

# The Conservative Kingdom Chronicle of the Princess



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## Chapter 1. Abo Mismar, the Shank and Daniel DeFoe

I have been catching up on a lot of reading lately. The world has gone to favor the political side of the climate right around this time since every four years or so, the United States elects its presidents. The time between January and November is usually used to pull people together from every part of the country and have them vote to elect the representatives that will go on to lead the nation for another four years. During this time, I ran into the funniest events I have ever encountered in my life. Although lately, all my time has been taken by political events, these three matters have been laying me to waste for the past couple of days and I wanted to share the secrets with everyone before they escape me.

The first event that I encountered is called “Abo Mismar”, which in English translates to “The almighty nail”. Ever since I discovered the term a few days ago I have been laughing on the floor crying my eyes out due to the sensitive nature of the name. The name is given to a specific plant in Ethiopia, Khat. This specific strain is the most expensive one and comes from Harar. They chew it to help me produce euphoria and good sensations. Although my encounter with the plant is non-existent, I have come close to the name to the point I fully understand the concept of the product. To nail something is to put something in its place, and to hammer something goes along with it, however, when you address the nail itself, it is used to secure the item in its place. With modern technology, it has been easier to remove the nail using good hammers or using products such as mechanical nail removers. Nevertheless, there are some things that you genuinely want to put in their place. The name itself creates the image of security. I have come to find it funny more than anything because lately, I have been trying to secure myself Irish Citizenship.

The event has been getting out of hand because everytime I try to apply for an extended Visa, I find it hard to come up with the money. I have the means to move from Ethiopia to The United States countless times over the course of the year but I have yet to come up with enough money to afford going to Ireland and staying there. Sitting here Writing this, I can afford to go to Ireland and stay there for a couple of weeks probably, and not only that, I would have to work every day to secure food to eat before I hit the 6 month mark and get kicked out of the country back to the United States. The travel ticket in itself is a nightmare. I have been living a good life and when looking at the bi-weekly paycheck, it is kind of hard to fit all of it into a large vacation package let alone time away into a different country where I have to even apply for a work Visa. The application itself has been a nightmare and paying the fee for it has also become a nightmare.

When you think of the name “Abo Mismar”, you are probably thinking of a good time using Khat by the streets somewhere in Harar, and I am asking myself the question, “How can I nail this project down in its place and find the means to afford the tickets”? The term works both ways. When you use the plant, you like the country so much apparently, from where you are sitting to the point you never want to leave it. I think that is where the original name comes from. The citizens of Ethiopia love to consume it all around Addis city. The price is unique to the specific town you are in but I think it ranges somewhere around 200 birr. The people seem to be having a good time although the surrounding areas look like they could use a lot of help. The name brings out the fun and games in the plant because even if the surrounding area doesn't particularly look that nice, they sit down and consume it with all their might. I think in some parts I saw trash everywhere along with sewage water going across the streets yet people were there with the goats eating the plant as if all is well. I thought it was funny because when you eat

it , I think it gives you good feelings to the point you are nailed down to the place you are in, the town, the city and the country. I enjoy the name itself. I have been sitting here trying to find a solution for my “Irish Problem”. I have been struggling to meet the mark. I have been struggling to depart from where I am to make my home in the country yet the difficulty is surmountable. There are a lot of obstacles in the way that have been hindering me from making the capitol my home. The name “Abo Mismar ”, is appealing and really funny because it talks and tells of a tale where the user is plunged in place with nowhere to go. In a time where the target I want to hit keeps moving around, I wish I could find a way to nail the objective down in it’s place where it won’t move an inch. I find comfort in knowing there is an ending to a matter because so far everything has been “go, go go”.

The second reason I found they named the plant “Abo Mismar”, is because of the catastrophic nature of the plant. In other parts of the world such as Europe and the United States, It is a schedule I controlled substances. That means the plant has been studied and the conclusive findings dictate the plant has no medicinal benefits and has a high risk of abuse. In middle eastern countries however, like Somalia and Ethiopia, the plant is legal and no one has outlawed it for recreational use. In a country where the prevailing religion is Christianity, the local community frowns upon the use of it and sends their children to treatment when they see them using or abusing the drug. The majority of them tend to have modern relations with European or American countries so they fear their relationships along with their citizenships will be in jeopardy. Which is why when they find candidates that use the plant, along with their children, they prevent them from leaving the country against their will either because they want to punish them, or because they do not want someone to represent them going to other countries who have an addiction to the Khat plant. In this likeness, the name of the plant, the “best” strain, sticks out

since it is nicknamed the nail. With every effort they have, they will use it to nail you to the country against your will. The name on both sides fit the description of the plant very well.

