



Linda, on display in the store window. (Middle)

The Mannequin in the Display

By [The-Shadow-Demon](#) – Originally published: Aug 19, 2017

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Linda smiled when she turned to her best friend Cassidy, noting that she too had the same broad smile. Both of them were excited, and counting their lucky stars that the two got jobs at Havanna Clothiers. This was a clothes store at their favorite mall that the two constantly shopped at, and simply enjoyed because of their vast variety of clothing. It had a great location, just across from the two large escalators and not far from the food court. And now the two would be working there!

Both girls were already wearing the store's uniform, a basic deep blue top, with the shops icon on it and, of course, their name tags. The two walked into the store, ready for their first day. The store was already open for customers, so the two made their way to the checkout counter where their new boss Mary was already setting up.

Mary greeted them and said, "Welcome ladies, ready for your first day?" This made the two girls smile and excitedly nod in agreement. Linda replied, "Indeed! We're Ready, willing, and able!" Mary chimed back, "That's good to hear! Cassidy I would like you to run the register and Linda you'll be out on the sales floor!"

Cassidy replied, "Okay Ma'am!" Mary moved out the way, allowing Cassidy to move behind the register and take her place. Then Mary said, "If the two of you need anything, I'll be in my office!" Then Mary left her two new employees to their tasks. As Mary was leaving, the two girls squealed quietly to themselves; they still couldn't believe they were working at their favorite store, and they knew that today was going to be a good day.

As the day began it wasn't long before customers began coming in, many of whom were teenage girls around the same age as the two new employees. These customers were looking for deals, and perfect clothes, which Linda happily showed them and Cassidy rang up the sales. The two were impressed; it was surprisingly busy that morning. Linda cleaned, stocked, and adjusted the piles of clothing which were set out in neat piles.

As midday slowly began to come around and the store's business started to die down, Linda found herself wondering around the store. There was nothing else Linda could do, so she adjusted several of the mannequins, so customers could get a better look at the clothing they were wearing. While working, Linda paused to admire the very mannequins themselves. All of them were female, which wasn't surprising for a store that only sells clothes for women.

But what really impressed Linda was the detail that went to every one of the mannequins. She was surprised at the level of detail displayed; from the different kinds of plastic used for the bodies which provided different skin tones to each one, to their unique faces, body types, and hair. Linda stood in front of one admiring it, its plastic body glistening in the light. Linda was amazed at the fine details that went into its design.

From the way the plastic looked, to the emotionless face, and even the hair; Linda kind of smiled as she lifted her hand up and gave the mannequin's hair a slight tug. She was surprised when she instantly realized that it was attached to the mannequin's head. Linda said to the mannequin, as she continued on with her chores, "Wow! I wouldn't want to meet you in a dark alley!"

Lunch came, and went; the two girls ate their food, had a break and returned. When they arrived back at the store, they found that Mary had now shifted their tasks around. Now Linda was to be at the register,

and Cassidy out on the floor. The first half of the afternoon was relatively quiet, but soon enough it picked up again, as many came in to buy various clothes. Thankfully, this made their day go by even quicker; and soon enough their shifts were over.

“Man that was one good day!” Cassidy said giving a straight of her arms. Linda replied, “You’re telling me, I can’t wait to see what’s in store for tomorrow!” Mary walked up to the two and said, “Well done you two, you did a great job on your first day and I’ll see you bright and early tomorrow!” Cassidy replied, “You sure will boss, see you tomorrow Mary!” Then the two waved, as they were leaving the store and heading out into the mall, which was already in its closing state. After the two girls left the mall they went their separate ways, both felt that tomorrow was going to be a sparkling new day and they were looking forward to it.

The next day arrived, Linda was bright, cheerful, early, and ready for the new day. In fact, Linda was actually twenty minutes early for her shift; but she didn’t care as she was ready for another day! As Linda walked into the mall, she watched as it started to spring to life and noticed that Cassidy was nowhere to be seen. Linda knew that she was coming in, as the two had been up texting late the previous night. Linda just shrugged to herself and simply assumed that Cass would be coming in a little later.

As Linda made her way to the entrance of Havanna Clothiers, a weird sight caught her eye; and in a chilling moment, she paused and turned to the front display window with a concerned look. There standing in the middle of two normal looking mannequins wearing casual dresses, was a bare naked ugly old mannequin; its plastic body a pale white with cracks, and even holes, noticeable in it.

