent when he wore the heavy gold necklaces, his gold plated sandals and his velvet crown adorned with different traditional symbols. At the lower court where the wedding was to be held, the guests had begun to arrive. The Royals from other kingdoms were also arriving, exquisitely dressed. The wedding soon begun. The King arrived first. Royal dancers went forward to greet and welcome him. The people cheered him on as he danced to the beats of the drums. He was led to his throne and two manservants helped him to sit down as customs demanded.² The noise had died down when Maame Amma arrived. She was being carried in a palanquin and was preceded by royal dancers. Everyone was curious to see the lucky bride. When Maame Amma was helped down the palanquin, everyone was awestruck by her beauty. Her beauty was one that could not be compared to anyone else. Most people said her only competition in beauty was Queen Baisiwaa. Speaking of Queen Baisiwaa, where was she, one would ask. She was already seated by the King near his throne. Although she was close to the King, she felt very neglected from the day of the preparation of the wedding. She felt so embarrassed

considering the fact that she had married for just a month or two and her husband had decided to marry a commoner. She always knew that Maame Amma was trouble but she never even dreamt in her whole entire life that she would be competing with her for her husband's love and affection. She did feel jealous of her because she knew she had just found the person who was of equal beauty and charm as her. But that didn't discourage her from fighting for the love, affection and favour of the king. She was going to do anything in her power to eliminate Maame Amma, she thought to herself. As the King's eyes met his bride's, pride filled his heart. He thought to himself that he was indeed a lucky man. The priest in charge of the ceremony called the king and the bride's family to come together and pray in silence for the couple and the priest laid his hands on the couple and prayed to the gods for a prosperous marriage, long life and that they would be blessed with children. The elders came to present gifts to the couple, then followed the royals from other kingdoms. The ceremony was immediately followed with a feast. The people enjoyed different kinds of foods and people complimented the cooks in charge of the dishes. The newly wed couple danced to the beats of the drum. In order not to complicate matters, the King summoned Queen Baisiwaa to dance with him, but this didn't last for long because the king was mesmerized by Maame Amma's beauty he just couldn't keep his eyes off her. The night had come very quickly and every one had departed to their homes. A few stayed behind to help clean up the palace. At this time, the King and his new bride were spending time in her quarters. Her head rested on his muscularly built chest and he toyed with her short kinky hair. The chirping of birds could be heard from her window although birds should have retired to bed by then. They were both very relaxed in each other's arms. As the King whispered sweet words into her ears, the two drifted into a whole new different world, made just for them. ***** Hey there, thanks for reading another chapter of this book. I've been very busy these days because I'm preparing to go to boarding school. Ill try as much as possible to update regularly.1 Please don't forget to comment, vote, follow and share. This chapter is dedicated to Monalisa_03 Love, Naana. 😊 ch: 17 Baisiwaa's POV "And then the King told her that the past kings and ancestors would always be with her to protect her."Esi concluded. "Did he say anything else?"Akos asked. "Umm...well...he said he loved her.... dearly. And I think they were having an affair..."1 "Akos!" Esi shouted. Then in an annoyed, whispering tone, she added, "did you have to add that?" "But you said I should say everything the maid told me. "Well I was expecting that." I said very annoyed. My hatred for that wench is now official. What at all did the king see in her that he didn't see in me? "Call that maid for me." I ordered. A maid from Amma's quarters approached me. "Are you sure of what you are saying?"I asked the young girl? "Yes, your highness. I can put my life on the line for this." "Why are you doing this? You know you're betraying your Queen. "I asked curiously, playing with the gold beads at the edges of my hair. "You're the only queen. That 'commoner' has bewitched the king!" I liked her response but I was still very angry. The king really embarrassed me this afternoon. And now he goes along to give Amma a ring befitting of a King? I was glad when I heard she had fainted. But then I realized that if the King comes to find out, he would visit her more often and pay even less attention to me. How I wish she never existed!! As soon as I thought of this, another thought began to ring loudly in my mind. Eliminate her! And I knew exactly who could make this happen. My father. "Bring me a quill and a paper." I ordered. "What are you going to do?" Esi asked. "I'm writing a letter to someone." I said quickly. I shabbily wrote on the paper, Dad, please come here a week before the festival. I need you! And come with uncle Adu Your daughter, Baisiwaa. I folded the paper and then handed it over to Esi saying, "Make sure it gets to my father....only." ***** My father arrived three days after I sent the letter. And he did come with his brother just as I had requested. In a town like this, news spreads fast like wild fire. So when I got to know that my father was in town, I went to the main gate to greet him myself. The king

had also heard of this and also made his way to the main gates only to meet me there. "Good day, Queen Baisiwaa.",he greeted, smiling. He seemed to be in a happy mood."Good morning, your highness."I responded bowing to him. "You didn't tell me your father was coming." "Umm...I just got to know he was in town."I lied. "Oh. Okay then. Why do you think he's coming so early?" "I..umm...I told him to visit often. I guess he came to..."suddenly my father's linguist began to announce his presence.

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get rid of her?"he asked. "Well poisoning her won't be easy and since security here is very tight, you can't possibly stab her because she always has someone by her. And so I want to eliminate her in the most embarrassing but unexpected way possible." Uncle Adu had his mouth wide open the whole time I was talking. "Well, those are some pretty devilish ideas coming from an innocent looking lady. Anyways how do you want me to eliminate her?" "With this." I brought out a sack. "And that is?" I opened the sack and removed an and a bow. It was gifted to me by my mother. She loved archery and she still does. I handed it over to Uncle Adu. Does he get the picture I'm trying to paint? I thought. "You want her to be shot...by an arrow?"he asked. "Yes! Exactly!", I exclaimed. "Your father's archers are very good. They can shoot an arrow that can hit their target from miles away. All we have to do is find the perfect place to shoot her." Uncle Adu said. "That is why I want her to be shot during the festive season. On the third day of the festival, there would be a lot of dancing and singing and shows would be put up. So we can invite father's archers to put up a show for us. In the process, one of them would shoot her." "You have a devilish mind, water lily." "Why, thank you." I smiled. "Wouldn't your husband suspect that you planned this, considering the fact that I came earlier to this town before the festive season and my archers are doing the dirty work?" My father who had been silently reading scrolls the whole time finally spoke up. "Don't worry. I'll put my life on the line for this. Uncle Adu would shoot me too in the shoulder...but I would be protected..."I said. "...And since both Queens would be hurt, the king wouldn't have any cause to blame her." Uncle Adu said immediately getting the whole picture. He smiled and then said, "You're a desperate woman, water Lily. I'll do anything for you. But this plan...why don't you just talk to your husband about the way he treats you?" How was I supposed to tell the King that I disliked Queen Maame Amma? "This plan is crazy. You can't put your life on the line because of this...girl."my father said shaking his head. "But it's going to work, father. If we get the right people and the right timing, everything will go as planned." I said. "I still don't agree with this." My father said looking worried. "Please, father just trust me." Looking into my eyes, my father put the scrolls down and walked out of my quarters.1 ***** Hey there, thanks for reading this chapter. To those who have already read this chapter, I've edited it because I would like to change the plot of the story. Anyways, I hope you loved this chapter. Please comment, vote and share. Love you all, 🙏🏻🙏🏻 Naana. ch: 18 Today, the skies looked darker than usual, and this was unusual considering the fact that it was the harmattan season. Maybe the season was coming to an end, Maame Amma thought. She had just woken up and was still lying in bed. The weather had suddenly become cold and she felt so lazy to get up. That was when it hit her. It was Akwasidae!+ Maame Amma jumped out of bed quickly and looked outside the nearest window. She didn't know the time but from the way people were running helter skelter on the palace grounds, she realized she was running late. Why didn't anyone wake me up when she overslept? She wondered. She began to hear some noise from the other side of my quarters. She walked slowly to where she believed the noise was coming from and saw Naana talking to a much older lady whose back turned to her. "Umm...Naana," she said. Naana hearing a familiar voice turned, causing the lady to also turn to Maame Amma's direction. Maame Amma recognized immediately who the lady was. Mother. "Mother!"she screamed and run to hug her. "Oh my dear daughter! Look how you've grown in such a short time." Her mother said kissing her cheeks. Then pressing the back of her hand on Maame Amma's forehead, she said "Sweetheart, your body feels quite warm. Are you sick?" "I don't know, Mother. I've been feeling nauseous lately and having slight headaches." She complained. She had been feeling nauseous and tired but she had refused to summon a royal physician because she felt the king would be worried if he found out she was sick. She didn't want to bother him.2 "Now I know this may make you uncomfortable but, have you consummated your marriage yet?" Her mother asked smiling and winking an eye. "Mother!"

She whined. She realized her mother was indirectly asking her if she was pregnant. "It's just a little bit of nausea, that's all. Where was the pregnancy theory coming from?" "I know. I know. I'm sorry. I won't ask about that again." she apologized, trying to hide the smile on her face. "But mother, why are you here?" She asked curiously, walking over to a closed window and opening it. "Well since today is your first Akwasidae as queen, your father said I should bring you jewellery to wear. I told him you had a lot here but he still insisted, saying that these were special because they were for your grandmother and it would bring you good luck." She looked at the necklaces and other jewellery that were displayed on a tray. "Thank you, mother." She said hugging her. "Welcome always." her mother replied. "Now hurry up! The festival would start very soon so hurry up, go take a bath and get dressed." And with that, Maame Amma rushed to the bathroom and removed the cloth that she had wrapped around herself earlier and stepped into the brass basin filled with warm water and rose extracts. She felt so relaxed, she forgot all about the festival. "Amma." Naana said as she entered the bathroom. She stood akimbo at the doorway, tapping her feet. "Uh-huh?" Maame Amma replied, obviously enjoying the bath. "I know you are enjoying all this but you have to get ready for the festival. You have just 45 minutes to get ready!" "Forty-five?!" Maame Amma jumped out of the bath and cleaned herself hurriedly, wrapping the cloth around her body. Within minutes, she was done dressing. Mother was helping by fixing her hair. She began to remember the day her mother braided her hair before she made her journey to the palace. Little did she know at that time that she would become queen. Her mother fixed a tekua on her head, a head piece worn by females from her hometown on special events. She was dressed in a one-piece cloth and another cloth of the same patterns and color was wrapped around her. The jewellery her mother had brought her completed her look. She simply looked gorgeous. The scent of the rose extracts from her bath had given her an intriguing scent that would turn heads around. An unexpected knock was heard on the door to the quarters. "Your Highness," the voice at the back of the door said, "it is time for the festival. His Royal Majesty is waiting for you with the rest of the family." Maame Amma rushed to a window and looked down. The guests had already arrived and were seated! "Please tell His Majesty that she is on her way," Naana replied. "I've got to go." Maame Amma said quickly. "Where is Araba?" She had noticed that she hadn't seen Araba since she had woken up. "She is waiting for you at the end of the left hallway, where the royal family is waiting. She would be your personal assistant for the day." Naana replied. She rushed to her mother and gave a peck on the cheek and thanked her and Naana. Then with a few guards following her she rushed to the end of the left hallway. Upon reaching there she saw Araba waiting in the midsts of other maids. The royal family was to enter the festival grounds first. The Queen mother and the king's wives would proceed to sit down and then the king would go last. She entered the throne room which was at the end of the hallway. Apparently she was quite late because everyone was present. As she walked into the throne room all talking ceased. Her eyes met the king's, and a smile appeared on both faces as they looked at each other. Oh how lucky he was to have her, the king thought. Her smile was so captivating, he just couldn't take his eyes off her. Maame Amma walked confidently towards the king and greeted him as custom demanded. She then went along to greet the Queen mother, the King's mother and Queen Baisiwaa. "Good morning," Queen Baisiwaa replied. Soon after, the talking and chattering had begun again. Queen Baisiwaa was full of anger because of how the king looked at Maame Amma. She just didn't seem to understand why he wouldn't even look at her that way. She felt as if her relationship with the king was more of friendship. But then a smile managed to make its way to her lips. Today, all her problems would end if her devious plan went well, she thought.

