

# India by Raji

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When Mary awoke on Thursday, she never imagined it would be her last day as a White suburban housewife. She married Sudhir in college and at the time, her Indian boyfriend seemed so worldly and cultured. It was only that character that let her get beyond her white toast upbringing which looked down on other ethnic groups. When they were married, she discovered that he had a very rich fantasy life which invaded their bedroom. Mary was used to dressing up as a maid, dancer or tens of other costumed roles when it came time for sex. But this week had been very strange. Sudhir had been planning a trip to India to visit the factories that produced his high fashion garments sold in department stores. Over the last years, Sudhir had gone to India about once a year to keep track of the business. He seemed very agitated since last week when he said that his parents were expecting to meet Mary on this next trip. Mary had always thought it strange that Sudhir's parents did not make it to their wedding and hadn't visited in the last years. Nor did they socialize with any of his relatives in the states. But she had never seen him like this before.

Sudhir sat her down when he came home from work and asked her whether she really loved him. Mary replied "Of course I do". He asked whether she would do ANYTHING for him if it was really important. Mary thought and said "yes, you know I would do anything for you".





Sudhir explained that his parents were really traditional and would be shocked if Sudhir revealed that his wife was not Indian. He had thought about having someone pose as his wife on the trip but told Mary that it would be unfair to her. What he was asking instead was whether Mary would pose as an Indian during the trip. As she looked at her 5'4" curvy white-skinned, blond-haired body, she laughed at the prospect. "I could never pass" Mary said. "You leave that to me" Sudhir said ominously.

That night Sudhir said he was taking her to a salon where a friend of his was going to help with the plan. Mary imagined that she was getting her hair dyed and getting hair extensions so she happily got into the car with her loving husband. She had no idea what was in store for her.

When they arrived, Mary was surprised to see that the "salon" was in a non-descript warehouse in the industrial part of town. Sudhir brought her inside and introduced her to a pleasant-looking Indian woman in a lab coat named Anuja. The woman looked her up and down and said "we have a lot of work to do. When is the trip".

Sudhir said "10 days". The woman said "Well, then we had better get started". Sudhir gave his wife a kiss and left her with the technician.





Mary stepped into the next room which was set up with all kinds of audiovisual equipment. Anuja explained that this was advanced equipment to teach Mary to speak Hindi. Because of the timeframe, they were going to use a special medication which makes the brain more receptive to learning language. It actually turns the biological clock back to permit learning the way we learn when we are children. The hardest part would be teaching Mary to respond to her new name Marwa naturally. Mary awkwardly pronounced the name and Anuja laughed. You will see, the teaching process is VERY effective.

Anuja sat Mary at one of the stations which had a large screen in front and put headphones on her. She also started an intravenous line and told Mary that it would only have sugar water in it at first. A voice came over the headphones and said repeat after me Marwa. My name is Marwa. This went on for some time and Mary really didn't notice when the medicine started to flow into her arm. Once the medicine was onboard, the voice seemed to really penetrate her being. It was then that it began to only speak Hindi. It would show an image of something and then repeat the word in Hindi 10's of times. With each cycle, it seemed that the only word that came to mind when that picture came up was the Hindi word. The English words seemed to be slipping away. What Mary didn't know was that the medicine and process weren't just teaching her Hindi, they were erasing the identical parts of her brain that had learned English in her youth. Even worse, images of her youth were being replaced.





When the voice talked about her childhood home, she didn't see a street in suburbia, but rather a village in southern India with a small house. When she saw the house, another medicine flowed into her veins giving her a warm happy feeling. Of course that is home and how she misses it. Then with the words father and mother, her mental images of her parents were changed to pictures of an older Indian couple in the village. The second medicine filled her with love and longing to see her Indian "parents".

The process continued like this for 8 hours. By the end, Mary was only answering to the name Marwa which seemed to be the only name she knew. It was then that the program changed. Marwa began to see pictures of herself with Sudhir, but in picture after picture, her appearance was morphing. One image focused on her blond hair and as it became long and black, she felt a tremendous calm descend over her. In another image, her skin slowly darkened from pale white to dark chocolate. A rush of excitement filled her helped by the medicine flowing into her body. Then her body began to change. Her Aereolae became fuller and darker, her breasts more pendulous and her little button nose grew a sharp hump. Finally the fine hair on her body became more prominent especially her shaved bush becoming full and dark. At the end, the image of the young Indian woman on the screen rotated around and around and the voice imprinted this image of Marwa to her brain. This would make the coming days of surgery much easier for everyone.





Now still images became movies and Marwa absorbed a life she never led. All shot from the perspective of the viewer, she saw her grade school, her high school, witnessed conversations with her friends. She saw herself meeting Sudhir at college but as an exchange student from India. Their wedding was very different with rituals that replaced her catholic upbringing. Finally, a series of movies modeled for her how an Indian woman acts with her husband. She felt the sense of submission flow into her and had her fashion sense remolded to Sarees and Sandals.

When Marwa left the cubicle, she was tired and happy to be led to sleeping quarters. She showered and her western clothes were taken from her. There were no mirrors in the bedroom. She dressed with traditional Indian clothing as if she had done so her whole life. While she slept, melatonin stimulators flowed into her veins. By the time she awoke, her skin was very dark and her hair was now growing at an accelerated rate straight and black as it would for the rest of her life. Marwa didn't notice that Anuja was now speaking to her only in Hindi. She would have been shocked to hear the broken English that remained in her memory.





Anuja took her to the surgical suite. She told Marwa that they were going to make her beautiful for Sudhir. This made her feel happy and submissive. During the operation, her breasts were enlarged and stretched to become more pendulous. An implant was placed in her nose to give her the hump she identified as pleasing to her face. Cheek implants changed her appearance significantly. Her delicate feet were roughened to those of a woman who spent her youth barefoot. And more delicately, her lithe body shape was modified through fat and hormone implants to become rounded over the next week. When she returned to her bedroom, she was sore but happy. The last thing she saw as she went off to sleep was her image in the new mirror in her bedroom. It looked so much more like her!

When Marwa awoke a week later, no friend or family member would ever have recognized her. Sudhir was there and told her it was time to leave for India. Marwa looked at him blankly until he repeated himself in Hindi. She then threw herself into his arms and kissed him passionately. Sudhir smiled. His new Indian wife was going to be a great hit with his parents in Mumbai.