

... FIVE 17 YEAR OLD GIRLS,
ONE BOARDING SCHOOL,
A LOT OF WEIRD CAN
HAPPEN..



THE MONTE CHICKS

Sex and Death

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

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**THE
MONTE
CHICKS**

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Sex and Death

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Darling Kind Publishing

THE MONTE CHICKS: Sex and Death

All the characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author, and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all the incidents are pure invention.

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One

Mutsa

Mutsawashe Ndagona looked around. She was back and her old beloved school still looked the same. To say she had passed her Ordinary Levels would be an understatement. She had kicked ass.

How was she going to start her final two years at the school? Well, that was all in the future, something to worry about later. What she had to worry about now were her periods. They were giving her nightmares and she couldn't believe she was having them at such a time. All she needed now was fewer hormones to control and more concentration to her upcoming studies. *But then who was she kidding?* Perhaps it was the anxiety. She knew that being a junior was far different from being a senior. Seniority was such a toll to expect.

Life at Monte Carron Mission School was a bit weird at times. The previous year, students had developed a habit of stealing each other's plates and dirtying them with toilet water in an effort to humiliate each other. That was just one case. In others, a few fourth forms had been caught stealing sugarcane in the school's gardens.

Brother Christopher had claimed that the school had been overcome by possessive demons that were caused by the sudden death of a fellow Sister.

What had happened? It was all about the weird of

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the weird. Sister Pauline had been killed. Many believed it was an accident, but only a few really knew what had happened. The few had sealed their mouths in horror of being involved in what could have been the most controversial issue in the country as far as schools were concerned.

Mutsa was one of the few and she didn't know why she had chosen to return to Monte Carron after what she had experienced the previous year.

She was seventeen years old going eighteen that April. Her friends called her *the cute yellowbone*. She was very light, the longest hair, medium in height and well a few boys who were attracted by her complexion called her beautiful.

Was she beautiful? She was, in a way, and the most important thing about her was that unlike most of her friends, she was a strict principled young lady. She feared God. She had kept her virginity and was more like a one dude kind of girl.

Did she believe in relationships? Well, she had an ordinary boyfriend who loved her as much as she respected him. They had a long distance relationship working for them and as someone who loved to be loved, she thought she was the luckiest girl in her stream.

Mutsa was fond of her sister and adored her little brother. Her family was the model kind of family. In many words, Mutsta was a representable young lady, but that was what she was when she returned to MCM that year. How she was going to leave it after two years was another story.

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Keysh

Keisha Mano stopped short of the pavements to the main reception. She was back at school. She took her time to survey the environment. It looked the same as she had left it. She smiled. *Life was decent.*

Keysh had left MCM with a bang. She was designated as the most outspoken student in the history of the school, not to mention that controversy followed her like a naughty puppy. She had been surprised that the school had taken her back. She had introduced quite a lot of unorthodox behaviours the previous year. She had smuggled in alcohol, taught students to play *njuga*, sent flirting letters to the male teachers and quite a few other things. The reason why she hadn't been expelled was probably that nobody could prove that she was the culprit. She was a very clever girl.

Over the holiday, she had envisioned going to a new school because she wasn't so sure the Principal would take her back. She had spent more times being summoned to her office than she had received letters from home. The Headmistress had been amused by her ability to get away with stuff. She had often mistaken her for a Senior Arts student.

"If you are not destined to become a lawyer Ms Mano, I will swallow my tongue," Mrs Marimo had said.

Keysh was looking forward to taking her up on that dare, in another lifetime.

It was debatable to say that this girl was

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controversy written in bold from her outward appearance. She was the definition of cute. Long hair, tall, light complexion with a confident body, she was a pleasure to look at. She didn't have a boyfriend, had never had one. When it came to being emotional in those levels, she was very anti-social. She didn't need anything that could make her care so much about someone of the opposite sex. She wasn't a lesbian, she did like how boys looked, but she was very focused on her own life to fall in love or be involved in a serious relationship with any.

She knew that things were going to be different that year. Quite a few of her previous friends had left the school for good. After Sister Pauline's death, they had taken Brother Chris on his word. The school was haunted and they didn't want to be part of it.

Keysh knew what had happened to Sister Pauline. She was one of the *few*. It scared her sometimes, but the fact that she was the only child to a single mother had made her let herself not get affected by it. She was a survivor like her mother.

