

# Gypsy Soul

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Iris, born into a wealthy family with a privileged background, always carried herself with an air of superiority. Her family's opulent estate and elite social circles had instilled in her a belief that she was better than most. With her flowing blonde locks and piercing blue eyes, she was also very attractive. She was a striking young lawyer who exuded professionalism in all aspects of her life, and her high-paying job at her family's prestigious law firm only reinforced her sense of entitlement. Despite her beauty, she never had a steady boyfriend, rather, she had a history of going on numerous dates but rarely found the men up to her standards. Too short, or not rich enough, or too boring were her usual comments. Her date for the day was Elias, a genuinely pleasant and handsome young man who was captivated by her beauty. However, Iris wasn't considering him a serious contender.

In an attempt to help Iris loosen up, Elias took her to a fair, although she expressed her disdain for the childlike attractions. Iris thought, "I can't believe he brought me to such a juvenile place. I'll make him pay for dinner and then disappear. What a loser he is!"

"Iris," Elias suggested, pointing to a colorful tent with a fortune teller sign, "let's give this a try, shall we?" - He thought that this might have interested his date, but he was going to be disappointed.

With a lack of enthusiasm in her voice, Iris replied, "Sure, why not?"

"Jeez, a fortune teller on a first date, that's so cliché! Can this even get any worse? Maybe I should walk away right now instead of waiting for the end of this miserable date." - she thought, while walking towards the colourful tent.

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Inside the tent, a Gypsy woman, adorned in her vibrant traditional attire, warmly welcomed them and offered to unveil their future in exchange for a few dollars, which Elias promptly provided.

As she shuffled her deck of cards, the woman began predicting a prosperous career for Iris and a life filled with happiness for Elias. Her voice was soothing, the words flowing like a melodic tune. Yet, before she could finish, Iris abruptly interrupted, her voice filled with skepticism, "All of that is bullshit! You're just preying on people for money. Besides, you Gypsy folks should go back to your own country!"

Elias shot Iris a warning glance, attempting to avert a confrontation. However, it was too late. The woman's eyes, previously warm and inviting, now held a piercing intensity. With an air of authority, she declared, "How dare you, young lady? I'm no charlatan; my powers are real, as I'll demonstrate!" In a breathtaking display, the cards on her table levitated into the air. They swirled around the tent, creating a mesmerizing dance of colors and symbols.



Iris's smug smile vanished from her face, replaced by a bewildered expression. "What on earth? What kind of trick is this? Are you using hidden wires or something?"

With graceful precision, the woman glided her hand over the cards, demonstrating that there were no wires involved. Iris was left utterly flabbergasted.

"Now that this point is clear," the woman continued, her voice serene, "let's address the second matter: we travelers have no fixed homeland; the entire planet is our home, and who are you to tell us where to live?"

"I... I..." Iris was at a loss for words.

"But there's clearly so much you don't know about us," the woman continued, her tone firm yet tinged with compassion. "You think we're some sort of strange, parasitic people, incapable of experiencing emotions like the rest of society, don't you? Well, young lady, I'm going to teach you a lesson. A lesson that's worth more than a million words."

With those words, she pointed a wand towards Iris, whispering incantations under her breath. Almost immediately, Iris began to feel a weird sensation wash over her.



"Hey, stop doing that, I'm feeling strange!" Iris exclaimed.

Elias, bewildered, asked, "How are you feeling?"

"I feel like something is happening to my face!" Iris replied, her voice tinged with panic.

Elias's eyes widened in disbelief as he noticed the first changes. "This is impossible, but... your eyebrows are getting thicker, and your eyes have turned brown!"

Unbeknownst to him, her skin was also gradually tanning, and her facial features were subtly shifting, taking on a more exotic appearance.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she begged, "Oh no, my face! Please, stop this, I beg you!"

Feeling powerless to halt the transformation, Iris then felt her wavy hair curling up between her fingers. Elias, still staring at her in astonishment, murmured, "Your hair..."

Worried, she plucked a strand of her hair and inspected it. It was now curly and had a glossy, deep black hue. "No!"

"Take a good look at yourself," the woman commanded, conjuring a mirror out of thin air.



Iris could hardly believe her eyes as she stared at the exotic young woman before her. Her once-familiar features were now gone - she had curly black hair, brown eyes, tanned skin, and a different, elongated face.

"Welcome to our community, my dear," the woman said with a chuckle.

"No! I don't want to be a Gypsy! Anything but that!" Iris cried out, tears streaming down her brown eyes. "I'll do anything you want, I'll pay you thousands of dollars to restore my face!" She glanced anxiously at Elias, attempting to hide her new appearance from him. She never felt so humiliated in her life, being turned into a lowly Gypsy girl in front of her date!

"Money can't buy everything, young lady! That's your first lesson!" the woman responded firmly. "Besides, your transformation isn't complete yet. That outfit is so basic White bitch for your new identity!"

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As the woman spoke, Iris could feel her clothes changing. Her stylish attire was replaced by a colorful Gypsy outfit. Her arms became adorned with cheap and vibrant bracelets, and large hoop earrings dangled from her ears, though they were nearly hidden by her mass of curly black hair, which was getting increasingly frizzy and unkept.

Her settings had also transformed. Gone were the tent and the familiar face of Elias. She was now sitting by a rustic wooden barrack, in what appeared to be some sort of Gypsy settlement. The atmosphere buzzed with unfamiliar sounds, and the vibrant colors of the community enveloped her. Inspecting her newfound jewelry, she noticed a cheap metal bracelet with a name inscribed on it: Bireli. With a shiver down her spine, the Gypsy girl immediately knew that was her new name.

She tentatively raised her hands, gently touching her face as if to confirm the authenticity of her surreal transformation. As the stark truth sank in, she began sobbing uncontrollably.

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Amidst her anguished cries, the compassionate members of the Gypsy community began to take notice. Their empathetic gazes fell upon her, and with gestures of kindness, they offered her meager sustenance and arranged for temporary lodging in one of the humble barracks. Tearfully, she lay down to rest, crying herself to sleep.

The dawn of the following day marked a profound realization for Bireli - this was to be her life now, the life of Bireli, a poor Gypsy girl without anything than the exotic allure of her appearance

As time went by, Bireli stopped crying and adapted to her new identity: that of Bireli, a destitute Gypsy girl, stripped of her former identity. She also found out she could now play the guitar beautifully, and became one of the many talented musicians among the Gypsy community. She channelled the longing for her lost previous life into music and developed a unique and melancholic style.

She became something of a star within her community and admirers from all corners of the settlement sought her company. Eventually, she settled down with one of them and embraced her role as a devoted Gypsy wife.