

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!"

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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

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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?

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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?"

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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..."

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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..."



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."

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"I don't think you are, although seeing a white Christian American girl wearing a full abaya with hijab is not something we see every day! For the next round of changes, we'll alter your ethnicity! The options are: Albanian, Iranian, Lebanese, Jordanian, Yemeni, Libyan, Afghan, Bangladeshi, Indonesian!"

Daisy's eyes widened in shock. "What do you mean, I'll actually be Arab or something like that?"

"Precisely!" the host replied with a smile.

"Oh my Lord, with that and the hijab, I will look Muslim!" Daisy exclaimed, her voice a mix of disbelief and realization.

The audience erupted in a mix of gasps and murmurs. The tension in the air was palpable as everyone awaited Daisy's reaction. She stood there, processing the information, her mind racing with the implications of the next transformation.

"Daisy, you've been incredibly brave so far. How do you feel about this next step?" the host asked, his tone supportive.

Daisy took a deep breath, reflecting on how important her ethnicity was indeed to her. "I'm nervous, but I've come this far. I guess I'm ready to see what happens next."

The host nodded, his smile encouraging. "That's the spirit, Daisy! Stay tuned, everyone, as we prepare for Daisy's next incredible transformation!"



"Ladies and gentlemen, the votes have been tallied, and the winning option for Daisy's next transformation is... Iranian!" The audience erupted into a mixture of cheers and gasps, their excitement palpable. Daisy's heart raced as the reality of the announcement sank in. She stood there, her mind whirling with the implications of becoming an Iranian woman.

The host continued, "Daisy, you will be flown to Tehran, where a specialized clinic renowned for its expertise in rhinoplasty and other cosmetic procedures will give you the appearance of a native Iranian woman. But that's not all. You will also immerse yourself in the rich culture of your new ancestral land, learning the language, traditions, and customs to fully embrace your transformation."

The thought of not only wearing the hijab but also adopting an entirely new ethnic identity made her knees weak with both fear and a strange sense of anticipation. The host's voice cut through her thoughts, "Get ready, Daisy, for the next incredible step in your journey. Let's give her a big round of applause!" As the crowd cheered, Daisy took a deep breath, bracing herself for the profound transformation that lay ahead.

Daisy's flight to Tehran was a whirlwind of emotions. Her accommodation in a grand hotel in Tehran was comfortable, and the first few days were uneventful, giving her time to recover from the jet lag and adjust to the scorching heat. The city's vibrant culture buzzed just outside her window, but she stayed indoors, mentally preparing for the transformation ahead.



After a long medical checkup, she met with Dr. Farzan, the head of the clinic renowned for its expertise in rhinoplasty and other cosmetic procedures. He was a middle-aged man with a kind face and a reassuring demeanor. "Welcome, Daisy," he greeted her in accented English. "We understand you have a very unique request."

Daisy nodded, her heart pounding. "Yes, I can imagine that. It's for a TV show and..."

Dr. Farzan smiled gently. "No need to explain yourself. Persian women are very beautiful and it's no wonder that you might want to look like them. Nevertheless, no lady has ever asked for her skin to get darker in our clinic, let alone to change her whole ethnicity to Iranian. This is indeed uncharted territory for us, but rest assured, all the procedures we perform are safe."

He explained the first step: a melatonin-stimulating medication designed to gradually darken her complexion. "This will prepare your skin for the surgeries. Next, we will use a cutting-edge technology to alter your complexion permanently by working on genetic level."

Daisy took the medication, her hands trembling slightly. She could feel the weight of the journey ahead but also a growing determination to see it through. As the days passed, she watched her skin slowly darken, the melatonin working its magic. Her blonde hair slowly turned darker, while her blue eyes became light green. She was asked by the doctor to remove her hijab to check the progress of her changes, something that made her feel slightly uncomfortable. "It must be intimidating for someone like you, a Western revert, to visit a islamic country like Iran" - he added with a reassuring smile - "But we aren't as unreasonable as they portray us in the West!"