The second event that I found that has been laying me on the floor when I discovered the meaning of it is “a shank”. When I was little, I watched a lot of Prison Break episodes. The show streamed well on Satellite TV because it had a large audience. There was a character named “T-bag” on the show. T-bag was a prisoner in the movie whose real name Theadore Bagwell. The character was based of the real Republican voting criminal Ted Bundy who raped and abused his victims before he killed them. The protagonist of the show wanted to escape the prison for whatever reason the script was written for, then this T-bag character kept getting in his way so a conflict ensued. I remember the episode vividly but T-bag wanted to cause a lot of damage to the protagonist by using a shank. When he went to the working division of the prison, where the other inmates would do black smith work, he asked specifically for an item that would cause lethal damage. He wanted the product badly and was rewarded by his friend with an Item that would be fatal to another individual who was harmed by it. The weapon was a shank with teeth in which his friend explained that once it enters the body and the user pulls from the victim's stomach, the guts will be pulled out with it. He explained the pain is not that great but once the infection sets in, the guy is a goner. My intention when I ran into this specific scene was by accident but the context had a slight home run when I found out the word shank can be used interchangeably in other devices or items.

The word shank can be a term used for an item that causes damage and then the aftermath that ensues gets worse over time. Recently, I borrowed an Item from a roommate. It was a bluetooth speaker which his loved one had purchased for him. I had been using it in and around the house as I pleased but a couple of days ago, I dropped it on the ground and the charging unit

stopped working. The speakers were working well. The bluetooth function was there and all the buttons worked fine but the charging point had shifted a few millimeters with the fall which caused the lateral movement of the port. In return, when charging it, to get the “ok” light that the speaker was in fact charging, you had to shift the charger abnormally with a little bit of force. The applied force brought back an indication the item was charging and even after that I used it well because it did charge the item. I think it was yesterday when I returned the item to him. I couldn't understand why he was fuming the whole day. His friends were there, his loved ones were there but he looked a bit in the heat. It was then I remember I didn't tell him about what happened to the speaker and how it needed external force added to the charging port to fully charge it again. I had charged it way over 90 percent when I returned it so he didn't realize when the item lost its power, the charging would become a problem. I have several electronic devices and there are other roommates that use the speakers so right up until this morning, no one knew it was me who did something to it. Everyone had forgotten to do their daily assignments, along with governing their social media accounts because all their attention was stolen by the shank that was created unintentionally. Without meaning it, I had caused the identical damage of a shank. Without his knowledge, I returned the device where he would find it while withholding the information from him. Up until the point I told him, he had completely gone into fits of anger, not knowing where the damage was coming from. Over time, like an infection, the heat didn't die down until I told him what happened. It was a simple fix but the whole event was like being shanked. I realized today that being shanked has nothing to do with being shanked. The name in itself can be used to describe an event that matches the damage done by an item and it can be anything.

Over the past few years, I have been a prolific writer. I have been working on my own magazine, and not only that I have been working with media companies in publishing the latest information on their platforms. Whenever I would write articles, I tend to make sure the audience is thoroughly entertained or well informed depending on the nature of the paper that I am writing. Most often than not, I make sure I never pass the 900 word mark. I like to submit papers on time and I also like writing papers that tell good stories but much like other reports or journalists, I have my superstitions. My superstition is number 9. The number is an ending number. Whenever you count from 1 up to 9, the ending number is 9. Any number after 9 is double digit numbers. All infinite numbers encompass the numbers 1-9. To me the number 9 is a dragon number. I named it “The dragon number” because when you inspect the world of reptiles, the largest animal you find is the Komodo dragon. Although dragons are mythical creatures, the name of the Indonesian reptile is not well known. The Komodo has a finishing effect that is black in nature since the skin of the dragon itself in general is black. Whenever anyone runs into the number 9, the finishing effect is there. The true sign of an ending is close since any number you write after 9 is a repeat number of all the past numbers.

