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The Zulu Princess by Angelwriter

Insert 1

How would you feel if your parents lied to you, about something so important? Bad, right? Yeah. That's how I feel right now.

Imagine this: you're a 15 year old girl, living in uMlazi district in KZN and you live with both your parents and your siblings. For now everything is normal. You go to school, you have friends. You can't have a boyfriend because you're still young, but for you, that's ok. Life for you right now is perfect. Just perfect.

One day your parents call you in and they spread the "good news". Now your wondering , "what is it?" You're all excited then they say, "You're a princess."

"Yeah, I kinda know that..." you say, confused out of your mind.

"No! I mean you are a PRINCESS! You were born in the royal family."

And the story begins now! Enjoy!

"WHAT?!?" I yell.

"Yes baby. You're a princess. A Zulu one to be exact."

"Why didn't you tell me..."

"Akiri we are telling you now. Awulaleli?(are you not listening?)"

I look around the room nervously, just checking that there aren't any cameras around. Shit! There's none! My mouth opens, obviously because I want to speak, but they close again.

"Please tell me you're joking." I begged my mother, looking at her straight in the eyes, pleading her but she giggles and shakes her head.

"Ah, Nonkululeko, yazi? You are so naive. It's hilarious." She laughs.

"Hmm." I pouted and left the living room, returning to what I was doing in the first place: sleeping.

"Nonkululeko! Come back here!" My dad yells.

"I'm tired. Let me sleep!" I walk towards my bed, kick off my shoes and throw myself in between the covers. Pulling out my

phone, I select the perfect playlist for sleeping. Then I grabbed my earphones, plugged them in, and closed my eyes, making me sleep.

"Nkuli? Nkuli!" Bandile calls me, waving his hands around, trying to get my attention.

"What, Bandile? What?" I sighed pretty annoyed.

"There's a party this weekend, at David's house, and I wanted to..."

I signed, looking him in the eyes, desperate for him to leave me alone. "No."

"What?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't wanna go to David's house. In case you didn't know this, he's a dick. Sorry."

"You're not sorry. Why are you smiling?" He glared at me angrily.

"Because! Why do I have to answer you anyways? Get out of my way!" I growled.

"What the hell is wrong with you today? You're not like this. You're acting weird." He frowned.

I pushed him away from me gently and said, "I'm not like this because you don't know me. Now, I'm late for class so please move."

"No! I don't want to!" He smirks.

"BANDILE! MOVE OUT OF MY WAY! NOW!" I scream, startling everyone on the quad. I look down, grabbing his collar and spoke very softly, almost inaudible, "Lalela la(listen here) if you don't leave me alone right now, I promise you Bandile you will never hear the end of this! I can and I will make your life a living hell. Now move out of the way and let me go to class!" When he didn't budge, I pushed him to the ground and walked over him, heading to Zulu.

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"Good morning class." Mr Nsibande addressed.

"Good morning Mr Nsibande." The class greeted, in the most boring, monotonous way I've ever heard. I wanted to cry.

"Please open page 77 of your exercise books. Work on umsebenzi 3 and 4 then hand your books in. When you've done that, open up your reader and read chapters 1 through 8. Then make a summary and stick it in your books. Hand that in too." He announced. The class was full of groans and complaints but we did it nonetheless.

"Mr Nsibande?" Cherry, one of the most bitchiest girls in the class called.

"Yebo, Cherry?"

"May we listen to music?"

"Kanti, how many times must I say this? In every lesson?" The class stayed silent. "As I've said in the beginning of term, no music allowed in class! So, no. You may not listen to music. Just do your work!"

We sat in silence there after. Me being me, I finished all my assignments correctly and handed them in. Mr Nsibande wasn't even shocked anymore. He just said that I could read any other book I wanted. And he said I could listen to music, one ear though.

I immediately felt eyes on me. But did I care? Not one bit.

Class dismissed

****ring ring**** I look down at my phone, surprised. Not because nobody calls me, because I get calls from a lot of people. No. I was surprised because of who called me.

The thing is, I don't know who called me. The phone said, "unknown number ". So obviously I was scared out of my mind.

"Hello? Who is this? If this is some kind of prank, I swear to god I will find you and gut you like a fish!"

"Relax, it's just me. Shaka. Wait, did you say you're gonna gut me like a..."

