

The wheel of transformation 3

MAY 2024



"Good evening, everyone! Following the phenomenal success of 'Wheel of Transformation' Seasons 1 and 2, we are excited to present yet another thrilling installment," declared the host, his smile radiating perpetual confidence.

"This season, our fortunate contestant stands to win substantial sums of money in exchange for undergoing body modifications. While she will be briefed on the theme of the modifications, the exact nature of the change will be determined by you, our audience."

"Reflecting on the ethical dilemmas faced in our first season, where a participant was transformed from a white woman into an Afro-Latina, we initially banned such drastic racial changes in Season 2. Despite this, the transformation of a young American woman into a Russian blonde was still quite radical. This year, we've removed all restrictions!"

"That's enough for an introduction. Now, please give a warm welcome to this year's contestant, selected from over a thousand hopefuls in a fiercely competitive process!"

"Daisy is a spirited young American woman, a devout Christian, studying nursing in her senior year of college. Let's give her a big round of applause as she joins us tonight!"

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



As Daisy stepped into the bright spotlight on stage, the audience erupted in applause. Her blonde hair cascaded down her back, gleaming under the lights like spun gold. Her piercing blue eyes, wide with excitement, scanned the enthusiastic crowd as she offered a radiant, innocent smile. Her modest outfit spoke to her values and upbringing: a dark blue blouse buttoned neatly at the collar, tucked into a smart pair of trousers. She exuded a mix of confidence and humility, capturing the crowd's hearts with her warmth as she took the microphone.

"Daisy, are you ready to spin the 'Wheel of Transformations'?" the host asked, his voice echoing with excitement.

Daisy stood poised, her posture straight and assured, yet her demeanor conveyed a gentle sincerity. With each word she spoke, her tone was filled with optimism and gratitude, reflecting her firm Christian faith. The anticipation in the room grew palpable as the audience waited for the 'Wheel of Transformations' to spin, their collective energy fueling her resolve.

The host stepped forward, his smile broadening as he raised a hand to quiet the audience's applause. With a playful gleam in his eye, he began, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to reveal the theme of our first round of transformation: Fashion Style!"

With a radiant smile, Daisy grabbed the microphone. "Howdy everyone! It's wonderful to be here. I'm here not just for myself, but to raise funds for our charity. I believe that the money we collect will transform many lives. And as for my own transformation—whatever it may be—I am ready. We are all children of God, and my commitment to living as a good Christian will

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



He gestured toward a screen that displayed an array of vivid images depicting various fashion trends, from high fashion to punk rock to bohemian chic. Each style was distinct and bold, promising a dramatic makeover for Daisy.

"Our team of experts is prepared to implement a sophisticated neurological procedure that will alter Daisy's taste in clothing at its very core, imprinting her brain with a new and distinctive fashion sense. She'll adopt this style so completely that it will feel like she's loved it all her life. But what will it be? Will she become a sophisticated fashionista in high fashion, embrace the dark allure of goth, or perhaps something even more adventurous like a latex addict or a lovely Lolita enthusiast? Or might she choose the elegant modesty of a hijabi woman, the rebellious spirit of a punk, or channel a retro charm with distinctive patterns and cuts from past eras?"

The screen flickered, and the crowd buzzed with excitement as it showcased each fashion style, providing the audience with glimpses of potential transformations.

"Remember, it's up to you to decide! Cast your votes now, and we'll reveal Daisy's new style in just a moment!" The host's voice rose with excitement, and the atmosphere in the venue became electric with anticipation as Daisy stood poised, her smile vanishing as worry settled on her face.

She hadn't realized how deeply previous contestants had been changed and thought it would have been selfish to worry about her appearance. Now, she realized there was so much more at stake. How could she uphold her values with a dramatically altered fashion style?

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



The host returned to the stage after a commercial break. "Ladies and gentlemen, the votes have been counted, and the transformation theme for Daisy is... Hijabi!" The announcement was met with a mixture of cheers and gasps from the audience. Daisy's face went pale. She stepped forward, her voice trembling as she addressed the crowd. "No, please, this is the worst outcome I could fear. I'd rather adopt a Lolita style or even goth but a Hijab is a symbol of faith, and I'm not a Muslim!" The audience fell silent, sensing her distress. "This... this is too much," she continued, her eyes welling up with tears. "I don't know if I can do this." The thought of donning a hijab and adopting a completely new lifestyle was overwhelming. But there was no turning back now. The reality of her situation began to sink in as she was escorted to the medical facility, where the transformation process would begin.