The mannequin was mounted on an old fashioned butt rod stand while the other two had calf mounts, Linda thought to herself, “I didn’t even know that they still used butt mounts!”. The mannequin’s face was bare, it had no facial features of any kind. It was that solid, smooth, pale, yet somewhat shiny white style that many modern mannequins are designed in. This caused an undeniable chill to shoot down Linda’s spine.

Linda turned and began walking into the entrance of the store, her focus unchanging, her eyes never moving from the bizarre mannequin until she was far within the store. Linda occasionally looked away for a second, to see where she was going, only to look back again to make sure the thing was still there and not following her like some horror movie. Linda soon caught sight of her manager, Mary, standing at the register. Not hearing Linda approach, Mary exclaimed in sheer surprise, “Oh! Hi Linda, you’re in early!”

Still fixated on the creepy mannequin in the display window, Mary could tell that Linda’s mind and eyes were obviously clearly focused on something in the display window. Mary raised an eyebrow in curiosity as Linda replied hazily, “Uh... Yeah... I thought I’d start... the... day... running.....” Mary was a bit worried about her distracted new employee and questioned, “You okay Linda? You seem a bit distracted.”

Snapping out of her paranoid daydream and returning back to reality, Linda replied, “Huh? Sorry! Oh yeah... I’m fine. Do what you want me to do today boss?” Mary told her, “I would like to move the mannequins around today, take some from storage, dress them, and move some back there. You know, just kind of freshen up the displays. You can dress them however you like; whatever you think will sell. Then remove the clothing from those that you wish to place back into storage and move them to the storage room!”

Linda replied, “Sure! That will be fun boss! Will do!” Then her attention returned to where it was supposed to be, back to the store. Linda was ready for her new day; and most importantly; knew where she

wanted to start. She scanned her surroundings until her sight landed on the front entrance and the display window. The image of the old mannequin was still fresh in her mind, and Linda wanted to make some changes, starting with getting rid of the creepy thing.

Brushing her creepy feelings aside, Linda knew what she had to do. That Mannequin was too far old to even be in her store, much less in the front window; and if they wanted to sell clothes and not scare off the customers, Linda needed to remove it. Heading out in a straight line to the entrance, Linda quickly made her way to the front of the store, then went straight to the display where the old mannequin was still standing. Linda approached her 'enemy,' and looked at it.

As she lifted the naked mannequin of its stand with ease and began removing it from the window display, Linda said, "Okay you creepy thing, into storage you go!" Linda maneuvered through the isles of clothes, upon clothes, until she finally reached the back of the store and the storage room. Linda entered the cold room, filled with boxes of clothing, all still sealed, and various mannequins all stored in a single corner; and all of which were naked women. Linda quickly made her way over to the group and placed the old mannequin among them, where it could remain forever as far as Linda was concerned.

Then she took a few steps back, looking over the other mannequins stored there. Linda exclaimed to the creepy one she had just moved there, "There, now you can be as creepy as you want! No one will ever care as long as you are stuck back here!" As she was doing this, Linda accidentally knocked over another one of the dummies; a fine looking mannequin which, thankfully, she caught before it hit the floor. Linda certainly didn't want to break anything on her second day at work. As she examined the dummy, even Linda had to admit that she was impressed by how pretty the mannequin was.

Linda decided that this mannequin should spend some time in the spotlight out in the store. Linda smiled and then turned and walked out of the storage room, mostly because she had removed the creepy mannequin from the window, but also because she now had a plan. Yet Linda knew, down deep, that the main reason she was happy was that she would never have to be distracted by that creepy old mannequin again while she worked.

Returning to the showroom, Linda saw that some customers were already shopping and looking around at the store's wares. Linda turned towards the register to see that Cassidy had arrived and was once again at her new post, helping out a customer. Linda smiled broadly, her new job was great and she just knew that this was going to be a great day.

The two girls locked eyes, giving each other a wink and a smile before returning to their work. As Linda walked around surveying the displays for a moment, she discovered one particular mannequin that caught her eye. This was a small oriental mannequin, standing in a corner, who was wearing a short shirt, knee high boots and a crop top. The clothes worked OK on the mannequin's petite figure, but Linda thought that, on the mannequin she had found in the back, they would look even better.

Linda decided to move the entire mannequin, with its clothes on, and re-dress it back in storage away from prying eyes. Linda lifted up the small mannequin off its stand, tilted it sideways, and placed it under her arm. Linda raised an eyebrow in curiosity, impressed by how light the mannequin actually was. Sure it was small, smaller than her in fact; which was saying something since Linda was only five foot six inches tall. Yet, nonetheless, Linda still found it interesting that the mannequin had nearly no weight to it at all.