"Ugh, wena. You know I say that when I'm scared. By the way I forgot to save your number last time you called." I giggled. It was break so no teacher was mad at me for being on the phone.

"No sweat. Are you still coming over to my house later? I need somebody to help me..."

"With what? Sex?" We both laughed at that statement for a while before he spoke again.

"No, you baboon. I'm still too young. And so are you." He chuckled.

"Yeah, I'm still coming. Why are you asking? I always come."

"You'll see when you come. Anyways class is about to start. I don't wanna be late. Talk later?"

"Yeah, let's talk when I get to your house. Bye"

"Bye." He hung up. A smile flooded my face before Bandile walked up to me. "My gosh when on earth will you get the message? Leave me alone!" He grabbed my hand as I was about to push past him and brought me close to his chest.

"One man once told me never to take no as an answer."

"Well I never said no, did I? I said leave me alone! Now, Bandile, before I slap you, let go of me, and leave me the hell alone!"

"You did say no. To the party. Remember?" He laughs. God please kill me.

"Bandile, like I said before, David's a dick. And I'm visiting my best friend the whole weekend. Starting today. So no. Now please leave me alone." I try get out of his grip but nothing I do helped. "Bandile man! Let me go!"

"Hey wena doti ndini! Did you know hear her? Let her go!" Shaka yells loud, his voice deep and threatening.

"Sorry man. I was just... just talking to her." Bandile stutters.

"Liar? Now go home!" He bellowed, pissed AF. Bandile ran to his mother's car fast, making sure that he doesn't anger Shaka anymore

Insert 2

"Ugh! Why does this have to be so hard?" Shaka gives me a look of confusion before realizing what I was talking about.

"What is it?"

"This homework! Mr Nthuli really has it in for me this time!" I flopped onto his bed taking out my phone and going onto WhatsApp. "Since when are there stories on WhatsApp?"

"Since forever?" He laughs, looking at me like I was a fool.

"Oh... you didn't have your phone for a while."

"No shit Sherlock. My mom took it away to fix it." Rolling my eyes, I return to watching the new "WhatsApp stories".

"What kind of iPhone is this?"

"7? Why?" I see him walk over to bed and grab something from his bedside table.

"It looks funny. Remember that I still have a ..."

"Samsung? I know." He gets on the bed and faces me.

"Are you hungry?" He smiles.

"Come to think of it, I am." I laugh, holding my stomach when I hear it grumbling. "Damn, I actually am. What do you have?" I say getting up from the bed, but he stops me.

"I have me."

"Ew! Shaka! No! I thought you said you were too "young"! No."
I smacked his arm playfully but still grimaced in disgust.

"I'm being serious." Well damn! "I really like you so..."

"Can you ask me this after you've fed me? Maybe the answer you will get will be positive." I politely asked. After he finally agreed we made our way downstairs to the kitchen. I danced to the fridge and took out some leftovers from the previous night.

"So, what were you going to ask me?"

"I don't know if I can ask yet? Have you been fed?" Sarcasm.
Ugh!

"Yes. Now ask. Please?" I pouted, showing him my puppy face.

"I wanted to know if you'd be my girl. Angithi we've known each other for about 13 years, right?" I nodded. "Yeah, so will you?" He had this look in his eyes. Almost begging, pleading for me to say yes.

"Shaka now, you know that I'm not allowed to date. But for you..."

"It's fine. I'll..."

"No! I'll ask my mom. If she says yes, then you will get a call from me."

"Ask her now."

My eyes just widened. They basically popped out of my head.
"What?!? You're crazy, you know."

"I'll ask her then." He immediately dialed my Mom's number.
After three rings, "Hello Mrs Khuzwayo... I'm good thanks and how are you?...can I put you on speaker?...ok."

"Yes boyza, what do you need?" My mother gushed, and I could feel the cringe flow through my body.

"I would like to ask you for your blessing."

"Blessing?" She practically screamed at the phone and I couldn't help burst a little giggle out.

"Yes, Mama. I want Nonkululeko to be my girlfriend. Please."
He queried.

I left the room to avoid any tears that might have come. Falling onto Shaka's bed, I turn on the tv and watch Blackish. My favorite show. I suddenly hear cheering and I guessed that my mother said yes.