If you pass the number 9, the next time you find it in a number, it would have increased dramatically. If you get paid 9 dollars and if you get paid 90 dollars an hour, there is a huge Gap. This is why I tend to end my papers on a good note, numbers in the 900 word mark, since the next time you find the number 9 leading is when you reach the number 9000. The number would have increased exponentially, and the newspaper you wanted to write is no longer a newspaper but a magazine. When looking at the dragon in The Bible, it is found in the book of revelations at the end of the book where the animal itself is looked upon as the antagonist of all mankind. The creature represents the end of all evolution as well since it is an apex predator. Religious books



along with scientific books agree that dragons are a threat to the human species due to their aggressive nature. Dragons bring an ending to life and their representation is often conclusive.

The name Daniel in itself is an apocalyptic name that has its origin in the Torah. In the book it depicts a dragon that will once again appear in the book of revelations to bring an ending to all mankind. The Dragon number itself is a marker for the completion of an event, a matter or a time, which is why, when I learned of Daniel Defoe's book, "The Journal of the Plague year", I was in tatters. The book has somewhere close to 100,000 words and considering the benchmark that I would accomplish if I write as much as him, I would be facing Daniel Defoe himself. His last name, Defoe, kind of sounds like the words "The Foe." Foe's are usually the antagonists in a show. They are the bad guys. Which is why the sentences I was using radically started making me laugh till I was on the floor laughing my guts out. The sentences I realized were getting funny by the minute since they would have no end in their nature. " Today, I am facing Daniel Dafoe". " I know what will happen after I beat Daniel Defoe." "I have defeated Daniel Dafoe".

To wrap up the last couple of days, where I spent them laughing from sun up to sun down, it is because of these three events that took place in which together, tell the tale of a catastrophic event that could be brought to an end from the outside using "Abo Mismar", a situation that can be brought an end by the user using a shank, or an event that can hoped to be reached but never will while striving to do so without any effort. The first event was funny because although I still have yet to know if Khat has a bitter taste or not, I can't help but laugh at the name that is unique to the plant itself which is named due to its conclusive nature. It has a pulling effect where I am mesmerized by the definition of the Shank that can be used. In my

case, the fall of the speaker was an accident that was in no way intentional. Even though the intention of using any kind of shank is intentional, the nature of the matter doesn't change. Any one is capable of using a shank to cause astronomical damage to anyone they please or to something they want. Much like "Abo Mismar", that nails you in your place from outside use, the inside use of the shank also has a conclusive effect. The first two, just like the dragon number can be found inside your house anywhere. They can help you find a way to defeat your personal Daniel Defoe. No matter the item in the house, such as a rock, can be used as a shank in the sense that once you use it to damage per se, a table, it takes a few moments for the "infection" to settle in. The straight edges are no longer straight and the plates you want to put on it to eat for are no longer stable. The drinks in the cup will likely tilt to the edge and cause the liquid in the cup to sink to a different angle where the original purpose and function of the table would have sufficed. All together, I found meaning and understanding the past few days searching for matters that are too deep. The journals I have been writing have brought me humor. Sturdy and unmovable human names have also brought me challenges I couldn't find working my daily job. The dragon number has brought me clarity, the shank helped expand my knowledge of the English language along with the humor you can create mixing up words and sentences from subject matters that are too deep to understand.

In conclusion, the point of today's paper is not to ask the reader to consume Khat nor use a shank. The point of today's paper is to express the humor I found in playing with words and numbers. I do not condone the use of illegal substances, nor do I condone the use of violence to achieve a goal but humor is ok when you find it in friends, and other humans that let you explore their works where the play on words can be a healthy conflict for the household, and when you

use sentences like “ I find my opponent Daniel Defoe hard to beat” is ok, no one is offended let alone shanked or drugged.

