

Disney Dolls

By: EL_Refresho

My name's Martine, and I had finally hit a point in my life where I could relax. My debt to credit cards and school was all but gone; my car paid off in full. Work had hit some doldrums, and looked to stay that way for the foreseeable future. I was single, but there were a few guys who were on my short list. I'm about average height and average build. I make up for these averages with blonde hair with blue tips and almost limitless knowledge about Disney movies, though I had never actually been to any of the parks. I was actually more fascinated by the story of Walt Disney than I was with any of his creations. I never really thought of myself as obsessed, especially after I met Nell.

Nell was me through the looking glass. She had Disney posters. She had Disney figurines. She had Disney costumes. She had been to all the Disney parks here in America, and two outside of it. She was taken in by the magic of it all, while I preferred to get into the slightly dirty backstage areas of magic. With her orange-red hair and long body, I had to work a bit to get attention away from her. But all that changed when I got home from work and noticed a message on my cell phone that I had missed for a few hours.

The message was from Nell, and it was a strange one. Her voice didn't come through the speaker well. It was pitched higher and sounded, at times, squeaky. "Martine, you need to get over here quick." Her voice wavered and wobbled. "I had a surprise for you, but something - - well, something weird happened. And I need

tooo taaaaalk ---” the message continued, and I heard the phone clatter to the ground, but I didn’t hear anything else from Nell. I was quick to pack up my things and head for her house.

I pulled up to her darkened duplex, with only a flickering blue light coming from the living room window, and had to use my cell phone to light my way through the night’s blackness. Once I got to her door, I made a half-hearted knock, but didn’t wait for a reply before walking inside. Everything was turned off except for the TV, which displayed a spinning Mickey Mouse symbol. I found the light switch and illuminated the room, but Nell wasn’t anywhere to be seen. However, I did find a clipboard with important looking documents on it, as well as a small plastic bag half-filled with sparkling powder. An empty bag sat next to it.

But there was no sign of Nell, so I moved to her bedroom, where I came across a shocking sight; I saw a toy Nell’s size standing next to her bed, bent over at the waist, arms cocked at ninety degree angles. The phone was at its feet, the dial tone humming from the speaker. The doll’s body was covered in a tan cloth skin, and it wore the ridiculous pink costume of Bo Peep, with pink shoes, a pink carousel dress with stuffed pink shoulders and a huge pink bonnet cap. Orange yarn hair stuck out from beneath the bonnet, and its cloth face painted with pink circles and a wide pink smile.

The doll made no sign that it could move, and even when I poked it the jointed body remained stiff. I walked around the Bo Peep doll and saw a large silver key sticking from its back, unmoving. I tentatively reached forward and began to twist the key. Three turns was all I could muster from it, and the doll came to life as soon as I let go. It straightened out, stood up fully, and spun around to look at me with a brimming smile and sparkling eyes.

“Oh, Martine, thank God you came over!” The doll said, enveloping me in a hug, pulling me into her stuffed breasts.

“N-Nell? Is that you?”

The doll pulled back and looked at me with a coy smile, “What, you don’t recognize me?”

“You’re a toy!” I said, baffled.

“No, I am a performer!” She said haughtily, throwing out her arm in a dramatic fashion. “Come on, I’ll show you.” Nell took my hand and led me back into the living room. Her skirt very nearly didn’t fit through her doorway. She walked me to her couch and sat me down, then picked up her remote. The spinning Mickey Mouse ears faded away and the familiar Disney title animation began. Then the TV showed a man with short white hair and a tall wizard’s hat and white lab coat. The scene behind him looked to be a backstage lot, filled with people in suits, t-shirts and jeans, or in bright costumes walking to and from various buildings.

“Hello,” the man said, “I am Dr. Richard Merlin, head of Disney Special Projects. I’d first like to thank you for your interest in our new Parade Program. This program was developed due to the high turnover in parade staff at the various Disney parks worldwide. In order to combat this, we at Disney Special Projects have developed a strategy for helping cast members to get better acquainted with the characters they play, allowing them to have a deeper connection to their characters as well as giving our guests the high quality product they have come to demand from Disney parks.”

“The process is simple, fun, and 100% reversible. Rather than telling you the secret behind the formulas that make this possible, we felt it would be easier if we showed you a demonstration.” The camera widened out and a girl stepped into frame. She was rather small with less than shoulder length blonde hair. She smiled brightly for the camera, before throwing glittering dust into the air. She closed her eyes as it wafted to the ground. Her body began to glow.

Martine watched in utter fascination as the glittering dust caused the woman’s shirt to melt away into a green dress covered in sequins. Her jeans wafted away entirely, and shoes turned into green slip ons with white poms on each. White translucent wings grew from her back and began to glow as they flapped in the air. The girl, now the perfect Tinkerbell, twirled around in joy.

“You see,” Dr. Merlin said, returning to the shot, “with this patented technology, our performers can

enjoy the lives of the characters they play, gain a deeper understanding of them, and use that knowledge to create a richer, more fulfilling experience for our millions of guests worldwide.”

“And, as you saw, the process is very simple. Just fill out the forms we will provide you with, sprinkle the pixie dust around you, and Disney Magic will take care of the rest. And once again, we . . .”

The video ended then, and a wave of glittering dust fell around Martine. She gasped and turned to Nell, who was grinning absurdly with that doll face.

“Oh, think of all the fun we’re going to have!” She said, a manic sparkle in her eyes.

Martine turned to the legal forms, which were mysteriously filled in with her name. Just then, her arms were abruptly pulled up, and each hand gained white gloves with red embroidery. They were held above her head by black string. Tan cloth began to weave down Martine’s arm, giving her the soft appearance of a doll, just like Nell. More and more dust fell around her, causing her clothes to melt away into a froofy red dress embroidered with green and red flowers. An apron, also sporting a flower, tied itself around Martine’s waist with a giant bow. Her top became a black dirndl strapped on with gold buttons and string.

She heard a strange inflating sound and looked to see her shoulders grow into great poofy spheres decorated again with several flowers. Martine’s hair twisted and tied itself into yellow yarn pigtails, and a hat popped up from her head. Lastly, a pair of soft wooden shoes grew out of her flats, and then began to dance and move on their own. The strings attached to Martine’s arms yanked her off the ground. She began to dance to unheard music, stringed arms forcefully pulling her arms to and fro. Her wooden shoes made clodding noises even on the soft carpeting.

Nell was laughing ecstatically at Martine, clapping to her steps. But her movements slowed and she soon came to a rest with her body tilted forward and elbows knocked. Martine made one last jump and a stand appeared before she could hit the ground, holding her arms above her head and legs splayed out in front of her body.

She glared at Nell and her stupid pink dress, standing happily next to the couch, wound down once again. Martine couldn't move apart from being able to twiddle her fingers and toes a little. But her anger at Nell faded into a happy, content smile. She felt a glowing warmth on each cheek; it made her a little sleepy. Her eyes fluttered to a close, and she began to dream of dancing.

Martine woke up in a place she had never been, yet it was somehow familiar as well. It was just a little single room house with a bed and chimney. She stood on a table with some tools and paints, and Nell stood next to her. The front door opened and a giant over twice the height of Martine walked into the room. He was, of course, Gepetto.

"How-a you doin, little-a toy?" He asked with a silly Italian accent and a little laugh. He walked to the table and unhooked Martine from her stand with one hand and carefully picked up Nell with the other. He carried the two toys outside and set them up in front of his house, which just so happened to sit right along Main Street USA.

At long last, Martine had finally made it to Disneyland.