After about 2 hours of him being in the phone, I fell asleep.

3 days later

The thought of me being royalty travelled round and round, causing me not to concentrate on Shaka. I was completely confused. I felt like screaming. Like why me?

Why do I have to be the princess? I was honestly confused.

"Nkuli!" Shaka shakes me gently, making me snap out of my day dream.

"Huh? Oh, sorry."

"What's wrong? You look fazed." He wrapped his free arm around me but I just shook my head. I didn't know whether I should tell him the secret or not. My life is torture.

"I'm fine. Just tired."

"C'mon! I know your not just tired. Something's up. What is it?" He rubbed my arm soothingly, trying to make me talk. But I just couldn't.

"I'll tell you when I know more about it. Right now I don't and it's kinda stressing me out. " I looked away from him hoping that he would understand the struggle I'm going through. "I plan to tell you by Wednesday, maybe then I'll have the right information. Okay?"

"Yeah, ok. "

Insert 3

NOT PROOFREAD

What doesn't kill you, makes you stronger. That's the famous saying, right?

Well it's true. A near death(note the exaggeration) experience made me stronger. Yup! It's that time of the month. And frankly it's killing Shaka like no ones business.

No it's not my period. Don't worry. But it was that time where I tell him everything. And I mean everything.

"No! For the last time! No! I'm not lying." I laugh softly.

"So you're actually a... a princess?"

"Mhmm. I am." I smiled. I saw the smile on his face. Creep.

"And I have extremely dodgy duties."

"Like, kissing babies foreheads and shaking hands like Zuma does?"

"No! Well, yes but I have much dodgier..."

He laughed before I finished my sentence. "Dodgier? Is that even a word? So much for being a princess."

"Yaz'ini. I'm leaving." I stood up and walked to the door. Shaka just chuckled and followed me nonchalantly. When I reached

the bottom of the stairs, I was greeted by somebody I just did not want to see.

"Hi Bandile." I waved reluctantly to him and he greeted me with a bright smile.

"Don't you wanna know why I'm here?"

"No, not really. I'm fine not knowing. Might save me in the future." I began to walk to the kitchen. "You want something to drink?"

"Nah, I'm good. But how are you? Still willing to go to David's house with me?"

When did I ever...

"When did I agree to go to David's house? Didn't I tell you that he's a dickhead?"

He laughed. "Uhm, last week?" He seemed uncertain.

"Well you can go by yourself. I'm not going. When are you going even?"

"Tonight."

Shaka came into the room and looked me in the eyes, "Well she has a date with me tonight. We could still hang though."

"What? Why?" I asked more myself than I did Shaka. He gave me a look that said 'I'll explain later.' So I left it. Barely. "Khohlwa. I'm going outside. Join me when your ready."

As if on cue the boys left to play PlayStation. I guess it was a good thing because it enabled me to gather my thoughts for a bit.

It's been three month since Shaka and I have been together and honestly I couldn't be any happier. The only thing holding us was the princess situation. My mother loved the thought of handing me duties, and at times she forgets that I too have a life of my own. And frankly it gets annoying. It gets on my nerves.

2 weeks ago, I had a crowning ceremony that was broadcasted on live tv and soon the whole school found out. It seemed to give them a better reason to piss me off. I don't like attention, it's like having a mosquito buzzing in your ear all night. Well that's at least how I think of it.

I hear farewells from the kitchen and hear footsteps coming towards me. A pair of arms wrap around my waist and a chin lays on my head. "You do know it's getting late, right?"

"Yeah. I was about to go inside." I turn and kiss him on the cheek. "Let's go."

The night was amazing. We indulge our favorite meals at our favorite restaurant, McDonald's. "I feel like the beach. You up for it?"

"Nah, not tonight. It's too cold for the beach. How about we go to the movies?"

He thought for a moment, probably looking for a way to escape, and eventually agreed to going to the movies. "Thanks baby." I awarded him with one big kiss and a hug.

"No not this song again!" He growled when I played On It.

"Why? What's wrong with it?" I asked, baffled.

"It's boring after hearing it for the 100th time today." I rolled my eyes and slapped his hand away from my phone.

"I'll change it myself."

"Fine."

