

Transformation Control Center

Report 01 – “Training the New Girl”

Hiring Report for Employee 1020-S4 (Hazel Coffey)

On May 11th 20XX a call was made to the response center from an urgent female voice. The caller identified as Hazel Coffey (19) and that she was undergoing a strange transformation she was struggling to control. She said her friend had invited her over for a sleepover and suddenly attached a device to her. The device embedded inside of her and began a transformation sequence. When Hazel tried to remove the device, she was unable to and began to panic. Without explanation a phone number emerged in her mind, and she felt an urge to dial it. When she called, an employee answered and then put her through to the Science Department.

Hazel was then able to speak with one of our agents. Unfortunately, there was no way to stop the transformation process, and a Transformation Response Team was dispatched to assist with de-escalation and Permanency Procedures. From there, Hazel was able to return to something resembling a normal life. Despite her best attempts at mundanity, her new form came with various struggles that made it difficult to fully return to life the way she wanted to live it. She struggled to find a job after college (22) and ended up working at a restaurant as a waitress before being terminated for missing days and various small issues. However, what Hazel never forgot after the encounter that changed her life was that strange phone number. She dialed it again and asked if she could speak with a hiring manager.

After a few days of reviewing candidates, Hazel was brought in for an interview. Ryvi-Rophelian, as the manager of the Call Team, met with Hazel in the office for an interview. Below is a transcript of how the interview proceeded:

(Begin Transcript)

When she came in through the door, she looked quite nervous. It was probably the first time Hazel had ever seen a purple woman with tentacles and three glowing eyes, but it was far from the first time Ryvi-Rophelian had seen an android. Ryvi was in a tight suit with high waist pants and despite her posture and the mobile game she was playing she looked quite professional. As soon as the door opened, Ryvi chucked her tablet into a drawer and slammed it shut with a tendril with trained precision. Hazel hadn't noticed, and the strange android girl took her first few steps inside. Her face was a smooth surface with a dark screen that LED approximations of eyes glided across and glowed in varying intensity to display her anxiety. Her skin was smooth as porcelain and pale white as a new phone, the girl still opting to wear clothes on her lithe form even though there was likely little to hide now. She wore a neat collar blouse with a red bow and a short skirt.

As Hazel got settled and reviewed the contents of her folder (Resume, cover letter, a small stick of gum to help her anxiety later), Ryvi's various tendrils did a sweep around the room to hide the candy bar wrappers and anime girl figures she hadn't hidden or disposed of before the interview. Hazel, none the wiser, raised her head as Ryvi began to speak. "Now, Hazel, it says here that you were actually one of our customers a few years back. Androidification... A shame we weren't able to help you more but it was likely it was too late the second your friend got that device on you. So tell me... what makes you want to work here?"

Hazel looked around the room and summoned her courage. "Well... I mean..." She locked her knees closer together and her eyes went dim before igniting again and instantly zipping across her visor to lock on to Ryvi. "I keep thinking about how nice the person was who tried to save me... how that day changed everything for me. Suddenly it was like, there was more to the world—more to *me*—than just people and homework. Everything changed for me and if it wasn't for the people from here I can't imagine what would've happened to me. I want to try doing it too. I want to help people!"

Ryvi politely nodded. She opened one of the drawers and retrieved the copy of Hazel's resume that had been sent to her. "Now, why do you think you'd be a good fit for my team? Do you have any experience with answering phones?"

"A little!" Hazel replied. "Not a ton... but a little! I had to answer the phone when I worked at my previous job. Confirm reservations and stuff!"

"I see. And your previous job was as a waitress at Egg Queen?"

"Y-yeah."

"And you were terminated there it says?"

"Uh-huh..."

"Well, can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs!" Ryvi did a movement with her arm where she swung it out and held her fist upwards; an encouraging gesture. Hazel's eyes went dimmer and the shame was palpable in the air.

“Yeah...” Hazel replied. “My mom made that joke too...”

A long anxious pause followed. Hazel blinked (she didn’t need to but felt like she *had* to.) Ryvi cleared her throat. “A-anyways! We won’t hold that against you since the job isn’t terribly relevant for here. What really makes you a good fit for this job is your other experience,” Ryvi leaned closer and gave a more sincere look. “You’ve gone through a Transformation. Something unnatural and strange. You’ve had to live with it for a while now, and you know what it does, but also that it *isn’t* the end of the world.” Ryvi smiled and took her tablet out of her desk. She *very quickly* closed the gatcha game she was playing and then opened her slide show app before Hazel could see her background (Eletia the Elf Princess and CY-10 the Space Knight kissing) and showed her the first slide.