Inside the sterile, white walls of the facility, Daisy felt like she was stepping into a different world. The doctors and technicians greeted her warmly, but their professional demeanor did little to calm her nerves. Electrodes were attached to her head, and she was placed in a reclining chair. A large screen in front of her began to display a series of images, starting with women wearing Western clothing. As each image appeared, a wave of discomfort washed over her, intensified by the chemicals being administered into her bloodstream. The feelings of shame and immodesty, already present in her Christian psyche, were associated not only with revealing outfits but with anything leaving skin or hair visible. Then, the images began to change. Beautiful hijabs and niqabs appeared on the screen, and with them came a sense of pride and virtue. She felt silky textures against her fingers, to reinforce the conditioning. Wow, those fabrics felt so much better than her usual clothes. A feeling of pleasure and relaxation pervaded her at the idea of being covered from head to toe in elegant abayas and hijabs. "Oh dear Lord, give me strength, why am I feeling this way?"

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



Weeks passed in this relentless conditioning, and Daisy felt more and more uncomfortable in her usual outfits, always going with her mind back to the modest Muslim outfits her mind had been polluted with.

Then one day, she was given the chance of wearing a hijab herself. A white, silky abaya dress was left on her bed in her apartment close to the TV studios. She would have to wear it for the following episode probably, but a compulsive need to try it on suddenly overwhelmed her. She took the abaya in her hands. It felt so silky, so smooth. It would be so wonderful to be covered, constrained by the abaya - she thought.

She disrobed and carefully put it on.

Daisy stood in front of the mirror, her breath catching as she saw her reflection. The white, silky abaya draped elegantly over her body, covering her completely. A white belt cinched her waist, preserving a hint at her beautiful figure. Her fingers trembled as she reached up to touch the fabric, marveling at its softness and the way it clung to her form without revealing any skin. A surge of mixed emotions washed over her: shame at how good it felt, curiosity about this new identity, and a surprising spark of pleasure. Her conditioned brain released endorphins, flooding her with an unexpected sense of happiness and contentment.

"Oh my God," she whispered to herself, her voice barely audible. "Why do I feel this way? This is wrong on so many levels..."

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



She took a deep breath and picked up the hijab that was lying on the bed. At first, she struggled to figure out how to wear it, her fingers fumbling with the fabric. But then, as if some hidden knowledge had been unlocked within her, she suddenly recalled the steps to don the hijab properly. She wrapped it around her head, securing it in place, and adjusted it until it felt just right.

As she looked at herself in the mirror again, now fully covered, she felt a newfound sense of security and dignity. She couldn't deny the strange comfort it brought her, even if it made her look like a Muslim. She completed the look wearing matching white gloves to cover every remaining inch of visible skin except for her face.

She stared at her reflection, seeing a different woman—one who was modest, elegant, and composed. The hijab framed her face, highlighting her features in a way that felt both unfamiliar and beautiful. She took a step back and then forward, testing the way the fabric moved with her, flowing gracefully and making her feel regal.

"I can't believe this is me, dressed like a Muslim lady," she told herself, her fingers brushing the fabric of the hijab. "I actually... like it."

The thought startled her, but she couldn't deny the truth. She craved the modesty and the elegance that the hijabs represented. Each passing moment in the abaya and hijab made her feel more at peace with herself, more aligned with a sense of identity that she hadn't known she could embrace.

"Well" - she thought - "Christian women used to wear veils too in the past..."

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



For the next episode, Daisy was required to wear the same abaya. Donning it alone in the privacy of her apartment had been one thing, but now she would have to step into the bright lights of the stage, seen by millions on national TV. Her heart pounded with a mix of anxiety and strange anticipation.

"Oh God, everybody is going to see me dressed like this" she told herself as she smoothed down the fabric of the abaya. "I'll be viral."

The familiar weight of the abaya and hijab brought her a sense of security, but it also made her nervous. She took a deep breath and stepped out of her dressing room, making her way to the stage. As she stood backstage, the host's voice echoed through the venue. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to 'Wheel of Transformation'! Tonight, we reveal the stunning results of Daisy's first transformation!"

The audience buzzed with excitement and curiosity, their anticipation palpable. Daisy's heart raced as she heard her name being called. She took one final deep breath, straightened her hijab, and stepped onto the stage. The lights were blinding, but she could hear the collective gasp from the audience as they saw her. Whispers and murmurs spread like wildfire through the crowd. Daisy's cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and pride. She stood tall, letting the elegant abaya flow around her, and approached the host with as much grace as she could muster.

"Daisy," the host began, "you look absolutely stunning. How do you feel in your new attire?" Daisy swallowed hard, her voice trembling slightly as she spoke into the microphone. "It was a shock at first, and I never imagined myself in a hijab, but now I would feel naked going in public without it. It's hard to describe. I hope I'm not offending anybody by appropriating their culture."