Linda made her way back through the store, making sure that she didn't trip over any of the clothing piles, or accidentally hit a customer. But she did a double take in a moment in disbelief, when she saw a sight that made her freeze in her tracks. Forcing her to spin around and verify what she thought she had seen. There, standing in the display window between the other two mannequins, was that same old mannequin once again, the one that she had just moved into storage!

Linda just stood there for a moment in utter shock, puzzled; why, and how, was that awful thing there again? It had only been a minute or two since she left the sorry thing in the storage room; where it certainly belonged! Yet now, somehow it was back in the display, still naked, and still as ugly as ever; was someone playing a joke on Linda? And how did it get back on display, almost faster than Linda could return to the showroom? It had to be some kind of practical joke!

She quickly looked around, and saw that Cassidy was still at her register and Mary was working out in the showroom. Linda initially wondered if Mary might have been the one who moved the creepy mannequin back out to the sales floor, but why would she? That Mannequin was just too old, and too creepy to display; so why did Mary even keep it around? Linda couldn't answer her own question obviously, knew that she had a job to do, and she needed to do it. So, Linda decided that she'd simply try to ignore the thing and deal with it later.

As she continued doing her job, Linda made her way back to the storage room, again, and placed the oriental mannequin she was carrying on its back on the floor. With the mannequin now easy to work with, Linda began to remove its clothes, removing its limbs as needed and then replacing them. Before long, the oriental mannequin was bare naked just like the rest of them, and Linda smiled as she thought, "I bet if this mannequin were alive it would be totally embarrassed to be naked!"

With her first task done, Linda turned to her second task, dressing the mannequin she had chosen when she had last been there. Looking around she soon found the mannequin she liked and removed it from the rest, before placing it off to the side. She placed the oriental mannequin on the newly vacated display stand and then began dressing the 'chosen one' in the clothing that Linda had taken off the naked oriental mannequin.

Within moments, Linda's second task was done and the previously naked mannequin was now dressed and ready to be moved out into the spotlight. The mannequin's new clothing was showing off plenty of the mannequin's womanly assets, and also displaying her clothing quite nicely, as well. Linda picked up the newly dressed mannequin with both hands and carried her out to the showroom. Just as with the oriental mannequin, again she was amazed at how easy it was, and at how light the mannequin was.

Linda quickly made her way back to the front of the store, snaking through the isles, and placed the newly dressed mannequin where the oriental one had been. Then she adjusted its pose so that everyone could see and appreciate it; and rechecked its clothing to be sure that they still looked good. After doing so, Linda took two steps back to get a proper look at the mannequin. With a smile of approval, her attention turned back to her third task, moving the creepy old mannequin back, yet again, to the storage room where she felt it should remain!

Leaving her newly dressed mannequin on display, Linda once again made her way up to the display window to, once again, remove the creepy thing. She passed a few customers who were busy looking at clothes and when she reached the front of the store, sure enough, she found the old mannequin. It was, once again, standing in the display window between the other two mannequins as though it were mocking

her. Linda asked it, not really expecting to get a reply from a block of plastic, “How did you get out here!?!?”

But as Linda picked up the mannequin to move it, a sudden sharp pain struck her right hand; causing her to quickly pull her hands away from the mannequin. This caused it to fall to the ground with a hollow thump. Ignoring it, Linda looked at her hand as it felt sore, and thought, “I certainly hope that I didn’t just get bitten by a spider!” Linda’s attention was focused on examining her hand, it looked as though she had some sort of burn where the pain had just been, and the spot was getting redder and redder with each passing second.

Linda thought to herself, “God! What did my hand rub against? I hope this isn’t a spider bite, after all, this ugly thing was in the storage room for a while and there are probably plenty of spiders in there!” But when she looked down for a possible answer to her pain, she found only the creepy mannequin lying on the ground; its plastic, faceless, head looking right up at her.

Linda stared at it for a few moments, there was something about this mannequin which gave her an uneasy feeling. It was not just the look of the thing, that certainly didn’t help, but there was something else about it, something that she just couldn’t put her finger on. Something in the back of Linda’s mind was screaming, ‘get away from that thing and run,’ and it was too bad that she had not heeded that intuition before she had been ‘bitten.’