“Less than 1 in 12 million people will ever go through a Transformation event in their lives. That’s less than how many people will be bitten by a shark.”

“How many people get bit by sharks?”

“Less than how many people get bit by hippos, actually. Point is! Transformation is very rare but nonetheless life altering and strange.” She shows the bar graph and slides through more statistics, showing how many calls they get and then she concludes with a final graph at the end. “And, more than 80% of the people who call us get their transformations reversed and their lives back to normal. You were a rare and terrible exception to the rule... but with you on the team you can help us raise that number. And since we mainly hire within the 20%... that means we need as many of you as possible. As a corporate policy we avoid recruiting. We let clients come back on their own, and let them decide if they need us again or want to come help. If I’m being honest, Hazel, we knew we wanted to hire you before you even walked in the door. Even if you don’t have call center experience, even if your life has been hard, and even if you’ve been a little clumsy. Because you’re special. Mistakes don’t define you, and your change means you have the power to help others.”

Hazel couldn’t cry, but she was wiping her visor as if she was. A smile was on her face.

“So...” Ryvi smiled. “Would you like to work here?”

(End Transcript)

The interview concluded. Hazel's contract officially began, and she was recruited on board as a Call Center Operator I. As an Operator her duties include taking first response calls and seeing if she could assist with the situation. She was given a special lanyard that would turn any door she goes through into a portal to the office so long as she was wearing it. She was set up to report to work on January 20th 20XX to begin her first day of training.

(Transcript begins)

Hazel stepped through her closet door. The lanyard simply changed the way her door functioned. It wasn't like she opened the door and saw the office or even necessarily the closet. She saw nothing and her mind aggressively told her it was nothing and there was no room to think about it, no room to act on it. The only reason she even knew to step through the door was because she knew how the lanyard worked and knew that with one step she'd be able to enter the office proper.

One step and she left the carpet of her room behind and was instead stepping on the much less fantastic carpet of the office. It was this pale blue carpet that almost looked like it had a pattern to it but it was mostly gone. The first room was nothing but light grey walls and a receptionist window preceding the door that went further into the office. The dog girl (kemonomimi) on the other side of the window nodded her head at Hazel and gestured her over. "New girl, right? I'll call the manager over. You can go take a seat, dear!"

Clumsily, Hazel waddled over, holding her chocolate croissant and coffee with a vice grip tight enough to squeeze some of the chocolate out. She still had a mouth and could taste and eat, although her body didn't really... digestion was a mystery to her, but she still enjoyed doing things that felt human. She sat and swayed her legs a little, waiting...

She heard the sound of the dog girl calling for the boss a second time. Still waiting... suddenly the door opened and out came the eldritch woman, Ryvi, clutching her phone. "Sorry, there's a raid going on—Oh Hazel!" She lowered her phone to a tendril she formed behind her back, one of her three eyes moving along her body to observe her game from there. "Welcome! First day, right? Here, follow me and we'll get you seated!"

They walked through the door and down the hall to the right and through a door marked “Call Center.” Past the doors was a large labyrinth of myriad cubicles taking a chaotic amount of phone calls. Each cubicle had only a single narrow entrance furthest away from the desk where the PC and operator were situated and these walls all met at a diamond in the center of the massive room. This center was decorated with a tricolor carpet that was evenly split among several directions with four ways for one to travel from there.

North was marked “Science” in red carpet and East was “Magic” in blue and finally West was “Chaos” in yellow. Hazel raised her digital brow at the labeling, but Ryvi didn’t slow down enough to either address it or let Hazel raise a question and she immediately turned east and led Hazel that way.

Inside the cubicle was a girl who looked like she had emerged right out of a goth fashion magazine. She had dark hair with red streaks with short well trimmed and styled bangs and she wore heavy eye liner making her eyes look like sharp dark pools of ink. Of note as well was how much her dress was struggling to contain a very sizable chest, probably the biggest that Hazel had ever seen (G Cup.) As soon as she saw the boss walk over, she put on a little half smile before it vanished when she saw Hazel. Hazel raised her hand and gave an awkward wave.

