

# Hijab day - Swap

FEBRUARY 2026



The bright, vaulted ceilings of the terminal felt as expansive as the adventure she was about to begin. She was just half way through her trip, in a north African airport on her way to West Africa. She carried her luggage personally from one plane to the next given the large overlay and her fear of losing her outfits in the way.

Anja was your average German girl, pretty, with an angelic face and a slim body.

She had met Abdoulaye, a young man from Guinea, during her studies abroad, and his invitation to visit his home country had eventually led her across the globe to this very moment.



Aminata had been promised to Abdoulaye for a while but since meeting the pretty German, he couldn't stop comparing her to Anja.

She was very curvy, of course, and that was one of her strong points. One of the few, to be fair. She looked quite unremarkable otherwise. Abdoulaye found her kind, devout, the kind of woman parents would love to see married to their son. Not an exciting personality though.

Anja instead was very pretty. Abdoulaye found himself lost in her blue eyes every time they talked. And she knew so much about science, history, was vivacious, so independent. Too much to be a good wife, and she had no religion or honor.



Despite her precautions, Anja's luggage had been erroneously sent to Dakar, instead of Konakri. While her luggage was transferred to the right destination, she had been presented with an abaya and hijab belonging to Abdoulaye's younger sister that she shopped in Dubai and then left behind after getting married and gaining some weight. She looked up with a mixture of confusion and hesitation. "Are you sure this is a good idea? Abdoulaye. "It should work for a day or two. Besides, what would people see if they saw me with a woman dressed like you? In this way, you'll show respect to the local culture too and you'll get less attention".



The black abaya with a matching hijab was surprisingly pretty but also tight and uncomfortable. Anja needed some help from Abdoulaye's mum to wear it. The whole procedure was long and uncomfortable.

"It's too much!" - Anja said - "It's too covering, I don't want to be seen like this!"

"By whom, my family, my neighbors? People who don't know you anyway? They'll admire you actually."

Whatever, she thought. Not that I really have a choice until my luggage is found.



Meanwhile, a drug administered to her by Abdoulaye took effect.

Anja felt relaxed, then tired, her muscles stopped reacting to her until she fell down on a carpet. She didn't injure herself luckily.

Abdoulaye was standing a few meters away and, strangely enough, didn't react in any way. He simply looked at her and smiled. Anja quickly loses consciousness a few seconds later, still wondering what the heck was happening to her.

Abdoulaye lifted Anja up and took her to his basement, where Aminata had been trapped with an excuse. She was so much lighter than the Black girl, he noticed!