Slowly, and cautiously, Linda reached down and picked up the mannequin, being extra careful that there were not any spiders hiding on it, somewhere. Her eyes were still focused on the creepy thing; its eerily motionless, expressionless, blank face stared back at her as she lifted it up. And, once again, Linda carried it back to storage. Once back in the storage room, Linda placed the old mannequin back with the others; yet again! Then she took a few steps back to do a double take, just to make sure that she had really done the task; and not just imagined it.

Satisfied that the creepy thing was really there, stuck on a stand with the other mannequins, Linda once again walked back out into the store. As she was walking, Linda’s attention turned back to her sore hand, the one that felt like something had bitten her. The skin around the mark had faded, from the somewhat tan tone of her normally sun kissed Caucasian skin; to a paler, almost whitish, and slightly shiny tone. Linda found it even more disturbing when she noticed that, around the bite, her hand was beginning to have a strange, and somewhat artificial, look to it.

But Linda remembered that she was on the clock and decided she had better get back to work so as not to get fired on her second full day. Quickly pushing her odd hand injury aside in her mind, Linda continued doing her job. Linda certainly didn’t want to lose her dream job so soon after she had started it! She made her way down an aisle planning to neaten up several piles of clothing that some rude customers had rifled through and then didn’t put back. Once the piles were neatly arranged, Linda walked around the store again; looking for other mannequins that she could move around, replace, or redress. Linda was beginning to realize that she enjoyed posing and dressing the mannequins and she thought that she would like to become a visual merchandiser someday; creating displays and setting up and dressing mannequins;

After adjusting a few more mannequin’s positions and poses, Linda paused for a moment, noticing that her right hand was really beginning to feel oddly stiff. When she examined her hand Linda’s eyes opened wide with fear, as the paleness of the burn had spread over her palm, pinkie, and ring finger; and now all of them had the same glossy artificial tone.

Slowly Linda raised her opposite hand, and with it shaking ever so slightly due to the fear of what she might find, she touched her affected hand. Linda gasped, so loudly that it caused a couple customers to shift their attention to her, and she quickly clamped her good hand over her mouth to contain her distress. Linda's eyes fixated on her affected hand and she thought to herself, "It... it... looks like... and... feels like..."

Linda's fear made it impossible to finish her sentence, her eyes looked up and she saw several customers staring at her. She also caught their little gasps as they wondered what was wrong with the store employee. Linda quickly walked away to escape their attention, outside of anyone's line of sight, to a place that seemed strangely safe. She walked as quickly as she could, without running, right back to the storage room that previously seemed a bit creepy to her.

When she arrived, she rested against one of the walls to catch her breath and regroup her senses. But as Linda slowly raised her right hand up to examine it again, her eyes widened in terror when she saw that her entire hand was now fully engulfed by the whitish substance. Linda's entire right hand was stiff and white, just like several of the mannequins that she had just been working with!

Linda desperately attempted to make a finger move, any of her fingers, but she couldn't move them in any way, not an inch; they were now rigidly locked in place. The more that she thought about it, she realized that she could no longer feel her hand, her fingers, nothing! And when Linda placed her left hand onto her right, she felt the inescapable feeling of cold, hard, smooth plastic; just like a real mannequin! Linda quickly pulled her normal hand away in fear, as her mind raced trying to figure out what to do next and how to stop the impossible transformation from progressing.

Linda said out loud, to no one in particular; or perhaps to the mannequins standing in the corner that now seemed to be watching her, "But... H... how? How is this even possible? This can't be real!" Of course the room remained completely silent as none of them replied. And then, Linda began to wonder why she hadn't called an ambulance yet! But even if she did, what could she tell them, "my hand is turning into a mannequin's hand!" Linda knew that they would simply hang up thinking that it was a crank call, they might even call the police to arrest her for making prank calls.

As Linda's mind was reaching the peak of panic she felt like she was being watched, and her eyes turned to the group of silent mannequins. Linda began to wonder, were they watching her, did they know what was happening to her, is this how they became mannequins? As she looked at those motionless figures, Linda's heart sunk deep into her chest and was consumed with fear; as it was dawning on her that, if she could not find a way to stop this transformation, she might soon be one of them herself, before much longer. And even worse, Linda thought, "I don't want to end up in a dark storage room, stuck on a pole, unable to move or speak, and having to wait for someone to dress me and display me."

That was when Linda noticed it, the old mannequin that Linda had placed in the storage room, twice before, was once again gone! Linda let out a little scream and quickly pushed herself off the wall she was leaning against with her good left arm before worriedly looking around the room. There was no sign of the creepy thing, again! The mannequin was not laying on the ground or hiding anywhere; it had simply vanished and was not in the storage room, yet again! This was too much for the girl and she bolted from the room.

