

AMANDA
The little doll
By Amashow

To Spencer

1

stick-up haircut

I woke up. Today was the day I was getting my hair cut. My Mom insisted on it because she doesn't like my choice of hairstyle. In fact, it isn't my "choice of hairstyle". I was born with it.

I hate getting my hair cut. It's the worst. Every

two weeks we try a new hairdresser or salon because the other one didn't work. It always doesn't work.

We took our car to the salon. This time, the hairdresser's name was Becky. Becky said, "This doesn't look like he needs to get a haircut, it's perfectly short as is,"

My mom told Becky to shut up and told her that it "isn't perfect the way it is."

SNIP! Went the scissors. Becky missed my hair. It tucked back down and then flung right up again. My hair always dodges the scissors at the correct time. Mom should've known.

I lost my temper. "My hair is sticking up, and that

is just fine! I think Becky is right." I yelled.

"Jason!" reprimanded my Mom. "You don't speak to your mother like that!"

"Well, then you are not my mother!" I told Mom.

"My real Mom doesn't care about being perfect. All you care about is being perfect!"

My Mom gave me a withering look. "Avery it is, then." I agreed.

From then on, I called my mother "Avery". (That is her real name.)

Signing out,
Jason

2

Diary

Hi. My name is
Amanda. This is where
I'm going to do all of my
sketches and my writing.
This book is my diary.
My brother gave it to me
for my birthday. His

name is Jason. He is 6 years old.

Yesterday it was my 4th birthday. But nobody sung or gave me a cake.

Here's why: I'm imperfect, okay?

On my first doctor's appointment checkup, I was 2 years old. Miss

Sue, the nurse, said I wasn't growing at all. I'd stay small for the rest of my life. Is that torture or what?

Well, here I am. Waiting for another baby sibling to come. Three was crowded enough.

Avery thinks that if she keeps trying for a baby then the baby will be perfect. Nobody is perfect!

Four people in the family. Wow. I can't believe it. There's Avery, Jason, Eve and I. Eve is the new baby.

3

Eve

Oh. Eve is here. Avery placed the newborn little baby on the table by my bed and Jason's.

If you're thinking,
"Why am I not excited?",
there are 2 reasons: 1)

because I obviously don't want to get replaced, and 2) because I have no emotions, okay? I don't cry when I'm sad or laugh or smile if I'm happy. That just doesn't work for me.