**** Hello readers. Hope u loved this chapter as well. Do you think Queen Baisiwaa's plan is going to work? Please don't forget to vote, comment and share.  Love you all.  -Naana ch: 19 Narrator's

POV The Adaekese festival usually took the form of a colourful durbar of chiefs and queen mothers presided over by the Asante king. It also involved the display of cherished regalia accompanied by traditional drumming and dancing. No wonder this was the king's favorite festival. This year's Adaekese was going to be the best yet. This year more activities were going to be added. The king had invited different cultural dancers from the different tribes to perform at the durbar grounds. He had also permitted Queen Baisiwa's father, Chief Ntim Gyakari to bring along his famous archers to perform right before their eyes. The Royal Archers of Denkyira were known to be the best archers in the kingdom. He had therefore invited them to display their skills before his very eyes. But little did he know that inviting them would put one of his wives in danger...3 ***** At long last, the day of Adaekese had finally arrived and after weeks of preparation, everyone especially the King was hopeful that this year's festival would be a blissful one. Realizing the guests had settled down, the chief linguist announced the arrival of the King and his family. Gracefully, one by one, the members of the royal family made their way to the festival grounds. ***** Maame Amma's POV It was now the turn of the King to arrive. Stepping out of the throne room onto the festival grounds made my heart beat fast. It seemed as if everyone present was looking at me expecting me to do something great right before their eyes. The looks on some of the sub-chiefs were absolutely intimidating. As I made my way to my seat which was situated to the left of the king's throne, I overheard one of the sub-chiefs who was supposed to be a close friend to the king saying to his son, "I'm still wondering why the Council of Elders and the Queen mother had thought it wise to crown this young boy of 20 years the king of such a great kingdom and overlooked you. All past kings exceeded the age of thirty. You, my son..." He immediately stopped talking realizing that he had been foolish enough to talk loud and I had been listening to him. An awkward smile appeared on his face as I gave him a disgusted look and proceeded to take my seat. As the king made his way to his seat he held Queen Baisiwa's hand and invited her to dance. The drums were beaten faster and louder motioning them to dance. I began to feel hot and I immediately felt uncomfortable in my seat although the weather was cool. I was so absent minded that I didn't notice the king walk up to me and hold my hand. I panicked immediately. "Is something wrong?", he asked obviously concerned. "Oh nothing.....nothing is wrong." "You didn't think I'd leave you alone without asking for a dance, right?" He smiled. I shook my head, smiling. "Then what are you waiting for?", he asked. And with that he gently pulled me off the very comfortable chair I was sitting on. Now there was just one problem. I couldn't dance Adowa very well because I wasn't Asante. I could only dance Apatampa. And so that's what I did. I danced like nobody's business. The look on the King's face showed that he was surprised. He smiled at me and he continued to dance... ***** Narrator's POV The festival had begun. As customs demanded, all sub-chiefs were supposed to pay homage to the King since he was the Paramount chief. Other dignitaries also had to come and greet him. The King looked at Maame Amma who was obviously amazed by the performance of the dancers. "This is your first Akwasidae festival, right?" he asked her trying to start a conversation with her. "Well technically, yes. It's my first time observing it." She answered smiling. "Your Majesty, a sub-chief would like to greet you." The chief linguist said. "Let him come." "Your Majesty," the sub-chief, Ohene Bekoe said as he approached him, "it is a honour to finally meet you in person." He only responded by nodding. "I hope the Council of Elders aren't as harsh and strict as they used to be during your father's reign." He said laughing. The King realized he was trying to crack a joke which unfortunately for him, wasn't funny. "I suppose this is your wife, Queen Maame Amma." He said pointing to her. "I've heard a lot about you, young Queen. About how lucky you were to have been chosen by the king. I wonder what you did to attract him when you were just a maid." he said laughing at his own joke again. Maame Amma's facial expression changed

and began to fidget in her seat. "I guess that's enough of the conversation and greeting." The king immediately said. "You may go and take your seat." "As you wish, your Majesty." He said and proceeded to take his seat smiling. "I'm sorry." He said to Maame Amma. "Don't worry, I'm fine." She whispered. "Let's watch the next performance." The next performance was one that nobody didn't want to miss. The King had invited the most famous archers from Denkyira on the advice of his queen, Queen Baisiwaa to display their skills right before their very eyes. The archers came in singing war songs. They had painted their faces completely with black charcoal so it was hard for anyone to recognize them. The first archer took his bow and arrow, aimed at a paper on a wooden board with a red dot and shot the arrow right through it. Their archery skills were so amazing. Even their acrobatic skills were excellent. Another archer aimed at the same red dot and shot through the first arrow. The crowd cheered and whistled. Even the King seemed to be pleased. They then arranged themselves and formed the outline of a crocodile - the symbol of power in the Denkyira kingdom. The leader of the archers then took a dagger hidden in his jumper and pointed it at the king. Something is wrong, he thought. He evilly smirked as he directed the dagger towards Maame Amma. Then taking a bow and an arrow, he aimed at Maame Amma. Thinking fast the King immediately pulled Maame Amma out of her chair embracing her. In a split second, an arrow landed on Maame Amma's chair, right where her chest would have been. "Guards!" Yaw screamed. The guards rushed to the royal family ready to protect them with their lives. Suddenly an arrow from nowhere hit the archer right through the head. Blood gushed out of the wound. Fear immediately gripped the people. Screams of people from the festival grounds filled the palace. Prince Yaw, the king's cousin ran to the king. "You have to leave." He said to the king. The king turned to look at Maame Amma who was obviously frightened and confused and had held his hand tightly. She was looking up on the third floor of the building opposite to them. Following her gaze, they realized she was looking at a maid with a bow and an arrow. "Naana?" Maame Amma whispered. "What is happening?" the king asked. "An assassination attempt, your Majesty.", a guard asked. "I believe that maid was the one who shot the arrow that hit the archer." Suddenly the king felt the Queen's hand slip from his. He turned and managed to grab the queen who had just fainted..... ***** Hey there! It's been a very long time since I updated. Hope you enjoyed reading this chapter. Please vote, comment and share. Love you all, -Naana. ch: 20 Kofi's POV "Your Majesty, please calm down. I'm sure everything is alright. We have the best doctors taking care of Queen Maame Amma." Yaw said in encouragement. I was quiet the whole time he was speaking. I began to pace up and down because sitting only made me think more about the worst things that could happen to Maame Amma since she was still unconscious. Yaw, since this incident had happened, kept encouraging me. I was so lucky to have him at this difficult time. The door to her room suddenly opened and the two doctors who had been summoned to take care of Maame Amma stepped out. "Your Majesty," they greeted. "Well...we have both good and bad news concerning the Queen," The head physician said, "please promise us that the bad news won't cause our heads to roll." "Well it depends...anyways I think the King would like to receive the good news first, right your Majesty?" Yaw asked. I was absent minded, and although my mind was shut from the outside world, I could still hear what they were saying. "Your Majesty, " Yaw asked again. "Uh..umm yes, yes the good news." "Your Majesty, " he said as a smile found its way to his lips, "congratulations. The Queen is expecting!" Once again my mind went blank, trying to process the information. The Queen is expecting... I was brought back to life with a handful of congratulations from Yaw, the guards and the doctors. That's when it hit me. Maame Amma was going to have a child. I half smiled, not knowing how to express my joy. "So how is she?", I asked the physician eagerly. "I'm going in." I announced, stepping forward to enter Amma's quarters. The physician grabbed my arm stopping me from moving any

further. "Your Majesty, umm...we still haven't been able to revive the Queen. She is still unconscious. I would advise you to enter the room quietly." So that's the bad news, I thought. Anger began to build up in me and I'm sure he noticed, because he immediately left my arm. "What do you mean by she's still unconscious? We hired you to save her, not give excuses." My voice boomed in the hallway. The place became dead silent. "Your Majesty, we've tried all that we can." the physician responded, bowing his head. "Unfortunately her breathing rate is quite slow. We've tried all we can to revive her. If we try anything else, it might affect the child. If she doesn't wake up by tomorrow morning, she may lose the child...and her life." ***** Narrator's POV Kofi felt his heart break into tiny pieces as he watched her unconscious being. She looked as if she were peacefully asleep although he knew very well she was fighting for her life...and an unborn child. For four hours, he had been sitting by her and she hadn't moved an inch. It was already dark and the festivities had been halted. In a few hours, it would be morning and.... Think positive, Kofi thought. "Everything's going to be alright." He kept assuring himself. He didn't want to think about the worst things that could happen if Maame Amma remained unconscious. If he did, he was sure he would break down into tears, something he hasn't done since his childhood days. Unfortunately he couldn't help but think about the same things he didn't want to think about. He just couldn't lose his wife and his child in one blow. He had to do something about it. Slowly his thoughts began to drift towards a different topic and questions rushed through his head. Why did the archer aim at Maame Amma and him? Who was the palace maid who shot the archer? Was all this a failed assassination attempt? If so, did the palace maid know about it? And why in the world would anyone try to kill Maame Amma? Thinking about all this gave him a headache. He needed fresh air, he thought. He got up from the arm chair he was sitting on, walked to the window and opened it. Cold air rushed into the room. He had to get to the bottom of this, he thought. He walked towards her slowly, kissed her goodbye and left her quarters quietly, just as he came hours earlier. "Hope you're okay," Yaw asked as Kofi stepped out of the room, his voice full of concern. "Yeah, I think so." He replied, rubbing his temple. "Yaw, please see to it that the physicians are at Maame Amma's side. And we also need to get to the bottom of this whole....thing." "The Denkyira archers are in our custody." Yaw said. "Our warriors captured them before they could make an escape." "What about Chief Ntim? We have to question him too. After all, they are his royal archers and as far as I know, they take orders from him only." "Unfortunately, he already left for Denkyira. Apparently, he's the only Chief who has gone back to his kingdom. I have a feeling he has a hand in this." "If he really had a hand in this, and this was really a planned assassination attempt, why would he want Maame Amma to be killed? After all, he has had his eyes on the throne for as long as I can remember. Why not me? I'm just so confused right now." "I suggest we start an investigation." Yaw replied. "Yes. An investigation. Get the palace maid who shot the archer. I would personally like to speak to her. And the archers... interrogate them. Make them speak by any means possible." "Don't worry. I know just wh-" Before Yaw could finish his sentence, Queen Baisiwaa had arrived at the scene with her maid trooping behind her. "Your Majesty, good day." she greeted. "Your Highness, what brings you here?" Yaw asked bowing slightly to her. "Umm...I heard Queen Maame Amma was seriously ill. I came here as soon as I heard the news." "Wow. Seems like news in this palace spreads like wild fire." Yaw commented. He then turned to the King and whispered into his ears, "I sense a dramatic scene, you just wait." "So how is she, your Majesty?" Queen Baisiwaa asked. "She's been unconscious for hours now. The physicians gave us bad news too. If she doesn't wake up by tomorrow morning, she would lose her life and that of her baby. Right now it's a mirac-" "Wait! What did you say?!" Queen Baisiwaa panicked. Her eyes widened as she took a few steps backwards shaking her head in disbelief. "A baby?" Yaw smirked. "I believe that is what the King just said, Queen

Baisiwaa. When she regains consciousness, you can congratulate her." No, no, no. It can't be. This isn't supposed to happen, she thought. "Queen, is something wrong?", The King asked. "Queen Baisiwaa." Yaw said in a thunderous voice, bringing the Queen back to reality. "Umm....no. Nothing. There's absolutely nothing wrong. Uh...I would take my leave now." She said bowing and leaving. "What was all that for?" the King asked. "She looked so pale." "Told you I could sense drama coming this way." Yaw said half smiling. "You see, Queen Maame Amma is now pregnant and so that would obviously be a hindrance to her position as first Queen." Then tapping the shoulder of the King, he said, "I guess I have to get going." Things are going to be interesting around here, he thought. ch: 21 Baisiwaa's POV "My Queen, please calm down! It's not that bad." Esi, my maid said quickly as she brought me a calabash of water. I immediately took the calabash and looked at her. I'm sure I scared her with my look because she looked down. "A lady not fit to be a Queen has managed to become one, has taken my husband's love and to make matters worse, is now pregnant! And you are telling me that all this is not that bad?!" my thunderous voice boomed in my quarters. Some of the already frightened maids who were cleaning up a broken vase, a gift I got from Maame Amma, that I threw earlier against the wall, left the pieces they had picked up to fall again until the floor out of fear, creating a greater mess than before. "Well, she is still unconscious. Th- there's still a chance she might not survive." Esi said her head still down. "She's got the best doctors taking care of her." I said quickly. "I said it. I always knew that this marriage wouldn't work out for me. And yet my father just had to sell me out! This is all his fault. What's worse, Uncle Adu is dead and I heard father's archers have been arrested!" I said crying. I wouldn't be able to forgive myself now. Suddenly there was a loud thud at the back of the door. "I have to see the Queen. It's urgent." The voice behind the door said. It sounded as if the person was quarreling with the guards to enter my quarters. I quickly ran to the door and opened the door. There was a tall man wearing a cloak. Behind him was another person whose face was hidden in a cloak. "Your highness," he knelt down to greet. "Why are you here at this time of the night?" I asked him. It was dangerous for any one other than the King to come or leave my quarters at this time. The man behind him didn't greet. In fact he didn't even speak. He just removed his hand out of the cloak and showed me a ring on his finger. The ring. It was my father's. "Come in." I said quickly. The guards opened their mouths in awe. I wasn't supposed to be doing this! "And you!" I said pointing to the guards, "you better not say a word about this to a single soul or I'll cut your tongue out of your mouth myself. Trust me." They simply nodded. I closed the door behind me once the strangers entered the quarters. The stranger who had been hiding in the cloak raised it and revealing his face. "Father!" I exclaimed running to him like a child. "Threatening to cut someone's tongue? Baisiwaa you've changed." My father said smiling. "I thought you had already left for Denkyira." "As you can see I'm still here." "Father...Uncle Adu....he's dead. That maid who shot the arrow...." "Your plan didn't work and now my archers have been arrested in your so-called husband's kingdom!" "You made me wed him. You can't blame me for this! I solely blame you. I told you I didn't want to get married now, but no! You just had to sell me off. What's worse...that wench, Maame Amma, she's pregnant!" Tears began to fill my eyes but I quickly wiped it before they could fall. Esi handed me a piece of cloth. "Forget about it. What's happened has happened. We can't do anything about it. Now all we can do is evade trouble. Do not speak a word about this to anyone. If they interrogate you, act innocent. Use your tactics well." he said deeply, pacing up and down the room. "Your Majesty, it's getting late.", the man my dad came with said. "Father what about you? What are you going to do?" I asked. "Me?" he smirked. "Don't worry. It's not yet over for us. I'm going to put that young man who calls himself a king back where he belongs. But I have to get back to Denkyiraman. It's getting late. Good night my princess." He said hiding his face once more with the cloak. As he headed