“Hazel,” Ryvi gestured to the goth girl seated in the cubicle. “This is Livana Malfis. She’s actually a tier II operator and has been working here for a bit. I’m placing you under her tutelage.”

“You’re joking, right?” Livana huffed. “No email, no message, just dumping a trainee on me?”

Ryvi gave an awkward smile. “Sorry, I forgot to notify you. I was busy with meetings and...”

Livana raised her head and tried to look behind Ryvi but her manager kept moving to hide. Livana rose from her chair and quickly darted her head to the side, Ryvi supernaturally moving to perfectly hide her little tentacle still playing her raid on her phone. Hazel backed up from the fuss, placed perfectly behind the pair. Livana raised one of her pierced brows and groaned. “New girl!” Hazel stood at attention. “Is she playing on her phone? Is she playing her stupid game right now?”

“Um, um!” On Hazel’s OS, two decisions appeared. Either she took the Paragon path and sided with her manager and said no, or she took the Renegade option and informed Livana that yes actually, she was playing her phone game and was probably always playing it based on what she had seen so far. Just had to pick... one... Hazel’s eyes went dim and turned into two pixelated loading circles. “M-maybe?”

With a huff, Livana sat back in her chair, her striped stocking clad legs showing from beneath her skirt as she did. “Look,” Ryvi sighed. “Train her, and I won’t write you up for violating dress code again. I know it is important to you, but you don’t even have your lanyard on. Please and thank you!” Ryvi smiled and gestured for Hazel to walk in. It felt as welcoming as reaching to pet a tarantula. Hazel nervously walked into the booth. Suddenly, a burst of purple energy sent Hazel screaming and fall backwards. The smoke solidified into a second chair for Hazel to sit in, Ryvi lowering the tendril that had casted the spell. Hazel poked it to make sure it was real and then sat nervously in it. The chair squeaked inordinately loud and was strangely not very comfortable for a freshly summoned chair. “Let me know if you need anything, alright?” And off the boss went. And the second she was out of sight she put her phone back to her front and began to mumble to herself, *“What the actual hell is our healer doing...?!”*

Creaaaaaak... the chair struggled beneath Hazel’s robotic weight as she reached forward to hold on to the desk to push her little chair wheels forward so she could be properly seated. She had a moment to look over Livana’s desk. She had a few folders all organized with various case names (M3-0189, M2-1414, M7-BURN.) As well there were a few other things including a small toy rat, a planted cactus in a cute black pot, and on her wall was a poster for a band called Empty::Empty. She also had a framed picture of some sort of demon, but Hazel ran out of time to scan before she heard a loud AHM from the office goth waiting for her new trainee to pay attention.

“So... Hi. Welcome. Transformation Control Center, yaaaay...” She rolled her eyes and when Hazel didn’t know how to reply she moved on. “Not much of a talker huh? That’s fine, makes it easier. So, listen. This job is pretty easy, but it can get stressful. Management is a joke, you often don’t get much direction on how to handle things, and there really is no limit to how many calls they expect you to manage in a day. Half the time you get punished for doing well. My advice is try not to get good at this job. Just stick with it until they figure out how to cure your little issue and head home.”

“Cure my... issue?”

“Yeah, that’s what they do,” the goth groaned. “They promise a cure if you work for them, and next thing you know you’re trapped because it turns out that the cure has to keep getting applied. So, if your thing can get fixed forever, I’d push for that and head home.”

“Oh, no, for me it...” Hazel tried to think. “The team who came to me said I was being put through Permanency Procedures...?”

The goth girl raised her brow. “Oh shit. So they *can’t* fix you?” She sighed. “Damn... so why are you here then?”

“Well, I need a job. And this place does pay \$2X an hour.”

“Yeah, \$2X an hour is pretty good... well fair enough. Not often we get newbies who aren’t just getting their cure and getting out. Well, all the same. Here is how our job works.” She gestures to her cubicle, her little 6ft by 6ft slice of the world. “This is where they seat you and for the most part you are rarely going to leave your seat unless the response center wants you to tag along to knock on the door or if you need a coffee or something.” She gestures to her desktop that is... a little out of date for most people’s taste.

“Is that Windows [edition withheld]?”

