

Daddy Doll



I'M OFFICE GIRL BAMBI?

Father always got up so super early it was never even light out. He worked with some people in some other country where he said they had day when we had night. Sometimes I woke up, too, though I didn't want to. A long time ago, I think, I would sometimes go down and sleep on the couch in his office while he was working, or I would play with my dolls. His office always smelled like smoky cherries, from the pipe he liked to smoke like he was an old wizard or something. Of course, he told mommy he quit smoking, which she said was just another one of his lying lies.

That's before Daddy turned mean and told me to STAY OUT! He used to be nicer before mom kicked him out of *her* house. She told me all about what a jerk he was, how she cooked and cleaned for him, slaving around the house *all day*, and all she wanted was for him to love her. He couldn't even do that much because, she told me, he was actually a snorting *pig*.

When Lucy and I decided to start playing with my new Daddy doll, I got up early and went right down to his office. I could hear him talking, so I knew he was probably doing a computer meeting. "This is going to be so fun," Lucy said, giggling. I wasn't sure. Now that it came down to it, I thought maybe it was bad.

Lucy opened the door to the office. Dad glanced up from the computer and gave me his mean look. Okay. Fine, I thought. Be that way. I walked right into his office. He was in the middle of talking, so he couldn't really do anything. I did a little twirl, smiling, smiling, smiling. Lucy twirled, too.

Daddy couldn't even give us anymore weird looks. He was talking to people in his dumb "businessman" voice. He sounded so fake. Lucy and I sat on the couch.

"Let me pull up those numbers for you," Dad said, tapping away on his keyboard. Lucy nudged me and whispered in my ear. A Bambi doll appeared on the cabinet behind him where it would clearly be in the picture. The doll started to wave at the computer, tilting her head side to side.

"What is that? You know what, never mind," the man said. "I'm curious about those 3rd quarter outlays," the man on the other side of the world said. "Can you take me through those?"

"Sure. Sure."

I whispered back to Lucy. She nodded. We raised our hands and wiggled our fingers, whispering, “Bambi... Bambi... Bambi...”

Dad’s forehead got all crunched up the way it did when he was frustrated. We’d made it so he couldn’t do math or understand numbers. He kind of shook his head, then he looked at the computer screen, smiled and said in a high-pitched voice exactly like a talking Bambi doll, “Math is hard.”

Lucy and I burst out in a fit of giggles, and it was just getting started.

Hearing himself talking like a girl doll, my Dad’s eyes bulged out of his head. Blonde hair came bursting out of his stupid, bald head. Brushing his bangs out of his eyes, looking super confused, like, *what’s even in my*



eyes, I’m super bald, he must have seen himself on the computer screen because his mouth dropped open and his eyes bulged even more.

The Bambi doll behind him made devil horns with her hands and flicked her tongue out of her mouth. Omigod. I was dying.

“What’s going on?” The man on the other side said. “Is this some kind of joke to you?”

I could see Daddy straining to get in control, but when he opened his mouth, which was now painted in frosty pink lipstick, he said, “I love kittens and rainbows” in that same doll voice.

“This is highly unprofessional,” the man said.

Now, we let Father choose his own words, though he still sounded like a girl doll. “I... er... “ he cleared his throat... “I think someone...

“Bambi...” we whispered. ‘Bambi. Bambi. Bambi.’”

“FUCK!” My Dad screamed as he saw what we’d done to him on the computer screen.



There had been a pink flash and Daddy suddenly found himself dressed just like Office Girl Bambi. Omigod. He was all pink, pink and more pink

with a pink blazer, a lighter pink blouse, a big pink bow at his neck instead of his tie, all covered in pretty little flowers, and he even had Bambi's pillbox hat with a big flower on top of his stupid head. His face was now made up just like Bambi's, with pink eye shadow and blush, plus he was wearing her pink-framed "smart girl" glasses.

He looked so totally dumb, just staring at the computer screen like an idiot. "I will be speaking to Johnson about this," the man on the side said.

"Greg, just wait..." Daddy said, wincing at the sound of his voice. I guess the call ended, because father looked sad, aggravated and then, looking up at me and Lucy, super angry, though with his blonde hair and pink ensemble, his angry look kinda just made him look more dumb. He looked like he was going to yell at me, but then he giggled and said, "I'm Office Girl Bambi."