towards the door, I held his cloak, stopping him in his tracks. "But...what exactly is this plan of yours?" An evil smirk found its way to his lips, "It's not for you to hear." He said pulling my ears gently. "I'll write to you when I get to Denkyiraman." "Father, please...don't do anything to hurt Kofi. After all he's my husband." I said. Although I complained about Kofi and how he always gave his attention to Maame Amma, I couldn't deny the fact that I loved him dearly. "I won't do anything to hurt him. The decisions he'll make will determine whether he lives or dies." ***** Narrator's POV Yaw walked towards the interrogation room with his twin sister Antwiwaa. Behind him were a few palace guards. This room was one that nobody wanted to go near to or even enter. Parents usually told stories of the interrogation room to their children and scared them, telling them that if they were stubborn they would pay a visit to that room. This "room" was used for severe cases like treason, and since it hadn't been used for a long time the one-room building looked pretty much abandoned. And although it was located in an isolated part of the palace, it was easily noticed because of the pungent smell that emanated from the room. Yaw and his sister entered the room quietly. The arrested archers had been tight bound to chairs with metal chains. Yaw carefully scanned the faces of the archers to see which one was vulnerable. The weakling would easily spill the beans, he thought. It didn't take long for him to find the gullible one. He was literally shivering in an air tight room with little windows for ventilation. "You!" Yaw pointed to him. He picked a little dagger with a wooden handle. He pressed the dagger against the archer's jaw. As the archer fidgeted, the dagger dug deeper into his skin. The archer began to fidget more because of the pain he was feeling. "It was a bad idea for you to move." Yaw said lowly. Then drawing nearer to the man's ear, Yaw whispered, "now answer this question or in the next minute this dagger would find a very comfortable place...in your jaw. So, who was the archer that aimed at the King and Queen?" The archer looked at Yaw disdainfully and spat on the floor, cursing underneath his breath. "If you think I'm going to speak, then you're dreaming. I--I have nothing to say to you." He said boldly, trying as much as possible to hide the fear in him. He knew the dangers of being in this room. He could leave here a disabled man or what's worse, he could lose his life there and there. "Look young man, if you don't speak, we'll be forced to take immediate action. Speak now before we disfigure you for life." Antwiwaa warned. "I said I have nothing to say!" he exclaimed. "Sister," Yaw called to Antwiwaa, and Antwiwaa nodded as if they were communicating in mind. Antwiwaa walked towards a pot of coal with lighted torches in it. She picked the nearest and apparently biggest torch. Holding the lighted torch, she walked closer to the archer and sent the torch closer to his face. "I'll speak! I'll talk! Please, st-stop!" The archer screamed in pain. Antwiwaa removed the torch from his face revealing a slightly burnt and scarred face. The other archers looked on in horror. The smell of burnt flesh lingered in the air. "Talk now then. There are worse things we could do if you don't speak." Yaw said. "Adu- He was Adu. Th-the man who aimed at the Kking." he said stammering. "Isn't that your leader, Chief Ntim Gyakari's brother?" Antwiwaa asked. "I knew him very well. That man could aim and shoot like no body's business." "Um...Y--yes. " "One more question. Who planned all this?" Yaw asked. An awkward silence fell among them. "Answer me or your head will roll tonight." Antwiwaa threatened. "Wait." Yaw exclaimed. "You said the Adu-guy was the one who aimed at the King and Queen. If he's the leader of the archers then....then I think I know who planned all of this!" Yaw said bursting out of the interrogation room and heading towards the King's quarters. CH: 22 Narrator's POV Yaw burst into the King's quarters, drawing the attention of the King and the servants and guards. "Odehwe Yaw, please no one is allowed in the King's quarters at this time of the night!" One of the guards tried to stop Yaw but he was still persistent. "Look. I need to see the King right now. It's urgent!" Yaw exclaimed. He tried to fight his way through the guards who tried their very best to hold him. Suddenly the King came out of his quarters. "What is going on here? And

why is there so much noise at this time of the night?" He raised a brow when his gaze fell upon Yaw struggling to remove himself from the strong grips of the guards. "Yaw? Let go of him!" Kofi ordered. Slowly they released their grips and bowed in apology. "I thought they will throw me out of here." He said brushing imaginary dust off his leather sleeves. "What brings you here? It's almost midnight, you know." Kofi said. "Kofi, I need to speak to you." Yaw said looking at the maids and guards before adding, "In private." ***** "So. Tell me what you urgently wanted to tell me." Kofi asked, pouring bitter pito from a gourd into a calabash and handing it over to Yaw. In a gulp, Yaw finished the pito licking his lips. This was his fourth time. [Pito- a drink, usually alcoholic made from fermented sorghum or millet.] "I still cannot understand why you drink so much pito and not get drunk." Kofi asked. "And I also cannot understand why you don't drink pito. This is good stuff." Yaw said, pushing the calabash towards Kofi. "By the way the reason why I came here was to tell you about the investigation-the man who aimed at Maame Amma is- I mean was Baisiwaa's uncle, Adu." "I've never heard of him before." Kofi said. "That's what surprises me. He was the leader of the archers. In fact he was the most skilled. I'm sure the show he displayed at the festival grounds was just the tip of what he was actually capable of doing. Antwiwaa, my sister, claims she knew the man but she didn't say anything else." "What about the maid? The one who shot this Adu-guy dead?" "We haven't yet questioned her, but apparently she's a personal assistant to Maame Amma." Kofi sighed, rubbing his temple. "The archers do not take instructions from anyone except Chief Ntim Gyakari and their leader, Adu. There's a chance that either Adu or Ntim Gyakari ordered them to execute this devilish plan." "But why would they want to do anything to Maame Amma?" "Of course, Maame Amma has no relations with them. And they possibly wouldn't want to just harm Maame Amma, unless..." "Unless what?" Kofi's brow arched in suspense. A deafening silence fell between the two young men as they got lost in deep thought until they both looked at each other and whispered together, "Baisiwaa." "Oh no, come on, Yaw. It can't be." Kofi said shaking his head. "Kofi you can't just conclude that Queen Baisiwaa has no hand in this because she is your Queen. Her family members have a hand in this, that's for sure, and if they have nothing against Maame Amma why would they target her? Think twice." Yaw exclaimed as he poured himself a calabash full of pito. This time he drank it slowly, sipping the brownish liquid substance little by little.

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of Af... "Yaw I don't want to conclude that she is behind all this because I have no proof that shows that she is the mastermind." "I'm not telling you to blame her. Just make her a suspect and question her." Yaw suggested. "She's your wife after all." "This whole - thing is just making my head ache. And I have Maame Amma to worry about. I'm trying as hard as possible not to think of the worst things that could happen..." "Try it." Yaw said shaking the gourd full of pito. "It will make you feel better." "Try what? Oh that! No thank you." Kofi said shaking both his head and hand. "Come on. There's a first time for everything. Try it." This time Yaw poured the drink into the calabash and handed it over to him. Kofi looked at the calabash, then looked at Yaw before looking at the calabash again. Slowly he moved the calabash towards his mouth and sipped the drink. The next second he was savouring the flavour of each mouthful, before gulping the rest of the drink. He sighed in satisfaction, using his wrist to wipe his mouth. He handed the calabash to Yaw, motioning him to pour him some more. One calabash full became fourteen and he kept asking for more.¹ Yaw realized he had made a mistake because Kofi was now as drunk as a skunk. Thinking Kofi had fallen asleep out of intoxication, Yaw slowly and quietly made his exit. But that was another mistake he had made, because Kofi woke up from his slumber asking for more wine. His servants tried to persuade him to stop but they knew that if he got angry, their heads could roll the next morning. He had lost count by the time it was midnight. Not long after, the physicians in charge of Queen Maame Amma's health had come to his quarters demanding to have an audience with him. The guards had tried to explain the situation to them, causing a slight commotion. "Hey! You. Why ar-are you here?" Kofi burst out of the quarters for the second time in the night. He pointed towards the two doctors and then sniffed, struggling to walk properly. His legs were failing him. He could feel it. But he couldn't understand why. It was quite a funny scene to see an intoxicated King fumbling with words and finding it difficult to walk straight. "Your Majesty, we're sorry to disturb you at this time of the night, but you made us vow to inform you of any news about the Queen's health. Even at midnight." "Promise? Wh-when?" He sniffed again. He couldn't remember asking them to do this, but he quite remembered that he told himself he wouldn't sleep that night. And he didn't even remember why he took that decision. "Early this afternoon, your Majesty. Your Majesty, we have good news." Kofi looked at them blankly, his face emotionless. "The Queen. She has woken up." Kofi tried hard to remember. Maame Amma... The more he tried, the more his head throbbed. Then it clicked. Maame Amma. He had to see her now. He tried to move but his feet were heavy. His vision was blurry and he shook his head in an attempt to correct it. As he took another step, he gave in to his knees and stumbled to the ground. His servants rushed to his aid but he raised a finger at them, motioning them to back away. He staggered, swaying from left to right as he made his way to Maame Amma's quarters. She was okay. And in a matter of minutes, she'll be in his arms, he thought smiling to himself. *****
Baisiwaa's POV "I'm just going for a walk. That's all. Don't worry." I tried to convince Esi and Akos, my maids. ch:23 Baisiwaa's POV "Maame Amma," he said, his hand cupping the side of my cheek. Why was he addressing me as Maame Amma? Couldn't he see me? Maybe the light coming from the moon wasn't bright enough. The smell of alcohol emanated from his body, and the air became increasingly difficult to breathe. The man was drunk. Intoxicated. He let out a large hiccup. Then he looked around and his gaze fell upon me. "Wh-why are you here? You sh- *hiccup* should be resting." He thought I was Maame Amma. He wasn't in the right state and I needed to get him back to his quarters. "Your Majesty, we must get you back to your quarters. You're...intoxicated." I said putting his arm on my shoulder and helping him up. His body weighed me down and I almost tumbled. I leaned against the wall and helped him up. Gosh, he was so heavy! He took a step, and then another. After a few more steps, maybe a hundred, (I lost count) we had almost reached his quarters. There was the shuffling of feet coming from