Could we say she was a drug dealer? Well, she didn't do drugs as in the pharmaceutical type. She did drink beer, that she did, but had she ever smoked before? No, she hadn't, not even a cigarette. It was difficult to believe that, of most of the population of the girls that had learnt at MCM that had tried and tested drugs before, either senior or junior, ever since she was in the third form, Keisha had been their major supplier.

The few teachers had tried to catch her red handed, but it was nearly impossible to do so. She

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was untouchable. However, Keysh had one strong principle.

“Never introduce or supply drugs or contraband to anyone who doesn’t need them, thus never be involved in introducing or supplying drugs to any student under the age of sixteen.”

Somehow, this made her humane and respectable to those she dealt with. She was just a business girl, a hustler. They called her Keysh Kulls or simply KK.

Keisha had no regrets in life, but one. It possibly had to do with the sad death of Sister Pauline.

Ivy

Short tempered, middle in height, a little light in complexion, medium flowing hair and an appealing maturing body, Ivy Shandai Mabika frowned as she stared fixedly at the buildings of her school. It was no secret that she didn’t like to be there, but she had no choice.

MCM was one of the best academic institutions in the country and being a former student was almost an automatic qualification to progress for Advanced Level at the school.

A guaranteed qualification was having passed well and like most of her stream, she had got more As than she had anticipated she would for her Ordinary Levels. Ivy had suggested going to a different school, but her no nonsense mother hadn’t wanted to hear anything about it. Her father was rather quiet about it, much to her annoyance. In the end, her mother’s overall decision had ruled. She was back at Monte.

Being popular wasn’t her kind of thing. That was

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for those who were worshiped by the others. The only person she had grown to accommodate for the last four years at the school was Father Robin. He was an old Brother of the Convent, a habitant of the Mission. He was a very wise old man. Ivy liked him because she was sure that he was the only one who understood her well enough. Her friends were okay people, but what she knew and was capable of being needed more than mere teenage friendship conversations.

Ivy knew that she was possibly the only student who had understood Sister Pauline more than even the staff. Sister Pauline's death hadn't come as a surprise to her. One way or the other, it was an inevitable unfortunate event.

As she scanned the place, her focus ran across those who had returned, the girls who were going to become her stream. Seeing a few faces made her feel uneasy, some made her drop her jaw not believing that they had returned as well.

Her old brother was a Theologist and her sister was a Sociologist. She was the youngest in the family and she had vowed not to follow in anyone's path. She had aimed on becoming a medical doctor and she was going to be doing Science subjects for her Advanced Level.

Her father was very proud of her. He was a General Manager of a Hardware Shop in Harare. He wanted something superior for his daughter. He was a quiet man who minded his own business. She respected him for that and in a way she was Daddy's daughter.

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She didn't like being at Monte, but it was a better alternative to staying home. Her mother was a housewife and a very vocal one for that matter. She was a bore and very tiresome to spend time with. Any opportunity she could have to be away from her, Ivy didn't hesitate to take.

Most of the time, she wondered if her mother was the cause of her being single. She had never had a boyfriend before. Her brother blamed her being single toward being sent to learn at a same sex school. Ivy didn't really care much about what people said about her status. She didn't need that kind of seriousness in her young life. What she was, she was very comfortable with. She had watched how some of the girls her age were obsessed with men. It wasn't a lovely picture to her. Ivy was good for Ivy.

Nasty

Anastasia Gonda was as freaky as they come. She was medium height, dark in complexion, medium hair and the most precious part of her was her ass. She had a sexy round bottom that made up for her complexion whenever guys looked at her. If she was born lighter in skin, she could have really given many men headaches, but that wasn't to be.

Nasty took a brief survey of the school and was satisfied with what she saw. It was the last week of February and the classes were already halfway into the term.

They didn't call her Nasty for nothing. She was what most called a *whaga*. She had had sex more than

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four times with two ex-boyfriends when she had turned sixteen. It was a wonder why she hadn't fallen pregnant. Her attitude was that of a very loud vocal lady who was overconfident and saw herself as some kind of a jewel amongst stones.