Oh, my God. My stomach started to hurt I was laughing so much. Daddy looked so confused and embarrassed. He started to stand up, maybe to come over and spank me or whatever, which is when he realized he was wearing high heels like Mommy. He wobbled and sat back down, staring at his feet, and then he crossed one leg and started trying to take his shoe off, but it seemed stuck to his foot, he yanked, pulled, making little squeaky grunts like a baby. "Unh! Eee! Oooh!"

It was also super funny. I mean, right? I had laughed so much I felt like I might faint, so I took a break from laughing, just watching Daddy struggle to get his heels off, then his coat, then to try and pop the hat off his head. He stared at his long, pink fingernails, then tried to get his heels off again. Nothing would come off, and he was getting more and more frustrated. "What the heck is going on?" He said in that little doll voice.

It seemed like he'd forgotten I was even there. Of course. I tucked my legs underneath me and nuzzled into the corner of the couch. Lucy smirked. I smirked. "You can't take your high heels off, Dolly," I said. "You can't take any of it off."

He looked up at me. "What did you say?"

"You can't take off any of it," I repeated. "Dolls don't get to choose their own outfits."

His face scrunched up again. He looked down at himself. Back at me. I could see the gerbil running in his tiny little brain. “Do you know something about this?” He gestured at his Bambi clothes.

I nodded, grinning.

“Tell me what’s going on,” he said, trying to use his *Boss Daddy* voice, but sounding like a kooky airhead.

“No.” I said crossing my arms, smiling my sassy smile.

“No? Listen here, young lady, I am going to count to three, and then if you don’t tell me what’s going on...”



He let it trail off. That would have scared me once. Now, I glanced at Lucy, and we both started laughing.

“That’s it,” he shrieked, standing, wobbling on his heels. “I warned you.” He started coming around his desk, struggling to even take a step.

“Don’t forgot your purse,” I said.

“My... what?” Daddy froze,

putting one hand on the desk to try and keep his balance. He looked down and saw the pillbox purse sitting there—pink, of course. I could see him struggling, but he had no choice. He didn’t realize it yet, but Lucy and I could make him do anything we wanted. He picked up his purse. “I can’t

control myself..." he mumbled, then he turned his attention to me as he tried to rush across the room. "Young lady..."

He lost balance, wobbling backward, forward, side to side, his eyes wide... "aaaahhhhhhhh..." and then he fell on the ground.

"Hahahaha," I said, clapping.

Daddy struggled to get back onto his feet. He didn't know how to do it in a tight little skirt and a pair of high heels. It was so funny, Lucy and I hugged, watching him struggling. When he finally got to his feet, he seemed more angry than ever and started to walk toward me again, this time taking smaller, careful steps, his arms out to his sides like he was walking on a tightrope. His ankles wobbled, but he was managing.

"Freeze," I said.

Father's movements suddenly froze. He looked confused as he struggled to take a step, move an arm, even a finger, but he was completely frozen. Except for his mouth. "What the hell is going on?" He squealed.

"Stand on one foot," I said.

Slitting his eyes, frowning, he tried to resist, but he lifted one foot in the air.

"Salute me," I said.

"Sir, yes, sir," Daddy said, putting his foot down and offering a salute. I could see terror growing in his eyes as it was all starting to sink in.

"Curtsy," I whispered.

"No. I don't know how to..." Father whispered back, and he struggled, oh, how he struggled, but then he curtsied just like a good dolly should. "My queen," he said, reciting one of Palace Maid Bambi's lines. "It's my pleasure to serve you." When he stood back up, he looked like a hungry puppy.

"Smile."

He smiled.

"Let me explain what's happening to you," I said, imitating my teacher, Miss Hope. "Since you were bad and took my dolls away, you will now be my

doll. You will be my Bambi doll. You'll wear what I want you to wear and do what I want you to do. You are nothing but a toy now, Daddy."

I wondered if he might beg me to stop, cry, break, but he didn't. Oh, not Daddy. His eyes went hard. "You're being a very bad girl," he said in his Bambi doll voice. "You better think about the consequences."