the building by us. Someone from inside the building ordered "Bring the Queen some water." I looked up to the window to see where the noise was coming from. Maame Amma's quarters. She must have woken up from her unconsciousness. I wondered why Maame Amma's quarters was closer to the King's rather than mine. Of course he loved her more than me, I thought. What are you still doing here? The King doesn't love you. He never has. You're just inviting sorrow into your life, a voice said loudly in my conscience. Well, that was true. But I didn't marry him on my own accord. My father did. I had grown to love him although he never saw that. I might as well try to make the best of my life here and enjoy my time here. His Majesty's weight pulled me down suddenly, drawing me away from my thoughts and back to reality. "Maame Amma, why are you we-wearing a cloak?" He said, cupping my cheek with his hands. "Umm..." I panicked. If he raised the cloak, he would realize it wasn't his beloved Maame Amma. "I want to see your face. Your beaut-" he was cut short when a loud thud erupted from Maame Amma's quarters, drawing his attention to the only open window from which the candle lights came. "What was that?" He said loudly, in fact very loudly and quickly, waving his arms around in fists, as if ready to fight any body that came his way. I giggled at his unforced humor. He certainly was funny when drunk. Speaking of drunk, I had to get him back to his quarters. "It really was nothing, your Majesty. Let's go." As we walked to towards his quarters, the light coming from Maame Amma's window dimmed. I turned to look at the window and saw the silhouette of a lady looking down at me and the King. Must have been one of the maids. The window was soon after closed concealing the light. Our surrounding was dark and the only light closest to us was that of the torches from the King's quarters. We were close. Upon arriving at his quarters the King's servants rushed to take him. "Your highness," the servants curtsied. "How come he was roaming around the palace with no guard to protect him and at this time of the night?" I questioned them. "Well... your highness, he told us that he was going to see Queen Maame Amma because she had gained consciousness, according to the doctors." One of the servants said. "He said he couldn't wait till morning. We couldn't stop him." I broke a sweat even as cold air rushed through my hair. "I have to leave. Please take care of him." I said turning my back towards the servants. I planned on walking just around my quarters. Instead I ended up at the King's quarters. It was time to rest. As I took I step, I almost tripped; someone was holding my cloak tightly, preventing me from moving any further. "Please stay. Just for the night." I heard the King say. I hesitated. "Please?" he begged. How could I say no? Say no. "Okay." He grabbed my hand and pulled me into his quarters slamming the large wooden door behind us. His quarters was magnificent. I could see all beautiful interior although his quarters was poorly lit. Only two candles were lit at two corners of the room. I then remembered. I had never stepped foot in his quarters. He dragged me into another part of his quarters. He opened a door and led the two of us in a different room. His bedroom. The room is pitch black. I could barely see my surroundings. Without notice, the King slipped his hand out of mine. My heart pounded, and I wasn't sure why because I wasn't afraid of the dark. Maybe it was because I had realized I was alone in a dark room with a man. I quickly stepped back and leaned back against the door trying to find the handle. I felt his gaze upon me like a heavy load although I couldn't see him. "Your Majesty?" I tried to say boldly. "Your Maj-" the heat of this breath on my face cut me short immediately. He was close. Very close. I heard him whisper "I missed you.", his silky voice sending shivers through my veins, and immediately I felt his lips touch mine, it felt like my heart ache because I knew very well those words weren't for me. ***** ch: 24 Kofi'S POV I waited idly outside the interrogation room for Yaw pacing up and down. Today had been a very hectic and awkward day. My thought began to go back to what happened early this morning... ***** I woke up, trying to blink the sleepiness away from my eyes. The bright light coming from the window implied that it was past Dawn and I had overslept. Yet

muscles ached as I tried to sit up. As I turned to the other side of the bed, I felt the light, soft breathing of a person underneath the covers. Slowly I raised the covers revealing a sleeping Baisiwaa. I panicked, wondering how she ended up in my my bed, right beside me. Suddenly, the events from yesterday came rushing into my head. I was going to Maame Amma's quarters and I met her along the way. But seeing Baisiwaa in my bed, made me realize it wasn't Maame Amma I had an encounter with last night. My head began to throb in pain as I tried to recall what had actually happened and why it did happen. Maame Amma had gained consciousness yesterday. She couldn't have been fit enough to meet me at that part of the palace. I couldn't remember exactly what had happened yesterday, but I was positive that Maame Amma wasn't the one I met but Baisiwaa. I turned and jumped of bed, my muscles screaming in pain as I took a step. Nevertheless, I didn't care. I took a deep breath and realized immediately the air around smelt of alcohol. Oh right. I was intoxicated last night. Yaw will pay for this, I thought as I immediately remembered that he had lured me into drinking the pito he served. A colorful cloth caught my eye and I immediately stopped in my tracks. Slowly, I turned and scanned the room. Cloths and cloaks were on the floor, everywhere. I walked closer to the unfamiliar cloth revealing another cloth right behind the bed. Of course it wasn't mine, so it must be for MaamBaisiwaa. Wait. If it was for her and her cloth was on the floor then,... Ugh! Whatever happened last night? I paced up and down and hit my leg against the foot of the bed, causing Baisiwaa to suddenly sit up in bed and rub her eyes. She must be a light sleeper. She blinked the sleepiness off her eyes and looked around, as if wondering where she was. The bright light coming from the window caused her to squint. She finally adjusted her gaze on me, and gave me a confused look. "Umm...good morning, Your Majesty.", she greeted, pulling the covers to her chest. "Umm...yes, go--good morning." I stammered, scratching my morning. "I'll leave so you dress up." I quickly marked my cloth and left the room to avoid any awkward moments. I may not be able to remember much but something surely happened yesternight. The door opened and Baisiwaa walked out fully dressed. "I'll be leaving, your Majesty." She said, her head still down. Slowly she made her way towards the exit. "Wait!" I shouted. She stopped in her tracks. "How come you were in my bed?" She sighed. "I'm sorry." "Wait, what? What are you talking about?" I asked confused. She slowly walked to a stool and sat down. "Yesternight, you were...drunk." "That explains the headache." I said in a low tone. "And the clothes- on the floor?" Umm...well, uh.." she looked down "Tell me. I believe I have the right to know." I said. "You asked me to umm....stay for the night...and..." "And?" "And we made love." She said so quickly, I had thought for a second that I didn't hear her well. "Oh." I said bluntly. "You begged me to stay. I figured you thought I was Queen Maame Amma." she choked on her words, her facial expression full of pain. "I'm so sorry." She said. She immediately stood up and turned to leave. "I'll take my leave now." "Wait." She turned. What do I say now? "Nevermind." She bowed and left the quarters, her cloak trailing behind her. ***** "Hey!" Yaw exclaimed bringing me back to reality. I shook my head, as if doing so would let me forget how awkward this morning was. I turned to Yaw to see Antwiwaa walking close behind him. "Your Majesty," Antwiwaa greeted. "Good day, Antwiwaa." I replied. Then turning to Kofi, I asked "How did it go? I mean the interrogation." "I questioned the archers and we managed to get some useful information. Antwiwaa questioned the maid." Yaw said "Apparently, she's Queen Maame Amma's personal maid. She told me to tell you something and she said it was meant for your ears only." Antwiwaa said, slowly turning to Yaw as if to tell him to leave. "Is it so secretive that even I mustn't hear?" Yaw exclaimed. "I promised her that I wouldn't tell anyone but the King." "Alright then." He said and took his leave. "Your Majesty, the maid's name is Naana. She claims she literally saw what happened at the festival grounds before it even happened." "As in, in a vision?" I asked curiously. I began to remember an incident that occurred when I

was little. I remembered seeing maid who was pleading with the royals to allow her to stay. Apparently she had a similar gift, and people who had such gifts were considered to be a blessing but such people saw it as a curse instead. They were usually kept in shrines during their youthful days to enhance their gifts and so they usually missed the opportunity to enjoy their lives in their youth. "Yes. And she promised to tell us all that had happened and the names of those who planned this only if we swore on our lives never to tell a single soul about her special gift." "Consider it done. We shall not bother her. But in return she must tell us all that she knows." It didn't take long for me to remember that there was one important thing I had to do. I had to go see Maame Amma. ***** Maame Amma's POV I tried to calm myself down as I drank some water from a gourd. When I woke up I thought I had had a strange dream of Naana shooting an archer dead, only to wake up and realize it had really happened. Araba had really helped me to recover quickly and had taken Naana's duties as her own. I really hoped Naana was okay. The sun had been up for a while and I was expecting Kofi's visit, but it seemed he wasn't going to come. Whenever I mentioned Kofi, it seemed like Araba had suddenly become tensed. And when I asked her what the problems was, she simply answered, "you'll know at the right time." At one point I began to panic thinking that something had happened to Kofi, but my fear turned into disappointment when I decided to eavesdrop the conversation of the maids. "At midnight...the King...so intoxicated?!" ".....ordered big pots of pito!..." ".....visited Queen Baisiwa.....lady in a cloak...." ".....affair....." Although I couldn't really make out what they were saying, I certainly understood. When I needed Kofi the most, he had decided to drown himself in alcohol. Surely that isn't the best way to forget one's problems. Whatever would the council of Elders think when they hear that their King was drunk walking around the palace all by himself at midnight? And what were saying about a lady in a cloak with him? I felt a heavy load on my chest as I continued to think and figure out what had really happened. With little information there wasn't much I could figure out. "Araba!" I called out to her in desperation. She quickly arrived. "Is something wrong? Do you need something?" She asked in concern. "Araba sit down." Her facial expression changed quickly from that of concern to a suspicious look, as she slowly took a seat beside me. "Mmmhhh?" She asked. "What happened when I was unconscious?" "I've already told you. You'll know when the rig-" I don't think I can wait for that right time to come. I need to know." She sighed deeply. "You haven't yet recovered. You should forget about this and rest a little. The physicians would be coming round to tell you the state of your child. And His Majesty...would be coming around to see you." Oh! My child. My hand unconsciously found its way to my stomach. For a second I had almost forgotten that I was carrying a child. "He's not coming, is he?" I asked hoping for a positive answer. "I...I really don't know." Araba said calmly. "Well at least, just tell me what you know. I do have the right to know what happened last night, don't I?" "Okay, okay. Fine. I'll tell yo-" She was cut short immediately when a maid approached us. "Your Highness, you have a visitor." she said. "Who is it?" Araba asked getting up immediately. The door to my quarters swung open, and standing right in front of my quarters was none other than Kofi. ***** ch:25 Narrator's POV Kofi quickened his pace as he walked over to Maame Amma. Before Maame Amma could stand and greet properly, Kofi had knelt down and hugged her. Maame Amma remained calm, emotionless, her hands still by her side. A hundred thoughts were going through her mind and she was too absent-minded to even acknowledge his hug by hugging him back. Slowly, one by one, the maids including Araba left the quarters when Kofi raised his hand and wiggled his fingers, a gesture which meant he needed privacy. "I- I'm so glad to see you." He mumbled. Drawing away from Maame Amma, he noticed her eyes were teary. "Why? What's the matter?" "Where were you when I gained consciousness?" Maame Amma asked, a tear escaping from her eyes. She cleaned it immediately. Stubborn tears, she thought.1 "It's hard to explain, but...I promise to tell you

when you're better." Kofi said taking in a deep breath. "Seems like you've heard all lot of things already..."¹ "Well I have." A smile lit up across Maame Amma's face. She shouldn't let this little thing bother her, she thought. "Just make sure you don't get drunk again...to that extent. You may get into trouble with your Council of Elders." An embarrassed Kofi scratched the back of his head. How did she get to know? "Walls have ears, and eyes. Don't be surprised." Maame Amma said smiling. "So...aren't you going to ask about him?" She said putting her hand gently on her stomach. "I was just about to. By the way I prefer it was a 'her' just like you." Kofi replied, putting his hand on Maame Amma's own, then tickling her slightly causing her to giggle. "Where are the physicians? Aren't they supposed to be here?" He asked looking around the quarters. "They'll be here in a few minutes." Immediately, the presence of physicians was announced. Two physicians walked in after that. Right behind the Physicians was Yaw. He seemed to have been running because he was panting. "Your Highness, you need to get to the Throne room. There's an emergency." Kofi turned to Maame Amma. "I guess I have to get going." He planted a kiss on her lips before hurriedly going after Yaw. ***** "We have a big problem." Yaw said as he briskly walked in the direction of the throne room. Kofi quickened his pace in order to catch up with Yaw. "What's the matter?" Kofi grabbed Yaw by the hand and stopped him in his tracks. "Tell me what's happening or none of us are going to any throne room." Pointing to the throne room, he stammered, "They're demanding for gold or...or war!" "Who is?" "The Denkyiras!" Kofi rushed to the throne room. Standing in front of the two huge doors that led to the throne room, he took in a deep breath and pushed open the doors. The Council of Elders who were busily chatting about something all turned their heads to Kofi. They bowed in greeting and then continued what seemed to be an argument, ignoring Kofi's presence. "What is going on?" His voice silencing the people in the room. "Your Majesty please take a seat first so we shall discuss the problem at hand." One of the elders ushered his hand towards the golden throne. Yaw who was right behind Kofi urged the Elders to calm down and sit down. Kofi walked to the throne and sat on it comfortably. Yaw stood right beside him. Another elder stood up. "Your Majesty, the Sub-chief of Denkyiraman, your Queen's father, has sent two messengers to bring you a disturbing piece of information. Although we are not sure about the information the messengers are about to convey, we know that it has to do with a certain amount of gold." are the messengers here?" Kofi asked. "Yes," Yaw replied. "They're waiting for an audience with you." "Bring them in." Yaw quickly left the throne room and came back with two young men, dressed in Denkyira traditional clothing. One of them held a parchment rolled up in a tight grip, and the other was a warrior probably sent to protect the other. Kofi stood up from his throne with a straight emotionless face. "What is your purpose for coming here?" he asked. "Your Majesty," they greeted. " We thank you for giving us this audience. We the people of Denkyira have heard a lot about you, about your youthful and striking looks and also your humble and nature." Kofi rolled his eyes. "Just get to the point now." He said, trying to have as much patience as he could. "This letter would tell you our reason for coming." the denkyira waved the parchment in the air. Kofi walked over to the man and took the parchment, eyeing his suspiciously. The man didn't seem to care. Carefully, Kofi unrolled the parchment and read its contents; To His Majesty the Chief, I honestly feel insulted that a young boy like you would claim a dignified throne he's not worthy of and even capable of handling. You have furthermore insulted my honesty and dignity but arresting my archers, and blaming them for trying to kill your 'commoner' wife. This is a sign of disrespect to an elderly man like me, capable of being your father. I would give you a chance to make up for your mistake. I would request one thing only; five brass basins full of gold and a few of your lowly servants and worthless warriors to make sure it reaches Denkyiraman safely. With this, we shall surely be at peace. If you however refuse to send this, you and your people shall surely face war; one your

