

Old Gary's Park of Wonders

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Soulford is a big city. Over a million locals make up the busy, chaotic landscape of this small metropolis. But outside the hustle and shoulder-to-shoulder throng of city life, there are miles upon miles of empty fields, run by old, self-reliant farmers. Somewhere between the downtown, the rural field and the suburbia lies a classic example of an American amusement park. It's old, both in its years and in its look, but it's still kicking, seeing dozens of guests every day, mostly families passing by on their road-trip and rascal teens looking for a place to hide from their homework. A lot of them are just random passerbys, intrigued by the time-capsule experience this park provides.

The owner of this establishment, a 66-year old balding man with a beer-belly, is simply known to the public as Old Gary. The park itself, true to its old-fashioned roots, has no identifying name of its own. The big sign on top of the open gates simply reads: Fun Park. If anyone is looking for it, they're looking for Old Gary's Fun Park.

The amusement park features what most people would expect from a conventional theme park. There's the Ferris wheel, the bumper carts, the various rides, and different game kiosks, usually with the arbitrary furry prize to the winner. But this particular park is more known for, is its beautifully crafted and jaw-droppingly realistic animatronic dolls. They are present throughout the park, an eye-catching pole of attraction. All the animatronics on Old Gary's Fun Park are female dolls, and pretty ones at that. After all, why have a doll that's not pleasing to the eye?

A joyful, old-timey accordion is blaring through the rusty, bullhorn speaker-phones, located in the entrance as well as around the park, making up the soundtrack of the park, a tongue-in-cheek background to the chatter, laughter and the overall buzz.

Two male high school sophomores reach the entrance, where the first couple of lively animatronics are always there to greet new guests:

Two young-looking, identical Asian girls, dressed in a festive, black-red-white outfit reminiscent of a circus girl presenter, a strapless corset/top with a frilly skirt and black thigh high stockings, plus the

necessary heels. A white collar adorns their neck, a cute, tiny top hat their head. Black velvet gloves above the elbows cover the dolls' arms, the only part of them that moves. The dolls' body types are the same, small, petite, slim, with cute, B-cup breasts and tight buttocks.

Both their arms are sculpted into a presenting gesture. While the dolls are otherwise completely stiff, their arms rotate through a rotatable joint on the dolls' shoulders, with a battery-operated little motor inside, so that they move mechanically up and down, up and down, presenting the entrance and all the promises behind it. The two dolls' pose is the mirror equivalent of each other, as each animatronic is placed on each side of the entrance. Both dolls are playful popping one foot of the ground behind them, for a more dynamic pose. If not for a sturdy base attached to their standing legs, they might have tipped over.

As a lot of newcomers do, one of the two guys gives the astonishing dolls a closer look. While their clothes are real, the dolls' bodies and faces look glossy, shining under the park bright lights. Visitors are not allowed to touch the animatronics, but the few punks that do feel a hard exterior, probably laminated wood. You can literally act out "knock, knock" jokes on these dolls.

The teenager, no older than 17, examines the dolls from up close. Their varnished faces are painted a perfect creamy white, their cheeks cartoonishly rosy. They both have long eyelashes, the same black, short-bangs-haircut and a huge, toothy welcoming smile. The boy spots a cute mole on the same exact spot, on the doll's right cheek. "Hmm" he ponders. "Don't they look slightly different to you?" he asks his friend, who doesn't share his enthusiasm for this pointless observation. Who cares dude, let's just go!" he motions his hand forward. "No, look, this one has a slightly different face shape than this one. Like it's rounder" the first boy says, puzzled. "It's probably a shitty factory job" his friend replies without much thought put into it.

The cheerful accordion music sharply gives way to silence, as we jump cut to the past, to a workshop-basement, full of rusty shelves and benches with all sorts of tools. An old man is bent over a large, long wooden workbench in the middle of the room. Two lifeless, naked bodies are lying on their backs there, beside each other. They belong, or rather belonged, to two 20-year-old, twin siblings. The two Chinese-American girls stare blankly into the boring ceiling of the basement. They have been dead for about an hour now, the warmth from their bodies mostly gone. A row of recently made stitches runs from their lower abdomen to their stomach, underneath the sternum. It's the main reason the dolls always seem to have their bellies covered, either with a dress, or a fancier corset.