Linda quickly rushed out from the storeroom and back into the store, her eyes frantically scanning the room; looking both for the mannequin or anyone else who might be able to help her. She could now sense

the far too familiar feeling of numbness, and stiffness, spreading further. And when she looked down at her right hand she gasped when she saw that the strange condition had now spread up her arm and was nearly to her elbow. No longer hesitating, or being as careful as she had previously been, Linda ran as fast as she could to the front of the store; to the very display where she kept seeing the creepy old mannequin. But, this time, when she reached the window she found no sign of the thing, only an empty butt rod attached to the floor waiting to display another mannequin.

Noticing she was now having trouble moving her entire right arm, Linda took another look at it, rolling up her sleeve with her left hand; only to discover that the changes had now reached her shoulder locking her entire arm into position. Linda was afraid to admit it as she even thought that she could see a separation line forming at her shoulder and wrist. Linda thought to herself, “No! Oh god no! It’s spreading... It’s spreading! I’m becoming a mannequin!” As she frantically looked around the store, there was no sign of it, the creepy mannequin was not simply not there; it was not with any of the mannequins she could see, nor anywhere else in the room.

Desperate for help, Linda searched the store for her friend, and when she looked over to the register she saw that Cassidy was aiding a customer. Wasting no time, Linda made her way over to the register, noticing how sluggish her right leg was beginning to feel, and a growing stiffness in it. Terrified by what was happening to her, but trying not to alarm her best friend, Linda called out in a frantic tone, “Cass! Hey Cass! Did you see a creepy old mannequin being moved in here? Or did you move it yourself?”

Cass replied, in a somewhat confused and worried tone, “What old mannequin? What are you talking about Linda? Wait, what’s going on? Did you do something to your arm and leg?” Cassidy had noticed how still, and pale, Linda’s arm and leg was, and how she was walking. Not wanting to lose any time and frustrated with Cass’ response, Linda replied, “Ah, forget it! I’ve got to find that mannequin!”

Then, in frustration, Linda hobbled off; her leg was now too stiff for her to bend it or do anything else and she realized that she could only stand on her toes on that leg. Linda couldn’t figure out at the time why; but Cass was, for some reason, not that curious or distressed about her friend’s condition and she simply went back to work. But Linda was now really terrified, as she could feel the stiffness spreading throughout her entire body and knew that it was only a matter of time before she would just be another store mannequin like the others.

Eventually, and with a great amount of struggle, Linda finally made it to Mary’s office. Mary, hearing her coming and feeling Linda’s presence, looked up when Linda asked, “Mary, where did you move that weird old mannequin that was in the front window?” As though Mary was also somehow unable to really notice Linda’s unique, or at least she hoped unique, condition; Mary replied, “What old mannequin, Linda?” Now even more frustrated and a bit worried, Linda replied, “That weird old mannequin that was on display this morning in the front window!”

Mary looked confused and replied, “Linda, I have never had an old mannequin in the display window, or even in the store! All of my mannequins are reasonably new and came with the store when I bought it. I’m not even sure where the previous owner got them.” Linda was now on the edge of complete terror as she replied, “But... but... there was a... a... Oh crap!”

It was then, as Linda’s eyes widened in fear, that she realized the gravity of her situation and the direness of her predicament. The strange changes were now rapidly spreading and that was when it truly hit her; the realistic mannequins throughout the store were not simply traditional store bought mannequins, they were

women transformed into mannequins just as she was becoming herself. Linda screamed, “No, no, no! This can’t be!” Then she turned and rushed out of Mary’s office as best as she could with her one fixed leg and the other rapidly stiffening leg.

Linda knew that she had to escape, to get out of the store as fast as she could, before she became a permanent part of it. As though she were under some sort of spell, Mary just sat there with a confused look on her face, unsure about the actions of her weird new employee; and as soon as Linda left, Mary simply forgot about the encounter and went back to what she was doing.

As Linda tried to run away her movements were becoming less pronounced and very slow, she was feeling really stiff now. But Linda kept moving as much, and quickly, as she could; she knew that she had to get away from this place! Unfortunately her movements were quickly slowing as her entire body was stiffening up, and no matter how much she wanted to deny it, she could no longer deny what was happening to her, she was becoming a simple mannequin.