MCM was probably a quiet place because it didn't have boys, but it did have men. That was one thing she liked about it. It had a few men teacher students and as many men, they weren't so smart. She had a way with men. Her butt being the main attraction, she often wore tight skirts that shaped her down. It wasn't easy for the few male teachers not to notice her. She was a total temptation.

One of her best qualities was the ability to manipulate others. She had a way with people, making them fall prey to her needs and wants. Nasty was part of four sisters in her family. Two were older than her, the last born only twelve years old. It was a family dominated by females and they were a family that loved having lots of fun. Nasty didn't know where her freakiness came from, but her father knew. Their mother had once been wild in the old days. She was a beautiful lady who was forever jovial, a smile on her face most of the time. She let her daughters enjoy themselves.

Chiky

Faith Chikowore greeted the Senior Lady and let her smile fade away when she laid eyes on *the others*.

She was very surprised to see Keysh. Keysh was her best friend at MCM ever since the first form.

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They had a cool friendship that worked even in the trying of times. They were a team to reckon with, very good at what they did. Her surprise was mainly based on the fact that Keysh had told her that she wasn't returning to MCM after the scandal the previous year. She respected her friends and hated to be mistaken for what she wasn't. For this, she didn't see eye to eye with the freaky Nasty.

Most of it had to do with the fact that Nasty had stolen her boyfriend during their first fourth form holiday and hadn't seemed concerned about it. They had had a nasty fight which had only phased off because of Keisha's intervention.

Faith and Nasty barely spoke to each other since that ordeal and the fact that they were related was too gross to consider the complications that resulted from such a queer relationship.

Chiky was the second child of Mr and Mrs Chikowore and they were only two children, she and her brother. The family lived in Marondera, near Peterhouse College.

Her being at MCM was by choice. She liked the school, mainly because her famous Aunt had learnt there. She wanted to follow in her footsteps and become a well-known businesswoman one day. She hadn't hesitated returning for her Advanced Levels there. Like all her friends, she had passed with flying colours and couldn't wait to get the school life underway and over with.

The next few months were very crucial to her. She needed not think about what had happened the previous year, but focus on the future. In order to

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prosper, Chiky knew that she had to take care of a few anomalies before the term was fully functional. The hardest of them all, she thought, was to get rid of her best friend, unfriend Keysh. One thing was pretty certain to her about this anomaly. It wasn't going to be easy in any spectrum. It was going to be troublesome, especially with what she knew about Sister Pauline's death. She knew quite a lot just to want out. She had a burden to carry, whether she wanted it or not.

From the distance, Keysh felt her eyes on her, looked up, and smiled back. Chiky smiled back, weakly. Her gaze wandered around the school. It was a new year, new things.

Two

The first week of March at MCM was tense for the five girls. Things at MCM had changed. The Matron was new, the old one having retired, too shaken by the death of Sister Pauline. Sister Pauline had been the old Matron's close relative and not knowing the real cause of death was too much for her.

The new Matron was called Mrs Sakwa and she had already made herself infamous with the students at the school. She was an extremely stern lady in her forties and was as tall as a stork.

Her height, body structure made her formidable. The girls of MCM were scared of her, the exception being Keysh. Keysh didn't like Mrs Sakwa, mainly because she represented a threat to her lifestyle at the school.

The first week back at MCM for the lower six students was spent with many changing subjects. Keysh was one of them. She wanted to do Commercial subjects, but was given Science subjects during her recruitment. The teachers of the subjects she wanted to do weren't taking in any more students, and this presented a huge problem for her. She was however determined as always to get what she wanted.

Faith stared at Keysh as she headed for her first Economics' lesson. Keysh very much looked nothing, but confident. 'Are you sure you want to do this?' Faith said, curious.

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Keysh stared back at her, grinned. 'I am so sure, watch me!'

Faith shook her head, smiled weakly. They headed for the class, entered. The class wasn't that many. It had only twenty students. Most of the girls stared at Keysh, many stunned to see her. Keysh ignored the open stares, took a sit in front.

The teacher walked in, a middle aged lady called Mrs Sadza. With her were modules and a pack of chalk. 'Welcome back to school Lower Sixes. As many of you, those who were here, know me, my name is Mrs Sadza. I will be taking you for Economics,' she said smiling, writing her name on the board.

She looked back, took a brief survey of the class. Her smile faded when her eyes rested on Keysh. She stared hard at her surprised. 'Ms Mano, what are you doing here?'