Despite the autopsy-like appearance of these deceased, young souls, their faces look inexplicably pampered and groomed with plenty of makeup, rosy cheeks, mascara and a red, glossy lipstick. It's a weird contrast to the bare, unfiltered and crude nakedness of their bodies.

The old man, dressed in some worn, jean suspenders, is hunched over the face of one of the dead girls. With a delicate paint-brush, he creates a little black mole on the girl's right cheek. She doesn't seem to object, keeping perfectly still and silent. Despite her gaze meeting his face, her look is devoid of any meaning or purpose. Her equally serene sister already has an exact replica of that mole, only this one is natural. It might have been easier to just paint over that mole with milk-white makeup, but he liked it. He found it charming.

The twin sisters' hair share the same color and they're both perfectly straight, but their styling is different. This needs to change, too. The man grabs a pair of scissors and carefully begins to cut the girl's hair, right there on the wooden table, giving her previously down-to-the-chest hair a cute, short bangs look. He was always good with his hands; he even cut his deceased wife's hair sometimes, back when they were together.

The man recreates the same haircut on the other girl. They'd hate that, if they were alive. Ling and Xiao always strived to present themselves differently, with different styles, clothing, hair, etc. Ling was usually more girly and sexy in her looks, while Xiao was more of a rock-chick. In addition, Ling was always the more extroverted one, the one introducing her sis to new people at parties. They were grateful for each other and loved each other dearly, but they always sighed annoyed, whenever people confused who was who.

Now, they shared a haircut AND a mole. And there was more insult to be added to injury. Two identical, sexy but festive circus outfits, were waiting for them, each outfit prepared as one – corset, skirt, heels, gloves and all - hanging from a cloth rack, only a few feet away. If they could express themselves, they would scoff at the idea of having to wear the same outfit, but that was the plan. The old man takes out a pair of long, fake eyelashes, and gently glues them over the girls' real ones. He takes a step back, judging his work. He's too focused to be smiling during work, but seeing the end result, he feels satisfied, even though his face never expresses it.

The accordion soundtrack of the park returns. The boy is pondering his friend's point for a couple of seconds, his look fixated on the two animatronics. "Yeah...probably" he finally gives up on his curiosity and steps past the gates.

The park is not only old-school in each look, but also in each values. Who said the grown-ups visiting can't enjoy a nice cold one? Right next to the small beer stand, is an almost scantily clad doll in traditional Oktoberfest attire. A cute, shoulder-sleeved white dress with a green, floppy little skirt with

frilly ends. A brown leather corset, hugging the doll's slim waist just right and drawing focus on the doll's generous bosom. A matching leather choker necklace around its neck. White, thigh-high stockings and the seemingly mandatory feminine heels, complete the outfit of the doll, which has its fire-red hair caught into two long, braided pigtails along with the complementary freckled cheeks. Standing at 6'3" with the heels, the curvaceous doll looks almost Amazonian, as it greets customers with a big welcoming smile and a big pint of fake beer in its hand, the other hand sassily placed on her hip. The mechanism of the animatronic causes the doll to raise its arm up in a "giving a toast" gesture, then lowering the pint back to head level, then bending the same arm at the elbow for a "taking a sip" motion. The movement repeats indefinitely, or rather, until the battery runs out.

"Gosh, what wouldn't I give to have a woman like that, right Phil?" a fellow dad elbows his buddy, while their little monsters run around in a small radius from them, screaming and giggling. Both men have their elbows on the stand, waiting for the beers. The doll's robotic nature and shiny exterior didn't put a break on the man's joke. "I hear you! My wife wishes she had knockers like these, haha!" his pal comments, taking one more sideways look at the wooden eye-candy, possessing an eye-wide fixed look towards the park's pathway, taking sip after sip and making toast after toast, its smile never fading.

