

Getting into Character

By: EL_Refresho

Stephanie anxiously tapped her finger on the base of her keyboard while staring at the empty page on her monitor. She used to be good at this. Once upon a time, she used to be good at writing transformation stories, particularly those about transforming women into dolls. But lately she had been having troubles believing what she wrote; never feeling the lives the new dolls would lead. After months of writer's block, Stephanie formulated a plan. She devoured every transformation story she could find, even those she had already read, and analyzed them with great care, discovering what made them great. She hoarded all her ideas and kept them locked in her mind, ready to unleash in a torrent of words.

Stephanie even made, and was now wearing, her own rag doll costume. It had begun with a green bonnet cap and white frills, and a red yarn wig. The crimson hair fell to her shoulders, and had been pulled into twin pigtails that were each nearly the thickness of a fist. She had applied a light layer of powder on her face and neck, just enough to hint that her skin may in fact be cloth, and further decorated her cheeks with soft pink circles. Stephanie also took the time to draw in sunburst eyelashes and green eyeshadow.

Her costume was quite adorable on her athletic frame. To accent her dollness, Stephanie had found a tan long-sleeved leotard. Though she had searched, Stephanie could not find a pair of similarly made gloves, and so kept her hands, unfortunately, bare. Her dress was red and lime green with a strawberry patch over her chest.

The dress had a light and airy skirt that came halfway to her knees. She kept to the rag doll theme with striped black and green tights that hugged close to her shapely legs. Though she had first thought to get regular Mary Jane's for her shoes, Stephanie instead decided on black ballet slippers. With their elastic strap and soft canvas fabric, they looked all the more appropriate.

Just wearing the costume made her feel more like a toy. She even had the urge to wait in the living room for her roommate to come home. She had thought it would be fun to sit limply on the couch and stare across the room at nothing in particular. Her heart paced faster as she thought of her roommate coming home from work and seeing a life sized doll waiting for her. She would be confused at first, but curious, too. She would touch Stephanie's arm and wonder if her roommate really could have become a toy for her to play with. But Stephanie was far too afraid to do that.

Still, she felt the costume could help. Unfortunately, Stephanie could not muster more than a paragraph before her mind became stuck again. She looked from her screen to her chair to the mirror placed specifically so she could look at her dolled self. Stephanie smiled in spite of her disappointment. It really was a fun costume. But she was still lacking something. An experience, perhaps. She could never find the right words to describe the way her owner's touch would spread warmth through her cloth body, her hands sinking deep into stuffing. She could never find the right words to show how a simple smile and bright look could bring her toy mind springing to life. And she so desperately wanted to show the way she could banish all the ills of her owner simply by being held close.

But Stephanie couldn't figure how to do any of those things and made a full-stomached sigh, hoping to expunge all her distractions. She returned to her keyboard. Her finger hovered over the D key, ready to pounce on the words and sentences trapped in her head. But it stayed there for several seconds before the costumed writer finally said:

“I wish I had some inspiration.” She rubbed her strained eyes with both hands, and so missed a flash of blue and gold light that enveloped her room. It was not until a vibrant, feminine voice spoke that Stephanie realized anything was amiss.

“Your wish,” the voice said from behind her, “Is my command.”

Stephanie screamed and jumped from her seat, turning to the source of the new noise. The curvaceous woman she saw, clad in the blue veils and gold tassels of a genie, stood along the back wall, smiling and posing for the writer.

“Who are you?” Stephanie said, backing away from the woman and bumping into her desk. There were many ideas flying through her mind, and none of them were good.

“I am but a humble wishgranter here to grant your wish of inspiration.” The woman said, snapping her fingers toward the mirror. Stephanie looked to see her reflection disappear in a wave of silvered glass, replaced by the image of a girl’s room, covered in flowers and posters of princesses. She was astonished that everything was so large, as if she was looking into the room of a giant . . . or as if she was looking at it from the view of a doll. The genie walked to the mirror and took Stephanie by the hand as she passed. The writer resisted, but only for a moment, and then she let curiosity overtake her. The pair walked hand in hand through the mirrored door, and stepped onto a white carpet with threads as tall as blades of grass.

The furniture of the room was shockingly big. A loft bed covered in unmade yellow sheets towered over Stephanie like a football stadium. Twin bookshelves rose along the blue painted walls; skyscrapers into the air. There was a shoebox the size of a car and a crayon half Stephanie’s height. She saw a gaggle of Barbies a few feet from her, and realized even they stood a few inches taller than she.

Stephanie began to walk to them, but the Genie pulled her back. “You don’t want to meet them. They’re . . . snooty.” The pair walked toward the loft bed. It was only a few feet off the ground, but that was just enough space for a playhouse with bright red windows and a flower box. A playset of a plastic table and plastic

chairs had been set up in front of the house. Something about the playset's blue plastic sparked a thought in Stephanie's mind and she broke from the Genie's grip.

