

Albino

Somewhere in England. Present day  
Based on real events

Bakari, an albino from Tanzania, exhaled with relief when he — an applicant for international protection — was finally assigned a place to stay.

He got lucky: a room in a hotel. After a cold and damp army tent, where noisy Afghans partied day and night, this felt like luxury. His journey hadn't been easy, and now he felt the fatigue—and the anticipation of a long, peaceful sleep. Pleased, holding a bedding pack, Bakari went upstairs to the room written on his card.

When he entered, Bakari saw a corridor with a wardrobe, and beyond it — a small, clean room with a large window, two bunk beds, a table with a lamp, and a chair. The belongings of the residents were hanging everywhere. On the beds lay dark-skinned guys, glued to their phones. One of them, noticing Bakari, smiled, waved in greeting, and stood up.

— Welcome, my name is Salim, I'm the senior in this room. Bakari introduced himself and shook his hand.

— That's Hassan, and that's Yuma, — Salim added.

The guys briefly looked up from their phones, nodded at Bakari, and immediately returned to scrolling, as if his arrival didn't concern them at all — unlike Salim.

— Make yourself at home, brother. Hang your stuff wherever there's space. It's tight in here, but still better than the street. Bakari nodded with understanding and smiled. The tension of meeting new people faded — now all he cared about was a shower and a bed.

— You'll sleep on the bottom bunk. I'm afraid the top one might not hold. Sorry, bro, — Salim apologized.

— It's fine, — Bakari replied. — I'm used to it. Thanks.

He suffered from obesity, but didn't show any sign of being offended. Bakari headed to the shower, unaware that his fate had already been sealed.

— Salim, are you out of your mind? Why'd you give him your spot? — Hassan asked in surprise once Bakari had shut the bathroom door. But Salim silenced him with a raised finger. — Later. I'm calling. He quickly dialed a number, then made a few more calls. After that, he swiftly scribbled a list on a piece of paper and handed it to Hassan.

— By evening, I want everything — exactly as written.

— Okay, Salim... — Hassan mumbled, staring at the list, his face showing even more confusion. Salim laughed and rubbed his hands in anticipation.

— And let our guys downstairs know — they need to be ready.

They suffocated Bakari that very night. He didn't stand a chance. He just thrashed in agony, pinned to the bed, wheezing softly under a pillow thrown over his face.

— So that's why you gave him the bottom bunk, — Hassan said as they dragged the body to the bathroom.

— Fucking hell, he pissed himself, — Yuma hissed with a laugh, breathing heavily from the weight.

— Alright, now listen to me carefully, — said Salim.

— We need to drain as much blood from him as possible. I'm putting a basin in the tub — you two hold him, and I'll cut his throat. Once the blood drains, we'll pour it into the canister we bought, and I'll start the butchering.

You, Hassan — you're helping me. And you, Yuma — you'll pack the parts in ice, wrap them clean, and sort everything into bags and duffel sacks. Most of it we'll lower a floor down with rope — less attention that way.

Salim was the first to cut off the head. As Yuma was wrapping it up, he gave the cheek a little pat and said:

- Aww, what a chubby little guy. Everyone laughed.
- Put the head in the fridge, — Salim said with a smile.
- Now the most important part — take off the largest possible strips of skin without puncturing the guts. Otherwise we'll suffocate in here.

They carefully, methodically began carving what had once been Bakari in the bathroom. Salim, a cook by profession, worked with his personal knives as if on a pig, not a man.

- Pepsi, — said Salim, focused, working through the carcass. Yuma handed him an open can, and Salim greedily sucked it dry, then burped loudly:
- Good. We'll wrap the guts in a triple bag and drop them downstairs — let them deal with it.
- The saw, Yuma, — Salim said, extending his hand like a surgeon. Then again:— Pepsi.

The fact that they snacked on human flesh during the butchering — thin slices carved by Salim — and washed it down with soda didn't bother anyone. It was just like regular bacon.

And so, piece by piece, bag by bag, without rushing, they finished carving up Bakari. The air in the bathroom reeked of a slaughterhouse, and the smell of blood and fresh meat seemed to have seeped forever into the bloodstained white mosaic tiles.

"Done," Salim smacked his thick lips, handing the last piece of the body to Yuma.

"Wrap it up and lower it down. We'll wash up and grab the rest of the bags and the backpack. The client's already pulling up."

"Yuma — cleanup's on you. And hand out our friend's personal stuff to the helpers."

They left, and Yuma, cheerfully whistling, began cleaning — pouring bleach over the tiles and scrubbing away the bloodstains with a mop, thinking about how nice the evening would be with his girl, and feeling proud of his friend Salim — who pulled off the whole job and butchered the corpse like a true master.

A few days later, they were all sitting together on a terrace table at a luxurious resort, squinting from pleasure and sipping cocktails. When the order arrived — roasted bird — and they began to eat, Hasan said jokingly:

- Too bad this chicken doesn't taste as good as our former friend.

The End

13.09.25  
Vladislav

P.S.

Source: article "Buried alive: Tanzania's albinos pay the price for superstition".

It says criminal networks price a "complete set of albino organs" at about 75,000 dollars.

<https://enactafrica.org/enact-observer/buried-alive-tanzanias-albinos-pay-the-price-for-superstition>