For some reason that she could not explain, instead of hobbling out the front door, Linda felt that she needed to run to the privacy and comfort of the storage room. Linda was crying as she made her way back to the storage room, barely getting more than a few steps inside before she completely froze up and found that she could no longer move in any way. Linda tried to scream, “No, no! I’m not a mannequin!” But, other than her head, her entire body was now stiff plastic and locked into place and she could only mouth the words as she no longer had the ability to breathe.

Linda was now stuck standing in the very position in which she froze; her feet locked into place, her body stiff and numb, and her arms hanging down to her sides. The only thing presently free from the change, for the moment, was her face and head. And within that head Linda thought, “Oh no! I can’t move! And I am not on a stand like the other mannequins, there is nothing to support me, if I fall down will I break? And if I break will they simply throw me away?” Every thought was even more distressing for the new mannequin.

No longer simply afraid, Linda was now completely terrified, Linda looked down and saw that her hands, arms, and really her entire body, was now nothing more than simple plastic, just like any normal mannequin. She was just like all the other mannequins, there to be posed and dressed by a dresser, to sell the store’s clothes. Now Linda could no longer move by herself, only be posed and dressed by someone else. Linda tried to cry out, with as much volume as she could muster, which wasn’t any, “NO! No... I don’t want this! Change me back... Please, change me back!”

But despite her silent pleas, Linda could feel things were getting worse, the changes were now spreading up beyond her neck. Then, as Linda was looking forward, her eyes frantically scanning around the room for someone to help her; she felt her head lock into place. Now only her eyes moved frantically, searching the room for help, but soon even those froze in place forcing her to forever look forward in the direction that she was pointed.

As the numb feeling quickly crept towards her mouth, Linda made one last attempt at a plea for help, but even moving her mouth was becoming difficult, “No...! No... I... I... It’s... getting... harder... to..... Speak..... Please..... some... bod.....” But Linda’s voice had already disappeared and the mannequin would never speak again. And soon, Linda felt the numbness fully take her face, her mouth was now frozen in a closed position. Linda cried one final tear before her body transformed completely, leaving

her forever trapped inside her plastic prison. And before long, even that tear had evaporated, removing any sign that the mannequin standing there had ever been anything but a mannequin.

The mannequin that had once been Linda remained standing there, silent, unmoving; her eyes still looking forward and fixed in position. Linda's unchanging view of the world, or at least the room, would remain the same unless someone moved her. Within the still conscious mannequin, Linda's mind was fully intact and she could somehow still see everything, well everything that was in front of her, and hear the sounds in the room. Unfortunately, for Linda, there weren't many sounds to hear; only the sound of the air conditioner as it turned on and off, and the occasional muffled sound of an unruly customer out in the showroom.

Linda could still think, and she realized that it was futile to try to deny what she now was. Linda was forever trapped in a plastic mannequin's form, immobile, mute, and unable to do anything for that matter. Even more frustrating for the mannequin was when she began thinking that, not that long ago she had decided she would like to be a visual merchandiser herself, dressing and posing mannequins and designing the window displays in which they would be shown.

But now Linda realized that, instead, she could look forward to a future of being one of those mannequins; posed, dressed, and displayed in the very window displays for everyone else to look at that she had hoped to design herself. A formerly shy girl, Linda would have blushed at the thought of being forced to stand there and be looked at and ogled all day, that was, if a mannequin could blush!

After a while, Linda's mind was in a full on panic, as she was forced to simply stand in the position she was in while looking at the same place on the wall, and wonder if, or when, anyone would ever come looking for her. And again the terrifying thought, what if someone did come in, didn't see her, bumped into her and knocked her over? Would she break, and if so, would they simply throw her out? Linda now realized that these were thoughts that were really frightening to a conscious window display mannequin, if there were others like her, and she was reasonably sure that she was not alone in this store.

Eventually, minutes, perhaps hours, or even days later, Linda could no longer tell; she heard footsteps coming into the storage room behind her. With Linda's eyes fixed in position and looking straight forward, away from the door, she was unable to see whomever had just joined her. Then she heard a voice cry out, "Linda? Linda, are you in here?" Since she could no longer move or speak, Linda mentally cried out to the voice whom she recognized as her friend Cassidy, who then walked into Linda's line of sight, "Cassidy... It's me Cass. I'm over here. I'm the mannequin you are standing in front of!" Unfortunately for Linda; Cass, obviously, didn't hear her silent pleas and turned to look around the room. Linda thought, "No Cass, don't turn around. I'm right here. I can't move. Come back!"

