

The Simple Wooden Girl

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She was a simple wooden girl, and nary had a thought run through her simple wooden head in many years. She could never move but for when Owner pulled her strings, and Owner did this often, sometimes daily. It was only during those moments that the simple wooden girl would think, and her only thought in those moments was how she loved to dance. The wooden girl would never see Owner pull her strings, so intent was she on feeling her body move through the air. The spin of colors about her mesmerized the wooden girl to wake her from a reverie of thoughtlessness. But the dances would often end when Owner, for no reason at all, pushed her simple wooden girl to the ground.

The simple wooden girl hated these times, where she could not move and oftentimes not see. It is ironic that she felt this, for not too long ago; the simple wooden girl would have done the same thing. Once, the wooden girl was human. She was not a smart girl, nor kind, nor did she have a skill to her name. She walked through life with simple desires and lusts, getting what she wanted by means of her father's credit card. And one night, as she walked through a mall, she heard a flute playing a haunting tune. It entered her mind and refused to leave; it infuriated her and she sought out the flute player, whom she found sitting calmly on a fountain bench, playing her music for a small crowd of cross-legged children. With no thought but to end that accursed music, she moved through the crowd and pushed the flutist into the fountain. She sneered at the soaking woman and

turned away. Until the music played again, and strings grew out of her limbs. Her legs wobbled under her weight, her body swayed, and she became the simple wooden girl she was today.

That was many years ago, and now the simple wooden girl had lost her memory of her life before. She had even lost the memory of her first Owner, though she remembered the music. Indeed, she had no intelligence to speak of, not knowing any words or thinking any thoughts, but for wanting to dance.

While she lay on the ground, this one thought sank quickly into the deep of her wooden mind, until Owner carefully pulled her strings and stood the wooden girl back on her feet. Owner circled her wooden girl, tugging each part of the puppet's body to a perfect position. And then Owner reached her hand out and grazed the simple wooden girl's chin.

Owner recoiled and she looked shocked. Her body swayed and her legs wobbled, and she froze. She hung on strings, lived as wood, and thought not at all. She became the New-Wooden Girl.

But the Old-Wooden Girl did a miraculous thing: she moved, now freed of strings and wooden parts. She gazed at her hands, and feet, watched them glide through the air in the ways Owners had taught her over many years. But on their own, rather than with strings.

She saw the New Wooden Girl, standing still in the exact fashion the simple girl had stood a second ago. The Once-Wooden girl skipped around the New-Wooden Girl, and bent down to look into the face of a simple doll. She grinned and spun about, having her first thoughts in many years. The former puppet poked the former human's shoulder, and the New-Wooden Girl collapsed.

With a smile ever more bright, the Once-Wooden Girl skipped from the room, wondering if there was a place in the world where she could dance.