“Yeah, eldritch magic only works on this edition. None older, none newer. I think its because that’s the only version Ryvi ever learned. So, we have no choice.” Her voice became dryer and more sarcastic the more she spoke. “And before you ask, yes, magic is real, very very real. And it is actually something we use every single day on our job. Probably the best place to start is an overview of... that.

“So basically, this whole call center runs on eldritch magic. Like... Cthulhu. Yeah. Basically, our job is to help maintain balance and the spells help by keeping us secret and directing people to us. Whenever someone needs us, the phone number for our help desk will magically appear in their mind. I hear before we got that spell added to The World Laws it was pretty rough, lot of scrying.”

“S-scrying?”

“Crystal balls. You know? Fortune tellers? D&D? Yeah, anyways, the spell will automatically have the phone number appear in people’s heads and most of the time they will call it. They are usually upset, worried, and not sure what is going on. There are a few misfires, like if someone writes the phone number down then anyone who can find the phone number can call us. All we have to do with those people is get them off the line and the amnesia spell will take hold. Basically, as soon as you call us, a cocktail of spells is prepared to go, making our jobs easier.”

“So, these spells were cast on me too?”

“Most likely. Especially since we sent a recovery crew. Probably casted a few to try and make your life easier. Spells to make your family accept that you’re an android. One of the most potent is the double think spell. You’re both still normal to your mom, born naturally and everything, but also an android at the same time. Damn potent but is best to not cast on sports fans.”

“... Seriously?”

“Sports fans are dangerous with that spell. Ugh... Anyways. Once someone calls, your job is to make a ticket on the situation and do your best to figure out what is going on and categorize it. Since you’re just a tier 1, what you mostly need to worry about is categorizing it, though if you can help resolve the situation that’s great too. We have three categories: Science, Magic, and Chaos. And we also rank these on a scale from 1 to 7. The scale is tricky, but if you just remember that if it is contagious, you always rank it at least a 4 and get it to someone else as soon as possible.”

“Contagious? They can spread?” Hazel looked down at herself and then back up at the goth girl.

“Sometimes they can. You’ll want to ask questions about anyone else they saw. If they’re growing bigger tits or something and they noticed someone else was complaining about their bra being too tight that might be a subtle sign it’s a rank 4. Once something is a rank 4 we need to escalate the treatment of the situation and someone is required to go physically check on site, so it is kinda vital we work on it asap. You might get in trouble if you don’t get a 4 contained quick enough too, so that should usually be your first question.”

“And the categories?” Hazel asked. “What are the differences there?”

“Well,” Livana reached into her cabinet and pulled out a blank piece of paper. “Here is paper. Each of the three categories is a way you can change something, right? Science is anything manmade, technology, understandable and definable with no leaps in logic. To make the paper pink, we dye it, but we used a really strong dye that we can’t control or promise won’t make other things pink. Magic is anything ancient and forgotten but it follows mystic rules. The steps can be a bit murky and the reaction extraordinary, but you understand it. We want to make the paper pink, so we summon a demon who specializes in making paper pink. They do it for us but in exchange they take our first born.”

“Does that happen here?” Hazel panicked a little, but Livana just gave a stone faced response. Hazel nodded her head, *hyperbole*, right. “And Chaos?”

“Chaos is anything we can’t explain. We want to make the paper pink, but actually we don’t need to because it was always pink and it was never not pink and any memory you had of it being pink vanished but you can almost remember? Chaos is difficult since it overlaps with Magic a lot, and sometimes Magic overlaps with Science. I always just think of it as Science is anything we understand and Magic is just Science we don’t know yet and Chaos is just Magic we aren’t used to. So...” Suddenly a call headset was placed on Hazels head and she was gently nudged forward. Livana clicked a button. “Alright, let’s get you started. Take this call and see how it goes!”

“H-huh?!” Hazel panicked and shrunk back in her chair. “But I don’t know what to say! Or what the procedure is or—”

“Listen,” Livana pulled out a book from her drawer and cracked it open. “The only real way to learn is by doing. Trust me. You’ll be fine just don’t freak out.”

“But--!”

Without warning, Livana’s computer monitor filled with a big box. [CALL INCOMING]

Two choices... accept or decline. Hazel froze until Livana decided for her. *Accept.*

The call began: “H-hello? Um...?” It was a woman’s voice on the line.

