

# Into the Wild

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Laureen was a spoiled white American girl with a passion for travelling in underdeveloped countries as a travel blogger, without showing much respect for locals. She only did it to enjoy her time and to get more followers but never showed a real interest in the local cultures.

During a trip to Ethiopia, she went for a private safari on a jeep with a professional driver. However, they accidentally took the wrong turn at some point and ended up in an unmapped area. The GPS couldn't do much to help them as there were no signs on the map. After a while, her driver left for a quick exploration searching for any sign of the road they were on.

While Laureen was alone on the open jeep, some local tribesmen who had been observing the scene from the distance took the occasion to quickly run to the jeep from behind and kidnap her. She was so busy checking the pictures she took with her camera to realise what was happening until they had already got her.

A stocky very dark skinned tribesman named Kioko carried her on his shoulders. She screamed a lot at first but quickly realised how hopeless her situation was. The driver was still far away and there wasn't anybody else to help her there. Her best hope was to wait a few days until some rescue expedition would find her, maybe paying a ransom to the tribe. As soon as they arrived to a hut village, she was fed with some raw fruits and put to sleep with a herbal potion.

After Laureen fell asleep, the tribesmen dipped her blonde mane in a jet black natural ink made with some local seeds and covered her skin with a brownish mud. Together with the herbal potion they gave her this was going to produce some effects during the night.

When Laureen woke up, she realised they had somehow covered her in the mud so she quickly cleaned herself with some water left in her bottle. Then she checked her reflection in a mirror she always carried with herself in her backpack. To her shock, she found her complexion to have visibly shifted, making her look Latina. "WTF - she thought - what did they do to me? I'm so tanned, my hair is dark and my eyes... How did they make them dark brown?" She tried to wash it all off with the water left in her bottle but the pigment seemed to be there to stay. She was particularly distressed by the



loss of her baby blue eyes which were her most attractive feature and couldn't tolerate seeing dull brown eyes in the mirror now.

She wasn't only shocked by the change, she was also afraid they might not recognise her anymore if they were going to search for her.

She rushed out of her hut, demanding explanations but nobody paid attention to her.

When she found the man who dragged her there, she screamed and pointed at her hair and her eyes. Kioko laughed, summoned his henchmen and tied Laureen to a stone.

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As soon as they extracted an urn containing more brown mud, she knew what was going to happen to her. The mud was darker this time, and instead of covering her hair with ink, they rolled locks of her black hair around metal bars heated on fire. While all covered in mud they forced her to drink even more herbal potion.



After the ritual was completed they left her tied to the stone and left her there under the sun. Lauren eventually passed away from the heat and woke up in the evening, when they took her for a bath in a pond nearby. As soon as she saw her brown hands and felt her now curly hair she

knew what they must have done to her this time but as soon as she was set free she nevertheless ran to what now was her hut where she could assess the damage to her. The result exceeded her fears: not only her hair was kinky and her skin had a deep brown colour now, but her facial features had somehow been remodelled to make them more

exotic. She was now a light-skinned black girl.

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It was now clear to her that they were planning to make her one of the tribe.

Laureen tried her best not to give in to desperation and planned an escape. As soon as darkness came, she left the village with her backpack. Her now dark skin and hair made her even more invisible. However, after a few kilometres of wandering in the savannah under a full moon she realised she had no escape. What was better, being killed by wild animals or living like a tribeswoman until somebody hopefully found her? How would be her life though? After a long reflexion she realised she preferred to live. She slowly walked back to the village, where she arrived around



dawn. By then, most of the inhabitants were already active and as they saw her coming, they started to scream, infuriated by her disappearance. As a punishment, Kioko tied her up again and gave her one last dose of the mud, now in a black pitch variant. Meanwhile some tribeswomen started working on her hair. After a few hours,

they washed her as usual, leaving her speechless and staring at her new dark brown skin. She could also see her dreadlocks in front of her hair. What she couldn't realise yet was how full her lips were and how deeply exotic her facial features were now.



As the days went on, Laureen, now Lawa, started to lose hope to ever be found as no rescue party showed up. In the meanwhile, she was truly becoming part of the tribe. She was forced to dress like them, to style her hair like them and even forced to wear increasingly big lip plates and to have some teeth removed until she looked just like any tribal girl looking for a husband. At that point, she was desperately aware that not even the most advanced surgery would have restored her to her original looks but was still hoping for a way out of her desperate situation.

Weeks later, a search party finally showed up with pictures of Laureen. When she saw them, she ran as fast as she could towards them, half naked and making unintelligible sounds with her deformed mouth. They were visibly horrified by her appearance but tried nevertheless to hear what she was saying, not recognising the tribal dialect she was expressing herself in. After a while they gave up and, although distressed by her sounds and tears, left the village with no information at all about Laureen.

After seeing them leaving, she fixed her lip plate which had been displaced by her efforts and meekly returned to her new home. Lawa was here to stay.