

Toy Stories

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1628 Windsor Road

Kayley's jaw dropped when she saw the house. It was a single story building with white siding, a beautiful and large yard, three bedrooms, and a large living space. It was perfect for her. As she and her realtor walked past the entry way into the dining room, Kayley said, "I'll take it!"

Her realtor smiled and sat down at the dining table, next to a large pink dollhouse.

"Mommy! Mommy!" A little six year old ran from her room and to the realtor. "Is she going to take it?"

"Yes, she is!" Jaime, the realtor, said in a high-pitched voice.

"Wait, this is your house?" Kayley asked.

"Yes, and this –" the realtor pointed to the dollhouse, "is yours."

Kayley was confused for just a moment, until she began to shrink. Her skirt bloomed into a Victorian dress and hair pulled into a bun. Jaime picked the newly-dolled Kayley up and put the toy in the house.

"Welcome to 1628 Windsor Road. I hope you like it."

Beauty & the Beast

Mark moved the grabber to the left, then up about halfway. He dropped the hook and it landed on the stuffed kitten. But the hook came up without an animal. "Oh! So close!" Valerie sighed, hanging on his arm. Mark reached into his pocket and pulled out another dollar and fed it to the machine.

"Oh, come on, that's the fifth dollar you've sunk into that machine. Give it up already. Some of us have girlfriends to get toys for, too." A voice said behind the couple. Mark turned to the man behind him.

"And I'll put another ten in for that cat, so wait your turn." Mark said.

The man scowled and snapped his fingers. A moment later, Mark felt himself falling into a plush pit. He couldn't move, and only barely saw Valerie pressed up against glass with worry on her face.

"I'll give you a choice, doll." The man said to Valerie, "You can walk away now, or try to get your boy toy out of there. But if you can't do it in one try, both of you are coming home for my girl."

Valerie turned and grabbed the joystick.

"Hey, honey, look what I got." The man said, coming home. He showed his girlfriend a stuffed Beast toy and a plastic Belle doll.

The Price of Porcelain

The girl always loved the doll store. It was always so fun to walk through and look at the myriad of toys, ranging from the simple wooden or stuffed dolls for playing to the beautifully crafted porcelain dolls for display. It reminded her of a happy and carefree childhood; a life she didn't have now. While the girl walked down the porcelain doll aisle, an ill-placed box, probably from some idiot who didn't put the toy back after looking, stepped in her way. The girl heard a sickening smash as the fragile display toy broke into a hundred pieces. In the silence of the store, such a sound was like a sonic boom. Even though every instinct the girl had told her to run, she stayed and tried picking up the pieces of the once doll. The store owner, a woman in her late forties or so, came to stand over the girl.

"I'm so sorry, ma'am. She was just –"

"It's ok," the owner said, kneeling down to help the girl, "as long as you pay for it."

The girl glanced at the price tag of \$125 and her heart sank. "I don't have that kind of money."

The shopkeeper shrugged, "In that case, you'll need to replace Harriet."

"I'll have to what?"

"Has anyone told you that you would make a good fairy?" The shopkeeper said, looking the girl over.

"No. Why? What's going on?" She said a moment before opaque wings grew from her back and she began to shrink. Two minutes later, the shopkeeper picked up a fairy with fire-red hair and a tattered costume. The doll was set up with four other pixies, one representing each element: wind, water, earth, and forest.

"Here's the deal, Ember: if this set gets bought, then you get replaced and get to go home. If, after three days, you still haven't been sold, then I'm afraid you're going home with anyone who buys you."

The Dance

Krista awoke to the sound of a flute, and a smile spread across her face. She threw back the covers and got out of bed. She went through her door so fast she nearly forgot her nightgown and slippers. Krista ran out her back door into her yard and saw him there, as he was every time she heard that tune. Five little people danced in front of him: a jester, a king, a knight, a fairy, and a wizard.

“Hello, stranger.” Krista said, sitting down on the cool grass.

“Hello, Krista.” He lowered the flute and the five people stopped moving. They lowered themselves to the ground and their skin turned to wood.

“I have a treat for you, dear Krista.” The man said, and he revealed a beautiful pink dress, slippers, corset, and pointed hat. “Would you like to be a part of my next play?” Krista’s eyes became like stars, and she leapt up.

“Of course I would!” She quickly grabbed the costume and ran to change. When she returned, she walked across the grass with the radiance and beauty of an angel. The figures were dancing again, and Krista listened to the music and her cue to join them. Effortlessly, the pink princess joined the five characters and they danced together for an hour. When the flute was lowered, so too were the figures. They each sat on the ground gracefully and became dolls once again. Krista did the same. Carefully, the stranger folded up each doll and placed them in a box. When he came to Krista, she weakly turned to him and said,

“Can I . . . go back?”

“Whenever you want to, dear. But do you?”

Krista closed her eyes and thought about the flute’s music. “No.” she whispered.