“Um...” Hazel echoed. “H-hello! Are you reserving a table or... sorry! Sorry, that’s my old job! Um, how can I help? *You?*”

“Sorry, this phone number just appeared in my head out of nowhere? This is like poison control right? I’m a bit worried about something and I guess I just wanted to check if that’s okay?”

“Oh, sure! Sure! We don’t mind...” Hazel looked to Livana for help, but she was mostly just reading her book, only poking one eye up over the page when she noticed that Hazel had stopped talking. Hazel turned her head back towards the computer monitor and scanned the desktop for a shortcut that might have something that’d help her. “Here, just tell me what’s going on and if it is also happening to any friends or family.”

“Oh, I hope not! Listen, it is a little embarrassing but lately I’ve been eating dog treats. I know, I know! They aren’t that tasty but for some reason I keep craving them. Are they toxic at all or is there a nutritional concern?”

“Um...” Hazel’s eye found a mute button on the call program. “Let me check!” She clicked mute, slid the headphones down and looked at Livana. “They said they’re eating dog treats.”

“... Yeah?”

“Um, is that Magic or Science?”

“Ask them? Like...” Livana sighed. “When did they start craving them. If you think the dog treats are a part of the Transformation, we need to know more about why they are craving them and when it started.”

Hazel turned back, unmuted, and raised her headset back into place. “So, tell me... when did you start craving these dog treats?”

“Huh? Well, it all started when I was at my job. I actually work at this old mall body care shop, shampoo and candles and deodorant, but there’s this cute pet shop right next door. I liked to drop by there during my lunch breaks and look at all the cute dogs. The shop owner was really nice! She said she made some snacks for people that looked like dog bones too. I tried one and it was really good, kinda like a savory steak flavored cookie? Ever since I ate it I’ve been craving more but there isn’t really anywhere but the pet shop to get more.”

Hazel nodded her head and tried to keep a mental note of it all. She looked at Livana again and muted the mic. “Um, she says that she ate a dog biscuit at a pet shop the owner made and ever since she’s been craving it.”

“Hmm, could be our trigger,” Livana turned a page on her book, barely looking away from it. “Probably not Chaos. They know the cause and it follows logic fairly well. The dog treat could be cursed or it could be a serum she made. Do you know if she’s contagious?”

Hazel unmuted. “Um, so the cravings are just... happening to you right?”

“Hmmm? Oh! Oh yeah! Ahaha...”

“You sound out of breath, are you alright?” Hazel asked.

“Huh? Oh yeah! I’m just really excited right now. I can’t stop panting for some reason? Haha, hey poison control lady? Do you know how many dog treats I can safely have?”

Suddenly, something in Hazel processed and she emitted a beep that startled Livana from her reading. “As long as it isn’t more than 10% of your calorie intake you should be fine! I mean!!! L-listen! Have you noticed anything weird happening to you or others?”

“Um, nope! Everything is normal here. I’m just panting a little bit thinking about dog treats.”

“You don’t think that’s... weird?”

“Nope!”

For a moment Hazel thought... and then she leaned closer to the screen. “Out of curiosity... is your tail wagging right now?”

“Oh yessss! I can’t stop wagging it talking to you! You sound really nice and you’re saying I can eat tons of treats!”

Nod. Hazel muted the call and looked at Livana again. “She’s turning into a dog. She thinks she has a tail and that it is normal. Are we sure it isn’t Chaos?”

“No, this is probably Magic,” Livana rolled her chair back up to the desk. “Science probably wouldn’t have wiped her mind, and it can’t be Chaos since we know the biscuit caused it. Here,” Livana lifted the headset off Hazel’s head and unmuted the call. “Hello, mam, are you still there?”

“Grrr, who is this? What happened to the nice lady?”

“I can be nice, trust me,” Livana waved her hand passively. “Listen, I need you to focus really hard on this question, okay? Do you want to be a dog? Like, really, really?”

The phone went quiet for a second. Strange bark sounds came through the other side followed by a wetter, stranger sound. Livana prompted for her to reply. Finally, a little sound, a whimper, and she spoke again. “N-no. I’m... I can barely think I’m so worked up... but something’s happening, isn’t it?”