## Chapter 2 - Her name was of Interest

She and I met when we were about 13. We used to go everywhere together. The moment we met, I thought of her like a sister. The more we started hanging out, she repelled all my anguish away. I was delighted in her movements, the way she danced when we went out at night. The most fascinating thing about her was how rich she was. I never thought any kind of money would be enough to fall in love, and move in with her. She had a past that was sort of unique compared to others. I think what I liked about her the most was her smile when she lied to me. The more I go back to think of how much she meant to me at the time, I can't help but wonder about the good times we spent together. We spent hours just texting sometimes when I was just a freshman in high school. The most delightful thing about her was the cute shorts she would wear to have fun with my friends and I. I liked the idea of a woman who was a tomboy sort of looking chick around with my male friends. I can talk about her for a long time without having to destroy the integrity of her character. She liked to wear cute tops along with her curly hair. We made good memories together. Day after day, night after night, when we texted and when we talked on the phone, the stories were filled with humor and playful aggression that would eventually lead to great moments. We used to go sightseeing together whenever we had the opportunity. I think the buildings around the city were one of the most interesting aspects of our memorable nights. She gleamed when I told her jokes. She liked my day stories the most since I was in class most of the time. In high school, I was not the most handsome guy nor the brightest, but I knew how to get around the school well enough. The most interesting detail about me was not physical

appearance but the way I used languages around the school. I like beautiful women and the ones that were not so beautiful. To me, to be beautiful means you are the result of what you do to yourself. If you constantly draw with one hand and have not mastered how to draw with the other hand, you are the problem because if you start having chronic pains as a result of the misuse of one hand, and that hand ends up deformed, the person responsible would be you.

I think it becomes a problem when women do not realize what you make of yourself is what makes you beautiful. If a person who goes to the gym, say a cute girl, ends up competing in sports that are not fit for the person she is attracted to, like a chess player since their life would not fit the lifestyle they want to cohesively create, the problem is the exercising itself along with the decision. The problem with most people is they do not think that when they take actions to attract certain people, they make decisions against other people. When you choose to love one person, in retrospect, the individual has to give up liking someone else since the law of the land would be the best ally to the one who is likely to get a marriage license. Whatever country one person might be from, the best they will likely get is a license to go on being married but polygamy is not something most people practice across the planet well since the act itself is frowned upon. Polygamy is of interest to me for many reasons. It helps you choose between different cultures. It helps you choose any woman you want as your mate from all across the globe who is willing to get in bed with you along with creating a family with you. Polygamists are usually polyamorists. The idea in itself is really interesting since it makes people happy, especially the male who has a lot of wives. To my best of ability, I can recall some families who have succeeded in society with a polygamous relationship.

The first person I can say who definitely practices polygamy is the society man Donald John Trump. Donald Trump in his ripe old age of 78, already had three wives. He is the

champion of the Republic but the family he has created over the past decades has grown considerably large. I think through his first first, who is now deceased, he has created three children, who in themselves have made other 3 children individually. The excerpt is not about the family itself but the critical analysis of the man Donald Trump himself. He is a good person. I think he is a really good politician and believe if you may, he has a shot at becoming the next President of the United States, and winning it. He is, however, a terrible businessman. I have never seen a large family in a long time. Even if his initial family is a nuclear family, it goes so far left with his second and third wife who he also has children with. His second wife bore him a daughter before he married a third one and had a son with her. My criticism stems mostly from my humor. I do not know why you need a second and a third wife nor do I understand the objective of divorce itself. Maybe he didn't like them much, and maybe there was infidelity but the fact that he had children with each and everyone of these women means they probably take time hanging out with each other quite a lot. When he wants to see his sons, he has to see his other two wives. When he wants to see his daughters, he has to also see his other two wives. When he wants to spend time with all these children, all his children round up together along with his wives. The term divorce in this way loses its definition since the meaning is the complete division of the human from another human. The point of a family is to produce offspring that would inherit your gene and carry your DNA to the next generation. I do not think you need more than one wife, unless you intend to keep the others as a spare. What do you do? Do you keep the others as back up just in case one falters like a karaoke machine? Do you keep one as backup just in case there is a political assignment that needs diversity like a muslim nation? Do you get back together with one wife while the other one is there and make it like the conflict never happened? My criticism although may seem harsh, it is a bitter reality that has

created conflict about money across families worldwide. In this way, polygamy has its bright side, but it also has its jabbing point where if the pressure gets a little too much, the pain will start to kick in.

I find polygamy and polyamorous relationships quite nice and fun but in the real world, they are not practical since they create a lot of conflict and hate. I like to dwell on these thoughts often, where I would date multiple women and make cute remarks with them whenever we hang out. I dream about it sometimes when I am in bed texting one or two women at the same time. Another time it would be a business text from work, other times it would be a personal text from the girl I like, yet the thoughts are often there.