I glanced at Lucy. She glanced at me. "This is going to be fun." I said, making a circular motion with my hand. Daddy began twirling, wobbling, swaying, struggling to maintain his balance, helpless in heels. He twirled and twirled until he finally fell. "Go make me breakfast," I said, dismissing him with a wave of my hand.

"Yes, my queen," he said, smiling a big, happy Bambi smile while his eyes burned with rage. I wiggled my fingers. "Bambi... Bambi... Bambi..." His brown eyes turned blue, just like Classic Bambi's.



Part II

Just like Bambi in her cartoons, Daddy danced around the kitchen as he made breakfast. He even sang one of her songs:

A girl belongs in the kitchen
That where she ought to be
When I'm cooking for my family
I'm free. I'm me. I'm Bambi!

As he danced and sang, Lucy and I took out our cellphones and started to record him. He noticed. "What are you doing?" He snapped. "You're not putting this on the Internet."

I shrugged. "Uh, yaaah. What else would I do with it?"

Daddy was about to scream, but then he seemed to think it through, calmed himself. "Honey, the thing is, Daddy needs to make money to buy you things. If people see me like- this-" once more, he gestured down at his pink outfit, "I won't be able to make money anymore. Then, we won't have any food or toys. Do you understand why you shouldn't do this to Daddy? By hurting me, you're hurting you."

Ugh. I hated the way grownups talked to kids, especially me. "Oh, sweetie," I said, using the same exact tone. "Maybe you don't know this, but dolls don't have real jobs in the real world, so you don't need to worry your little head about that. Kay?"

I could see the fury building, and he was about to scream, but then I waved my hands. "Sing and dance for me."

'Yes, my queen.'

He started dancing around the kitchen again, still wobbly on his heels, so he looked pretty dumb and was constantly on the verge of falling over. He twirled, grabbed plates from the cabinet, twirled and put them on the counter, falling forward, planting his hands on the counter then dramatically pushing off and prancing to the refrigerator—or more like toppling to the Fridge. All the while he sang:

“A roast in the oven, the wine I will pour
Making a meal for the man I adore”

As he danced and sang, Lucy whispered to me. I nodded, nodded. It was time. We raised our hands and wiggled our fingers, whispering, ‘Bambi... Bambi.... Bambi...’

“Ow!” Daddy squeaked, putting a hand to his tummy while I watched his waist draw in, becoming slender while his hips rounded. “Something’s crushing me.”

“It’s a waist cinch,” I said. “Vintage Bambi always wears one for a delightfully slender waist.”



“It’s hard to breath I....”
Daddy’s eyes went wide as he stared in horror as his chest swelled. We were giving him a classic Bambi figure. His stubble disappeared while his face started to look pretty, like Bambi.

“Boobies?” He gasped, then looked at me. “I have Boobies?”

“Of course. You’re a Bambi doll, aren’t you?” As I said that, he got skinnier, his body taking on even more of a shape like a girl. I chuckled. “You look just like a girl now, Daddy. You have bigger boobies than Mommy.”

Father started to speak. Stopped. About every emotion ever went across his face. "Honey," he said. "If your friends find out you're Daddy looks like a girl, think of what they'll say. You won't get invited to any birthday parties. They'll make fun of you."

I slow clapped. "Such a good liar, Daddy. Haha! You could be on that show, Pretty Little Liars, since you look and sound just like a girl."

"I'll give you all your dolls back. I was wrong to take them. I a—I apologize."

"You'll give me all my dolls back!" I shouted, pretending to be excited, bouncing up and down on my seat. "Really... really... really?"

"Really!" Daddy said, a real smile on his face, his big eyes sparkling. "I'll go get them right now--"

"Fre-ez-e!" I said. Daddy froze. "What would I want with boring old regular dolls when I have a Daddy doll? You're the only doll I need." His face fell. He looked so sad. He really thought he would get me to change him back by offering to give my dolls back? I could order him to give them back to me anytime I wanted. What an airhead.

The waffles were ready. I could smell the sweet, brown dough getting all crispy on the outside. "Serve me," I said, snapping my fingers.