Cassidy walked around the store room, and looked around searching for her friend, before making a frustrated sound when she didn't find her. Then Cass turned to Linda who would have been crying had she been able to. Linda screamed within her plastic body, "Cassidy! Cassidy, please notice me! Please Cass it's me, I'm the mannequin you are looking at! Cass... Please, it's me!" Linda wanted to yell at her friend, wanted to scream; but not even a muffled whimper, or any kind of sound, was produced, and the room remained silent.

Having never come into the storage room before, Cass had never seen all the mannequins stashed back there. As she looked at Linda, Cass said out loud to the mannequin, "Wow you look just like Linda!" At first Linda was thrilled, her friend recognized her. But her enthusiasm was about to change quickly when

Cassidy said to the mannequin, with an amused smile on her face, “You haven’t seen Linda have you? She is missing and we don’t know what happened to her! And, by the way, why are you wearing Linda’s uniform?”

Then thinking this was some kind of joke that Linda was playing on her, Cass added, “Linda, is this your idea of a joke? Are you hiding here waiting to jump out and scare me?” Cassidy looked around the quiet room for a moment, but could find no answer. She couldn’t hear, and didn’t know that the mannequin right in front of her was screaming furiously within its silent body; trying to tell her that this was not a joke! Within Linda’s mind was begging her friend to notice her, acknowledge her, and realize who she was, and then help her!

But then something occurred that was a disheartening and sobering wake up call for Linda, which reminded her of her new reality; like salt into an open wound. Suddenly Cassidy said, “You know, you are a nice looking mannequin! I think you deserve some time in the spotlight up front! And I know just how to display, and dress you, too!” That was it, her friend only saw Linda as a common display mannequin, something to dress and pose. Linda was just a big doll to her friend.

Then something occurred that would have made Linda pass out in terror, had she been human, and were able to pass out. To Linda’s horror, Cassidy tipped her over and laid her on the floor; before removing her arms, and legs, and beginning to undress her. Cass even removed Linda’s hair which was now simply a wig. Then Cass reassembled the now naked Linda and picked her up, before carrying her out of storage and into the store. The naked mannequin was embarrassed beyond belief.

Linda, who thanks to her fixed line of sight, was forced to look straight ahead, and could only see the floor passing by. She couldn’t see where Cassidy was taking her, but within Linda’s mind was screaming and pleading, begging her friend to stop and help her; Linda certainly didn’t want to be put on display, a mere object to be looked at. But the truth was that Linda was now just simple property, she belonged to the store, or rather the store’s owner. She could be sold, or her owner could do whatever they wished to her at any time, and at the moment her owner was going to sell clothing using her as the model.

Soon Cassidy stopped and Linda felt herself being tilted upright and an extremely odd and uncomfortable sensation as she was mounted on that very center display butt rod where the creepy mannequin had formerly been standing. Linda didn’t know what had happened to the creepy mannequin, but she realized that she was about to take its place in the display, and she was not at all happy about it.

From her earlier experience with them, Linda knew that the other two mannequins had calf mount display rods, and Linda couldn’t help but wonder why she was forced to be stuck on the butt mount pole? Linda could see her reflection weakly in the window and could now see that she was standing in the very display window where her troubles began, between the two other mannequins; who, like her, were probably trapped women. And like her, they were all stuck there forever, or until someone came along and moved them. Forced to display whatever they were dressed in, and remain posed however their dresser had posed them.

Before Linda could give much thought as to where she was, or obsess about her uncomfortable new butt mount and how it made her feel, or even the fact that she was now totally naked; Cassidy began adjusting Linda’s pose the way she wanted her. Then she walked away and appeared on the other side of the glass, looked in at Linda, and then walked away again out of her line of sight.

Linda tried as hard as she could to scream out, 'No Cassidy! Come back! PLEASE don't leave me here on this pole, stuck in this window! Naked! I'm not a real mannequin... Please Cass... Please come back and look at me. I'm Linda! Help me please. Please help me!' But, as before, she could produce no sound whatsoever, and the only sound was of the customers looking around the store. And like a still photograph, the mannequin couldn't move in any way to get her friend's attention and simply remained there as she was posed.

But that was when an even more distressing experience occurred, Linda could hear someone walking up behind her and she truly hoped that it was Cass. Then the person walked around the still figure in front of Linda, thankfully it was Cass, as she said to the mannequin, or perhaps no one in particular, "Yes, I love that pose, and I know just how to dress you! You're going to help me sell tons of merchandise!" This degrading statement was frustrating as it simply reaffirmed Linda's new status as a simple plastic display figure.