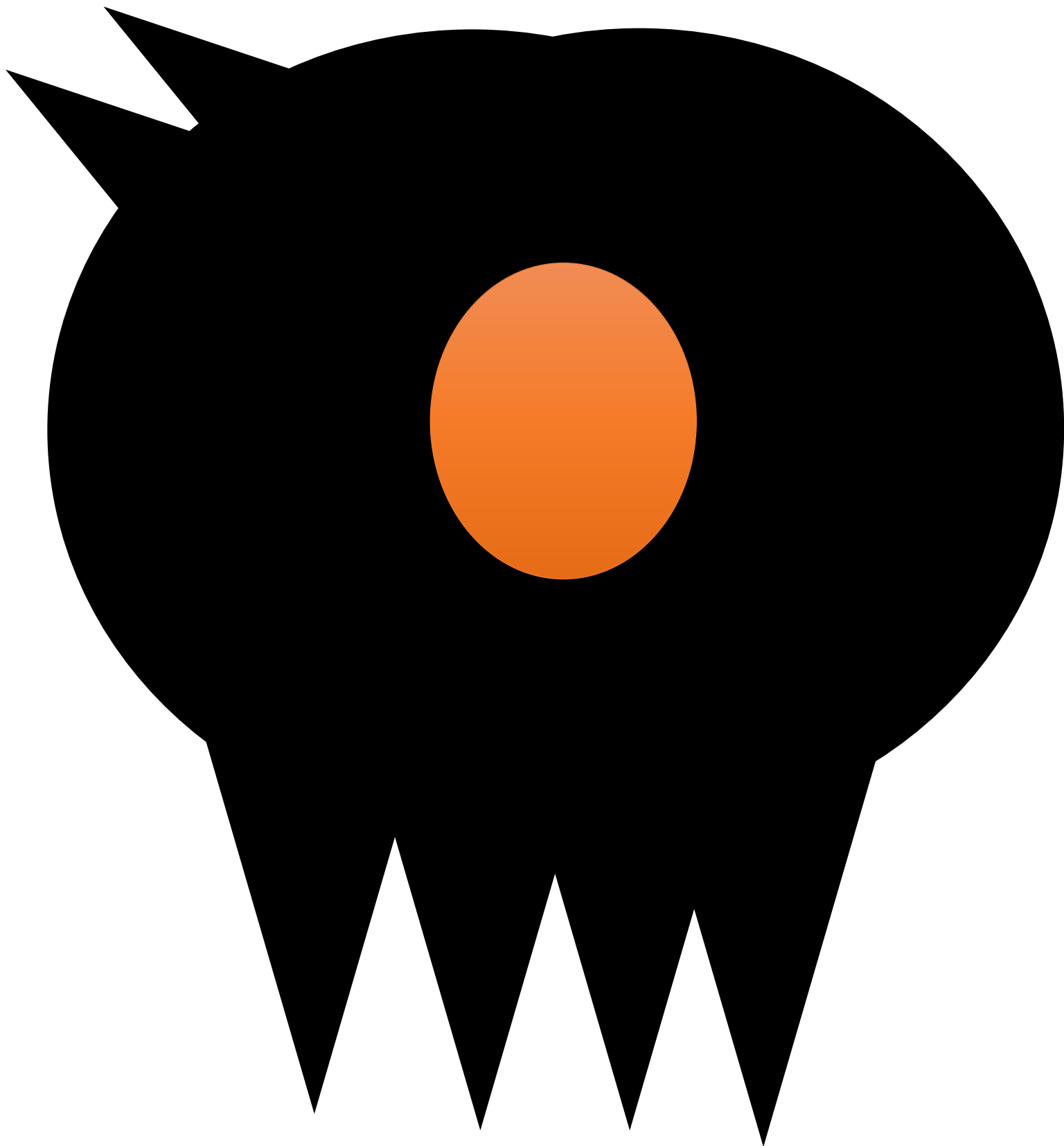
Oh, and Eve is SO cute!!!!

4

drawing

I leapt out of my bed.
Eve's crib! I was shocked.
I hadn't been shocked in
a long time. Eve's crib –
and Eve – was gone!

I paid no mind to it
and drew this:



I felt a bit better after
I started drawing.

“What am I drawing?”
you might ask.

Well, I am drawing a
red dot. It's evil. It sucks
the souls out of dolls and
leaves them to be still
and lifeless forever. This
one right here is SOME-

ONE, an evil version of Jason. SOMEONE is the main villain in the story. He only comes after Ama, the main girl doll in the story. If you're asking where I get the "Souls of dolls" story from, it's Jason. He told me all of it. That dolls

have souls and that there
can be evil silhouettes
with dots on them. Jason
told me it's real. But I
don't believe him.

5

creature

Right after I finished
drawing, I heard a voice
say, "Go to Eve's crib."

I went to Eve's crib.

"Look up,"

I looked up.

There was **SOMEONE** hovering right above the crib – no, it couldn't be him. He's a made up, fictional character!

“Open the door.”

I put my hand on the doorknob. I turned the handle –

6

friendspace

“SURPRISE!” yelled
Sofie, Jason, Eve and one
other boy. Sofie is my
friend who was all girly
and princessy last year
but then changed to
sporty and cool and

more like Jason on her
8th birthday party.

That's how she became
friends with Jason.

“Hi, Ama!” shouted the
boy. Ama? Oh, no... is
this even real? “I’m
Kallian! You’ll call me
Kal.”

“Okay... Kal.” I said in suspicion.

“Welcome to Friendspace, Ama!” said Sofie in excitement. She handed out the rules of Friendspace. I got a copy.

- 1) Have fun
- 2) Share + take turns
- 3) Be nice
- 4) No going back
inside, Ama!
- 5) Sally stays inside

7

someone

I had spent a month
having picnics and
sketching and playing

with my friends until something horrible happened.