"Of course, My Queen," Daddy said, furious, but returning to his duties.

Daddy served me my waffles, put golden butter and sticky syrup on them, then cut them up for me. I almost had him feed me, but I'm NOT a little girl. As a doll, he would no longer need to eat, of course, but he sat down and pretended to eat from the empty plate in front of him. "I'm watching my figure," he giggled. "A girl can never be too skinny."

After I finished eating, Daddy got up. "Let me clear those dishes for you," he said.

"You can do that later. Lucy and I have decided you should practice walking in your high heels. You're going to be wearing them for the rest of your life, so you better get used to it."

“The rest of my life?” Father said, concern spreading across his pretty face like morning mist. “You don’t mean that. I’m your father. You can’t leave me like this.”

“Walk!” I shouted.

Immediately, Daddy started to walk back and forth across the room. He looked so clumsy, just like any dumb boy. I showed him a video on how to walk in heels. He nodded as he watched. “Okay. I see.”



I made him go back and forth, back and forth.

He got better, walking more and more like Bambi. I even saw him smile at one point, like he was proud of himself. “I think I’m getting it.”

I was curled up on the couch with my smart pad watching Tocky Tics videos, only half paying attention at this point. There were a couple girls breaking eggs over each other’s

heads for no reason. It was super funny, but my dear father’s comment drew my attention back to him. “Are you actually proud of yourself for learning to walk in high heels?” I sneered. “I thought you were a boy.”

“But, this is what *you* wanted me to do,” Daddy said, clearly confused.

“Maybe you wanted it just as much as I did, *Bambi*. Ugh. You’re so embarrassing.” I sighed dramatically, and I could see my Daddy was confused. I did the same thing once to this stupid girl at school I hated. I would pretend to like her shoes and then tell her I hated her hair.

“Time to play work,’ I said. “Miss Bambi, Mr. Lucy and I would like you to take dictation.”

Daddy immediately found himself compelled to play his role, smiling brightly and pretending he had a pad of paper and a pen, like the retro Bambi. I actually have no idea what dictation really even is. It was something I heard watching an old Bambi cartoon.

Daddy sat down, knees together like a girl. While he waited for us to start, he bit the edge of his imaginary pen, just like Business Girl Bambi always did in her videos. His blonde hair tumbled over his pink-framed glasses, some of it even going through the inside of the frames since there were no actual glass parts. “Ready when you are boss!” He said excitedly, eyes sparkling. It was another Bambi line.

“Yes, yes...” I said, using a pretend man voice. “I want everything to go up!”

“Up is good,” Lucy agreed, taking her chin in her hands. “Also, we need innovation.”

“Yes... yes...” I agreed. “Innovation.” I crossed my arms and looked up at the ceiling. “Money! We need to make a lot of money! We could even give some of it to poor people.”

“At least one jillion,” Lucy agreed.

I turned to Daddy, who was pretending to scribble all this down. “Are you getting all this, Bambi?” I shouted.

Father jumped in his seat, his eyes went wide. He pretended to look at his pretend notepad, and he chirped, “Math is hard.”

Lucy and I fell over laughing, while Father just looked more and more embarrassed. “Get us some coffee, you goofy broad,” I said, still pretending to be a man.

“Yes, sir,” Daddy chirped, standing and smoothing his skirt. “I love fetching coffee!”

“Of course, you do, Bambi. Of course, you do.” Daddy started to scoot off to the kitchen, heels clicking, then stopped and pivoted on his heels without lifting a foot. He was actually getting pretty good.

“Did you want real coffee or pretend coffee?”

“Real coffee, doll,” I said. “Light and sweet, just like you.”

“Girls love compliments!” Daddy squeaked, pivoting again and mincing off.

“It’s almost time for school. I’ll be taking my coffee in my room.”

I went to my room. Everything was closed because of the lockdown, so all my classes were online. It was sooooo boring. Ugh. School is lame. My teachers are dumb. I can learn more from reading books than listening to them do their stupid lessons. Maybe I would turn all of them into dolls, too, one day.

Or stuffed turtles.

Which Bambi will Jack turn her father into next chapter? Scroll down for a sneak peek!

Ballerina Bambi

