

Daddy Doll



Part 4

I went and answered the door. “Mother,” I said. “You look divine.” She didn’t. She just wore her usual everyday clothes, but I knew how to manipulate her. She came in the house, looking around curiously. “Where’s your father?”

“He’s in his dollhouse playing mommy.”

My mother tilted her head to the side, looking like the words I’d just spoken had been in a foreign language. I think maybe she looked that way because, well, they made no sense at all. “I didn’t catch that?” For some reason, my mother hated the word “what.” She would never ask, “what?” She loved to say things like “I didn’t catch that.”

I hopped onto the couch and tossed my hair, picking up my Smartpad. “I turned father into a Bambi doll,” I said with a yawn. “He’s in his Bambi dream house now, and I told him to clean, so he’s cleaning like a good little girl. He does whatever I tell him. He’s quite obedient.”

Mother came into the room, set her purse on the coffee table, then leaned toward me, her hands on her hips. “You turned your father into a Bambi Doll?”

“That’s what I said.”

Mother stared at me for a moment. I couldn’t actually tell what she was feeling. Her face seemed kind of blank. Then, she started to laugh. “You,” she said, “have been a very bad girl.”

“Wait,” I said. “You actually believe me?”

Mother came and sat down next to me. “Let me tell you a secret.”

Part II

Sitting on the couch, I had a bowl of fresh popped, buttery popcorn in my lap. The box said it also had sea salt, which is much better than regular salt. You can look it up. Tossing some of the pops into my mouth, I chewed and used my powers to open a viewing portal into the toy room, although I was in the living room still. The door to the room jiggled, and father looked up, his eyes growing wide with hope. He opened his pink frosted lips and tried to call out to my dear mother, but he couldn't. I'd shushed him. He'd been pushing the Hoover back and forth, pretending to vacuum, and I saw him make this kind of frowny face, like he was trying really hard to get control. He looked so cute. I decided to let him think he was getting control.

He stopped pushing the Hoover. Looked toward the door, still making that same scrunchy face. I knew he was trying to talk. The door swung open, a square of golden light against the murky shadows of the toy room, my mother's silhouette cutout from the light. It reminded me of seeing a shadow puppet show. "Andy?" She called. "Andy?"

Daddy's eyes went even wider as he tried to scream. "I guess he's not in here," Mother said, starting to close the door.

I let Daddy make a peeping noise then, like a baby chick. "Peep! Peep!"

Mother paused. Waited. "I thought I heard something, but it must have been my imagination," she said, once more starting to close the door.

"Help!" Daddy called in his pretty little Bambi doll voice. "Help me!"

"Who's that?"

"It's me! It's Andy. You're husband."

Mother stepped into the room and turned on the light. "Whose there?" She called. "This isn't funny. My husband doesn't sound like a little girl."

Father dropped his eyes in shame, but he quickly looked back up, waving one arm, while the other rested on the Hoover. "I'm over here!"

Mother did a double take as she now saw the talking doll, her eyes growing wide. "What's going on?" She said. "Is this some prank?"

"Close the door!" Daddy squealed. "She might hear us."



Mother closed the door and walked over to Daddy, leaning down over his doll house, looking uncertainly at this little talking Bambi doll. “Who might hear us?”

“Sam,” he said. “She... she...” now that Mother, his ex-wife was towering over him, Daddy seemed to remember he was a girl doll now, wearing high heels and a halter dress. “She turned me into a doll,” he said, gesturing at his body. “I know it seems crazy, but I am Andy. Somehow, Sam has these powers.”

“Okay, Sam,” my mother called out, looking around the room. “You can come out now. I know this is some kind of prank.”

“Nooooo!” Daddy screamed. “Quiet! Don’t let her know I can talk again. Sam is evil. You have to believe me.” Tears rolling down his cheeks, he started breathing really hard, his chest heaving as he started a totally scatter-brained attempt to prove he was Andy, telling her things about them, how they’d met and all that, his squeaky little voice even higher than usual. Lucy and I laughed and laughed. “It sounds like he’s having a hissy!”