Then they proceeded with genetic therapy. Gradually, her complexion darkened further: her hair showed black roots and, over a span of several weeks, she looked like a natural brunette with jet black hair and dyed blonde hair. Her skin took on a pleasant olive tone, and her eyes became dark green. During this period, she also immersed herself in the culture of her new identity, taking several classes in Persian language, literature, and history.

Each day brought new lessons and a deeper understanding of the rich Persian culture. Daisy learned to read and write in Farsi, studied the poetry of Hafez and Rumi, and explored the intricate history of Iran.

The next phase of her transformation would involve the more intricate cosmetic procedures to alter her facial features, making her look authentically Iranian. Dr. Farzan sat with her in his office, going over the details of the upcoming surgeries.

"We will begin with the rhinoplasty," he explained, showing her a detailed diagram of the procedure. "Unlike typical rhinoplasty where we reduce the size of the nose, we will employ a rare technique to enlarge the length of your nose to reflect a more Persian profile. This will be followed by cheekbone readjustment to give your face the fuller, higher cheekbones common among Iranian women."

Daisy listened intently, her anxiety mingling with curiosity. "And my eyes?" she asked, knowing that her eyes had not yet reached the dark brown color she had anticipated and feared.

Dr. Farzan nodded. "Yes, we will also perform an iris implant to give you permanent dark brown eyes. Some Iranians also have green and even blue eyes but I understand you have requested for dark brown eyes to change your looks even more."



When Daisy woke up from the surgery, several days had gone by, allowing the swelling to subside. The first thing she noticed was the feeling of her long, silky, wavy hair—it felt nothing like her own hair! Somehow, they had performed a hair transplant on her too. As she lay there, running her fingers through the thick, black mane, the reality of her transformation began to sink in.

Dr. Farzan entered the room, smiling warmly. "Good morning, Daisy. How are you feeling?"

Daisy looked at him, her eyes wide with curiosity and a bit of apprehension. "I... I feel different. My hair... it's so thick and long. What happened?"

Dr. Farzan pulled up a chair and sat beside her bed. "The surgeries went exceptionally well. But there's something else you should know. I was contacted by your agents—more like the TV producers, Daisy understood—and they provided a substantial amount of money to double down on the procedures. Since the papers you signed allowed for some flexibility and you seemed eager to look as Iranian as possible, I decided to take additional steps to enhance your transformation."

Daisy's heart raced as she listened. "What exactly did you do?"

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Dr. Farzan explained, "In addition to the planned rhinoplasty and cheekbone readjustment, we performed a full hair transplant to give you the thick, black hair typical of the most beautiful Iranian women. This hair is resilient enough to withstand the tightest of hijabs. We also stimulated the follicles of your eyebrows to give you expressive, wide yet feminine brows. Your irises were enlarged and turned dark brown. We dramatically altered your cheekbones and nose profile to create a quintessentially Iranian beauty. Additionally, we used lip fillers to plump your lips and made adjustments to give you a longer face with a more prominent chin."

Daisy sat there, absorbing everything he said. It was overwhelming to think about all the changes that had been made to her appearance. "Can I see myself?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Dr. Farzan nodded and asked a nurse to carry a mirror. The reflection staring back at her was completely unfamiliar. Her thick, black mane framed a beautiful face with high cheekbones, a prominent nose, full lips, and dark, expressive eyes. Her eyebrows were bold and perfectly shaped, and her complexion had a warm, olive tone.

"Oh my God," she breathed, shocked, touching her new, completely unrecognizable face. "I look... I look Iranian."

Dr. Farzan smiled. "You are a beautiful representation of Iranian heritage, Daisy."

"Doctor, this is..." Daisy stopped, struggling to find the words. "Incredible...I can't believe this is me," she whispered, confused.



A nurse helped her dress up in a pretty satin abaya, as she was still feeling stiff from the sedatives and long rest. While putting on the bra, she noticed her breasts had been increased by a noticeable amount, something the kind doctor had failed to mention. A closer inspection would later reveal dark aureolas topping her brown orbs. In the turmoil of emotions, it didn't even bother her too much, she simply thought that it would require extra care to hide her hourglass figure with abayas now.