+

The ride was pretty long. Longer than usual. But I kept quiet loving the comforting silence that filled the car. Now and then Shaka would look at me, smiling then look back to the road. Eventually we made it to the movies, ordered our snacks and entered the cinema

Insert 4

A/N

Hey guys.

I apologize greatly for not updating. Keeping up with my studies and my family has become difficult. I promise that I will try to be more efficient next time. For now enjoy this new chapter.

It's been 5 months since I've been crowned princess. And never have I ever thought that it would be this difficult. Incidentally your ideas are ignored, yet you still have to participate at council meetings. Traveling becomes a lot more frequent and school becomes a whole lot more stressful. Meaning that I get zero time with Shaka as well. Fml!

I hear little girls saying, "When I grow up, I wanna be like one of those Disney princesses!" And all her friends agreeing with her. And in my head I'm like, I would so trade to go back to having a normal life. It isn't cool being an princess. Especially when it comes to making decisions that would benefit the country in some way, and that way being good. **ITS ALL JUST TOO STRESSFUL!!!** I just want to go back to being a girl with a boring life. Not a girl with such a life that makes it feel as if you have no life at all!

"You okay? You don't look too good." I look at Shaka and nod. He grabs my hand and we exit McDonald's. Yes, we were still there. "If being a princess is too stressful isn't there away you could get someone like a regent that will fill in for you until... until you feel like you're old enough?"

"I don't know. I guess I can ask." I look down and fiddle with my fingers, looking out the window, anything to distract me from his eyes. "I've never even thought about it but I doubt they will give me a chance. I mean I do have to prove myself to my parents and show them that I am responsible, but this really isn't for me."

I get in to his car and wait for him to enter with out leftovers. "Is it okay if we stop by the garage to get gas?"

"Yeah. It's fine..." I trail off and look out the window as we reverse and make our way out of the parking lot.

"Babe, you know you can tell me anything, right?" I nodded. As if on cue 1-800-273-8255 started playing on the radio. Slowly as the song progressed and as I waited for the tank to be filled, I felt a bit calm. Shaka' hand grabs mine and his thumb caresses my hand. In my head I'm calm. Yeah all this just sound too good to be true. Wayyyy to good. So let's change things up a bit.

My name is Nonkululeko Khuzwayo. I am a 15 year old girl born in Umlazi district in Kwa Zulu Natal. I have a boyfriend who

annoys the life out of me yet I still love him and I've got an annoying best friend named Bandile. Bandile and I resolved our little problem and now we're friends. I am a princess, but don't let the title fool you. Being a princess is just as hard as being anything else in the world. I'd rather be a doctor, or even president because then you can have things your way.

Once the gas had been filled, we got on our way. Shaka started his shinanigans again and took us to Mini Town. Hola Hola baby!! I love mini town. Like it's my favorite place in the world. Anyways when we got there we rode on a couple of rides. I had to go the traditional "kissing of the babies on the head" thing every two minutes. It got tiring.

Anyways we finished with the best ride of all, The Dream Boat.

"Love, don't let the name fool you. Some people fell off. It's quite unsafe actually, I don't think they've fixed it yet..."

"Nkuli, come on," Shaka laughs, "it can't be that bad. I'm sure little miss princess can handle it, can't she?"

"Don't mock me!" We went on the ride and Shaka screamed "mama! Mama! Maaaammaaaa!" the whole time. I died. Laughing that is. It was the most fun I've had in months. But all good things have to come to an end eventually.

Insert 5

Four years later I feel like the relationship I'd going good. In fact it's something I will never trade with the world... BUT someone got involved in the wrong things. I came home from announcing the new prince (my baby brother) into the kingdom to find some random bitch in my bed!!!!

"SHAKA!!!!!! WHAT THE FUCK???!!!!"

"No no no baby it's not what....."

"Phuma. (get out)" he looks at me... Sadness shown clear in his eyes. "PHUMA!!!!" he and the girl leave and when he returned, he took all his things, the presents, everything and left.

I couldn't even bear the pain. I was done.

Two months later

"Mummy I don't want to be a princess anymore. And I'm not going to be one. I'm moving out of the country."

"Why, my baby?"

"I need to start a new life. I'm going to Los Angeles. My friend is letting me stay with him."

My mom let a tear fall down on her face and she hugged me.

"I'm leaving in 10 minutes. I have to go. I love you mummy."

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