

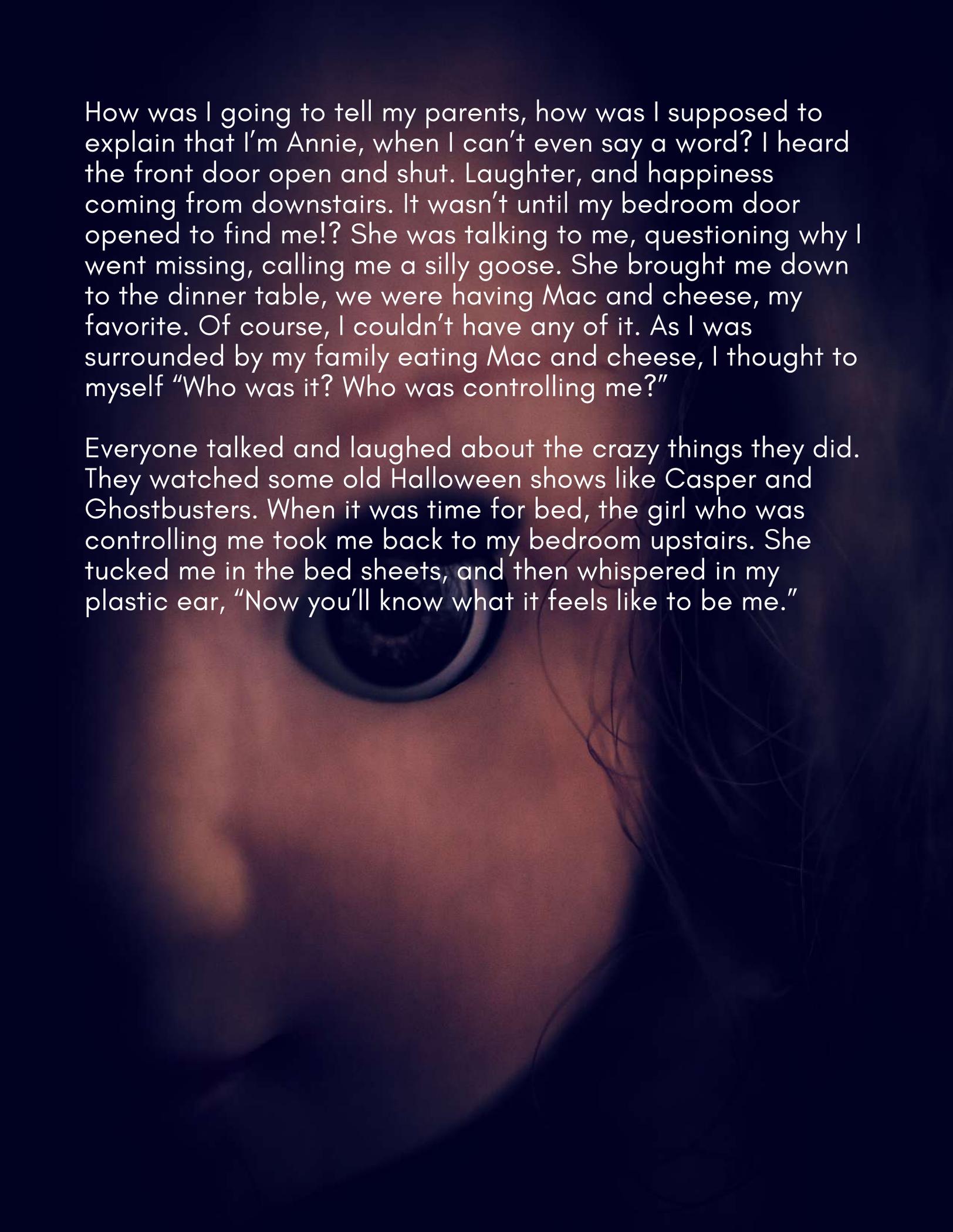
THE DOLL

BY ISABELLA ECKMAN

It happened when I was 9, I had seen something. Something different, something old, something that wasn't human. I went after it, I was curious at this age so I had to see who or what it was. Little did I know I wasn't going to come back as myself again, and that I was scared for the rest of my life.

So you're probably wondering what happened, well my family and I, the Webb's, were going on our annual family picnic, my older brother thought they were a waste of time, but I thought they were magical and mysterious. I was playing with my favorite baby doll, I named her Annie. I found her at a little antique store, I just had to have her! As I was playing with her doing cartwheels and having lunch, I noticed she wasn't there anymore. Like she had disappeared. I needed her, I wasn't going home until I found her. At the glimpse of my eye, I had seen something. It looked like Annie, but it can't be, but what if. As curious as I was I followed it in the same direction.

It was dark. Pitch black. I couldn't move. I had been sitting there for a while, then a bright light flashed on my face. I saw mama and pa and my brother. They were looking at me funny, like they couldn't recognize me, or something. I tried to talk but I couldn't. I felt small, smaller than usual. They picked me up carefully and talked to each other. They were saying they found Annie, but I'm not Annie, I'm me, me is me! They took me home, cleaned me up, and sat me up on my bed. Still couldn't move, did I break something is that why? I looked down trying to see if something had changed about me. I then noticed I was in Annie's doll dress, and my arms and legs were as pale as cow's milk. It was there I had realized that I was Annie.



How was I going to tell my parents, how was I supposed to explain that I'm Annie, when I can't even say a word? I heard the front door open and shut. Laughter, and happiness coming from downstairs. It wasn't until my bedroom door opened to find me! She was talking to me, questioning why I went missing, calling me a silly goose. She brought me down to the dinner table, we were having Mac and cheese, my favorite. Of course, I couldn't have any of it. As I was surrounded by my family eating Mac and cheese, I thought to myself "Who was it? Who was controlling me?"

Everyone talked and laughed about the crazy things they did. They watched some old Halloween shows like Casper and Ghostbusters. When it was time for bed, the girl who was controlling me took me back to my bedroom upstairs. She tucked me in the bed sheets, and then whispered in my plastic ear, "Now you'll know what it feels like to be me."