Finally, Mother reached down and put one, giant finger to his lips. “Hush. I believe you. It’s hard to believe my ex-husband is a Bambi doll, though. You’re so pretty.”

“I love being pretty!” Daddy chirped, tossing his long blonde ponytail. He looked horrified, holding up his tiny little hands. “That wasn’t me,” he said. “Sometimes, I just say things from a talking Bambi. I don’t love this. I really don’t.”

“I’m sure it’s hard for you being a girl,” Mother said.

“I love being a girl!” Daddy chirped, and before he could even start explaining mother said. “I know. I know. Talking Bambi.” She looked around the room. “We have to find some way to get you out of here. Then, maybe, I don’t know, we can find some way to change you back.”

Father paced, his heels clicking on the dollhouse floor. “Can you make Sam turn me back into me?”

“I think maybe when she turned you into a doll,” Mother said, slipping her hand around Daddy’s waist and lifting him up out of the dollhouse, “she made you into an airhead.” Daddy squirmed and looked annoyed, but he let her pick him up like the toy he was. “If she gets mad at me, she could turn me into a doll.”

“But what—”

“Sweetie? Just be quiet and let me think. Can you do that for me, doll?”

Father slit his eyes, and it looked for a second like he was about to start an argument—he and mommy used to argue, like, all the time or whatever. But, I think he remembered he was a Bambi doll, and so he nodded. “Okay.”

Mother started to stroke Daddy’s long, blonde hair. “Wow. Your hair is so soft. You know, I had a Bambi just like you when I was a little girl. I had so much fun playing with her.” She turned Daddy upside down, and he squealed. “Oh, goodness,” she said, turning him right side up. “I didn’t know you were such a scaredy cat now.”

‘Scaredy cat? You just—’ Father started to scream, but then he saw the look in Mother’s eyes and plastered a big, pretty smile on his face. “Will you help me?”

“I know just how to get you out of here,” mother said, setting father back down for a moment. “I just wish you had an outfit more suitable for a spy.”

Daddy shimmered, and he was suddenly wearing Bambie Super Spy’s outfit—a strapless pink minidress with a fuzzy, fur collar and elbow length gloves. He had a sparkling choker around his slender neck and a matching bracelet flashed on his tiny wrist.



Daddy looked down at himself, then back up at Mother, looking like a scared little girl. “Omigod! She knows! She changed my outfit!”

“I think maybe it was just in response to my saying I wished it would happen,” Mother said. “Let’s see.” She tapped her finger on her chin. “I wish you were dressed like Rodeo Bambi.”

Daddy shimmered, and there he was dressed like Rodeo Bambi, a pair of tight little Daisy Dukes, cowgirl boots, a cute little kerchief tied around his neck.

“Omigod! I had that exact outfit for my Bambi. You look so sexy, babe. Oh! I could play with you for hours.”

“How are you doing this?” Daddy asked, his pretty mouth hanging open. He was tugging on the shorts, which looked like they were five sizes too small. He looked so dumb.

“I think it must be part of the spell—”

Back in the living room, Lucy punched me on the arm. “Let’s get this moving,” she said. “I’m getting bored.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, then I cupped my hands around my mouth. “Where are you, mother?” I

shouted. “I want to talk to you NOW!”

“We better hurry,” Mother said. She waved her hand at father.

“Superspy Bambi” and he was once again in his strapless dress. “Now, I have just the way to get you out of here,” she said, opening her purse, then reaching down and picking father up.

“Wait,” Daddy said. “You’re going to hide me in your purse?” He seemed extra humiliated by the thought.

“Don’t worry,” Mother

said. “I used to put my Snoodles in here and carry her around. There’s plenty of room.” She



gently lowered father into her purse, and he sat there, looking shell shocked at his latest humiliation.

“So I’m a Pomeranian now,” he said.

“More like a chihuahua,” Mother said, giggling, then tapping him on the head with one finger. “You look so adorable. I might just keep you like this.”