'I am here for lessons Mam,' Keysh replied confidently.

'I told you that I wasn't taking any more students in my class Ms Mano, I made that pretty clear,' Mrs Sadza said furiously.

Keysh kept her confidence. This annoyed Mrs Sadza the most. 'And I also made it pretty clear that I wanted to be in this class Mam.'

The other students who weren't at MCM the previous years were stunned at Keysh's attitude towards the teacher. *Was who this girl who spoke her mind so openly and didn't fear the consequences?*

'I will report you to the Headmistress Ms Mano, if you don't leave my class now.'

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‘If you find that to be suitable Mam, please do. However, I am the only one added to the number of your original students. I don’t see why you can’t give me the benefit of doubt. I don’t want to spend two years doing things like Chemistry when I can do this,’ Keysh said with her brow arched. Faith, who sat at her side cringed, embarrassed.

Knowing Keysh, Mrs Sadza only frowned. She shrugged, eventually ignoring her.

The introduction to the subject commenced. The new MCM students were forever curious of who Ms Mano was. They couldn’t wait for the lesson to end. After the lesson, Keysh received quite a few stares. The other students who knew Keysh could only laugh about the ordeal.

‘Are you insane?’ Faith asked mouth wide open.

‘I did what I had to do. You seriously can’t expect me to go and do Chemistry. Mrs Gumede hates me,’ Keysh said.

‘Can you blame her? You tormented her last year.’

Keysh smiled, remembering. Mrs Gumede really hated her, that was true. The two had had frequent vocal wars the past year, mainly because Keysh was alleged to have played a nasty prank on her. At that time, Keysh was actually innocent, but having her kind of reputation, Keysh had been seen as the most possible suspect.

Keysh followed Faith to her next lesson before break time. The lesson was Accounts, another subject Keysh wanted to do. The class had many students, mainly thirty-three.

‘My name is Mr Ditima and I will be your

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Accounts teacher for the following months,' Mr Ditima said. He was tall, steady looking and an amiable person. Many students at the school liked him.

Mr Ditima gave them an introduction of the subject, throwing in a few jokes along the way. He suddenly spotted Keysh, stared at her curiously. 'Ms Mano, is that you?'

'Yes sir!' Keysh replied confidently.

'You are doing Accounts, since when?'

'Since this year sir.'

'But you have never done Accounts before. How is that possible?' Mr Ditima was both surprised and confused.

'There is a first time for everything sir.'

The class erupted with laughter. Mr Ditima grinned, shook his head. 'Well, if you think you can do it, who am I to stop you? You are welcome.'

'Thank you sir,' Keysh said thankfully.

An hour later, Keysh didn't feel so thankful, but confused. Had she made the wise choice? Accounts was not as easy as she had thought, the lesson had taught her as much. But then what could she do? She definitely couldn't go back on her decision, to go to Mrs Gumede's next lesson only to find herself in trouble for not being in the first. She knew she had to soldier on with her choice. It was after all the first lesson she had ever had in Accounts, and Mr Dit, as they called him, was a very good teacher by record, possibly because he was full of humour and knew how to make his students understand any topic.

That afternoon, she quickly made sure she visited

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the reception to see the Recruitment Officer at the school, to officially have her on the record as having changed subjects. All that was needed was consent from the Department Heads, which wasn't at all a problem, since she was well known and a very bright student.

The following few days, Mutsa was the centre of attraction in Mrs Gumede's class. Once, she had been Mrs Gumede's favourite student in the previous years. All that had suddenly changed one unfortunate morning when a prank was executed on the teacher.

What had started as a silly prank had eventually turned into more. Gums, as the students called her, was a very strict teacher who taught Chemistry. She was also very intelligent, and the students forgave her strictness for this reason. It was apparently difficult to fail in Gums' class. That was how good she was at her job. Being great at her job, however, had drawbacks. She apparently had multi-tasking anomalies. She liked to do things herself, thus delegating less, thus leading to the prank. She had prepared for the potassium experiment with the form four class the previous year, and before the experiment, someone had switched the correct chemicals with wrong chemicals. The result was Gums creating a thick smoke bomb that had taken hours to clear.