She rushed to the nearest chair. Its seat was Stephanie's height, but the woman had no trouble climbing onto it. The writer took a seat with a ragdoll-like plop. She scooted all the way to the back, and her stocking legs couldn't even hang down. After a few quick breaths, Stephanie let all her muscles relax at once. Her feet parted away from each other and arms fell to her sides

The writer imagined her Owner's bright, round face across from her. She would happily talk about whatever dream had crossed her mind, and Stephanie would hang onto every word. She started her story in her mind down this very path, tried to follow the mixed feelings of the transformed doll which wanted to be human, but was charmed to never leave her rightful owner. She imagined the struggle between her conscious, thoughtful mind and her instinctual doll desires to be pretty and playful.

But these tracks of logic were broken by a shocking, booming quake. It came from across the house and sent vibrations through the walls. Stephanie was quick to realize that it was the sound of a door closing. And, though she had yet to see any human, she made no loss of time in jumping from the plastic seat. The Genie was there, waiting for her with a charming smile.

"Genie, we have to go!" The writer said, grabbing the wishgranter's hand. She started walking to the mirrored door that had let her into this giant room, but halted her steps immediately in shock when she saw the door was not there. "Genie!" She cried, tightening the grip on the woman's arm, "the door's gone! How are we getting back?"

"Well, I don't particularly need a door. And, honestly, neither do you, as you're staying here." The wishgranter said.

"What?" Stephanie's heart spiked, and her legs itched to race as far from this room as possible. "No, no, no. I have to go back. I have a life. I'm not supposed to be six inches tall."

The blue veiled Genie cocked her eyebrow. “And I didn’t think I was supposed to grant wishes. And yet, here I am. You wished for inspiration for your stories, and there is no better inspiration than living the story yourself.” The genie winked and all at once Stephanie felt a breath of wind blow around her, throwing her red yarn hair around. Then she felt a sudden, light prick on the side of her wrist.

Stephanie turned her arm to look at it, and dropped her mouth open when she saw her leotard begin to sew itself into her skin. The pricks crept up her arm and down her hand. Stephanie’s fingers pulled together as her leotard covered them, turning her hand into a doll’s mitten glove.

The short needle pricks worked their way down her body and along the edges of her dress as it too became a part of her own. Stephanie had the thought that she needed to run. She might not be able to make it home, but she could still hide. The writer ignored the pricking thread that turned her more and more into a pretty plaything and instead looked for a dark corner to crawl into. But the room was too well lit, and so Stephanie ran to the far side of one of the giant bookshelves. But her slipper feet failed her half way there, and she fell to the white carpet.

Stephanie looked at her feet. The sight was stunning. Her left leg looked as normal as any she had ever seen and was quite shapely beneath her striped tights. But her right was bulging outward; her foot was thicker and rounder. The tone of her leg was rapidly giving way to overstuffed roundness. As her right slipper melted into her body, becoming little more than dyed cloth, her other leg began its transformation.

Needle pricks continued their march across Stephanie’s plushifying body. Her breasts melted into a small mass barely protruding from her chest. Then, the pricks started moving up her neck. Tan cloth followed right behind, quickly spreading over Stephanie’s mouth. She felt a tug at either end of her lips, and they were pulled into a bright, doll-like grin, despite her not being happy. The cloth passed her nose and then eyes, blocking her vision for moments. When she could see again, the world had come back brighter and more vibrant. Objects lost definition, and she could barely make out individual threads in the carpet.

The Genie walked to the newly doll'd woman, somehow as clear as ever. More, in fact, for she had gained a golden aura that confused Stephanie. The doll tried to ask something, but her mouth didn't move. In fact, she didn't have a mouth any longer. Stephanie brought a hand up and pointed at her mouth, and made a talking motion with her other mitten hand. She wanted to tell the Genie how frightened every part of her felt, in an unknown room in an unknown body. The Genie understood and put her two hands on Stephanie's shoulders. In the background, the doll could hear a stomping sound that grew louder.

"Stephanie, I want you to relax. I want you to know that I do not take wishes lightly. I granted your wish because some part of you wants this very badly. For a while, some part of you just wants to be held and be played with." Stephanie shook her head vigorously, while trotting, pounding steps came closer, "Yes, Stephanie. Now, I need you to hear me and believe me when I say that everything is going to be fine." The Genie smiled. Her golden aura shined on Stephanie, wiping away so much of her fear. Then the blue-clad woman burst into a shower of blue and gold lights that dissipated quickly into nothing.

Stephanie looked to the door as the knob began to turn. The door swung open and the ragdoll fell to the ground, a final act of the magic spell that transformed her. A young girl, about nine or so, stepped into the room and walked straight to Stephanie. She picked the limp toy up with a pudgy, giant hand, and looked at Stephanie with curious blue eyes. She was confused at first, but she soon smiled.

"I'm going to call you Stephanie Strawberry." The girl's smile infected her doll and blew away Stephanie's thoughts. The doll felt her world fall into place. She found the inspiration she had been looking for.