

Autobiography of a doll

Tickle me in my sides and I don't laugh. Prick me with a needle and to drop of blood comes out. Abuse me but I don't feel insulted. Flatter me but I do not feel puffed up. Do not be taken aback! I am not the stuff which you are made of. I am made up of soft cotton rags. My tongue never moves in my mouth. My mouth is always sealed. Yet I am going to tell you my story. I hope you are all attentive. Now prepare yourself to hear my silent speech. We shall talk heart to heart.

Know you then my name is doll, in affection shortened to dolly. Three year sold Neena is a mother to me. You seem not to believe me. Nothing surprising. I knew you won't I won't detain you long to cudgel your brains. Listen my mother Mrs. Y designed me for her daughter Neena. What did you say? Wretched. No, ever since I have been with Neena she has bestowed an motherly affection on me. I too call her Mummy. She has secured many clothes for me. She has a beautiful not for me to sleep on. Every night she puts me to bed and sings me lullabies. Om winter, she covers me with a quilt. In summer, she pulls my cot under the fan to keep me cool. In monsoon, she puts a mosquito net over my cot lest I should catch malaria.

When my mummy does not get sleep, she wakes me up. She talks to me for hours together. Do You know what she talks and tells me that she would find a suitable husband for me and then I would be married. I stop her and say Mummy when are you going to be married?" She does not answer. She simply laughs away the question.

Again and again I put that question to her. When hard pressed, she looks at me with questioning eyes. I then, promise to find out a suitable husband for her. As a friend I request you do not n a favor. If you come across a sub panel beach, please let me know. But noises none of my headache. I must continue with my story.

Do you know I don't take bath? In fact, I don't need it. I am not the stuff which you are made of. You know it. I have already gold you this. What I need is a change in dress. My mummy does it. She always takes me with her wherever she goes to cinemas, dramas evening walks, friendly visits and picnics. Only nonce when she went to Luck now she did not take me with her. But she was very unhappy without me and I was sent from there to here by air mail I am very happy. I have got a separate house, special furniture, a motor car and cooking vessels for me. She keeps a constant vigil over my welfare. Nobody can touch me except she. Even her fastest friends are kept at an arm's length. She is my you become jealous of me, I shall stop here.