Since she started doing Chem, Mutsa's partner at lab experiments was Keysh, and their workplace was situated close to where most of the lab's chemicals were stored.

After Gums discovered what had really happened

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that afternoon, she had targeted Keysh as the culprit. It didn't do Keysh any favour that she had been involved in two more pranks prior to this one. She claimed she was innocent with all might. But it fell to deaf ears. What was needed was only proof, or a statement from one of the students to really get Keysh in big trouble. Since she was well favourable with Mutsa, Gums had expected Mutsa to do the right thing, testify against Keysh.

Mutsa knew what was expected of her, but the problem was she didn't know the truth. She didn't know if it was actually Keysh's prank. Testifying against Keysh would mean Keysh would be nothing, but expelled. Playing around with lab chemicals was dangerous and punishable only by expulsion.

In the end, there had been no evidence Keysh had done it, no testimony from Mutsa and a very livid and unforgiving Gums. Mutsa had never got the favour of Mrs Gumede again. She was however one of three students who had got an A in Chemistry. One of the others was Keysh, much to Mrs Gumede's annoyance. And she couldn't be angrier when Keysh had failed to turn up for her Chemistry lessons that first week. Rumours that Keysh had changed subjects circulated in the staff room. Although she clearly hated the girl, Mrs Gumede couldn't help respecting the academic side of the girl. She was an intelligent girl, though extremely mischievous, but very intelligent and she needed intelligent students for her A level Chemistry class that year.

The previous students' A level results that year were not as pleasing as she had estimated. As much as

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she hated to admit it, with the other A student having not returned to do her A level at Monte, she needed Keysh as well in her class to partner Mutsa. The other few students were new to her. And she couldn't believe the nerve of the girl, changing subjects. No, she wasn't standing for this nonsense, so she put pressure on Mutsa.

'You need to attend lessons Keysh, Mrs Gumede is nearly driving me insane now,' Mutsa said to Keysh that afternoon as they had lunch in the eating hall. The hall was filled from the ever noisy and crowded form ones, to the few calm and quiet sixth forms. Mutsa, Keysh, Ivy, Chiky and Nasty sat with their friends at a bench near the upper sixes.

Keysh glared at Mutsa. 'And what have I been doing for the past few days?' She said, with a frown.

'Trying to be crazy and change subjects. Seriously, what do you know about Accounts?' Mutsa argued. It could have been easier to deal with Mrs Gumede if the class had more than seven students. It was a matter where the first words that came out of Mrs Gumede every lesson were, "*Ms Ndagona, where is Ms Mano?*" She had tried endlessly to explain that Keysh had changed subjects.

'Apparently more than me at the moment,' Nasty said grinning. It was a wonder that Keysh was even participating in their class, making her and the rest of the class who had done and passed Accounts at O level seem useless. She liked the idea that Keysh was in her class though.

Chiky frowned at her, Nasty ignoring her in turn. 'You should have stuck to your usual subjects,' she

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pointed out.

‘If she wants to do Commercial, let her,’ Ivy said, in support of Keysh. She didn’t like people telling her what to do, so she felt like Keysh deserved the same respect.

‘No, she has to return to doing Chemistry. I am the only Monte chick in my class, considering you were too chicken to do Chem as well,’ Mutsa stood her ground.

‘No, no, no, don’t you dare,’ Ivy stared back challengingly. ‘I got a B, and Mr Tembo wanted me in Physics.’

‘MBP, what an interesting combination,’ Keysh said giggling. ‘Thought you wanted to be a Doctor.’

‘Not as interesting as someone with an A in Chem doing Accounts which she never did,’ Mutsa said grumbling. ‘As long as she is doing Bio, she can do Med.’

‘What’s really the problem here? We are allowed to change subjects!’ Nasty said, looking a bit confused. Her eye was on one of the general workers. He looked new and cute. She smiled at him as he carried a pot toward the kitchen.

‘The problem is,’ Mutsa said, eyeing the exchange of looks between the general worker and Nasty. ‘...now Gums is on my ass, complaining to me about her. And it’s not even two weeks yet. How do you think I will survive the next five terms? What are you doing?’

Nasty turned to her and grinned. ‘Flirting of course, he looks hot doesn’t he?’ She licked her lips.

