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The Unwanted Doll

By Alana Gerry

A man once made a rag doll.

But he was dissatisfied with the outcome

He wanted to throw the doll away,

But since it was his own creation, he couldn't bring himself to do that.

So instead, he put the doll in the cabinet behind the staircase

So no one would see her unappealing appearance

And the man wouldn't have to be confronted with his mistake.

Years went by and the man would often forget that the doll was in the cabinet.

Every now and then he would go and check up on her to make sure she was okay.

Everytime she would be right there

In the same exact spot

Patiently waiting for his return.

As the doll aged, she began to grow angry

She resented the man

her own creator

For his ill treatment of her

She hated how she felt like an embarrassment to him

It often led her to question her very own existence.

Frustrated with the man, she ran away

And left the cabinet behind the stairs forever.

Not long after she left,

The doll met a boy.

The boy was kind and welcoming and invited her to stay with him.

And so she did exactly that.

When the boy brought the doll into his home, and saw her clearly in the light

He quickly realized that he made a mistake

The light now illuminated the ugly flaws the doll had been created with.

The ugly flaws that the man had been trying to hide all these years

The ugly flaws that the dark could easily erase.

The boy pretended not to notice and let the doll spend the night.

However, the next morning

Before the doll could wake up,

The boy quickly grabbed her by the legs and threw her away

So he would never have to see her again.

The doll woke up confused, alone

And inside a trash can.

She was so distraught and couldn't imagine why such a thing would happen.

Why would the boy who so kindly let her in his world

Be so quick to take her out of it?

The doll then caught the attention of the garbage man.

He asked her why someone would put a doll in the trash.

She told him she had no idea why.

So the garbage man picked her up and took her home with him.

The garbage man was rough and cold hearted

But at least he let her stay.

As the months went by,

The garbage man began to do things to the doll that she didn't like

This made her feel sad and dirty on the inside

But still she stayed.

For she had nowhere else to go.

When she asked the garbage man to stop

He would throw his head back and laugh

He would laugh loud and long

Then look deep into the dolls eyes and say

“I do whatever I want with what’s mine”

So once again,

In the middle of the night the doll ran away.

She ran and ran and didn’t look back.

As she ran,

She began to cry.

She felt ashamed of herself

She felt angry at herself

She was the reason her life was miserable.

Had she not been made this way,

Had she been made anything else,

She would not be where she was now.

There was no way to fix her

There was no way to get rid of her problems without getting rid of herself.

She agreed with all the men,

If she had been faced with the burden of owning herself,
She too would throw her away.

She was nothing

She was worthless.

As she was running, she bumped into a man who was passing by.

He asked her if she knew where they were

And then proceeded to tell her that he was very lost.

She told the lost man that she had no clue where they were either

And that she was rather lost herself.

Together the doll and the lost man walked aimlessly

Trying to find a way home.

While they walked the doll told him everything.

She told him about the man,

About the boy,

And about the garbage man.

The lost man listened very closely to what the doll said.

He felt very sorry for her.

He wished that he could help her but he was too preoccupied with finding his way home

To know what to do.

So he just listened.

The lost man didn't talk very much, and he was very kind.

He had a sweet and gentle nature so the doll let her guard down

He was the nicest man she had ever met,

She could trust him completely.

The doll couldn't believe that he was real.

The pair walked around for what felt like months, yet they never seemed to get anywhere.

The lost man began to get worried if he would ever find his way home.

The doll could have cared less about that.

As long as she was with the lost man, she was home.

The lost man slowly began to realize that if he ever wanted to get home

He would have to do it alone

The doll wanted him to be lost with her

As long as they stayed together, he would always be lost.

As more time passed the lost man began to feel burdened by the doll's presence

He just wanted her to go away

but he didn't want to hurt her

He pitied the doll.

The lost man became extremely desperate.

He figured that there was only one way out of this.

He had to kill the doll.

As the lost man secretly hatched his murder plan,
The doll was growing more attached to him by the day.
She existed solely for the lost man, everything she ever did was for him
She lived, breathed, and if she had to,
Would die for the lost man.
She couldn't picture her life without him.

The lost man decided that he would poison the doll's dinner.
When the morning would come she would be dead,
And he would be free.
He had created the perfect plan!
Well, almost.

The plan had gone perfectly until the next morning.
As the lost man began to run away, he realized that the doll was still breathing.
She was barely alive
But not dead.

The lost man panicked for a moment,
But he then decided to leave anyway.
He needed to be alone
He needed to find his home.

He didn't want to be lost anymore.

The doll, on the brink of death, watched the lost man abandon her dying body.

She watched her lost man, the lost man who she had trusted with her entire soul,

Run away from her as if she had been his killer.

As she lay there dying,

Too weak to cry, all she could do was watch

Now not only was she dying physically, but emotionally as well.

The one thing that had given the doll's life meaning had killed her to get away from her.

As the life slowly drained from her body

She wondered why she had ever had to exist in the first place.

What a sad, sick, and silly little life she had lived.

A life almost as ugly and as flawed as her.

She gazed up into the sky and watched the world begin to grow black.

Then slowly fade away.

The life slipped out of her body

And all that remained was an imperfect corpse.

Her soul flew up into the sky

Searching for the peace that life could never seem to give her.