

The Prisoner

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Urban Ink

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I remember the day I was taken away. Picked up from a crowded shelf and paid for with nothing but three cents. I was taken to a place that was foreign to me. There the little girl showcased me to her mother. She stroked my brown doll hair. She rubbed my satin red cape in between her dainty fingers. She patted my plasticky figure. Once I had been thoroughly examined, like a patient in a doctor's office the little girl, whose name I didn't know, took me upstairs.

I was facing up so I could only tell we were on the stairs by the pounding of her feet as they thudded up and up. My head jerked around and my body shook. The feeling is not something I can explain. It's like being a small green leaf in a river. It's calm and subtle but changes force and speed with the blink of an eye. The little green leaf tossed around in the white rapids. The water covers her and engulfs her in a whirlpool. She can't escape. This is what I feel. This is the emotion pulsing through my veins.

The little girl hops up the stairs and races to her room. As the door swings open, it unveils a room full of dolls of all shapes and sizes. Dolls with gold hair, dolls with pink hair. I see dolls with gold and emerald gowns and dolls with little ribbon bows in their hair. The thing I notice last is something I should have seen before. I was too enthralled with the beauty of these plastic and china dolls to see that they are stuck in little glass cases. There is one open glass case that awaits my presence. She unlatches the small bolt on the case and nearly shoves me inside. She smiles and leaves the room. And now I wait. I wait for nothing. I am a prisoner inside a small glass case that contains me.