One day, we were playing soccer when Jason fainted and fell to the ground.

“Jason!” Sofie exclaimed. She sat down next to Jason and kissed

his arm. Sofie held Jason and prayed, "I wish Jason could be alive and well,"

But Jason was not alive or well. He was possessed. And I know exactly who possessed him.

Jason's eyes gleamed red and merged into one eye. The eye grew bigger and bigger and his body grew darker and darker.

He had become a red dot! Jason looked exactly like my drawing. He lifted himself off of the ground. Jason was

hovering above Sofie. He had gone completely evil and there was no turning him back.

We all screamed. “Do you guys know what could possibly turn him back?” asked Kal.

“There is only one way,” I explained. I

turned to Kal. “We have to find a sewing machine.”

“What?!” shouted Eve. “But what good will that do?”

“It will sew his soul out of the dot and into a doll.” I explained. “I’ve

made enough drawings
to know.”

8

soul

We went to Sofie's house. We stole Sofie's Mom's sewing machine and Sofie tried sewing Jason's soul out. From the dot, Sofie picked up a small boy. "That's it," I

said. I ran inside my house and got a boy doll that looked exactly like Jason that he gave to me last week.

Sofie sewed the soul into the doll. It was a success. Jason came to life, but now he was a

doll. How would we ever
get him back to normal?

9

Ama

I woke up, startled. I was in my room.

I didn't remember going into my room from Friendspace. Was Friend-space a dream?

Was I having a
hallucination?

I walked around the
room. My sketchbook. I
picked it up. Yup. My
drawing was still there.

“Hey, Amanda.” Said a
girl’s voice, evilly.

I turned. A girl with
pale white skin, black

hair, black eyes, shorts, a no-sleeved shirt, and very long stockings came to me. She was about as tall as Kal and Kal was 3 years old. She was taller than me, though. Everybody is taller than me.

“I’m Ama,” she said, emotionlessly. “You’re

Amanda. Have you ever wondered why Jason got possessed by SOME-ONE?"

"No," I said.

"Simply because the red dot was whispering bad and horrible things into Jason's ear,"

"Like what?"

“You are worthless.
You’re a failure. You are
imperfect and that’s not
good or healthy.”

“Wh- what would
happen if SOMEONE
possessed me?”

“He can’t,” said Ama.

“Why not?”

“Because you are his creator,”

“Wasn’t I just in your place? Wasn’t I just Ama-a?” I questioned.

“Yes. And now the two parallel universes come to meet,” she said. “You are split in two. Ama and Amanda.”

“I’m your creator, too.
How can you be real?”

“Don’t worry about
me,” she replied. “I’m
just a hallucination. I
come from your head.”
She picked up my
sketchbook and asked,
“Are you ready to run
away from your horrible

mother to a new place?
Or are you gonna stay
with all the
miserableness you've got
going on?" she giggled
loudly.

"I'd rather run away
from home," I answered.

10

runaway day

Me and Ama got ready for the run-away moment. We closed the door and sneaked out of the

house and onto the streets.

“Ooh, there is a beautiful black house!” said Ama.

“You think black is beautiful?” I asked.

“What about that green one?” Ama considered.

We knocked on the
door of the green house
and a woman greeted us.
“Come in!” she said.

“I just tucked Spencer
in,” she said. “You’d be
sleeping in the guest
room, I suppose.”

I nodded.

The woman got us ready for bed. “Thirsty?” she asked Ama and me. Without waiting for a reply, she juggled a full bottle of – the label said “shrinking potion” – into our mouths.

We went to sleep.

11

Six

Then, that happened.
The most painful thing
I've ever experienced in
my entire life until
death. It was death. My
hair was a bloody mess.
My face was stitched

together and my soul
was in a completely
different body.

Jason was right. It
wasn't made up or
fictional at all. That
mother – she sewed me
into a doll.

But here's the thing –
I actually secretly loved

it. For one thing, I was actually taller than Eve as a doll. I finally fit in. And for another, I was loved. By that Spencer kid the mother was talking about. My studies show that dolls are more loved than humans.

I'm proud to be a doll
named Six.

So for the first time in
a year, I smiled.