Six Lovely Dolls

Over the hills lies an empty house, abandoned by even God. The soil is bare, slowly eroding away and leaving the once hidden rock exposed. The birds don’t fly above the mansion and neither do the winged insects they feast upon. The trees have all died with their once beautiful branches drooping towards the ground, and the house with faded gray wood siding and cracked windowpanes, looks deader still.

But if one were to look inside or listen to the song that comes from the walls, they’d find that it isn’t as abandoned as they think.

For a magic that was sweeter than sin had latched its nightmarish claws into the last remaining occupants, the six lovely dolls. Their life was created from a magic that was born from a thought, a whim taken from the mind of a child, Liza.

The eldest is a cat: ashen grey with dark blue eyes, a monocle that rests over the right one and a top hat that sits comfortably on his head. His name is Millennium, and he was her favorite. The second is Asura: a doll with black and white hair. Then there are Alfred and Arthur, twin boys with glasses to obscure their brown button eyes. Kiku is the fifth: a blue furred dog. Lastly, there is Gerald, a mouse that was often found in the teeth of the family cat.

Liza loved them dearly, her special friends. Together they danced and played for months until she fell ill. A darkness overcame her then, and that darkness, a sorrowful madness seeped into her dolls.

“Mistress, oh Mistress, would you mind
If the world were to end and everyone died?”

A hole in the wall of the pantry provided an access to the innards of the walls. They
used this upon little Liza’s death to spread their blame back to her mother who left her to waste away.

“Would you be angry? Would you be sad?
Would you be vicious, or would you be glad?”

From inside these walls their song could be heard, if only by the one they longed to drive mad. From the walls, however, their outsides began to reflect what happened inside.

“Millennium, Millennium, what happened to you?
From where came black holes to eyes so blue?”

Despite still having his monocle, his eyes are scratched so bad that they have turned black.

“Dear Kiku, oh, Kiku, answer my call.
How, pray tell, did your fur get so dull?”

With time spent in the dust and darkness, his fur lost every ounce of shine.

“Arthur and Alfred, yours takes the cake.
Tell me what caused your glasses to break.”

A well placed fall caused the fissured cracks in the glasses. It makes no difference to the two; they never could see anyway.

“Little mouse, Gerald, friend to the cat,
Why do you stay where he once sat?”

When the humans were finally gone from the mansion, Gerald was the first doll to leave their sanctuary. Immediately, he looked for Liza’s cat, Sphinx, but of course the cat went with its family.

“Asura, Asura, hair black and white,
When did your innocence fade from the light?”

The last cracked after all of the others, crying out for their mistress even as the world abandoned them.

“Great fire, hot fire, let everything burn,
And a life of great sorrow to in we’ll turn.”

When the years passed by once again, the house grew worse. No one knew it existed,
so no one knew that years after the dolls were made, a storm caused their destruction.

A long jagged line of fire, hot evil lightning cracked into the north wall at the third story. The first room to be decimated was that room, Liza’s room. The flames followed the hallways where they ran, and then it crept downstairs, slowly consuming every happy and sorrowful memory.

By the time midnight struck, everything was gone except the barely moving husk of one doll, Millennium. He smiled his cat grin even though he could no longer see, even though his time was coming to a close.

“Mistress, oh Mistress, would you mind
If the world were to end, and we all died?”