The sound of children laughing and playing stops abruptly. We're back in the basement. A voluptuous, big breasted woman is lying lifeless on the workbench, mouth half-agape, eyes cold and distant. Her long wavy, red hair are not styled into any pigtails or braids, they simply fall flimsily on either shoulder, never making it up the mountain tops of her DD breasts. The same line-pattern of stitches as previously, is evident on her belly. The girl, named Lara, had a Swiss nationality, but her Central-European look was more than enough for her to "pass" for what she was "needed". The beautiful, 26-year-old lass was visiting America with her boyfriend, but one morning she went off on her own to take some photographs. She always loved taking photos. She considered herself an amateur photographer, but she had aspirations to someday publish her own picture book. The road had brought her into this old amusement park, and she couldn't resist that nostalgic atmosphere the place exuded, to take some pics. She often uploaded her best ones onto her photography blog.

But no photos of the park were ever shared to the public. Her boyfriend filed a missing person report, but with no leads or clue of where she'd gone, Lara was never found.

The old man – still in the same suspenders – holds a sharpened hand axe, which he brings down with little care on the girl's right shoulder, cleanly separating her arm from her torso with a thuddy chop. The girl remains unresponsive to the fact. The blood she drifts from the giant wound is much less, now that it has time to coagulate. The old man's raises the axe once more, this time holding down the severed arm against the table, and chops it again on the elbow, with the casual air of a butcher preparing an order.

After wiping the bloody stumps with an –already dirty with different blood- rag, the old man takes a small wood trimmer and four pieces of 1-centimeter thin, 3x3-inch square, wooden plaques. The wood is unprocessed; it even has those beautiful wood lines on it. The old man takes each wooden plate and places them over each stump of the girl's arm, marking a circle on the wood with a pencil, around the stump. No one wants to see raw meat on a pretty animatronic doll! So these parts need to be covered. The measuring and trimming need to happen now, though, since checking the right size won't be possible later. The man plugs in the electric trimmer and gets to work shaping the square plaques into right ones that neatly match each stump's diameter. He then drills a inch-wide, round hole in the middle, (which will be useful later), then finally saws the plaques in half, so that they'll be put together in the end. He puts them on the side of the table. Lara doesn't seem interest in his handiwork, keeping her gaze up on the old wooden beams of the ceiling.

Now it's time to start building the inner workings of the doll. With a 3-millimeter, thick but 20 centimeter long drill, the man grabs Lara's white, still relatively soft, upper arm. He points the tip right next to the bone, against red meat, right were his axe cut seconds ago. He starts drilling, until the metal is lost all the inside the limb. He grabs it from the other side, and drills some more until the hole is through both sides. That's where the cable will be threaded through.

The old man then switches his attention to the woman's severed shoulder-stump. He puts the tip of the drill in a 45 degree angle with the stump and penetrates the dead flesh, until a hole is made on the girl's back, on her right shoulder-blade. Then, he takes out a small, but dangerously sharp, carving knife. He makes a small, rectangular dent in the stump. This will prove useful in seconds, when he'll need a place to store the battery.

With that out of the way, the handyman brings a couple of inch-wide, iron hinge-joints, to mechanically reconnect the parts he separated. Sure, there were actual biological joints there to begin with, but these would soon lose their mobility, so they were as good as useless.

Each joint is linked with a pair of tiny gears that act as a motor. Only thing missing for that motor to spring into life is some external energy. That comes from a small battery, which is placed in the crevice he created in the girl's right shoulder. Cables are then connected to the battery, one to the shoulder-motor next to it, the other fed through the hole on the arm, then connected to the elbow-joint's motor. Voila! A working robotic arm!

For the switch, a final cable is connected to the battery and passed through the hole leading out the girl's upper right back. The old-school on-and-off switch is placed over the hole, and screw-drilled there securely.

A couple of squeals of the electric hand-drill later, the upper arm is bolted back on Lara's shoulder and the forearm is attached to the upper arm once more. The man checks the rotation of the two hinges. He puts some more oil on them. Perfect! Only thing left to take care of is the visible chopped meat, where the iron joints meet. He takes the semicircle plaques he made earlier and places them over the stumps. With his trusty power drill, he drives a screw through both wood and meat, fusing the two together. He does this 7 more times, until everything looks nice and wholesome.

