

Smoking changes people

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Ingrid was a Danish college student eager to try new things, so as soon as she had saved enough with her part-time student job, she went to Iran to visit the country in a solo trip. She had met some guys with a middle Eastern background in Denmark and even hooked up with one of them so she was curious to see the country they came from. She was generally very interested in other cultures but also fundamentally close-minded and too proud of her Scandinavian heritage to see other people as her peers. Everybody on the other hand clearly saw that she was a rich European tourist and therefore acted very politely with her, which only increased her self-perception.

When she noticed somebody smoking hookah she immediately wanted to try it. She entered a traditional cafe, where numerous people, including many women, were smoking it. She asked the owner about the hookah and tipped him generously. The man warned her that they followed an ancient recipe to mix the tobacco with other herbs and as a result it could be quite strong. He added that it was only meant for locals and the last time a Westerner tried it, he never left Iran. Ingrid laughed it off and insisted. She was quickly instructed on how to use it and began smoking.

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She loved it instantly, the aroma was intoxicating and the tobacco was making her feel very relaxed.

Unnoticed by her, the smoke began triggering a series of changes in her appearance. Her eyes darkened from blue to brown and her blonde hair took a darker hue too, turning her into a brunette. She still looked white but not anymore like her old self. She noticed that her hair looked darker but she thought it was due to the scarce light inside the building where she was.

It wasn't until she returned to her hotel that she realised something was wrong with her. The lady at the reception didn't want to give her the key of her room, until Ingrid showed her the booking number she had received via email.

When she saw herself in the mirror her heart skipped a beat: she didn't look like herself anymore! Hair could change color due to sunlight, although it usually became lighter, she thought, but a change in eye colour didn't make any sense! It could be a symptom of something serious happening too her, moreover she loved her blue eyes and couldn't accept the fact that she was stuck with boring brown eyes.

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The following day, still shocked by her change in appearance, she was wandering in the streets of the city, looking for a doctor, when she walked past the place where she had smoked hookah the day before. She needed something to calm down her nerves, she thought, so why not? The owner didn't recognise her and repeated the same warnings as the day before, but it was all in vain. Ingrid needed it.

As she began inhaling the aromatic smoke, her appearance changed further and this time the changes became more evident: her hair turned jet black and her body began developing new curves. She had always been a skinny girl and now she suddenly had a very curvy figure, to the point that her clothes barely managed to hide her breasts. Freaked out by these new changes, she left immediately. When she walked out of the building, she looked like a Mediterranean girl and could have even passed for an Iranian or Kurdish woman. As she was wandering around the city, she noticed people were starting to scoff at her. While a few days before all they saw was a foreign tourist walking around, now some of them assumed she was a young Iranian woman indecently carrying herself without a decent Hijab like every other woman. Moreover, she was showing off her curves as a prostitute.

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Eventually, the owner of an underground strip club, one of the few ones remained since the Iranian revolution of 1979, saw her as a potential hire and invited her inside. Ingrid was confused but her addiction was getting stronger so she gladly accepted the invitation and asked him for the hookah. This time the owner didn't say a thing to her, as he assumed she had already done it before.

Her skin immediately began tanning, while her hair curled up. Her tiny nose grew larger, giving her a common Persian look. To complete the transformation, her lips became fuller while still looking natural. She also aged a few years, now looking like a beautiful woman in her late '20s.

But the changes weren't over yet though as Farsi words began popping up in Ingrid's brain, at first she thought she had picked up some local language without realising it but then it began replacing her native Danish and fluent English, until she could express herself fully in Farsi and didn't know a single word of Danish or English.

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Realising she now looked like a middle eastern woman, she gave up all hopes of ever fixing this curse and seductively sat on a sofa, pondering over her destiny.

“چرا این اتفاق برای من می افتد؟” - murmured the girl, “Why is this happening to me?” - without noticing she had fully switched language. “I’ve changed even further, it doesn’t make sense but it must be the smoke having this affect on me. I should have stopped before, but I needed it so badly...”

Even more impressed by the beauty of the girl and by her proficiency in Farsi, the man offered her to work there, an offer the former blonde considered seriously, realising that her old life was effectively locked out from herself with her changed ethnicity. Then she finally asked him if she could have free access to hookah at work. The man considered it and realised that she would look sexy so he accepted. Accepting her new destiny, the girl signed a contract that would make her an exotic dancer in an underground club for the next few years. It was only then that she realized she could read the Arabic script and understood Farsi like a native, while any other language was unknown to her. Saddened by this additional loss of identity, she began changing into a shiny black dress.



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With the new stage name of Iqala, ironically meaning modest, the girl started her new career on that same day, dancing in front of a small audience of horny Iranian men and resting on large sofas while smoking her beloved hookah. She eventually realized that the changes stopped, apparently the ancient recipe was meant to turn strangers into local Persian people, so once that had been achieved, it stopped having any effect on them. Now being effectively a local, she indulged in her passion for middle eastern men and started actually enjoying the positive aspects of her new profession.

Without a care in the world, Iqala was living life by the minutes. "من عاشق زندگی جدیدم هستم" - said the girl, "I love my new life!".