Game of Doll

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FANTASÍA

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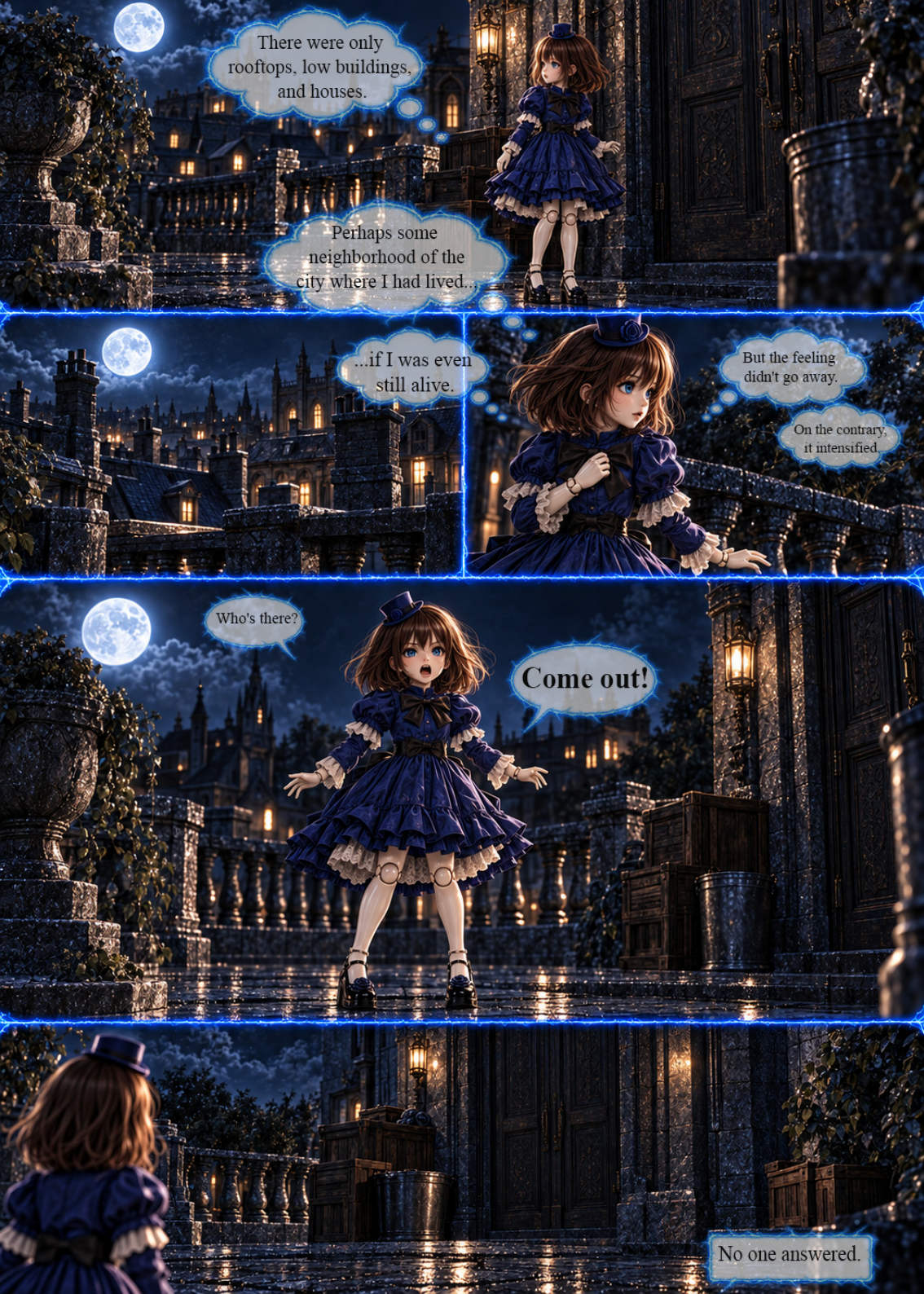
It contains no violence or very little violence, and features no inappropriate language or situations or dialogue of a sexual nature.


THE AWAKENING
I woke up peacefully...
I was lying down, relaxed.
I felt my legs stretched out and my hands at my sides.
My eyelids were closed, but I felt something hard and cold beneath my body.
I didn't need to overthink it...
It wasn't my bed.