The old man wipes the slight sweat from his forehead. The work looks good. He moves to the shelf of props and brings down a prop of a pint full of beer. It looks great, like a frozen stiff beer, with the plastic golden shine inside and the foamy top. It just makes you want to order one! He brings in to the table and takes out a small tube of industrial strength glue, coating the inside of the girl's hand, her palm and her fingers. He makes sure all 4 fingers are glued together. Finally, he places the dead, naked woman's hand around the glass' holder, forming it into a nice grip. He molds the grip with both his hands, keeping them there for a few of seconds, for them to stick. He has more work to do elsewhere.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA" youthful screams echo from inside the "Ride of Doom" the park's horror cart-ride. Every self-respecting theme park should have a horror ride, and this one didn't fail to deliver. The small cart, at its maximum capacity of four people, just passed by a scary skeleton that jumped out of nowhere in front of the tracks! Mom and dad were on the backseat, while brother and sister called shotgun as soon as they saw the huge billboard, advertising the ride with the most ghoulish font possible. The kids loved the ride. They were scared, but the good, excited, fun kind of scared.

A few seconds later, the cart approaches a turn. Right on the side of the tracks stands an animatronic schoolgirl, dressed in the stereotypical outfit, with another huge smile. A white buttoned up shirt and a red-and-black plaid skirt. It shows off some shapely legs, which end in a pair of sneakers. Its bitch-blonde hair is caught into two girly pigtails by two red ribbons. The doll poses delicately, with one arm down but its hand extended outwards like a curtsy. The other hand is weirdly placed on the side of its head, as if the doll is grabbing a good tuft of its own hair. Of course, there's little time to process all this information in the couple of seconds the cart takes to approach the turn. Just enough for people to spot the girl's presence.

As soon as the cart reaches a few feet away from the schoolgirl, it pulls its own head off with a sudden move! To drive the scare home, an audio of a girl's scream is played through a speaker, just as the head comes off. The same smile from before now looks totally disturbing, on a dismembered head, hanging sideways by the doll's own hand. Only the side of its neck keeps it attached to the rest of the body, via a metal joint. "AAAAAAAAAA!" the kids, and even the adults, fall for the jump scare.

Before they have time to compose themselves, another scare awaits. Some hidden curtains slide open and a female vampire, with bloody fangs and a blood-thirsty expression "lunges" at the cart ready to

bite! The doll's body is almost parallel to the floor, its arms straight forward, as if the creature is reaching to grab its victims! The dark-haired vampire wears a Victorian-era red suit, which does show a bit of cleavage, besides the mandatory way-too-tall collar and cape. A big necklace full of fake rubies, ignores gravity, being glued around the doll's collar-bone and draws even more unwarranted attention to the vampire's breasts. She wears black leggings, which are barely visible as she comes halfway through the wall. The kids become one with the opposite side of the cart, letting out one more scream that goes bouncing around the narrow walls of the track. This scary ride is certainly no joke!

The echoes of screaming and laughing is cut by a loud chopping sound, as the cleaver is brought down on a –thankfully? - already expired girl's neck. It beheads her cleanly, match to the old man's silent satisfaction. Blood stains the wooden floor; its once light-brown color has gotten a reddish hue from all the repeated cleanups. No bother.

Violet, once an aspiring law student on her senior year of high-school, was now two separate pieces of a nude, lifeless body. Grown into a privileged suburban family, the pretty, very white girl never had any inhibitions of not trusting the nice old man who owned the fun park a few miles from home. He'd seen her jogging by the park on a number of cases, and had invited her for a private tour of the park's "backstage". She didn't return home after that tour.

The old man picks up the severed head. It's easier to fashion the pigtails without needing to maneuver the entire body with it. After finishing the hair, he places the head back on the table, facing up. The expression on the girl's face is the same as all the other ones before (and after) her. Vacant, blank, wide-eyed and a mouth-breathing expression. No actual breathing takes place, though.