father was desperately trying to avoid before he died. I'm sure you may not know this but that was his reason for marrying you to my daughter. If you are ready to act foolishly and put your petty people in danger by opting for war, I will surely give it to you. His Majesty, Ntim Gyakari. Kofi was shocked beyond imagination. He clearly understood the fact that Ntim Gyakari found him to be young, inexperienced and unready to rule such a kingdom. He could definitely tolerate the insults and criticism, but he wouldn't tolerate it if someone insulted his people and his wife. "My petty people, huh?" He said laughing to himself as he skimmed through the letter probably because he couldn't believe his eyes. "Your Majesty, what does the letter say?" One of the elders asked. He walked over to the elder and handed the letter to him. "Read it aloud." As the elder read the letter aloud, some of the elders stood up angrily shouting at the messengers. "Who does he think he is talking to like that?!" one shouted. "I've lost all respect for that Chief." Another said, shaking his head. "Yaw," Kofi called. Yaw who equally as shocked as the rest, walked to Kofi, sending the messengers death glares and cursing beneath his breath. "Yaw please take these...people away. Accommodate them and give them a meal. I will give them my answer very soon." Kofi said, his tone dripping with sarcasm. Immediately the messengers left with Yaw, one of the elders exclaimed, "Your Majesty we can't back down like this! This is an insult to our people and our dignity." "Oh I wasn't even thinking of backing down any time soon." Kofi said. "Besides, if we decide to give them the gold they want, they may take advantage of us. That Ntim Gyakari who calls himself a chief! He's full of pride and arrogance. He would do anything if he wanted to!" After debating on the topic, everyone had decided on war. "If he wants to disgrace the Asantes, then we shall disgrace him first." Kofi exclaimed. The elders roared in support. Kofi summoned Yaw and told him of the decision they had made. "Do me a favour." He said. "Ask the women in the kitchen to bring you their oldest, dirtiest brass pans. Ask them to fill one with tasteless salt and ask the warriors to fill the others with mud. When they are done, bring both pans to me. I'll do the rest. Also send the warriors to sound the war drums across the kingdom. We're declaring war on the Denkyira. Yaw smiled, because he understood immediately what Kofi was trying to do. Kofi was ready than ever. He was ready to protect his people. He was so ready to protect the dignity of his Kingdom. His father and forefathers didn't build this kingdom so it could slip out of his hands easily. This time he had the full support of the Council of Elders but he needed to break the news to his mother and Maame Amma. And there was one more person he knew he would definitely have to tell who clearly wouldn't take the news easily. Baisiwaa ***** ch: 26 Narrator's POV A lot had happened today. Kofi had woken up to a sleeping Baisiwaa in his bed. Maame Amma, who he didn't want to disappoint, had almost found out about what happened the last night. Ntim Gyakari, Baisiwaa's father had sent a letter to him, declaring war on his kingdom if he didn't give him a certain amount of gold. The pressure was building up, but he wanted to stay positive. He tried not to think about the odds because he knew perfectly well that it would drive him crazy. Well, there was a huge chance he could die at war, leaving behind his first child. Kofi stood silently in front of Baisiwaa's quarters, his head down as his presence was announced. He toyed with the parchment in between his fingers. He hadn't told any one yet, and although he wasn't too close to Baisiwaa he felt she should be the first to know since, well it was her father causing all the trouble. He immediately remembered from Yaw's investigation that Baisiwaa may be the master mind behind the assassination attempt. But if that was really true, then he blamed himself for her behavior. He hadn't been the best of husbands to her and although he didn't love her like the way he loved Maame Amma, he still had to be there for her. And that's exactly what he hadn't done since their marriage. He knew he had to make up for it but unfortunately this wasn't the time. The huge doors to her quarters opened and Baisiwaa rushed outside, her facial expression showing that of surprise, as if she couldn't believe he was standing right in front of

her. It was perfectly normal for Kofi to see her behave that way since this was his first time visiting her quarters since their marriage. "Goo--good day, your Majesty. What br--brings you here?" She stammered. "May I come in first? I would like to talk to you. Personally." He smiled at her. It took a few seconds for her to understand what he was saying since she was just staring and oogling at him. "Umm--yeah. Yes, please come in." Kofi smiled to himself, realizing that he was having quite an effect on her. He entered her quarters and Baisiwaa followed behind him. "Would you like something to eat or drink?" she asked. She toyed with her fingers and nervously looked down. "No. Don't bother yourself." He replied. Kofi walked towards living area of her quarters and saw a huge chair. He offered the seat to Baisiwaa since that was the only chair around. She also refused by saying he was her guest. If they continued this way, they wouldn't get anywhere, he thought. Finally he decided to sit on the chair because it seemed that she wasn't backing down on her decision anytime soon. Baisiwaa was still looking down not even taking a glance at him. Kofi got up from his seat, and slightly raised her head. "There's no need to avoid eye contact. I'm your husband." He was trying as much as possible to make this conversation less awkward than it was, but really wasn't working. "Your Majesty--" "Kofi. Call me Kofi." Kofi said quickly. "Umm...Kofi, I thought I heard the war drums being played some minutes earlier. Was it a mistake or,...are you really going for war?" He took the parchment and placed it in Baisiwaa's hand. "Read it. This will answer your question." Baisiwaa unrolled the parchment and carefully read the letter. As she read the letter, hands began to shake. "My dad sent this to you?" "Well the letter says so. Two messengers from Denkyira delivered this letter today." "Why...." she murmured "Your father claims he'll wage war on the kingdom if I don't give him the gold he wants. And I'm not prepared to give him that amount of gold. If I do he may even take advantage of us and still strike when we least expect him. The only thing we can do is to wage war first. Unless...." "m...well, uh.." she looked down "Tell me. I believe I have the right to know." I said. "You asked me to umm....stay for the night...and..." "And?" "And we made love." She said so quickly, I had thought for a second that I didn't hear her well. "Oh." I said bluntly. "You begged me to stay. I figured you thought I was Queen Maame Amma." she choked on her words, her facial expression full of pain. "I'm so sorry." She said. She immediately stood up and turned to leave. "I'll take my leave now." "Wait." She turned. What do I say now? "Nevermind." She bowed and left the quarters, her cloak trailing behind her. ***** "Hey!" Yaw exclaimed bringing me back to reality. I shook my head, as if doing so would let me forget how awkward this morning was. I turned to Yaw to see Antwiwaa walking close behind him. "Your Majesty," Antwiwaa greeted. "Good day, Antwiwaa." I replied. Then turning to Kofi, I asked "How did it go? I mean the interrogation." "I questioned the archers and we managed to get some useful information. Antwiwaa questioned the maid." Yaw said "Apparently, she's Queen Maame Amma's personal maid. She told me to tell you something and she said it was meant for your ears only." Antwiwaa said, slowly turning to Yaw as if to tell him to leave. "Is it so secretive that even I mustn't hear?" Yaw exclaimed. "I promised her that I wouldn't tell anyone but the King." "Alright then." He said and took his leave. "Your Majesty, the maid's name is Naana. She claims she literally saw what happened at the festival grounds before it even happened." "As in, in a vision?" I asked curiously. I began to remember an incident that occurred when I was little. I remembered seeing maid who was pleading with the royals to allow her to stay. Apparently she had a similar gift, and people who had such gifts were considered to be a blessing but such people saw it as a curse instead. They were usually kept in shrines during their youthful days to enhance their gifts and so they usually missed the opportunity to enjoy their lives in their youth. "Yes. And she promised to tell us all that had happened and the names of those who planned this only if we swore on our lives never to tell a single soul about her special gift." "Consider it done. We shall not bother her. But in return she must tell us all that she knows." It didn't

take long for me to remember that there was one important thing I had to do. I had to go see Maame Amma. ***** Maame Amma's POV I tried to calm myself down as I drank some water from a gourd. When I woke up I thought I had had a strange dream of Naana shooting an archer dead, only to wake up and realize it had really happened. Araba had really helped me to recover quickly and had taken Naana's duties as her own. I really hoped Naana was okay. The sun had been up for a while and I was expecting Kofi's visit, but it seemed he wasn't going to come. Whenever I mentioned Kofi, it seemed like Araba had suddenly become tensed. And when I asked her what the problems was, she simply answered, "you'll know at the right time." At one point I began to panic thinking that something had happened to Kofi, but my fear turned into disappointment when I decided to eavesdrop the conversation of the maids. "At midnight...the King...so intoxicated?!" ".....ordered big pots of pito!..." ".....visited Queen Baisiwaa....lady in a cloak..." ".....affair....." Although I couldn't really make out what they were saying, I certainly understood. When I needed Kofi the most, he had decided to drown himself in alcohol. Surely that isn't the best way to forget one's problems. Whatever would the council of Elders think when they hear that their King was drunk walking around the palace all by himself at midnight? And what were saying about a lady in a cloak with him? I felt a heavy load on my chest as I continued to think and figure out what had really happened. With little information there wasn't much I could figure out. "Araba!" I called out to her in desperation. She quickly arrived. "Is something wrong? Do you need something?" She asked in concern. "Araba sit down." Her facial expression changed quickly from that of concern to a suspicious look, as she slowly took a seat beside me. "Mmmhhh?" She asked. "What happened when I was unconscious?" "I've already told you. You'll know when the rig-" I don't think I can wait for that right time to come. I need to know." She sighed deeply. "You haven't yet recovered. You should forget about this and rest a little. The physicians would be coming round to tell you the state of your child. And His Majesty...would be coming around to see you." Oh! My child. My hand unconsciously found its way to my stomach. For a second I had almost forgotten that I was carrying a child. "He's not coming, is he?" I asked hoping for a positive answer. "...I really don't know." Araba said calmly. "Well at least, just tell me what you know. I do have the right to know what happened last night, don't I?" "Okay, okay. Fine. I'll tell yo-" She was cut short immediately when a maid approached us. "Your Highness, you have a visitor." she said. "Who is it?" Araba asked getting up immediately. The door to my quarters swung open, and standing right in front of my quarters was none other than Kofi. ***** ch: 27 Kofi's POV The past days had been the most stressful days of my life. Preparing for war against a Kingdom as equally strong as your kingdom is a big deal, and the Council of Elders had told me to expect all this because it was my first time going to war. It wasn't easy to rest at night or take a two-hour nap knowing that the kingdom could be in attacks at any time even though the war was going to take place six days later. Tomorrow we set off to the battlefield. It would take three and a half days to get there, and we would have to use about a day and a half to settle at the battlefield and assemble my army for war. My mother had urgently called me to her quarters. According to her servant, she had missed me a lot and wanted to spend sometime with me. Although I knew this wasn't the right time, I still had to go because she was my mother after all, and I hadn't personally met her to inform her about the war, although I was very sure she knew. I mean, who wouldn't? When I stepped into my mother's quarters, it immediately brought back memories of when I was little and lived with her in her quarters until I was moved into my own. I remembered breaking artifacts and being scolded by her, then I remembered that she would comfort me after the scolding. I immediately smiled to myself. "Why are you all happy and smiling?" My mother asked offering me a seat. "Oh nothing." I answered. She eyed me suspiciously. "You called for me, mother." "Ah yes, I did. I've missed you so much. You hardly come around to visit your poor, old