Father made his terrified face again—mouth hanging open, eyes going wide. “No,” he said. “Please, I—”

“Relax, babe,” Mother said, laughing. “Wow. I think Sam made you naïve. You’re like, the blondest blonde I’ve ever known.” She patted him on the head again, exactly like he was a little doggy. I guess you can see where I get it from, right? Then, she said, “Andrew. I want you to know that just because you’re a Bambi doll now, and you’re so tiny you can fit in my purse, I have just as much respect for you as a man as I ever did.”

“Really?” Daddy said, eyes sparkling.

“Oh, yes,” Mother said, and then she grinned like, the best/worst wicked witch grin ever, and she said, “I haven’t lost any respect for you, babe. Seriously.”

Back in the living room, I looked at Lucy. She looked at me. We both started laughing. “He has no idea she’s making fun of him right now. Omigod!”

“I’m an airhead!” Daddy chirped.

“Yes, you are,” Mother said, then she pushed him down deeper into her purse. “Now you need to get down so I can close the top of my bag. Just stay quiet. Don’t say a thing. You got that?”

Daddy nodded and crunched down inside the purse. Mother closed the flap and hiked the strap up higher on her shoulder. Then, she headed toward the door.

When she walked into the living room, I was licking butter off my fingers, having finished up my popcorn. Mother walked toward the door. “I better be going,” she said, with a wink.

“Wait. Where were you all this time?”

“Where was I?” Mother said. “Here and there.” She pulled the door open, letting it slam against the wall so father would hear it. “Well, I’ll see you later.”

I used my powers to make the door swing closed, slamming loudly. “You’re not going anywhere!” I yelled. “You’re up to something,” I said. “I can tell. How about you just start singing?”

The purse began to shake and tremble. I heard a soft groan. “Sing?” Mother said. “You want me to sing?”

“I want to hear singing,” I said. “I insist.”

There was a soft little squeak, and then the purse burst open, Daddy popping up, his arms raised in the air as he shook his shoulders and sang: “I’m a Bambi girl in a hot pink world!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, he got a horrified look on his face, put his hands to his cheeks. “Oh, no,” he said. “What have I done?” He looked up at mother and screamed, “run!”

“Mother can’t run,” I said, making my own mean face. “She’s been a bad girl, and now she needs to be punished. I’m going to turn her into—a goldfish.” I raised my hands and wiggle my fingers.

“Noooooo!” Father screamed. He closed his eyes and covered his ears. He waited. And waited. Mother, Lucy and I watched as he slowly opened one eye and started glancing around, then his other eye. “Whaaa?”

We all three burst out laughing. Poor Daddy doll. He really was an airhead. I grabbed him from the purse. “Bad girl!” I said. “You tried to escape.” I decided I wanted to see him as rollerblade Bambi. He shimmered and was now wearing her leotard and rollerblades.



I grabbed his long hair and yanked. He made those little mewling noises again, the ones he made when he was having a girly panic attack. “Eeeee. Eeeee. Eeeee!”

“I can’t believe you thought I would help you,” Mother said, shaking her head. “Why the hell would I help you after you’ve been such a prick to

me all these years?” She flicked him in the belly with her middle finger, and he grunted and

cried out in pain. “You’re going to be a Bambi doll for the rest of your life, you piece of shit,” she said. “I couldn’t be more proud of our daughter for how she—fixed—you.”

I put Daddy down. “Skate around,” I said, then turned to mother. “What’s for dinner?”

“Oh, let’s do pizza,” Mom said.

“Pizza!” I said, jumping up and down. “Can I order it?”

“Of course,” Mother said. “Don’t forget the anchovies.”

“Gross!” I ran to get my cellphone, which I’d left in the kitchen. Mother sat down on the couch and crossed her legs, watching Daddy who was skating around in circles, a big smile on his face. “I didn’t expect Sam to get her powers so young. I might have warned you, but probably not. You make a perfect girl.”

“I love being a girl!” Daddy chirped.

Mother laughed.

Bonus

