

True Love Tulip

Once upon a time in a galaxy, far, far away from here, there lived a plastic doll named Tulip. Tulip was a sweet child and she used to spend hours a day playing with plastic lambs and plastic dogs. She enjoyed feeding them and in her spare time she even took them on walks with her plastic daycare mother.

During those days it was custom for both plastic mommy and plastic daddy to have a career, and even though she often craved their attention, she was always in good care with the animals, who accepted her. Every day she would wait for her plastic parents to come home from plastic works and upon their return she would run to them and embrace them, smiling and laughing from ear to ear.

Over time her plastic parents succeeded in their respective careers and eventually the family bought their first plastic television. It was a magical thing, because in the television Tulip could see other plastic dolls like herself. Even though this was no substitute for her real plastic parents, she enjoyed the artificial presence of other plastic dolls during her day. She still enjoyed playing with the plastic animals, but her own kind seemed more interesting. The plastic dolls on the television were forever battling with plastic super villains and daily Tulip would watch in anticipation to see if the good plastic dolls would win. This made such an impression on Tulip that she memorized the week's television schedule, knowing exactly when her favorite dolls would show.

Over time Tulip was old enough to go to school. There she met other plastic dolls who also watched stories on television. Daily they would discuss what they had seen on plastic television and daily they would play and act out the stories and try out new words. Sometimes they were cowboy dolls, sometimes they were crooks. In their collective plastic hearts a polarity was formed. Plastic dolls fell into two categories. Good plastic or Bad plastic.

Needless to say, everybody wanted to be on the good side, but because none of their games seemed to work well with only one group this led to many arguments and eventual partitioning of the whole group of plastic dolls. These new arguments and new words took their tolls and the plastic dolls were hurt. Many catchy television insults from years and years of intense programming were exchanged and as a result the plastic dolls kept only with their most trusted plastic friends.

For years this was the norm and eventually the groups were rather small, and in Tulip's case it was only herself in the group. Although Tulip cared for all the friends, she realized that siding with one plastic friend, would insult another and vice versa. She opted for being insulted rather than doing further harm to the plastic groups.

Years went by and Tulip craved for sincere company. She lived life alone, and pondering life alone. What had gone wrong in the world? She remembered the days when she played with the plastic lambs and the plastic dogs, and how she had gone to plastic school. But she could never place where exactly things went so wrong. For the time being

she kept on watching plastic television, hoping maybe that one day the television would have an answer to her problems.

Then one day plastic Tulip discovered that the older boys had started taking an interest in her plastic breasts. Could it be that these breasts were the answer to her loneliness all along? She decided to do an experiment. She started wearing clothing that would show off her plastic breasts and much to her delight the older plastic boys started taking a definite interest in her.

One day a plastic boy walked over to her and said:
“Hi Tulip. I have nice teeth. We should make babies.”

Although Tulip was flattered for the sudden attention she received, this did not feel comfortable. But daily boys would return for her cleavage.

“Hi Tulip. I have nice teeth and I spell good. We should make babies”
“Hi Tulip. I have nice teeth, I spell good and I smell good. We should make babies.”
“Hi Tulip. I have nice teeth. I spell good, I smell good and I have a bicycle. We should make babies.”

What stories were these older boys watching on plastic television? One night she was lonely as usual and she decided to watch late night television. In the plastic television dolls took off their clothes and gave attention to each other. This fascinated her. Taking off your clothes could mean you don't feel lonely and you would get sincere attention.

No wonder everybody wanted to take off her clothes!

The next day a boy walked over to her again and said.

“Hi Tulip. I have a plastic cock and balls. We should make babies.” Tulip took off her clothes there and then and they made babies. At long last she would have attention again and this seemed so long over due. How lovely it felt to be intimate and honest again. To live without quarrel or polarities. To be in the group.

One day Tulip noticed a funny thing. Her belly seemed to be swelling up and her breasts seemed even bigger. This was brilliant, only it wasn't. What Tulip didn't realize was that plastic people groups, her new friend and even her plastic parents now rejected her even more. They hated her for accepting attention where they had abstained and started using their plastic television words and their plastic television quarrels against her.

How dared she watch late night television when they weren't allowed?
How dared she accept attention when they weren't allowed?
How dared she make babies when mothers were meant to work?
... the plastic whore.

The world around her had grown more polarized than ever, and she somehow never realized how bad it was.

She was now more alone than ever. But by now she had been alone for so long that it really didn't matter anymore. She had forgotten the television one-liners and the cunning shootouts over milk and oil. She no longer had the energy to retaliate with plastic words and plastic quarrels against all of them. She decided to just give up.

She decided to keep "the" plastic baby.

The plastic baby was born and it was ugly as hell. At first Tulip was not too fond of the baby as it caused her greater loneliness, but it cried sincerely without any occult reasons. It simply wanted simple things like plastic animals. Some times the plastic baby would smile for no reason other than simple bliss. Sometimes the baby would touch her for no other reason but to feel her. It was simply a sincere little ugly baby with sincere stinky nappies. The plastic baby did not want Tulip to be different. It just wanted her to be there as a friend in case something bad happens.

It did not understand about being good or bad plastic. It just appreciated being with Tulip. In a world of quarreling plastic dolls Tulip had found true love, or rather, it had found her.

Share with the world!
You may distribute but not change
Visit www.digitalbed.co.za