As she examined herself from different angles, a mixture of emotions washed over her. There was awe at the stunning transformation she didn't even know was possible, but also a deep sense of regret for having let a TV show take control of her life to this extent. How would people back in the US react? Her Persian look, combined with her newfound compulsion for modest Islamic dresses, would undoubtedly mark her as an outsider. To them, she would seem like an alien, someone completely unrecognizable from the Daisy they once knew.

Daisy felt tears welling up in her eyes. "What have I done?" she whispered to herself, touching her new face. The magnitude of the changes hit her hard. The nurses seemed surprised, so she kept her thoughts for herself and held on until she was taken back to her hotel suite. There, she cried herself to sleep, realizing her life had been changed forever.



Waking up the following day, Daisy thought for a moment it had all just been a dream. The unfamiliar surroundings of her hotel room seemed almost surreal. But when she checked her reflection in the mirror, reality set in. She was, indeed, a pretty Persian lady.

Daisy took some time to reconnect with her dramatically altered body, studying herself in the mirror. The reflection was mesmerizing –she looked fully Middle Eastern. On top of her new ethnic features, she noticed for the first time that the surgeries also made her look undeniably beautiful and provocative. She indulged a little longer in the realization of how attractive she had become. Her high cheekbones, prominent nose, kissable lips, and dark, expressive eyes made her look absolutely drop-dead gorgeous. The thick, black mane that framed her face and her warm, olive complexion completed the look. She ran her fingers through her hair, feeling the silky texture, and touched her face, marveling at the smoothness of her skin. She felt like a Middle Eastern princess, in a way that made her feel both excited and a bit vulnerable. She suddenly found herself feeling a strong need to cover up even more in the future, to protect this newfound beauty that could corrupt even the most pious men. A new sense of guilt hit her, for looking so sexy. Why did they have to turn her into a model? She fought back against these implanted thoughts. “Why am I even thinking like this?” she asked herself, frustration tinging her voice. “I look like a Persian princess and all I can think about is modest outfits and covering my hair. I’m not Muslim!” Daisy's mind raced with confusion and self-doubt. The conditioning from her transformation was clearly more profound than she had realized.

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Still, the curiosity to see herself wearing a hijab with her new face was overwhelming, so she tried on a few abaya dresses she found in her room, all of them very covering, as suggested by the guidelines of the theocratic country she was living in, and black, on top of it. She immediately felt better being covered in a beautiful abaya, her silky black hair hidden below the hijab.

She looked 100% like a local, no question about that. She knew the morality police in Iran would check on her as soon as she went out, and if before the transformation she could have been taken for a rare tourist or, more likely, a journalist or blogger of some kind, but now she looked Iranian and the morality police would have no tolerance for any deviations from the dress code.

Not that it bothered her. In fact, she found comfort in the idea of strolling downtown in a country where wearing a hijab would not only go unnoticed but was even prescribed by law. It felt like a strange relief to blend in so seamlessly, to be part of a cultural norm rather than an exception.

She carefully selected one of the abayas, feeling the silky fabric between her fingers. The simplicity and elegance of the dress appealed to her newfound sense of modesty. She put it on, adjusting the hijab to cover her hair completely. Looking at herself in the mirror, she felt a surprising sense of satisfaction. The abaya flowed gracefully, and the hijab framed her face, highlighting her dark, expressive eyes and high cheekbones.

She went out for a stroll in downtown Teheran. She blended in perfectly with the other beautiful Iranian ladies wearing abayas. She no longer looked out of place wearing a hijab.

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It was finally time to go back to the States. At the airport, Daisy approached the customs desk with a mixture of anticipation and anxiety. She handed over her passport, but as the officer looked from her photo to her face, his expression hardened.

"Ma'am, your appearance doesn't match your passport photo," the officer said, his voice stern. "I'm going to need you to remove your hijab and explain yourself."

Daisy felt a wave of nervousness wash over her. She removed her hijab, revealing her dramatically altered appearance. "I can explain," she said, her voice trembling slightly. She handed over the documentation attesting to her ethnic surgery. "I had to undergo these changes for a TV show. It's all documented here."

The officer examined the papers, his brows furrowing. "A TV show, you say?" he muttered, flipping through the documents. He called over a colleague, and they whispered among themselves.