Mutsa frowned as the others looked at where

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Nasty was staring. It was the general worker. Nasty waved at him and he, after a moment of hesitation, waved back. The other girls, but Mutsa and Chiky laughed.

‘You are not seriously thinking what I think you are thinking?’ Ivy said.

‘Why not, a pick me up couldn’t hurt, could it? I need one, with all this A level fuss,’ Nasty said, confidently.

‘You are crazy, you just can’t go around having sex with everyone you meet?’ Chiky frowned. ‘People get pregnant nowadays.’

Nasty laughed sarcastically. ‘People have always been getting pregnant, that’s why they created rubbers caz. I am sure Keysh has some.’

Keysh grinned at her. ‘Of course, we wouldn’t want anyone getting pregnant would we? I am sure Mrs Marimo would be very grateful.’

The other girls laughed except Chiky. She knew what her cousin was capable of. It seemed like a joke, but she knew. *Hadn’t these girls learnt anything from Sister Pauline’s death?*

Three

She was experienced enough to at least know what to expect. Seducing the general worker had been easy enough. He was too vulnerable. She had toyed around with him like a mouse. Nasty managed to get the general worker alone at the usual spot where she had had secret meetings with the few male teachers who had fallen victim to her *web* the previous year.

She had expected him to be as weak as he had been when luring him, but when it came to performing, she got more than what she had bargained for.

He performed like a bull terrier on an unsuspecting bitch, a dog starved off sex and suddenly released as part of an experiment.

As she was being pleased, Nasty tried not to think. She was having sex with a total stranger. She chased away the thoughts, thinking that people in the first world countries had sex all the time, with strangers too.

The gw performed like he was mad, Nasty thought he was actually going to break her. He went on for about five minutes, strong and hard, never falling.

In the act, Nasty suddenly realized why. It was the smell, mixed with sweat. He must have smoked some *pot*.

Eventually, both climaxed and Nasty felt him tremble a bit, then fall to the floor, breathing heavily, exhausted. Nasty lay there with him, recovering from

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the heightened extremes of passion. She felt very lucky the condom hadn't torn. She checked her time on the phone and realised that they had finished just in time. It was time for the evening showers for the girls at the school. She quickly wore her uniform, made sure it didn't look out of place. She stood up, waiting for him to get up to leave with her. He just lay there. 'Are you okay?' She asked.

The gw looked up at her and smiled weakly. 'Yah, give me a moment.'

'Okay, but I have to leave,' Nasty said, making her way from the space. 'I have to join the others. Thanks!' She said goodbye and he watched her leave.

When Chiky saw Nasty arrive at the showers, she knew there and then. Nasty looked so flushed, beaming with sweat. She shook her head and looked away.

Nasty joined Keysh to bath at their reserved space and told her about her recent experience. Keysh had nothing, but good nodding responses. Mutsa listened quietly from nearby. She couldn't believe Nasty had actually done it again. She wondered what it felt like. *Was her time coming soon, with her boyfriend?*

After the showers, it was time to go to the study hall for the juniors whilst the seniors had to study in the school library. Later on, it was time for dinner before retiring for their rooms.

When Ivy rushed for the showers the following morning, knowing very well that she was late as ever, she bumped into Father Robin and with him, a man

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wearing a police uniform. It was not uncommon seeing a police officer at the school for the Mission was located near a police station and the police often visited the place to check and make sure the Mission didn't have any troubles. However, the look on Father Robin as he looked at Ivy said it all. It gave Ivy the chills. Something bad had happened. *What could it be?* She thought rushing for the showers. She did soon find out, so did the rest of the school through the gossip grapevine.

Nasty nearly fainted when she heard the news. The new general worker had been found dead, half dressed in the storage room. She knew she was possibly the last to see him alive.

How had he died? That was the biggest question all way round. Speculations went as far crazy as some claiming that since he had been filling in to some of the duties Sister Pauline had carried at the school, her ghost had returned to curse the position. Although this was ridiculous, the death of Sister Pauline was resurrected in their minds. The school was restless for the rest of the day.

Nasty tried to keep a straight face and not panic, but she could feel the eyes of her friends on her. All the confidence, the swag seemed to have completely faded away. This was serious.

That day during break, the girls sat at their table. Silence was on the menu. Nobody wanted to broach the subject, nobody. The other students around could see the oddity of the bench, but were too gloomy to take more notice. Someone dying at the school wasn't something they could easily ward off and continue

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with their lives. It was going to be that odd for a few days.