Queen takes Knight

“Genevieve, we need to talk.” Justin sat down with a worried look on his face. Gen didn’t care and snuggled up to him. She rubbed her face against his chest. “Babe, stop it.” Justin pulled her away, “When I changed you, I wanted someone to play chess with, not . . . this. It’s weird.”

“Why? I want to be with you, Justin.” The girl pouted, but Justin just sighed,

“Because you’re a chess piece I made come to life. You’re not human.”

“But . . .” Gen pouted more and smoothed out her white dress. “. . . I am human.” She whispered, “you made me human.”

“I’m sorry, Gen. I’m going to have to change you back now.” Justin sighed, but before he could begin the incantation, Gen said something, and his world changed abruptly.

He looked around and was surrounded by white figures, and he was clad in white, sitting atop a horse. He was a white knight! Justin fell off his horse at this realization, and had barely gotten up when Gen rushed to his square. Justin tried to recite the transformation spell, to no avail.

“Silly, only humans can do spells.” Gen knelt down and kissed her valiant knight.

“But, you’re . . . a chess piece, too.”

Gen smiled. “But I’m with you.”

Doll's Making

Gina never looked up from her book, but she felt the man's gaze upon her. He sat on the other side of the aisle in the restaurant, in that darkened corner that no one ever sat in. He was a big guy with three day scruff on his chin, and Gina heard him chew and pulverize his food. *This has gone on long enough*, she thought, and put her book down. Gina walked in a decidedly, and purposefully, un-sexy manner to the dark corner.

"Listen, asshole, this whole leering at me thing has gone on long enough. And I think . . ."

"Toys shouldn't talk." He mumbled, and Gina immediately stopped talking. Not only did her voice vanish, but her desire to speak vanished, as well. What the hell?

"Toys shouldn't look human." The over-large man said, and Gina's skin became plastic and pale; her hair synthetic.

"Toys should be dressed as their owners want them to." Gina would have blanched as her skirt and top morphed into a tiny pink dress with little frills, her head covered in a pink bonnet, and legs wrapped into green and white stockings.

"Toys should only move when their owner says." Gina then pulled her skirt up in a teasing fashion.

"Toys should go to their owner's home." Gina's vision blurred, and when it came back, she found herself in a living room, surrounded by six other dolls, all in sexy costumes in sexy poses.

A light came and went, and Owner appeared in his living room, still holding his plate of food. Gina couldn't do a thing as he leered at her plastic form. Not yet, anyway . . .

Dear Vicki,

Hi, this is your daughter's favorite toy, Lally. I just wanted to say that, even though I really, really didn't like that you turned me into a rag doll, I really love Eva. She's a wonderful kid to have. She takes me to ballet recitals and school, I get to see her wonderful art, and she throws me such wonderful parties. And she never asks anything from me. In fact, I can let our grudge go and let bygones be bygones so long as I get to see Eva grow up. Well, watch her grow up until she outgrows me. Then, I may have to send you another letter. . .

But that's not the issue here. I am writing because, well, little Eva is forgetful. To the best of my knowledge, I've spent three nights in her desk at school, another two in her backpack, a whole week in your minivan, two in the toy chest, and one horrible night on the school playground. I've lost count of the number of times Rufus has gotten his paws and slobber on me, and the subsequent trips to the washer and dryer. In short, Vicki, could you please find a slightly better solution to these problems? Make me bigger? Give Eva the ability to know where I am at any given time? Who knows, but please, Vicki, I may love being your daughter's toy, but I am tired of being lost.

Sincerely,
Lauren, aka Miss Lally

Kitty Kat

“It’s a bit baggy, don’t you think?” Kat called from the dressing room. She stepped out, looking more like a clown than a cat. Her feet and hands were completely hidden by loose purple fabric. Her friend and agitator Clarice smiled at the costume, but her grin quickly vanished.

“Where’s the collar?” She stood up and rushed into the dressing room, before noticing it in Kat’s hand. The accessory, an almost indigo collar sported a comically large gold bell. “Well put it on, silly.” Clarice reached out to grab it, but Kat pulled away.

“I’m not wearing a collar. It’s so demeaning. Besides, this costume doesn’t fit.”

“Ah, c’mon, Kitty Kat, maybe it’ll change your mind.” Kat was skeptical, but she slowly put the collar around her neck.

“There, are you happy –” she started, but Clarice interrupted by kissing her. Kat pulled away forcefully, started to say something, but stopped when she looked at her shoulders; the costume had padded up and fit perfectly now. Kat brought her arm up and squeezed her left shoulder. It was filled with stuffing. “How?” Then, almost like a disease, the padding spread down her arm, filling each sleeve with stuffing. “OWWW!” Kat looked down and over her expanding breasts and legs, she saw stitch lines appearing in her feet.

Clarice looked on with a proud expression. Kat was fearful as her tail filled up with stuffing and fingers fused together. “Can you stop this!” Kat asked, hoping against hope that her friend would intervene.

“Now why would I stop this? You’re about to become my favorite toy, Kitty Kat.”