mother."she arched her brows and folded her arms. " Mother, you know I've been busy for the past few days. Unfortunately, I'm leaving for war. Tomorrow." I kept my head down, avoiding her gaze. I Know. I'm not living under a rock, you know." She said, her tone dripping with sarcasm. I laughed. "And I'm not worried at all. I know I'm going to see my son again. You're going come back home victorious." She half-smiled. "Actually the reason I called you here was to give you this." She walked up to her wardrobe, unlocked it and removed over twenty scrolls. "It had to be somewhere here...Ah! Here it is." She handed one of the scrolls to me.+ "What's this?" I eyed the scroll. "Look inside." I carefully opened the scroll and scanned through it. "This is a battle plan." "Mhmm" she nodded. " You couldn't have forgotten so soon." "Forgotten what?" I asked. "The person who made this battle plan." I looked at it carefully and I immediately began to remember. "It was Maame Amma, wasn't it?" She nodded. " I think you may need it now more than I do. I don't think I'll ever need that." I looked back into the scroll and then looked at my mother. Her eyes looked weary but her radiant smile always brought liveliness and colour to her face and undoubtedly my life. I hugged her tightly, knowing very well I may not see her again. "Thank you. So much." "Always welcome. Oh! I almost forgot." She rushed to the wardrobe once again and picked a crown and an old scabbard. "It belonged to your father," she said handing them over to me, "and he told me to give them to you when you needed them." I looked the crown and remembered that he used to wear this particular crown to war because his father did too. I drew the sword out of the old scabbard. It looked old but it was sharp and could still do its work. Holding them, I realized that the lives of my people depended on me. Reading my emotions, my mother said, "Don't worry. You're going to come back home, just like your father did years ago."She hugged me once again and sniffed, and realizing that she was crying I looked at her and she quickly wiped her tears. "Don't worry, I'm fine. Now leave and go and prepare. You leave tomorrow. Go and get some rest." She said, playfully pushing me out the door of her quarters as I playfully fought back at her. For a woman of her age she was very strong. Maame Ama's plan was a great plan. All I needed was the mastermind behind it [Maame Ama of course]and Yaw.After talking to Maame Amma and Yaw, we had a great plan and we had to put it to action as soon as possible. Naana, Maame Amma's maid requested to come along with her. She claimed she had some few tricks up her sleeves. I noticed however that Yaw and Naana kept staring at eachother. Whenever their eyes met, they looked aside to avoid their gazes. I smirked.We had decided to divide the army into three unequal groups. Yaw was in charge of the second largest group. The shortest route to the battlefield was through through the valleys. There was a high chance that the Denkyira would attack the army on our way to the battlefield by throwing big stones into the valleys so we decided to attack them from the back. Yaw was to take care of there. The second army which was the smallest, was headed by Antwiwaa, Yaw's twin. She was supposed to stay in the kingdom and protect the city. If Yaw's army survived, they would inform us to move ahead. But if they didn't, we would use other alternatives. I headed the largest group. My mother and was to stay behind and rule as proxy with the help of my grandmother, Queen Baisiwaa and of course, Queen Maame Amma. **** Narrator's POV Baisiwaa was definitely the unlucky person during this period. Apparently, the people had began to say hurtful things about her because her father had saved war on the kingdom. Rumors spread fast and of course she did get to hear it. She mostly stayed indoors because of this, but another reason why she stayed in her quarters was to avoid the king. She greeted him quickly whenever she met him, and tried as much as possible to avoid all conversations with him. Kofi had obviously noticed the odd behaviour and had decided to visit her even though he was very tired from that day's work, and to cheer her up a bit, he ordered for her favorite snack, which apparently was also his favorite snack - roasted plantain. Walking towards her quarters, he was thinking of what he would say, so he wouldn't offend or hurt her more

because he knew she was going through a hard time. He therefore had to choose my words carefully. It seemed as if luck was on his side because just as he approached her quarters, she came out, talking and laughing with her personal maids. She seemed to have quite a close a relationship with them. He noticed her smile; it's been quite a while since he saw her with such a warm but exuberant smile. That smile quickly faded immediately their eyes met. She turned quickly, trying to get back to her quarters, probably to avoid me. "Queen!" He called out to her. Baisiswaa clutched her cloth tightly. Please let it be Maame Amma. She thought. She had always wanted Kofi's attention, but after that event in his quarters that happened about a week ago, she found it hard to even look at him in the face. Now there she stood, wishing with all her heart that just maybe, Maame Amma would be passing by and that it'd be her he was calling. QUeen Baisiswaa."he said loudly but in a calmer voice. She had been able to avoid him until now, and now there was no escaping. Slowly she turned to look at him. As she stared at his face, she immediately became absent-minded, and began to think how one person could be so handsome. Thankfully she was brought out of her trance when Esi tapped her. "My lady, please bow." Esi whispered. Akos went closer to her and said "My Queen, he's here to look for you. Now's your chance to tell him about the good news!" She tried to whisper but squealed out of excitement. The news. How could she bring herself to say it? She could hardly breathe when he was around and now she had to muster courage and tell him the news. As he approached her, she also quickly walked towards him to greet him. "We-Welcome...your Majesty." She bowed, looking down. "Thank you. I ..um.. brought you something. Your favorite snacks." He quickly grabbed the tray of food from his servant's hand. "You are very kind. Thank you." She said, still looking down. "May I come in?"he asked slowly lifting her head. She stared blankly at him for a while and realized what she was doing before putting her words together. "Well, yes, please do." She finally responded. "Your Majesty, let me take the food for-" his personal maids offered, holding the other end of the tray. He quickly pulled it out of her hand whispering, "I'll do it myself." Then looking round and see the maids gathered around them, he dismissed them immediately. He hated people following him all around and Baisiswaa had noticed that not too long ago. She smiled to herself at that thought. She also found it very annoying sometimes. Queen Baisiswaa walked ahead and ushered him into her quarters. He stepped into her quarters for the first time and realized the many modifications that had been made to the place. He knew for sure that no quarters in this palace had traditional Denkyira paintings and decorations in it. "The paintings are beautiful." He commented. "Where did you get them from?" He asked Baisiswaa. "I...um... painted it myself, Your Majesty." Queen Baisiswaa answered, her head bowed again. "I never knew you could paint so beautifully." He smiled. "I'd love one of these, if you don't mind." "Sure." She said smiling. They both settled down in the quietness of her quarters, unbothered by maids and servants. They both sat quietly, waiting for the other to start the conversation. Immediately, Queen Baisiswaa broke the awkward silence by asking, "So, what brings you here? It must be very urgent, since you have other things to attend.", she said referring to the upcoming war. Wait. Why again was he here? He asked himself? He was busily thinking and Baisiswaa couldn't figure out why he was so absent-minded. Maybe it was Maame Amma occupying his thoughts again. She smiled to herself but only God knew all the pain behind that smile. She had once thought that his heart would be hers too, but she had wished for something she knew would never come true. She tried to hide back her tears. "Your Majesty," she said calmly trying to pull him out of his daydreaming. "Uh..yes. Yes. I came here to...um...ask of your wellbeing." He replied immediately, scratching his neck embarrassingly. He knew very well that that wasn't a convincing answer. He couldn't tell her that he came because he had pity on her. That would have been true but it would have made her sadder. He came not because he loved her but because of

his marital duties. He knew it and unfortunately she knew it too. With her head bowed once again, she said, "If that is why you came, then as you can see, I am doing quite well. Since you have received your answer, I'm guessing you would like to leave now." Kofi's brows arched in surprise, wondering what she was trying to say. "What are you talking about?" "Your Majesty, you and I both know that you came here out of duty and compassion, and not love." She said painfully. Looking at her sad, beautiful face, a wave of feelings rushed to him and he couldn't quite pinpoint what he was feeling but---He quickly tried to dismiss that thought that had come into his head. No, he couldn't be falling for her. He loved Maame Amma only, a faint voice in his head said. But he was sure it wouldn't hurt at all if he opened his heart just one more time. She was his wife and first queen after all, another faint voice said. "If I am a burden, please say so, so that I stay away. I have come to accept the fact that your heart doesn't belong to me. I-" He leant forward slowly and kissed her passionately. She quickly rushed her hand through his hair forgetting immediately all that she was saying. Images of the night they spent together began to rush into his mind. He had forgotten all that had happened that night because he was very drunk but suddenly the images began to appear in his memory. He began to kiss her intensely, trying as much as possible to forget about it. And in that moment he thought, was he doing this out of compassion or had he fallen in love once again? He stopped to look at her intensely and noticed her hand move over her stomach. His gaze moved to her stomach and then back to her face as a tear ran down her soft cheek. It couldn't be what he was thinking, right? ***** CH: 28 Kofi's POV ***** I knew I would definitely go crazy if I thought about it too much. How would I break the news to Maame Amma? How would she react if I told her Baisiwaa was pregnant too? I absolutely loved the fact that Baisiwaa was pregnant. I wasn't so sure about Maame Amma's reaction. "Relax." Yaw said as he bit into a banana. He tossed some groundnuts into his mouth and asked with his mouth full, "You want some?" "Yaw, not now." I brushed him off, pacing up and down the room. Yaw got up from his seat gulping down what he was eating. He walked up to me and tapped my shoulder saying, "I'm sure she'll understand. By the way you have training this evening. Why don't you pass by Amma's quarters and break the news to her? When you're done, you can come over for training." "I don't know how she'll react." I said, still pacing up and down. Yaw stopped me in my tracks and held my shoulders. "One way or the other, you would have to tell her about it. I'm sure she wouldn't want to hear it from someone else. Man up and go and tell her." "Then why don't you go and tell the maid, Naana, that you're interested in her?" I said smiling. "I caught you two looking at each other like some love birds." "Huh?" Yaw said, releasing his grip off my shoulder. He scratched his neck nervously. "See? It's not that easy as you think." "Fine. But this isn't about me. It's about you and what you have to do. I have to get going and prepare for my duel with you." Yaw replied, making his way to the exit. He was true. I had to tell Maame Amma as soon as possible. The Dabehene helped me into my warrior attire. As he tightened the belt with my father's sword around my waist I silently thought of how to break the news to her. I'm sure she'll understand. I assured myself. ***** Kofi's presence was announced in Maame Amma's quarters. At the time, Maame Amma was braiding her hair with the help of her maid servants. She got up and walked over to Kofi. "You look amazing in this." Maame Amma said tiptoeing to kiss him. All her maids looked down immediately. She looked at him and saw the worried look in his eyes. "What's wrong?" she asked. He wiggled his fingers motioning the maids to leave. One by one, they exited the room. "What's wrong?" Amma said her hand cupping his cheek. "I need to tell you something." He said calmly. "Then do so." He took her by the hand and led her to a chair. "Sit down." he said. As Maame Amma sat down, Kofi knelt down in front of her. "Something...um...happened." He said burying his head into his palms. "What happened?" After an piercing silence, Kofi said looking into Maame Amma's eyes, "Baisiwaa is pregnant." + "Well then

congratulations!" She quickly said smiling. He looked up surprisingly. "You didn't think I would get mad or...jealous, did you?" She smirked. "Well I did think you'd be mad and I had planned a whole speech in my head to explain to you that I was happy..." "Anything that makes you happy makes me happy too." She said under her breath. Meet Adansi, the rebellious Prince of the Ashanti Kingdom in Ghana, Africa. It's 1778 and when Adansi is faced with an arranged marriage from his father, the winds of Af... "Thank you for being an understanding person." He replied smiling. "By the way I would like you to do something for me." "Anything." "It's about Baisiwaa. She's been going through a hard time these days knowing that in a few days I'll be going to war against her father. I'm sure she'll even have a harder time after the war because she may lose one of us...her father or me." Maame Amma held Kofi's hand tightly. "Don't say that..." "Well it is true. Either one of us goes. And trust me, although I'm ready to fight for my kingdom, there's a part of me that's scared to go because I may not see you all again. So I want you to do this. Please talk to Baisiwaa. Be her friend. You can go for walks together and play oware together. She can teach you to paint and you can teach her how to cook. All I'm asking is, can both of you relate with each other when I'm gone?"¹ "Yes. I'll try my best to do that," Maame Amma nodded. "starting from tomorrow. Araba!" She called. Araba came in rushing. "Please prepare some gifts and a game of oware. I would like to surprise someone tomorrow." She said smiling to Kofi. "I also want you to promise me one thing. Promise that you'll come back to us. Safe and sound" At first he hesitated, but Maame Amma urged him to say it. "Sure. I promise." He finally said. "I have to get going. I have training." "At this time? It's late." "I have to. I have a duel with Yaw." "Can I come and watch?" "It's cold outside. Besides, you yourself said it's late. Get some rest for me." Kofi said standing up. He kisses her forehead goodbye and left her quarters. ***** Kofi's POV As I walked towards the training grounds, I heard the clashing of swords. The warriors must have been training, I thought. "Hey! Over here." I heard someone shout behind me. I turned to see Yaw holding two swords. "Here." He said, throwing one to me. "I prefer using this one." I replied, taking my father's sword. I held it's wooden handle and slowly pulled it out of its sheath. "I want to see if this old thing works." "Where did you get it from?" Yaw asked curiously, walking closer to me to take a look at the sword. As Yaw got closer, I raised the sword and moved it towards his neck, smiling. "Woah!" He exclaimed raising both hands in surrender. Slowly he walked backwards and reached for something behind him. My gaze shifted to the hand behind him. In a split second, he drew out a sword and clashed it with mine. "You didn't think i'll give in so easily," Yaw said as he closed in on me, firmly holding the sword over my head. Slowly I moved back away from him, holding my sword tightly. "Why did you attack me suddenly?" Yaw asked, smiling. I shrugged. "Well I realized you were off your guard." I quickly swung the sword at him and he received the blow with his sword. "You're ruthless." He said, smiling. "I know." Yaw roared, raising his sword above his head. As he run towards me, I slid away and tripped him making him stumble into the dirt. His sword fell out of his hand. Standing tall over his body, I pointed my sword at him, breathing heavily. He just rolled his eyes and raised his hand at me saying, "Just help me up." I grabbed his hand and pulled him up. He quickly brushed the sand off his warrior attire. I walked over to the shield stand and sat down on the floor to catch my breath. Yaw walked over to me and sat right next to me. "So what happened with Maame Amma? Did she get mad?" He asked. I silently shook my head. We both sat together in a deafening silence. "I may sound silly asking you this question," Yaw suddenly said, "but are you ready for this battle?" "No actually." I replied. I had trained my whole life for this and yet a little part of me just wanted to call off this war and surrender. If I lost, my people would be held captive by the Denkyiras. The thought of losing made my heart beat faster. I clutched my attire and gently tapped my chest. "You'll come back victorious." Yaw assured. "You have me, Antwiwaa and dedicated army of warriors

