

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 10
GLINDA MEETS THE TOYS
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

Glinda turns towards the Magician, her eyes ablaze. Her finger jabs at the two naked toys disentangling themselves from the stream of random objects. "What! The! Fuck?!" she demands. "My Aunt wasn't enough?! You've gone and enslaved two other innocent..."

"Innocent? Us?" the blonde asks, looking confused.

"She don't know us vewy well, do she?" the brunette replies in something close to a Bugs Bunny impersonation.

"And what's all this about Owner enslaving us?"

"Well, he did."

"Ok, yes, he did, but we had to trick him into doing it."

"What?!"

"She doesn't listen vewy good, either."

"Definitely a personal failing."

"But at least it's clear Owner isn't getting a new toy to replace us."

"Oh, definitely not. We'd never speak to our dear Owner like that."

"Wouldn't we?"

"Not unless he'd done something really..."

"Shut up!" Glinda shouts, "Shut your stupid mouths!" her rings flash, the purple light glowing around the toys' faces as their mouths seal up, leaving smooth skin beneath their noses.

"Really, Glinda?"

"You can shut up, too, Mal! Who are they?"

"Ex-assistants, current toys."

"So they are Aunt Jane's replacement, you lousy..."

He sighs, unzipping the toys' mouths, "You heard them. They tricked me into becoming my toys. Not the other way..."

"Yeah, right. What kind of perverted idiot would want to..."

"Hey!" the toys shout as one.

"Who are you calling perverted?!"

"Who are you calling idiots?!"

"Apparently, they would."

"You've done something to them."

"Not guilty."

"Oh, no, Owner. You've done lots to us."

"Several times."

"Not as much as you should, but..."

The magician sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. "You're not helping."

"Is this what you did to Jane?"

"No. I..."

"Who's Jane?"

"Come to that, who are you?"

"Yeah. Who do you think you are coming here?"

"And attacking our Owner?"

"And playing with us without permission?"

"Not that we'd object, you understand."

"Oh, no, of course not."

"Will you shut up?!"

"She's very shouty, isn't she?"

"Very aggressive."

"I'm glad she's not our owner."

"No, we're lucky to have such a good..."

"Go away!" the Toys fly through the air, surrounded by the pale lilac light of her magic working, crashing down into the pile of miscellanea, sending it crashing into further disorder. They pick themselves out of the pile of even more disrupted possessions.

"That is not very nice."

"Yeah, I don't like her."

Glinda tries to ignore them, although Malcolm knows from long experience how effective that will likely be. "You. What..."

"Glinda, this really is getting tiresome now. I told you what happened to Jane. You're free to try to find her but I doubt you'll have any more luck than I did." he waves at the haphazard pile. "I'd much rather we did this productively rather than you constantly trying to break my toys."

"You expect me to believe you haven't done something to..."

"We told you, Glinda." the blonde explains less than patiently, "He did plenty to...wait, your name's really Glinda? Like, where's Elfaba?"

"Elfaba?"

"You know, the Wicked Witch of the West? From Oz? You don't know that? How do you not know about Wicked? How?!"

"Hey, get off my case. I wasn't a theatre kid!"

"That's no..."

"If you could, perhaps, be quiet?" Malcolm says, holding up his hand.

"Ok, Owner."

"We'll try."

"Do or do not. There is no try.' See, I know cultural stuff."

"Star Wars doesn't count."

"Does too."

"Does not."

"Does..." Malcolm coughs loudly, "sorry, Owner." the brunette replies meekly, looking down at the floor.

"So, Glinda, rather than waste more time with my moral failings, shall we see if you can find her? Prove yourself my better like you always used to?"

"Did anyone tell us who this Jane even was?"

"I don't think so."

"I can't concentrate with all this noise!" Glinda shouts.

"Ok, ok. Got it. Quiet." she zips her finger along her lips.

"Like church mice."

"You won't even know we're..." she goes quiet.

"Finally." she concentrates on the pile. "There's too much. All the magic. It...I can't..."

"Perhaps you should start small? Try a few obvious objects to narrow things down?"

"Right, right. Well, as you're a pervert, let's start with the obvious." the toys float, glowing before she discards them to the side.

"You really think Owner turned someone into a toy?"

"I mean, he might turn us into them."

"Yeah, I guess."

The magazines follow into the pile.

"Oh, now that's an idea. Can you imagine being turned into a porno mag?"

"Oh, God. Nothing but naked images in degrading poses?"

"I know. That would be so cool."

"Well, why don't you try it!" Glinda snaps. Lilac light envelops the Blonde and Brunette and they fall inwards, pressing together as the magazine flutters to the floor, more than X-rated images filling the glossy pages. "Good luck pretending to read that for the articles." she returns to the pile.

"Glinda, you can't just keep..."

"Why not? According to you, they're just toys. And it's obvious how you treat toys." she ignores him as he leafs through the living magazine, shifting the wardrobes out of the way after they and their contents have passed muster.

He opens the magazine, shaking it until both toys fall out, "Ohhhhhh, wow. That was..."

"Owner, please, pretty please, can you do that to us?"

"For longer?"

"And 'read' us? We could feel you looking and it was...nnnnnnnn..."

"Uh huh. Definitely." the brunette presses against him. "It is exactly what we need to get us going." she puts a hand on his lap, "And it seems to have the same effect on you."

"Gross."

"God, is she still here?"

"I'm not going anywhere until..."

"We get it. Until you find this Jane who you think Master did something to, we're stuck with you."

"Which means you're stuck with us."

Glinda starts moving the various magical cabinets around. "Lucky me."

"Hey! Careful with those!"

"Yeah, that's our livelihood you're throwing around there."

"We can't just get by on our winning personalities, you know."

"You must get that, given how awful your personality is and..."

Glinda snaps her fingers and the blonde flies into a suddenly open Origami Box. The box lid snaps shut and begins to fold itself up and up and up until it's barely the size of a small puzzle box. Glinda drops it into the pile of cleared objects.

"Hey! You can't just..." the brunette vanishes into a wringer, squealing in protest and excitement at the same time until the show poster drifts to the floor.

"Apparently I can."

"Glinda..."

"What now?!" she snaps.

"I think you've done enough for today."

"Oh, sure, you're just trying to get rid of me so you can..."

"So I can get some peace, yes. Come back tomorrow."

"So you can hide where you've put her from me? I'm not stupid."

"I know you're not stupid. Stubborn, maybe, but not stupid. I'll put the things you've cleared back in the trunk so it's not completely taking up my whole damn room! But I'll leave the rest right where it is so you can look it over."

"Like I would..."

"Glinda, we're not apprentices any more. Jane might have taught you everything you know, but I know everything she knew about magic. So, either you do this, or I stop you interfering in a more... permanent way."

"Is that a threat, Mal?" she rises to her feet, her rings dripping lilac light.

"No." he snaps his finger and a portal opens up under her feet. "It's a promise."

Glinda looks down like a cartoon coyote as she drops through the gap in space. "You basta..."

"I'll see you tomorrow." the portal slams shut. "Good grief, how did Jane raise such an entitled brat?! And speaking of brats..." he floats up the puzzle box and poster, "what should I do with you?"