

Daddy Doll



Part 3

So, school school school and blah blah blah. When it was done, I fell asleep because I had been drained by the boredom blobs. Then, when I woke up, I grabbed my phone and started to watch Tocky Tiks videos, Lucy next to me, the two of us laughing at a video someone had made of a head that came out of a toilet and said stuff like, “Frippity Frippity, don’t brown on me.” I had an infuser my mom gave me, and I turned it on, the vapor trail rising as it hummed filling my room with the smell of tea tree oil, which does not smell like tea, but I like it anyway.

I can watch some videos! Pretty soon, I suddenly realized it was dark, and then I remembered that I was hungry, but there was no smell of dinner. What the heck?

“Your dearest father can’t cook any dinner right now,” Lucy said, snickering, “because he’s too busy being a doll.”

“Oh, yeah!” I said, giggling. “I completely forgot.” We both laughed, and then I hopped down the stairs like a frog. After Daddy had brought me my coffee, I told him to go stand in the corner of the living room. That’s where I found him, standing in the corner like a bad girl, staring at the wall, but Bambi-style, with one hand on his hip and one knee slightly bent.

He must have heard me because he called out, “Sam? Is that you? Can I turn around now?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “You’ve been a very bad girl. Do you apologize for what you’ve done?”

He paused. I don’t think he wanted to apologize, but finally he whispered, “Yes. I apologize.”

“You may turn around,” I said.

Father pivoted on his heels. I saw he had his pouty girl face on now. “I think we can both agree this has gone on long enough,” he said, trying to keep his voice calm, but it sounded like icicles.

“Hmmmnnn,” I said, putting my chin on my hand like I did when I was fake thinking. “Yes. I’m tired of Office Girl Bambi. Which Bambi shall I make you next?”

“Maybe just turn me back into me,” Daddy said, a hopeful smile on his face.

“Yes. I am bored with all this.” I nodded, pretending to smoke a pipe. “I shall turn you back into Daddy now.”

“Really?” He said, his eyes sparkling, a smile on his face.

“Nope!” Lucy and I raised our hands toward father and wiggled our fingers. “Bambi... Bambi... Bambi...” Father’s clothes shimmered, and then he was standing there dressed like Bambi Ballerina.

“What?” He looked down to see he was wearing a tutu. “What?” He said



again, looking down at himself. “No. No. No.” He seemed totally freaked out about being a ballerina. Which, I mean, of course since he was a boy.

“I am your dance teacher, Bambi, and today we will practicing for the Nutcracker,” I said in my serious, grown up voice.

“The nutcracker is my fave!” Daddy chirped, another Bambi line coming out of his mouth.

“I know,” I said. “But, you must prove yourself, young lady, if you want to be the prima ballerina.”

“Dancing is my life!” Daddy sang, though I could his face getting all frowny and mad.

“Releve,” I said with a clap.

“I don’t—unh!” farther gelt his arms yanked up above his head, his legs pushed into the proper position as he rose up on his toes in pointe shoes.

“Good girl!” I laughed.

“That’s enough!” Daddy shrieked. “You put a stop to this right now. I’m your father!”

Daddy is so funny when he gets angry. His little doll voice gets even higher, like the beeping from a smart pad, and he gets this look on his face like an angry kitten. It just made Lucy and I laugh so hard. He got angrier and then, like, totally weird and not like Daddy at all, he suddenly just screamed. I don’t mean screamed at me or said something in a loud voice, it was just “eeeeeeeeee” like a fire alarm.

I stomped my foot. “I’ve had enough of your hissy, missy.”

He suddenly stopped screaming, his mouth seeming to be clamped shut by invisible hands. He struggled to open it, to talk. “Mmmpff. Mmmpff.” He looked so frustrated.

Lucy cupped her hand to my ear and whispered.

“I will allow you speak, Bambi, but you must be polite. You know better than to sass me, young lady.” I waved my hand.

He took a deep breath. Then, another. “I **am** your father...”

“Nope.” I waved my hand and his mouth clamped shut again. Lucy leaned over and whispered in my ear. I smirked. Yes. It was a good idea. I waved my hand. “Say that again.”

“I am your.... Your...” his eyes went wide, and he fought so hard but finally said it. “I’m your Dolly.” He shook his head. ‘No. I’m your... I’m your Dolly!” He looked at me. “I can’t believe you’re doing this to me. I wasn’t so awful.”

“You weren’t awful,” I said going over and hoping onto the couch. “Just boring. Now, you’re fun. Pirouette.”

He started to pirouette, spinning... spinning...

“Faster! Faster!”

He spun and spun. His form looked perfect, but I was in my mean teacher mode, so I clapped, and he froze, standing there perched on his toes.

“Sloppy! Lazy!” I shouted. “How can you expect to be the prima ballerina?”

Daddy just didn’t seem to understand his place. “You’re going to regret this,” he said.