behind you. You just have to be courageous." You just have to be courageous... ***** Narrator's POV You just have to be courageous... These words continued to linger in Kofi's thoughts as the Dabehene helped him wear his heavy warrior attire. He could hear Yaw's voice from a distance as he encouraged the warriors. "You have to be bold and courageous. You're not just fighting for yourselves but for your family, and the pride of your kingdom!" The warriors roared and cheered, making war chants. As Kofi listened, he smiled knowing very well that he was the one person who needed to hear those words. Yaw lifted the curtains to the tent that Kofi was in. He stuck his head through and said, "The warriors. They're waiting for you to give the signal for us to gather at the battlefield. And by the way, I can see the Denkyiras from a distance and they are also getting ready." Kofi walked over to the table with the battle plan. He wouldn't need this today, he thought. Apparently, the Denkyiras had decided to play fair this time, so Kofi's army made it safe and sound to the battlefield. He, Yaw and Antwiwaa had discussed the battle tactics to use. He however had a different plan in mind, one that no one, not even Yaw knew. "Are you ready?" Yaw asked. "Yes." He replied. He grabbed his father's sword and slightly pulled it out of its sheath. The sword glowed dimly in the candlelit tent. He walked over to his father's velvet crown and gently placed it on his head. You're not just fighting for yourselves but your family and for the pride of your kingdom! He tightened his grip on the sword, determined to fight with his life. He would fight for Maame Amma, Baisiwaa and his unborn children, he thought. He would fight for his mother, grandmother and late father. He would fight for his people and his kingdom, even until his last breath. ***** Meanwhile at the Denkyira camp... Ntim Gyakari was also preparing for the battle. He was more than ready to put Kofi in his place. He grabbed his sword and swung his rifle over his shoulder. As he stepped out of his tent he was greeted by one of his man servants. "Your highness, there is a letter for you..." the servant said. He handed over the rolled up parchment. Ntim Gyakari quickly opened it, thinking it was from Kofi. Maybe he has surrendered, he thought. As he opened the parchment and read its contents, his strong arms began to shake. Father, It is your daughter, Baisiwaa. Please do not harm or kill Kofi. My unborn child would need a father... ~Baisiwaa. Baisiwaa was pregnant? He thought. He loathed the thought of his grandchild being fathered by Kofi. He spat into the dirt with contempt. "Sound the war drums!" He commanded, jumping on his horse, ready to fight the battle of his life. ***** Kofi sat on his horse with his army, a few metres from Ntim Gyakari's army. "Osee yei!" Yaw shouted the war chant. "Yee yei!" The warriors responded in confidence. With the faces blackened with charcoal marks, they looked fierce and intimidating. Suddenly Kofi jumped off his horse. He summoned one of the warriors. "Ride as fast as you can to the Denkyiras, and tell Ntim Gyakari that I want to make a proposition to him. Tell him I want to speak to him alone, right in front of our armies." At first the warrior seemed confused but he obediently obliged. He jumped into the horse and galloped to the opponent's army. Yaw, hearing the conversation, immediately turned towards Kofi. "What are you doing? The Denkyiras have already sounded their war drums. They're ready already. Now is definitely not the time to send Ntim messages!" "Yaw, I know perfectly well." "Then why are you-" Yaw was cut short when he saw the warrior returning. A few metres away from eye view was Ntim Gyakari on his horse with a man servant. "I'll be right back, Yaw." Kofi said. He quickly jumped on his horse and rode steadily towards Ntim Gyakari before Yaw could stop him. Upon reaching Ntim, Kofi jumped off his horse and walked towards him. "I believe I said I wanted to talk to you alone." Kofi said gripping his sword as he stared at the manservant standing behind Ntim. "If you want to say anything, do so in his presence." Ntim replied. "And hurry up. My army is ready to conquer your kingdom." "Let's have a duel." Kofi said quickly. "What?" "You heard me perfectly. I want to have a duel with you. This war is between you and I and I want us to settle it that way. Winner takes all." "Hmm." Ntim said, rubbing his

chin. "And what do you mean by 'all'?" "Kingdoms, land, people, subjects..." "May I ask why you are suddenly choosing this alternative?" Ntim asked curiously, looking intently at Kofi to find the answer from his emotions. Kofi didn't flinch. A silence fell between them amidst the noise and chatter from their armies. As Kofi opened his mouth to speak, Ntim quickly said with a smirk, "Wait. You're doing this because you feel guilty to put the lives of your soldiers on the line..." At that moment, Ntim realized Kofi's tight grip on his sword and began to hysterically laugh in an attempt to mock him. He laughed so hard, clutching his tummy and wiping the tears off his face. From afar, Yaw watched on, equally confused as every other soldier on the battlefield. Was Kofi cracking jokes at this time? They all wondered. Ntim stood straight, slightly overtopping the young king and placed his coarse palm on his shoulder. "Indeed, boy, you sure are a child. So you're ready to offer your head on a silver platter to me? Because you don't want your soldiers hurt? That is the most stupid thing I have heard from your mouth, and that only confirms how immature you are as a King. However I certainly can't say no to this offer. After all I've never lost a duel." Ntim said turning to leave. "Don't be so sure about it this time!" Kofi replied. "I'll try not to." Ntim said through his teeth, as he climbed his horse and rode towards his army.

Ch:29 Kofi's POV "Kofi, are you crazy?" Yaw screamed as he hit his fist against the mahogany table when I broke the news to him. I was silent as the Dabehene helped me remove my warrior attire. I wouldn't be needing that anymore, I thought. The Dabehene took the charcoal and shea butter paste on the table and buried himself by drawing adinkra symbols and marks all over my bare chest and body. "You could die! Weren't you thinking?! Why the hell would you bring a whole damn army to support you only to put yourself and your subjects in danger?!" Yaw screamed again, putting his hand on his head and pacing up and down. "That man...that man has never lost a battle, Kofi. He is vicious and cruel. If he cheats in this fight, no one would be able to see or stop him. He...he could...you could have at least told me first." "What's done is done, Yaw. Relax." I said calmly. I walked over to him and went closer to him, my face inches from his ear. I whispered, "This is why I didn't tell you. You wouldn't allow me to." He looked up to me as I continued to talk. "His army outnumber ours. From my observations, he's likely going to win us. Also I don't want to put the lives of my people in danger when I could have a one-on-one match with him and win." "And win?" Yaw slowly said. At this point, I could see how annoyed and angry Yaw was at me for making such a decision. Yaw, I'm so sorry but trust me, I can never live peacefully if thousands of men die because of a fight between leaders. It doesn't make sense to drag my people into this mess." I bent down to loosen the ropes on my sandals. The Dabehene quickly rushed to my side to help but was quickly stopped by Yaw who knelt down in front of me. Suddenly, the Denkyira's war drums were sounded. Ntim was ready and I was needed. I could hear the Denkyira army shouting and hooting, striking their spears against the ground and their swords against their metal shields, and shooting their guns into the air. I hurriedly changed my foot to loosen the other sandal when Yaw gently placed his hands on mind. "What about Maame Amma? And your child?" He asked calmly with worry in his eyes. "You mean children? Baisiwaa is with child too." "What? Wow, you've been busy these days," Yaw said with a smirk and a raised brow as he tightened the sandal for me.¹ The atmosphere seemed to lighten up since I broke the news to him. We both stood up and looked at each other. Yaw tapped my shoulder and said with a smile, "Make sure you come back in one piece. I've planned to propose to you-know-who." "Don't worry, dear cousin, I'll be there to cheer you on." ***** Narrator's POV

Yaw walked out of the tent with Kofi and his Dabehene. His army was informed of the change in plans and he wasn't so sure how the men would react, but as he stepped out of the tent, he was greeted with cheers so loud he thought he was going to go deaf. The men cheered him on as he walked through them, some bowing and others clapping. This was not any kind of combat. In this duel known as Ntokwa Duruu [meaning the

Heavy Fight] ten soldiers from each army were to assemble and form a huge circle while holding hands. The fight between Ntim and Kofi was to take place in this circle. Kofi walked towards the dry pile of earth with his ten soldiers behind him, as he held on tightly to his dagger. He was bare chested and barefoot with a kente piece around his waist and four thin pieces of the same cloth one on each hand and leg. Right from the other end was Ntim, old but fierce looking. He couldn't have looked more intimidating. He was wearing the same outfit as Kofi but there was a difference in cloth pattern. Another huge difference was the fact that Ntim slightly overtowered Kofi. His giantly figure and the charcoal marks made him look fierce but his shouts and hoots at Kofi made him look even more intimidating. Yet, Kofi was not going to cower anytime soon. If Ntim wanted to scare him, he should do better than that, he thought. They were both allowed to use a dagger in the combat. The rules were quite simple. Half of the circle belongs to Kofi and the other to Ntim. If you fell close to your army, they were allowed to help you, but if you fell close to the opponent's army, they were allowed to inflict pain on you in the form of blows. A warrior had to kill his opponent to win. There was no backing out. Kofi didn't trust Ntim. He was sure his army had tiny objects to inflict pain on him when they had the chance. Both groups of men sat in the circle clapping and shouting war cries. Kofi stepped into the circle and his army behind him cheered even louder. At that moment he turned to his army and raised his fists as they cheered even louder. Behind his army, far away, was the mountains and the beautiful Awia (Sun) setting below the horizon. His kingdom was right behind these mountains he thought. He turned as the cries of the Denkyira army became louder. Ntim had stepped into the circle, jumping from side to side and raising both hands, as if he had triumphed already. He would make Kofi cower and surrender, he thought, that young boy who claimed to be a king. For goodness sake, the boy was only twenty-one and yet his people found him fit to rule at that age when older and wiser sub chiefs could have taken his space. To hell with tradition. He'll break all the rules tonight and tear Kofi's limbs one by one for all his people to see. Suddenly, his encounter with his daughter days back began to flicker in his thoughts. Images of his daughter telling him to spare Kofi's life began to resurface and he thought he could almost see his loving daughter right in front of him, but his pride and ego quickly pushed those thoughts aside like rice chaff. His daughter didn't need a husband like Kofi, he thought trying to assure himself that this was the right thing to do for his Baisiwaa. He had to get rid of him. The noise died down as the warriors in the circle began to clap. With each man holding a dagger, they began to slowly walk towards each other, each man watching his opponents intently for flaws and weak points. Both men were heavily built and athletic in nature. It was going to be a tough fight indeed. Ntim charged at Kofi with his dagger and swung it with all his might causing Kofi to stumble into the pile of dirt. He had successfully evaded the blow but couldn't stand his ground and fell down onto the floor. Ntim laughed hysterically at the sight and his men followed. He turned towards the Ashantis saying, "That's one king you've got there. One little blow and he-" Ntim could hear shouts from the other side telling him to look back but before he could quickly turn back, he lost his balance and fell face forward into the pile of dirt. Kofi got up, now overtowering him. He had kicked Ntim's legs causing him to lose balance. He brushed the dirt off his . "Don't rejoice too early." Kofi waited to Ntim to get up. He wasn't going to fight an unarmed opponent. "Pick up your dagger." Kofi ordered. Ntim slowly looked at him with the expression 'Don't tell me what to do' written all over his face. As they moved around in circles once again, both trying to deliver a blow without receiving one, Kofi put his dagger into its sheath which was hanging from his waist. Ntim got the picture immediately. He wants us to fight like real men...without any weapons. The impudence. Without the dagger, the odds would be against Ntim for sure, but his pride forced him to put it away. He could fight, he assured himself. He has never lost a duel after all. Both men charged at each other, their