Just then, a third officer approached. "Hey, is that Daisy from 'Wheel of Transformation'?" he asked, his eyes lighting up with recognition. "I've seen the show. It's incredible what they've done."

The first officer looked at Daisy again, a hint of understanding dawning on his face. "Alright, we understand the situation," he said, handing back her documents. "But since Iran is on the blacklist of US enemies, you can only get a three-month visa for now."

Daisy's heart sank. "But I'm American!" she protested, her voice tinged with fear. "This is my home. I don't want just a visa. I live here." The agents shrugged their shoulders and she finally went through immigration.



The moment she stepped into the terminal, people started staring at her. The contrast to her experience in Tehran was stark and unsettling. There, she had blended in seamlessly, but here, her new appearance made her stand out in a way that felt horrible and isolating. One day, Daisy decided to visit a church—something nearly impossible in Iran. But as she entered the building, she felt the weight of uncomfortable and scared glances. Some congregants even asked her to leave, their eyes filled with suspicion and misunderstanding. The rejection stung deeply and since then she limited herself to praying at home. Her next appearance on the TV show loomed. She stepped on stage one more time, greeted by the enthusiastic host. "Daisy, wow, I can't believe this is you! I've got to tell you, I didn't look at any pictures to get the same surprise feeling as our spectators, and boy, I am not disappointed. You look beautiful, by the way!"

Daisy felt uncomfortable, like a guinea pig or an animal in a zoo, on display for everyone's fascination. She took a deep breath. "I know, it's been a drastic change," she admitted. "It's hard to convince people that I'm still Daisy."

The host nodded, his smile unwavering. "I can only imagine. This transformation is incredible, but it must have been challenging for you. How does it feel to look like an Iranian young lady?"

"It's been crazy. I still get jumpscars when I see my reflection in mirrors. I look like a complete stranger. And the need to cover up has only increased. You guys really messed up with me," Daisy replied, her voice tinged with vulnerability. "I thought I was prepared, but the reality of living with these changes is more difficult than I anticipated. I'm trying to find my place in a world that doesn't quite recognize me anymore."

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"We were told it has been incredibly difficult to profess your religion in churches?"

"People are... distraught by my appearance," Daisy said. "It's hard to explain to them why I am dressed like this. I went to a church the other day, and people were visibly uncomfortable around me. Some even asked me to leave. They couldn't understand why I, looking like a Muslim woman, would be there."

"And probably your ethnicity also doesn't help..."

"Absolutely," Daisy replied. "I never realized how many barriers minorities face in our country until I experienced it myself."

"Still, you're not considering leaving Christianity to join Islam? You might have an easier time settling in with the Muslim community here!"

"No, never, I'm a Christian. I believe in Jesus!" - Daisy replied, hurt in her pride! She would not simply switch religion for a matter of convenience!"

"Well, Jesus is recognized as a prophet also by Islam."

"Oh, I... Didn't know that." - Daisy replied, shocked. "I have to admit I don't know much about Islam. In fact, nearly zero, only that they don't drink alcohol and that women don't show their hair to strangers. I already follow those rules, actually..." - she replied, thoughtful.



"Changing topic, I've also heard that you had some problems getting through immigration!"

"Yes," Daisy said, frustration creeping into her voice. "Those agents wouldn't let me pass and gave me a three-month visa instead of recognizing my American citizenship. They were suspicious and didn't believe my story until I showed them documentation. Even then, they treated me like a foreigner."

"Well, I'm sure the visa issue could be solved quickly. As for the treatment you received, I'm not so sure, things could change much in this country unfortunately... Moving on, let's move on to the next round! What are you expecting?"

"I don't know," Daisy replied, her voice trembling. "I'm too frightened to think about anything! I have already changed so much!"

The host smiled sympathetically and tried to reassure her. "I understand, Daisy. You've been through an incredible journey, and it's natural to feel overwhelmed. Let's see what the next round holds and take it one step at a time."

Daisy nodded, her nerves still frayed. The lights dimmed, and the dramatic music played as the screen behind them lit up with the options for the next transformation. The audience held their breath in anticipation.