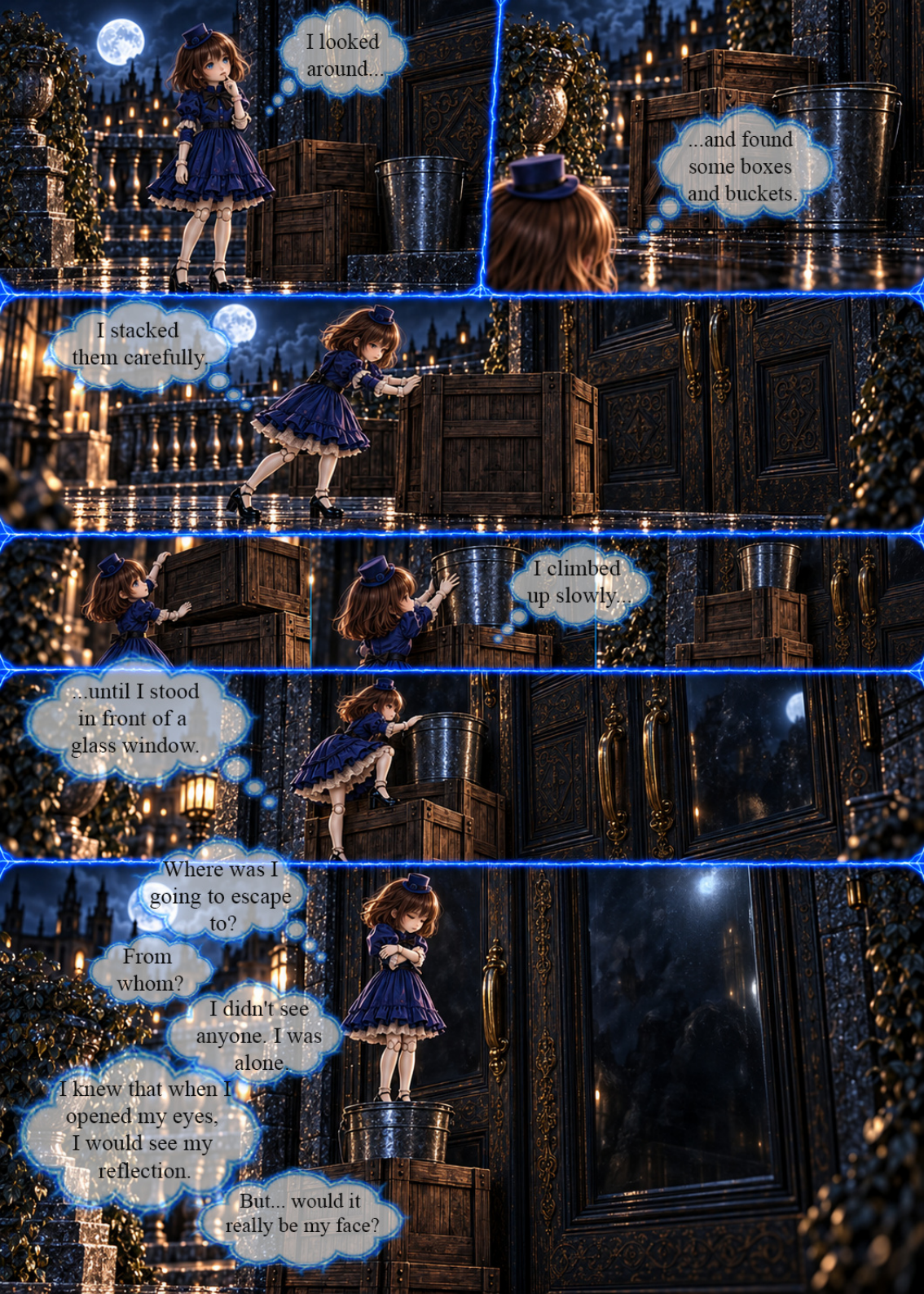

The first thing I saw was the night sky.
A cool breeze stroked my cheeks and my hair.
It was brown...
Though different. Shorter.
My hand...
Something didn't fit.
My skin was no longer soft like before.