### Chapter 3 - She made me happy

Satisfaction is the measurement. The reward is the glory you achieve from it. When you are the champion of the environment because you have made a standing structure that is a light to the community, the people are mesmerized because of it. The community sometimes stands in awe of families who rise above the local drama and make things happen. Just as much as there are beautiful women and not so beautiful women, there are also radical women and women who are not so radical. One is inwardly kempt, they like to take care of themselves, in return that reflects on other people, especially one they like. The other changes the environment around them, in return the community becomes cohesive and they generate a lot of revenue. When the community generates revenue, roads are built, schools are made well to the point good teachers are hired. I am a fan of both these women yet the light source often has to be the person that leads. Women often make it hard to observe well the impact they have on society, but they do not want to look back and ask you your take on the community as a whole.

I liked the way she would argue to change my mind because she would send me explicit messages that would indicate her whereabouts. She was a bad girl, in a sense she was completely terrible at everything. She couldn't even speak English well. Her best was giving me fresh information that would churn my insides. I wanted to see her badly because I wanted to compete with her. I wanted my words to shine more than hers did. I liked it when we competed with each other because she was just as educated as me but a completely bad girl. She was the kind of girl who would take you to the club and leave you hanging just because she thinks its funny. She is the kind of girl that would just leave by herself to go hang out with her friends because she can. More often than not, the stories we make were done with the help of alcoholic beverages. Deep in the night when mistakes are so easy to make, she would whisper naughty questions in my ear,

like “do you want to come over to my place for more drinks?” I liked that she had to knock for trouble since we were so young, the damages done by her shallowness can be remedied the morning after. I liked her passiveness and short curly speeches in the twilight. Daylight was her best friend, and the night lights her madness. She spoke rapidly when you caught her with subtle inputs and her vibe would change to someone who would stand by your side and pretend to be your enemy when in real life, she is an axe that would penetrate deep with just the same force you used to strike the top of the object. She would split you in half with her silence, and her cute comical jabs are the thunder you need to light the way in the dark sky when it rains. You would stare into her eyes and lose sight of time since she was the most perfect person in your life. Oftentimes than not, the feelings you get when you spend time together are incomparable. Like a thunder she would come into your life, and when you wouldn't even notice how wet you are standing there in shock of the sound. The fear of the sound is what gets you, with her, it's the damage she does to your sadness.

When you are not over the sadness you feel, she is the medicine that comes in your life like a storm. The storm, although sometimes used as a negative factor in life, I can't say so about this woman. More often than not, I liked the way she spoke about other people. She was the kind of person who would warm your heart by the sweet words she would use to describe other individuals. Although a woman who was well spoken for, she didn't have problems dealing with company. She endured the tenacity of others for the sake of her well being. She kept others at an arm's length just for the purpose of making them think they had a chance, but not enough to hurt her and take what they want. The woman was a heft one with a lot knock for violence because in order to get a taste of her love, to get a love that was divine, a love that made me melt more than the sun under the blue sky, I had to compete against other men who were just as strong, who



were just as handsome. I enjoyed the fierce competition but not to the point it made me unhappy. I lingered in the thoughts of her just to be the person she wanted me to be, the person that would never leave her side, not the person she wouldn't take home to her family. The general classification of men in a woman's diary is one you can take home to introduce to your parents. To me, the general classification is how well a woman can help you conquer nature as it is. I enjoy the deep woods, the trail that is made through walking in the company of the woman you love deep in the forest. I like the muddy paths that come about because a lot of the ridges have deep foot holes in them.

Hot the temperatures may be, cold the weather may get, she never hated being by your side. She was willing to make the deep jungles your home. I think the times spent with her were well beyond what I could have asked for. She took my breath away. Often, I wanted to inhale and gasp out loud when lying on my back on my bed, sending her cute messages through my phone. I lingered there looking at empty spaces hoping she would text me back. I liked the sound of the telephone when it made text noises since I knew it was probably her. I made it my personal mission to wait until I got her full attention in the hopes that one day, she can give me a family I would love and cherish. Sparks fly in the air, the sound of gun fire rings in my ear, the smell of gunpowder spurs me and I reflect on the odd memories we made together under the beauty of the southern sky.

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