Linda was completely embarrassed, stuck there immobile, standing in a store window, impaled on a pole for all to see, naked, and bald. If Linda could have blushed she would have covered her face and been as red as any person could be, but instead the mannequin simply remained where it was mounted in the pose in which Cass placed her. Linda was about to be forced to endure the whole experience to come, no matter how much she detested it, and boy did she detest it!

Since she couldn't do anything to change her fate Linda simply remained there, her naked self presented to anyone who looked in; embarrassed and waiting to be dressed by her new, "Dresser." How it galled the former woman to have to admit that she now had one and would be wearing and looking however her dresser wished. And it wasn't long before the clothes Linda had formerly been wearing would be replaced with the new clothes specifically chosen for her.

Cassidy was a bit wilder than Linda and decided to change out the window display and change it to a wild summer theme. The two mannequin's outfits were replaced with swimsuits, and she dressed Linda in one as well. But she also decided to change their makeup, giving them all ridiculously bright lipstick, and added a brightly colored wig to each mannequin; to grab the public's attention. This was something that Linda would never have agreed to, had she been able to object, as she was always a rather conservative dresser. Finally, Cass even added a beach backdrop, she found in the back, behind the three mannequins to convey the summertime motif she was going for.

Linda could have screamed when she saw her reflection in the window, especially her newly bright red lips and her new orange wig. But, like it or not, soon Linda was posed and dressed just like the other two mannequins, in a new swimsuit and her incredibly gaudy orange wig. Had Linda been on the other side of the glass she would have made fun of the silly mannequins in the window, but now she was one of those mannequins! Linda could see the backdrop weakly reflected and wished that she were at the beach, instead of in a store window. Even her view of the mall outside the window, the people passing by, shopping, having fun, etc. was an ever present reminder that she would never do any of those things again.

The simple fact was that Linda now looked almost the same as the other two mannequins, like any mannequin in the store for that matter. No one would ever question that the mannequin was, or had ever been, anything but what she was now. It was something that even Linda could no longer deny she was; no matter how much she tried to convince herself that this was just some sort of horrible, weird, dream; well, more of a nightmare really.

Linda remained there on display for days, perhaps months, she just couldn't tell anymore; in that window. She was constantly forced to look at her weak reflection while she watched countless people walk past her window and look in at her. She especially found it embarrassing when the men walking by would ogle her still form and have fantasies that she really didn't want to think about. Linda had no other choice and had finally accepted that she was nothing more than a simple mannequin in the store's window display; but for how long she wondered?

Linda knew that eventually, she would be moved into storage just like every other mannequin was when someone decided to put another mannequin up there in her place. Then an even more frightening thought occurred to her, she could be sold to another owner and shipped somewhere else where she might never see anyone she knew ever again. Even though she couldn't interact with Mary and Cass, she appreciated that it was them who dressed and posed her.

But the worst part was when Linda realized that if she were placed in the store room, locked away from contact with real people, even though she couldn't interact directly with them, it would be really bad. Not having any view of the real world outside her window and being stuck in a pitch black room with no way to move, yell for help, or escape; would be torture, a nightmare for the former girl. Linda wondered how long she could keep her sanity if, or more likely, when that eventuality happened.

As Linda spent what seemed like an eternity standing there in the window display, she had too much time to think, and even though it wasn't really all that funny; Linda couldn't help but think about the irony. When she was human she had moved one poor mannequin out of the store and back to the store's storage space, now it was likely that someday she would also be placed there herself. Not only that, she picked out a mannequin to dress and put up front, and now she herself was a mannequin; dressed and displayed in the store's front window. But even more, Linda wondered what had happened to the mysterious and creepy mannequin that started it all; even if it was still in the store, she could only look out into the mall and had not seen it since she became a mannequin herself.

Meanwhile, Cassidy and Mary seemed to simply forget about their missing co-worker. Linda could only wonder if the very magic that transformed her into the mannequin she now was, might have had something to do with that. Cassidy stayed with the store for many years and that helped comfort Linda in some small way, but eventually, Cass disappeared. Linda never saw her again and never knew what happened to her but, no matter how much Linda didn't want it to happen, before long she was being posed and dressed by a new visual merchandiser whom she didn't know.

Linda may still be out there somewhere, on display at a posh store, a mall, sleazy sex shop, or in a landfill. But only Linda knows where she is these days and if she is still displaying someone's wares. Whatever the case, it is likely that she remained, or will remain, on display for a long, long, VERY LONG time!

End