“It is, but don’t worry. You called the right number. I think we caught this early enough that we can stop it now. I need you to focus on the phrase: ‘I am a human’ and not stop thinking it. While you’re thinking it, I’m going to cast a spell from afar that’ll pause the changes a bit. After I do that, we’ll need to go over a treatment plan. Alright?”

“I need to touch... so bad... I can’t... a-arf... Arf...”

“Listen to me. Say you want to be human.”

“I... I aaaarf! I waaaarfff... I wanna... be... I want to be a human.”

“Good girl—WAIT!”

The phone immediately exploded with barks and the sound of a tail wagging fast enough to be heard. Giggles and something else. Hazel grabbed the microphone on the headset and yelled. “Mam! Please focus! You want to be human! You want to be human!”

“Be... human! Want to be...”

Livana turned her head and left the headset with Hazel. She quickly navigated to a program called Treatment Suite. Once she was in it the UI looked very sloppy and thrown together. She scrolled through a list of options and clicked on one in particular. Suddenly, the girl on the phone let out a little sigh of relief, the sigh you make when your mouth has this relaxing minty feeling. Then she clicked on another option. Livana pulled up a script and pointed Hazel at it. “Read this off, paraphrase.”

“Um... H-hello! We have determined you were under the influence of a magical transformative. In order to help you recover we have cast two recovery spells on you. One will slow down the transformations and the other will keep your libido under control. In order to return to normal please do the following: Avoid physical contact with others, avoid dog parks or any pet stores you are aware of. If you see a dog, count up from 1 to 10 until you are no longer in their presence. As well, please avoid masturbation or sexual stimuli for the next 3 weeks. Once 3 weeks have passed the transformation should subside. If at any point you are having difficulties, feel free to call back. At the end of the 3 week period, your memory w-w-will... be wiped. And you’ll be back to normal.”

The girl on the phone was quiet for a moment. “I see... thank you so much! It is kind of hard to believe... but ever since I called you, I’ve been able to actually notice the tail, and that’s

been a hell of a wakeup call. So... thank you. I'll try and avoid the pet shop for the time being. Am I alright to go back to work?"

"You should be... I um..." Hazel looked at the notes and then noticed Livana clicked on something else in the recovery suite. The notes immediately updated with new text highlighted in green. "Yes! We put a cognition spell on you. So, anyone who sees your changes will think they are normal until they subside. You should be safe to return to the workplace, but if you notice anyone else with the same changes as you, please call us immediately. Thank you and..." Hazel squinted at the notes. "Please fill out the survey at the end. Thanks!"

The phone call concluded. The survey was filled out moments later with a glowing five stars. Hazel sat back at her desk and let out a sigh of relief. "T-that was intense! How many of those do you do a day?!"

"Depends. Usually like 23?" She shrugged. "Some are easier than that, some are harder, but it is the medium calls like that... They eat up the most time and mental energy. The scary stuff gets sent to the response team pretty much right away. So, let's fill out the ticket. Make sure you click the tick box for the investigation team. Someone is handing out Transformative biscuits and we don't want that happening anymore. You didn't get her name, but that's alright this time. And then click save and set the status to resolved. Perfect."

"What do I put for the scale?" Hazel asked.

"Hmmm... Honestly that was probably a 3. Go ahead and put that. Save one more time. There you go girl. First one down, a million more to go."

Hazel stared at the screen at her first completed ticket (M3-998400.) Still... she had plenty more to go. However, she couldn't help but notice the ticket number and look down at her own lanyard. S4-1020...

(End of Transcript)

Hazel continued her training through the rest of her day and performed adequately. She performed two more calls besides the first one and then was released to go get lunch. Her trainer

refused to get lunch with her since she had packed. Hazel returned to her home and grabbed lunch from her fridge and ate at home. She then returned to work and went over how the programs on the computer worked with Livana for a bit longer.

Clock-out time arrived, and Hazel was dismissed after a short review with Ryvi-Rophelian. Hazel was reviewed as doing adequately well for her first time and was praised for her ability to manage under pressure. She would continue training for the rest of the week under Livana and would then be assigned her own booth to work with other Tier 1s. Hazel reported she was “looking forward to coming back” and that she “...hoped the calls won’t be weird...”

This concludes with the hiring report on Hazel Coffey. For more information on how she relates to C7-EL please refer to future reports.

TFCC

KEEPING YOU, YOU