I sighed and shook my head, gave Lucy a look. She nodded. We raised our hands and started to wiggle our fingers. I could see the fear in daddy’s eyes. He knew that whenever we did that, he was about to change. “No. wait,” he said. “Whatever you’re thinking of doing...”

“Bambi...” and Daddy grew smaller, a shocked look on his face.

“No.”

“Bambi.” He grew smaller still, and now he had to look up at **me**.

“Stop!”

“Bambi!” He was small now, like a little girl. Still taller than a real Bambi doll.

He stared up at me, his frosty pink mouth hanging open. Then, he looked around the room, gawking. I’m sure everything looked big to him now, so big now that he was small.





I released my hold on him. He dropped his arms and made his frowny face. “Turn me back now!” He squealed, stomping one little foot, just like a little girl.

“Make me,” I said, stepping right up to him, looking down at him like he was a stupid 2nd grader. I pushed him.

He actually made a growling sound like a furious kitten and lunged at me. I grabbed him, laughing, and twisted one arm behind his head, grabbing his bun and pulling super hard. He shrieked in pain.



I kept twisting his arm, then spun him around and tossed him across the room—onto the couch. I mean, I’m not evil.

He landed on the couch, looked back at me, scurried backward and pulled his knees up to his chest. Seeing him so afraid made me laugh. He thought

he was so great, always yelling at me, telling me what to do. Then, he gasped, and tears started to roll down his cheeks.

My tummy growled. I remembered I was hungry. "Practice your ballet," I said, heading to the kitchen. Daddy was too small to cook for me now. He got up and began to dance, sobbing the whole time, but keeping a pretty smile plastered on his stupid little face.



Enter Carl

I watched Daddy dance as I ate, and then when I finished Lucy learned over, whispering more of her awesome ideas to me. I clapped and laughed,



letting Daddy stop dancing as I waved my hand and changed him from Ballerina Bambi into Selfie Bambi. He suddenly found himself wearing a halter dress, a pink t-shirt that read “Bambi” across his big boobies and pink leggings with pink Mommy shoes. His hairstyle changed to a long, blonde ponytail.

“I love selfies!” He gushed as the toy camera flashed and he smiled, tilting his head side to side, tossing his ponytail just like any girl.

While he posed and preened, Lucy and I chanted, “Bambi... Bambi... Bambi...” He’d now shrunk to the size of a regular Bambi doll. He didn’t even notice, he was so busy taking selfies.

The sound of a revving engine got his attention. He looked around, confused, just as Bambi's pink Corvette came driving around the couch, Carl behind the wheel. "Hey, Bambi," Carl said. "Hop on in!"

Daddy looked at me, shaking his head no... no, but then he found himself climbing into the car, chirping, "Omigod! Carl, you're so cool."

"Your boyfriend is here," I taunted. "I wonder if he'll try and kiss you?"

Daddy looked at me, eyes wide with fear. "Please..."

"Let's go cruisin'," Carl said. The Corvette revved and the two of them pulled out, the little car zipping around the living room. I made daddy put a big smile on his face and nuzzle up against Carl, taking selfies of the two of them as they drove around in circles.



They pulled behind the couch. Lucy and I climbed onto the couch and looked down at them. "Oh, look. I accidentally drove us to makeout point,"

Carl said, leaning toward Daddy for a kiss. Daddy squirmed away until he was all the way against the passenger's seat door, a look of pure terror on his face. He pushed at Carl with his tiny little arms.



“I love it when you play hard to get,” Carl said, pushing closer and closer, and he planted a big, sloppy kiss right on Daddy’s lips. His eyes went wide. Lucy didn’t have to whisper anything. I knew just what we both wanted.

When the kiss ended, Daddy’s cheeks were all pink. He bit his lip and said, “You’re such a good kisser.” Then, he took Carl’s cheeks in his hands and kissed him. “Making out with boys is fun!” He chirped when it was over, but it looked like he was about to cry again.

Oh, I should mention, I made it so Daddy did love making out with boys now. He was totally crushing on Carl so bad! Haha. I could see deep down he hated it, even though he also loved it.

“Daddy and Carl sitting in a tree,” Lucy and I sang. “K.I.S.S.I.N.G!”

As they kissed, Daddy looked at me and boy was he ever mad!

The doorbell rang. What? I checked the monitor. “Mom’s here?” I said.

“Time to put someone in her dollhouse.”

I picked Daddy up. “Later, sugar lips,” Carl called, flashing a peace sign.

“Help!” Daddy called toward the front door, hoping Mommy would hear him.

“Help!”

“Bad girl,” I said. “Shush.”

Once more, Daddy’s mouth clamped shut, though he kept struggling to call out to Mommy for help. I put him in his doll house, then leaned down so I could look him in his tiny little sparkly doll eyes. “Your house is a mess,” I said. “You better start cleaning.”

“Ummpf. Ummmnnnpf!” Daddy struggled to talk, his eyes glassy with hate, but he had no choice. He went and got a toy broom and started to sweep.

What kinds of Bambi dolls will Daddy be next? A sneak peek!