Kat’s jaw dropped as the plushification spread up, enveloping her head. Her mouth deformed and whiskers appeared on her cheeks. Her eyes became plastic with spots painted on. Purple ears stood pert on her head.

“OOOHHHH!” Clarice squealed and she leapt forward and embraced Kat like a child.

The toy was in heaven. She couldn’t move, and she couldn’t really think. But she loved the way her Owner hugged her tight. As she entered a kind of dream state, she purred from a voice box inside her plushie body. Maybe a new life was just what she needed right now.

Doll's Revenge

Gary opened his door, waddled inside, and stopped mid-stride. He looked across his living room, and his dolls – all of his dolls – were standing or sitting across the room, and all of them were very angry. His newest doll sat at the heart of it all, sexy legs crossed. She alone appeared calm.

“Stay a while, Owner.” She waved her hand and the door slammed shut. “Now, don’t get me wrong – being a doll isn’t a bad thing. Who knows, I might have been able to be a doll for a little girl who needed a friend. But” she said, standing up, “I refuse to be a doll for you. And the dolls agree with me.” The toys all nodded. “We’ve been getting to know one another today, and most of our discussion revolved around you, Owner.”

A doll dressed in a short dirndl stepped forward. “Yeah, and we figured that the best punishment we could do was to turn you into a doll.”

“But not just an ordinary doll. A doll version of,” she said, stroking his tie, “you.”

“But, you can’t do this to me.”

“Why not, Owner? You turned us into dolls.”

“But...but...but...”

“Gary, that’s not a good answer. If you can give me a good answer, I’ll let you go. If it’s a really good answer, I’ll let you turn all of us into playthings again.” The dolls behind her looked around warily. Gary couldn’t do much of anything but sputter and spit in response.

“It’s settled, then.” Gina waved her hand, and Gary poofed out of existence, all that was left was a fat doll wearing a gray suit.

“What do we do now?” the dirndl doll asked. Gina replied when she walked to Gary doll, picked him up, and dropped him in the trash.

The Dance of a Lifetime

Amanda stepped on stage once again, but this time to an empty theater. Still in Coppelia costume and makeup, including rosy red cheeks, she began to dance once again. Spinning and lightly stepping across the stage on tiptoes, she performed the dance of her life once again. Earlier in the night, she received a standing ovation for her role, and she still was on that high.

Then, inadvertently, Amanda moved toward Coppelia's chair, still on stage, book sitting beside it. She swept down, picked up the book, danced around the chair, and then sat down. She opened the book and propped her feet en pointe, resuming the classic Coppelia pose. Questions swept through Amanda when her body wouldn't respond to her mind's commands.

Mrs. Agery walked on stage, a smirk on her face. She came to Amanda and looked her in the eye. "You danced so beautifully, Amanda." The instructor caressed the ballerina's cheek, "In fact, you danced so well that I can't let you go. You must forever be my Coppelia. I hope you understand."

Of course, Amanda really didn't.

Mrs. Agery stood up once again, and Coppelia felt two men pick up her chair.

"Where do you want her, miss?" One of them asked.

The instructor waved her hand like she was batting a fly. "Just put her with the props."

Mary O’Nette

Jillian burst through the door, startling Ilsa with her forcefulness. She stuck her stuffed mitten toward the lady, “Listen, I know you bought out this show, but this is my baby, and I will not have you run it into the ground with your gross incompetence.”

Ilsa made no attempt to cover the smile spreading on her face.

“What are you smiling at? Do you think I’m joking?”

Ilsa began to laugh, “No, no, it’s just I can’t take you seriously while you’re wearing your bloody costume. Lookit yourself, with strings and all hanging down and your big puffy hands.”

“Listen, I will walk out that door in two seconds, and I will bring half the crew with me, so just give me an excuse to do it.”

“Actually, you won’t be doin’ much of anything that I don’t tell you from here on out.” Ilsa got up from her desk and walked to the actress, “You see, because I didn’t really buy the show, so much as I bought you.”

Jillian’s brows furrowed. “What?”

Ilsa VanHook sighed, “Listen, Ms. O’Nette, you are a child’s plaything. You’re a marionette. You don’t own anything. You won’t have a say in where you go or how you dress, and you’ll be my daughter’s favorite toy. If she doesn’t want to play with you, you will sit in the corner until she does. If she says jump, you won’t ask how high, you’ll just jump. When she grows up and puts you in the closet for years on end, that’s fine, because I did not buy this show, Ms. O’Nette; I bought you because you’re the most amazing toy on the market. For five million dollars, I expect that my grandchildren and my great grandchildren will play with you.”

“Good god, you’re crazy.” Jillian said, but with eyes wide in fear.

Ilsa smiled and blew a fistful of glittering dust at Jillian, who coughed and stumbled backwards. Her legs began to wobble, and then her whole body collapsed. She looked intently at her knee, and saw the lines in her costume become real joints in a wood and cloth knee.

Ilsa knelt down to Jillian. "I may be crazy, but you're just a marionette." Ilsa smirked, "She's going to love playing with you."