shoulders meeting with full force. The crowd cheered louder. Kofi made a sharp turn behind Ntim and wrapped his muscular arm around Ntim's neck, causing him to choke. His grip was tight, Ntim thought, and he wasn't going to let go anytime soon. He had to think of something fast to release himself from the grip that was slowly causing him to lose his focus. He grabbed the dagger by his side slowly from its sheath and pressed the sharp weapon against Kofi's upper arm, pulling his arm with force to reveal a deep cut. Kofi screamed in agony and released his now injured arm, his other hand pressing unto the wound. Blood dripped through his palm as he clenched his teeth. "Does your dagger need more sharpening, or was your strength not enough to cut off my whole arm" Kofi said mockingly with a smirk now on his face, as he staggered backwards still holding on to the wound. Anger filled Ntim's heart as he heard those words. Adrenaline rushed through his veins and he felt his body heat up suddenly. I'll kill you, he swore under his breath. Ntim charged at Kofi once again, now aiming for his neck. As he inched closer, Kofi ducked and reached for his dagger with his bloodied palm and rushed under Ntim's arm. As Ntim turned to deliver his blow at all cost, Kofi took a leap and forcefully plunged the dagger into Ntim side. At that moment, Ntim felt his world come to a standstill. He fell to his knees and dropped his dagger. Is this how he would end? He thought. He fell backward into Kofi's circle, the Ashanti warriors charged at Ntim to finish the job. "Stop! Don't!" Kofi ordered. He walked over to Ntim, who's was lying in the dirt, his eyes beginning to flutter. He raised the dying man to sit up slowly and Ntim could feel the dagger cutting his insides once again. Ntim felt a hand raise his head. With his eyes now heavy, he squinted to look at the person helping him up. "You can't die now. You are yet to meet your grand child." That was the last thing he heard as his world became pitch black. ***** ch: 30 Narrator's POV Ntim wasn't expecting to see what he saw when he woke up; a huge room traditionally decorated in Ashanti symbols. Nothing around him seemed familiar. We wondered where he was and made an attempt to get up and look around but the sharp, throbbing pain he felt at his side and a feminine hand that pushed his chest down caused him to lay back down on the comfortable bed. He clenched his fists in pain as he turned to look at the owner of the hand that touched. Baisiwaa sat down next to him, her eyes red and puffy. Finally, someone familiar. Wait. Where exactly was he? What happened at the battle? And why was Baisiwaa by his side? "Wha- where am I?" He asked, coughing and suddenly realizing how severely dry his throat was. His eyes fell on the gourd of water beside the bed on a stool. Realizing his craving, Baisiwaa got up from her stool to get the gourd of water for him. "Don't try to get up.", she ordered. She sniffed and rubbed her already puffy eyes making them slightly redder. After drinking the water he asked, his voice now audible, "What happened?" "You lost, Papa.", Baisiwaa answered calmly now cleaning her tears with the back of her hand. "What are you talking about?"¹ "You lost the war. And to be honest I'm glad you did, although I'm not happy seeing you in this state. " Memories began flooding in and the images kept reappearing in his head. He closed his eyes so he could try to remember all that had happened. Kofi holding on to his bloodied arm, the warriors cheering and shouting, Kofi charging at him with the dagger and thrusting it to his side... His hand unconsciously moved towards his bandaged side and he pressed his wound to see if he was really hurt. Maybe the pain would confirm that he had indeed lost the war, his kingdom, everything... A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts and prevented him from thinking about the worst. Baisiwaa rushed to the door and although she left the door ajar, Ntim couldn't see who it was. He looked around once again. I can't be in Denkyira, he thought. He could hear Baisiwaa talking to two voices, a masculine and feminine one, and at one moment he thought he knew who the unknown masculine voice belonged to. He just couldn't bring himself to remember who it was exactly. "Are you okay?" The masculine voice asked. "Yes, I guess so." Baisiwaa answered. "What about him? Is your father okay too? Can I see him now??"

The feminine voice asked this time. "Yes. He just woke up." She said, still sniffing. There was a silence between the two and Ntim would have sworn that he saw muscular figure reach his hands to hug Baisiwaa but at that moment, he couldn't trust what his eyes were seeing because he had just woken up and was so dizzy. Ntim closed his eyes and tried to bear with the pain as he tried to turn to a cooler side of the bed when he felt a pair of strong arms aid him. He quickly fluttered his eyes open to see who would dare touch him. KofiNtim quickly yanked his hand out of Kofi's grip. He wasn't going to accept help from him of all people. Especially in his most vulnerable state. "Just... stop being arrogant and let me help." Kofi stated bluntly. At that moment, Maame Amma walked into the room and bowed in greeting. "Father," Baisiwaa walked towards Ntim and placed an assuring hand on his shoulder saying, "please let him help." The room fell into a deafening silence as everyone waited for Ntim's reply. Suddenly Ntim reached his hand toward Kofi and looked at him saying, "Help me up." Kofi grabbed his hand and gently pulled him up to a sitting position. "Why exactly are you here?" Ntim asked as a brow furrowed. "In case you don't know, this is my Kingdom. I go wherever I want to." Kofi said, standing up straight with an annoying smirk as he wiggled his brows. No sooner had he spoken than Maame Amma poked him in the side and gave him the look that said "Now's not the time to make jokes." With that he quickly wiped the smile off his face and cleared his throat. This woman was really controlling him. He tried not to laugh at this realization because it would send the wrong message across. "I actually came here to see if you were doing well and to tell you that...that you can have your kingdom back." "Is this only the beginning of you showing me the amount of power you have over me now by showing me 'compassion'?"³ "That isn't the case, Ntim, and you know it. I am not trying to show you mercy and give you back your place to rub in your face. I'm giving what belongs to you." Kofi replied. "It's really unnecessary for me to rule another kingdom when they're fine with their ruler, and besides, I wouldn't be able to effectively rule two powerful kingdoms. After all, you said I was 'too young'." Ntim looked at Kofi, finding it hard to believe what he was saying. Kofi then looked at Maame Amma and Baisiwaa and then looked at the door. It seemed as if he was trying to tell her something - as if he wanted some alone time with Ntim. Maame Amma got that message and quickly took Baisiwaa by the hand asking, "why don't we go for a walk and enjoy the fresh air?" Baisiwaa was confused but she definitely wasn't surprised. During the war period, when Kofi wasn't at home, Maame Amma had visited her quarters and brought her snacks. She had prepared them with her own hands and Baisiwaa thought Maame Amma did that to avoid suspicions, and she couldn't help but feel suspicious. They were both pregnant after all. After a few days of receiving savouries from Maame Amma, she began slowly to accept her genuine nature and opened up to her. They would sometimes chat and share each other's cultures. She wondered if this was another one of those times but she silently complied and followed her out of the door. As soon as the door closed, Ntim spoke up. "If this is some kind of joke, tell me." "I know this sounds unbelievable but trust me. I don't want anything of yours." Kofi replied. "But there is another good reason why I'm doing this." Ntim looked up as Kofi got up from the stool he was sitting on. "Baisiwaa is pregnant." His memories came flooding back as he remembered Kofi's words. "You can't die now. You are yet to meet your grand child." Frankly he didn't know how to react. He didn't know if he should be happy for his daughter or angry that his grandchild's father was Kofi. He knew he hated Kofi but for the first time he wondered why he hated him in the first place. He didn't love his daughter, he remembered. Kofi continued as if reading his thoughts, "I'm sure you think I don't love your daughter. Frankly I don't love her passionately, I'll be honest with you. But that shouldn't stop me from loving her as the mother of my children and respecting her. I've made up my mind to do the right thing irrespective of my feelings, and I'm hoping you do too. I'm giving you all you had back because I don't want Baisiwaa

to have headaches thinking her father is in captivity." Ntim was speechless. "As you know, a father is supposed to bless his daughter and her husband when she conceives." As Kofi said this, he walked up to Ntim and knelt on his two knees right in front of him. "I'm asking you to bless me, not only for your grandchild but as a father." Ntim's thoughts were jumbled up and he didn't know what to say. At that moment he realised he had failed to know this young man better before judging him. He realised Kofi was the leader every king wanted to be and more. An ideal king. And he realised he didn't have to fight anymore. Baisiwaa was definitely in safe hands. He had no reason to not bless him. Slowly, Ntim raised his right hand and put it on Ntim's head. For the first time his hardened heart had been softened and he was glad Kofin was his in-law. Meanwhile, just outside the quarters, Maame Amma and Baisiwaa were taking a long stroll around the palace with their entourages just a few steps behind them. "How are you feeling?" Maame Amma asked. "Very stressed. And sad." Baisiwaa replied trying to get a hold of herself. "I honestly cannot imagine how you're feeling." Maame Amma said, handing her a piece of cotton cloth to wipe her tears away. Baisiwaa suddenly stopped abruptly. "You. Maame Amma. You're different." "Excuse me?" Maame Amma asked, confused. "Why do you treat me this way? Like a long time friend? I'm surprised you do all this for a woman who shares your husband with you. Sometimes I wonder if you do this to get the King to believe you're a good person. But you are kind and thoughtful even in the absence of people." Maame Amma kept quiet and smiled. "Personally, I hated you so much. But I wish to not do that anymore." Baisiwaa said offering her hand to Maame Amma. Maame Amma in turn hugged her. "I'd be lying if I said I didn't have any form of dislike for you. But it's always best to love than hate, no matter the situation." "Thank you. Your words have brought me great comfort." "Thank you too." "Okay, wait. Why did leave my father's quarter's again?" Baisiwaa asked laughing, as she realized they had both forgotten about that for a second. As Maame Amma explained to Baisiwaa Kofi's plan to allow her father to have his kingdom back and receive his blessings, Maame Amma's voice slowly faded away in her thoughts. How nice it was to have a true friend. ***** Ch: 31 "Baaba!" Maame Amma screamed at the top of her lungs. "Baaba! Fiifi! Come out wherever you are!" "It seems it's getting difficult each day to look for these children." Baisiwaa said as she laughed, her son Yiadom shyly trailing behind her. "You have no idea how stressful it is." Maame Amma replied. She stood akimbo and tilted her head slightly to look at Yiadom. Smiling at him, she waved and said, "Hello, my darling." "H- hello...", he slowly replied. Baisiwaa picked him up and scrunched her nose at him playfully. "Now Yiadom, don't be shy of your other mother, uh?" At this both women laughed. "Now to find those two stubborn children...where could they be?" Maame Amma asked. "I only prayed for a safe delivery and I got two absolutely rowdy children." She began to reminisce the painful experience five years ago when she almost lost her life in childbirth. But it was all over. And she had been blessed with twins - a girl, Baaba Panyin Owusu-Arko who was just like her father, rebellious and loud, not wanting to conform to rules whatsoever, and a boy Fiifi Kakraba Owusu-Arko, who followed his sister everywhere. He was calm and gentle. Both had the beauty of their mother. Baisiwaa had also been blessed with Yiadom Atta OforiArko. A very shy and quiet child. "Why don't you say that you're going to Kofi? They'd come out wherever they are just to see their father." Baisiwaa suggested. "You are right," Maame Amma nodded. "Baaba, Fiifi, we're going to see your father. Come out or you'll miss this opportunity oo. " "Daddy. Daddy!" Yiadom said gleefully throwing his hands around. "Yes, we are going to see Daddy. But we have to find your siblings first." Kofi had been very busy. As the years went by, the workload of governing became more and more, and it was difficult to see his own family at most four times a week. The children loved him. The thought of spending time with the one person who really pampered them made them happy. Unlike their mothers who made them study their culture before play, time with their father

meant no study for the whole day and lots of sweets and savouries. "No! Dada is right here!" He said pointing his finger to Kofi who was approaching them with Baaba holding one hand and Fiifi holding the other. Yaw was right behind him. "They came looking for me." He said smiling. "But...how did they get there on their own? The palace is so huge." Maame Amma asked. " They asked me to take them there." A feminine voice responded from behind them. They turned to see who it was and Naana stood there with her head slightly tilted. "Good day your Majesties. Good day, Yaw..." She greeted as she fixed her eyes only on Yaw. Kofi cleared his throat as he smiled. He offered to carry Yiadom who gladly came into his hands. Yiadom whispered something into his father's ears and Kofi burst out into laughter. "He has started again." Baisiwaa said to Maame Amma as she scrunched her nose playfully. "Always whispering into his father's ears." "What do you expect when he's always pampering them?" Maame Amma replied, smiling. "I guess I'll have to take the whole day off to spend some quality time with these little ones." Maame Amma and Baisiwaa immediately had surprised looks on their faces. "I know." Kofi replied, smiling. "There's always a first time for everything." Then turning to Yaw he continued, "Since I'm free today, you can also have the day off. Go spend some good time with the ones you love." He said winking at him. Maame Amma also added, "Naana, I think Baisiwaa and I would care for the children. You can have the day off too, if you want." "Thanks." Naana replied. As Yaw and Naana walked away, talking and laughing, Kofi looked at them with a huge smile on his face. The children rushed to Maame Amma and Baisiwaa as they brought out the favorite snacks, roasted plantain. As he stood by and looked at them, he couldn't be any prouder. He still hadn't learnt to love Baisiwaa like he loved Maame Amma. True. But it didn't stop him from loving her and respecting her just as he did to Maame Amma. With the way his family was unified, he wouldn't want it any other way. Kofi walked towards them and squatted near the children, something he shouldn't be doing as a king. He couldn't care less. Baaba quickly snatched the velvet crown off his head and put it on her head smiling and giggling. Today is going to be a looong day, he thought. A lots of Books available here Www.Todaynovels.Com