The following morning, more news came. The gw was said to have died from a heart complication after drugs were found in his system. The Headmistress had a lot to say about the use of drugs that morning's assembly. She couldn't help staring at Keysh for a lingering few seconds. Keysh felt her eyes on her and did not dare look at her.

She wondered if it had been her supply that had caused this, she knew she would have been in big trouble. She wondered if the Headmistress thought she was the one who had supplied the gw with drugs. Now that was a big problem. Even when she was innocent, had no idea what was going on, she knew there was a possibility she was going to be in as much trouble as Nasty.

Ivy could only wonder what would happen next. This was the main reason she didn't want to return to this bloody school. Only less than two weeks back and look what had already happened?

Chiky had so many, "*I told you so*"s in her head and she wished she could say them out loud at her cousin. She was actually related to this piece of crap, she thought heatedly.

What had Nasty done now? She was now involved in two deaths in less than a year. That smelt of nothing, but black trouble.

Mutsa could only be nothing, but paranoid and panicky. It was happening again. What else could happen at a school with five seventeen year olds who were keeping a secret so crude and foul, it had to be

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welcomed by nothing other than death? What were the chances that Nasty had had sex again and the end result was someone dying the very next day? What were the odds indeed?

BOOK #02

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Will You Kiss Me?

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Nothing is ever easy when you mix controversy with death, and the school is recovering from the recent tragedy, only by coping in a way that's not seen as civilized.

Keysh, Ivy, Nasty, Chiky and Mutsa discover that life back at school is not as rosy as it is anticipated to be, especially when you got trouble sniffing your tail like a puppy.

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BOOK #03

THE MONTE CHICKS

The Church Mafia

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Things get weird real fast, as the skirt measuring contest emerges. The juniors try to show the new seniors that they are more superior.

Chaos develops at the school as a war develops between the Form Fours and the Lower Sixes. The Church Mafia are forced to protect themselves, to do all things possible to stay relevant.

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BOOK #04

THE MONTE CHICKS

The Pink Prison

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...The aftermath of a rather weird week full of the unexpected, the fights, the verbal abuses, the expulsions, the confusions and the emojis of unrest.

The Headmistress of Monte Carron is left with a void within her mind-set as she tries to make sense of what has been happening at her school. Should it become like a prison for it to become disciplined? The school has never been so sorted, the students so possessed.

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BOOK #05

THE MONTE CHICKS

Memories of Yesterday

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...*What happened to Sister Pauline?* That has been the bigger question all along.

The series takes a detour to reveal what happened a year ago, what happened during the time when everything was near normal and the particular moment everything changed in the lives of the five girls and the school as a whole.

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BOOK #06

THE MONTE CHICKS

Mutsa

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Who is Mutsa Ndagona?

We get to discover a little about Mutsa as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other four girls...

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BOOK #07

THE MONTE CHICKS

Ivy

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Who is Ivy Mabika

We get to discover a little about Ivy as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other four girls....

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BOOK #08

THE MONTE CHICKS

Chiky

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Who is Faith Chikowore?

We get to discover a little about Chiky as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other four girls...

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BOOK #09

THE MONTE CHICKS

Nasty

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Who is Anastasia Gonda?

We get to discover a little about Nasty as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other four girls....

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BOOK #10

THE MONTE CHICKS

Keysh

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Who is Keisha Mano?

We get to discover a little about Keysh as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other five girls...

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BOOK #11

THE MONTE CHICKS

Back to School

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...It's back at Monte

After rather a curious holiday for the five girls, they return to school to continue their academic life.

They all struggle to get back their position of balm, try to figure out their social identities at the school. It seems like the previous term really did a number on them..

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The Monte Chicks *Books*

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...During the previous year at Monte Carron Mission School, quite a lot happened leading to the death of Sister Pauline. Not many really know the truth, of what really happened to her.

But Mutsa, Keysh, Chiky, Nasty and Ivy know a LOT. It's a truth so twisted, it defines their new year as seniors at a school where what used to be Abnormal suddenly becomes the most normal. One has to be involved in either one, either *Sex* or *Death*...

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**CONTROVERSIAL AND SEXY
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