Narrator: We are presenting a scene from Tara Sullivan’s *Golden Boy*, a historical fiction story. Habo is an Albino boy, struggling to find his place in a world where he must flee from his family to simply survive. Habo is read by _______, Auntie is ready by __________, and Mother is read by ________, and I am ________________ your narrator. Faced with losing the family farm, Habo and his family head to his Auntie’s house in Mwanza. Exhausted and emotional they arrive to learn that Habo, an Albino, is not safe in the city because the Witch Doctors hunt and kill them.

Auntie: (gasping and excited) Raziya, Raziya, you made it! Come inside! How was your trip?

Mother: (slightly breathless) We’ve had quite the journey! I will tell you all about it.

Auntie: (eyes raised as she looks at Habo) Was he born like that?

Mother: (disheartened) I don’t know what made him like that. He’s not like the others.

Auntie: (voice raised) Have you really brought a zeruzeru into my house?

Habo: (blushing and lowering eyes to the ground) Why does everyone always have to pick on me?

Mother: (angry) Why are you calling him that? He may be unusual, but he’s not an animal!

Habo: (embarrassed ) Zeruzeru, the word I always thought referred to a type of animal, really does refer to me. No one in my family has ever known what to call me before. I’ve never known what to call myself. Albino.

Mother: (screaming hysterically) You, my sister? My only living relative? Are you asking us to leave? How can you turn us out to starve when you have a house and strong sons and a husband? Look at my children. Look at them! (her voice goes shrill) What am I to do if you turn us away?

Auntie: (voice stern) I won’t turn you out into the streets, Raziya. But you don’t understand what you’re asking. I don’t know what life was like for you and your zeruzeru in Arusha province, but here in Mwanza, having an Albino in your family is a dangerous thing.

Habo: (voice barely audible) Why? How?
Auntie: Well, times are difficult. People are hungry and out of work. The drought is very bad. And in difficult times people will do anything to get better luck. Even visit the waganga and ask them for spells and charms.

Mother: (questioning) How does this relate to Habo?

Auntie: Well (sighing) here in Mwanza, people believe that Albinos bring good luck.

Habo: (smiling, feeling excited yet startled) If I’m lucky, why did you say it’s bad to have an Albino in your family?

Auntie: (surprised) It’s not that people consider Albinos to be lucky. They consider Albino medicine to be lucky?

Habo: (questioning) Albino medicine?

Auntie: (speaking quickly) The waganga here kill people like your son and use the parts from their dead bodies to make luck.

Mother: (choking and gasping) No! No, that’s impossible!

Auntie: (speaking matter of factly) It’s not impossible. It happened just last week. An Albino who lived on the outskirts of town was having dinner with his wife when three men came out of the bushes with machetes. They killed him...just like that! They took his legs, hands, and hair. And left the rest of him there like garbage. (her voice still strong, but now choking back tears) The police did nothing. It’s a terrible, terrible thing. But not impossible!

Mother: (crying) Killings.

Auntie: You must leave as soon as possible. You’ll need train fare and enough to get started in the city.

Mother: (still crying) That amount is so high that it’s lodged in the cracks between the stars. We will never be that rich.

Auntie: Well, you must work at whatever jobs I can find you until you have the money you need. But you (turns to Habo), you will hide!

Narrator: Habo has always been turned away and finds he is not wanted in this place either. If he is going to live and not be a disgrace to his family, he will have to find a way to leave his family. Leaving on his own is also very dangerous. To find out the steps Habo must take to survive and if he can have any life at all, read Tara Sullivan’s *Golden Boy.*