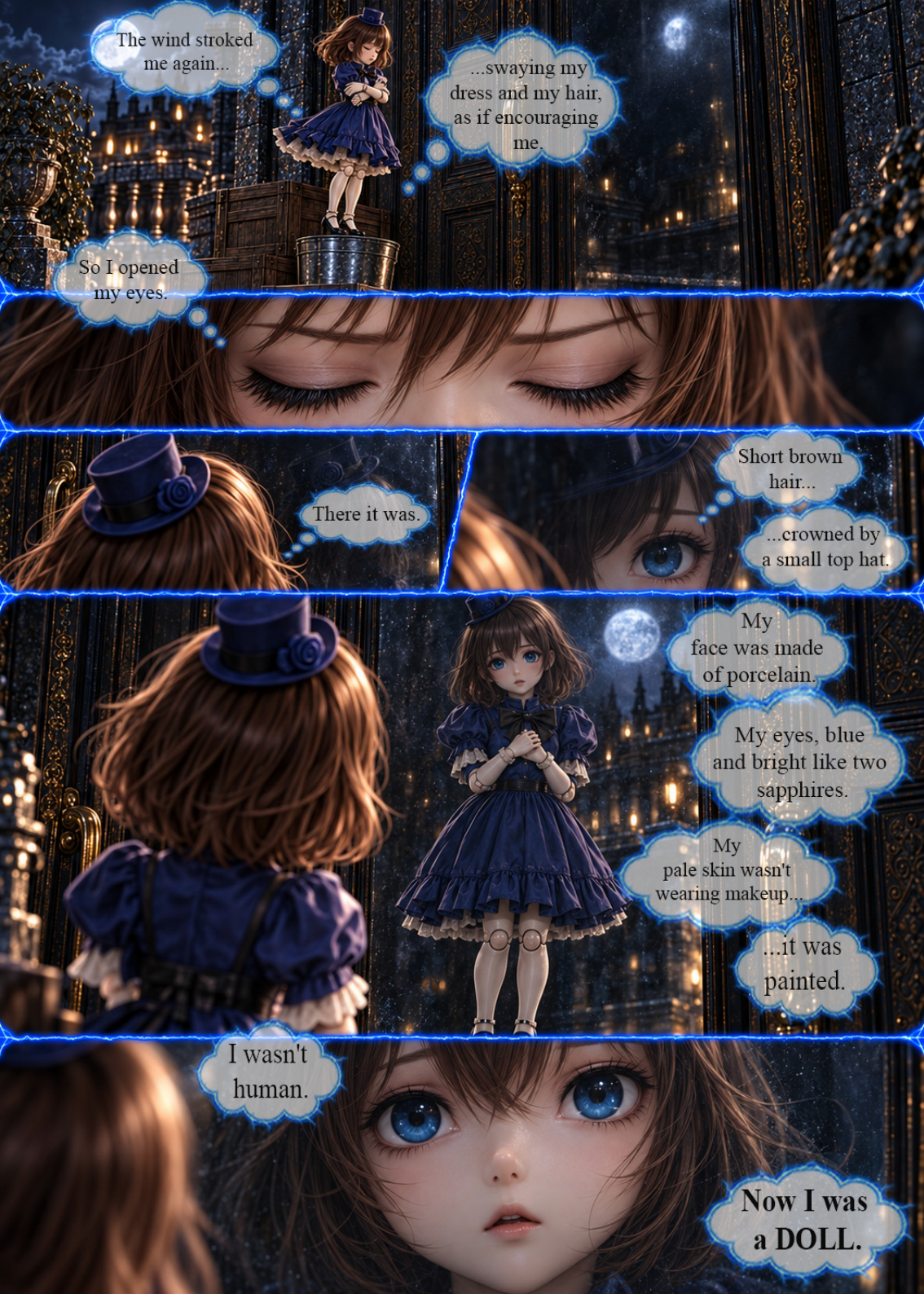

The feeling of my skin was strange.
It was smooth, cold, hard.
My body felt stiffer...
I wasn't made of flesh.
...but I also perceived something disturbing.
It was fragile.
It was... porcelain.
I sat up abruptly.


My body was covered by a blue dress, made of shiny silk.
I was wearing fine black shoes, delicate... almost too delicate.
Everything about me felt foreign...
...and yet, it was me.
Then I felt it.
A gaze.
Then another.
And another one.
I turned around immediately, startled.
There was no one there.


There were only rooftops, low buildings, and houses.
Perhaps some neighborhood of the city where I had lived...
...if I was even still alive.
But the feeling didn't go away.
On the contrary, it intensified.
Who's there?
Come out!
No one answered.


The certainty of being watched by something I couldn't see completely consumed me.
A warm breeze wrapped around me again...
...as if trying to reassure me.
Everything seemed bigger...
...or maybe I was smaller.
That was when I saw a door.
It surely led inside the building.
I ran towards it...
But I couldn't reach the handle.


I looked around...
...and found some boxes and buckets.
I stacked them carefully.
I climbed up slowly...
...until I stood in front of a glass window.
Where was I going to escape to?
From whom?
I didn't see anyone. I was alone.
I knew that when I opened my eyes, I would see my reflection.
But... would it really be my face?


The wind stroked me again...
...swaying my dress and my hair, as if encouraging me.
So I opened my eyes.
There it was.
Short brown hair...
...crowned by a small top hat.
My face was made of porcelain.
My eyes, blue and bright like two sapphires.
My pale skin wasn't wearing makeup...
...it was painted.
I wasn't human.
Now I was a DOLL.


Thousands of thoughts rushed into my mind.
Was it a parallel reality?
A dream?
Was I trapped in this body?
Had I died and reincarnated?
But then another question arose.
How had I died?
My mind went blank.
I tried to remember my name...
...and I couldn't.
I knew I had been human.
I even remembered my old face.
But my name was lost.


I looked at my dress and, almost by instinct...
...I thought it was yellow.
Nothing changed.
It was still blue.
I looked up at the moon...
...and I jumped without thinking, trying to fly.
For a moment...
I fell.
Gravity also ruled my porcelain body.
I wasn't in a lucid dream.


I slapped myself with my right hand...
¡CLAC!
e blow produced a dry sound... hollow.
I closed my eyes tightly...
...and opened them slowly.
The rooftop.
The night sky.
The moon...
...which seemed to smile at me, mockingly.
It wasn't a dream.
It was reality.


I tried to calm myself down.
I inhaled deeply...
...and exhaled slowly.
Then I felt it again.
One of those presences began to move.
I was certain it was approaching me.
I turned until I was facing that feeling.
There was no one there.
The other two gazes were still there, motionless.
But this third one... was advancing.
Who could it be?
What could it want?
I didn't know who I was.
I didn't know where I was.
I didn't know what rules governed this place.
But whoever it was...
...I would soon find out.