That expression won't do for what he has in store for her. He needs a big, wholesome smile. After putting a generous amount of makeup, mascara and red lipstick, he takes out a sewing needle. He has found it works best for molding a face's expression. He threads the needle on the inside of the girl's lips, pulling them up and stitching them to her gums, the upper lip to the top side, the bottom likewise. He then takes the corners of her mouth, one by one, and stretches them wide into a big, happy smile. It's surprising how realistic the result is, when you know which muscles do the work. The man has out lots and lots of hours of practice to perfect this craft. He sews the inside of the girl's cheeks closer, to keep that smile from breaking. All this handiwork is done internally, so no pricks or threads are visible. The old man know holds up the girl's head, it smiles back at him. He nods and moves on to the next part, attaching a metal hinge-joint that'll connect the two pieces back together.

Right beside Violet on the table, another deceased young woman with black hair is patiently waiting her turn to be "processed". Her canines are not pointy yet, nor does she wear any clothing, despite the relative cold of the basement. She's not complaining though. She cannot.

“Alright, you three have done well” said the head of the Kappa-Lambda-Omega sorority, the biggest girls-only sorority of Soulford College. Charlotte was a skinny, tanned little bitch, with big, fake tits, fittingly matching her personality. The three pledges listened carefully in a military line. Carla, Darleen and Sophie, had become best friends from the very first day of their orientation. They really wanted the complete college experience, which definitely included joining a cool sorority. As any self-respecting sorority, there needed to be some hazing, tests the candidates needed to pass in order to be accepted. They had already completed the first two, staging a humiliating prank for a rival sorority, and convincing a teacher to fund the KΛΩ (through any means necessary, which usually meant seducing a male faculty member).

Carla was the most extroverted of the group, a relatively tall, Puerto-Rican girl as loud and airheaded as she was skinny, but with an ass tight like a drum and juicy like a ripe orange that all boys drooled over. She had really long, light-brown dyed hair, reaching past her perky B-cups, down to the small of her back, which featured a tramp-stamp tribal tattoo. She wore some, tight white shorts, which showed off that precious booty with their economy on fabric, and a knitted, beige-colored long-sleeved blouse.

Right next to her, Darleen awaited the leader’s words. A baby-faced, short black girl with her frizzy dark hair caught in a large bun. Her style matched her youthful look, very cute, girly, but also sexy. She could pull off sexy in that light, short, yellow dress she wore, but also thanks to her pair of perky D-cups and handful of hips that drove men wild. The chocolate-colored girl wanted nothing more than to be a part of this exclusive club, and morality had little to do with it. She might be the quiet one and possess the face of an angel, but Darleen had the mind of a demon. She was the one who’d come up with the idea for that prank. Spiking the juice-boxes of all AMΘ pledges with heavy laxatives was pretty mean, but Darleen didn’t bud an eye, seeing the desperate girls fleeing towards the bathroom. On the contrary, she was laughing her ass off.

Last but not least on the line, was Sophie, an uppity Caucasian with wavy dark hair intermixed with bright red highlights. She was wearing a red shirt, knotted into a sexy top, which resembled a cotton bra that left her flat belly exposed and plenty of cleavage. She paired that with some mouthwatering faux-leather dark pants, which hugged her curves like leggings. Sophie was the personification of the phrase “Daddy’s girl”. She’d never worked a day in her life, and she didn’t intend to start now, just because she’d gone to College. Dad’s money had gotten her in Soulford in the first place; they surely could get her out of there with a degree. If nothing else, she could use her “natural gifts” to get the necessary grades, meaning her neck-snapping C-cups. In addition to her alluring, hourglass-shaped sin of a body, she was a mean cocksucker. As far as her father knew, of course, she was an innocent, untouched little angel, who didn’t know what penises looked like.

As Charlotte went on with her speech, the rest of the sorority remained silent around their leader, all gathered in the living room of the sorority house. The whole ordeal would appear so ridiculously serious and self-important to a normal outsider.

"You're well on your way to becoming members of our proud sorority" Charlotte continued. "There's only one final obstacle in your way. As a member of Kappa-Lambda-Omega, you must be cool, you must be a boss bitch, and you must never give a fuck!" Charlotte broke down the sorority's sassy manifesto. "That is why your last assignment is to vandalize a public place of your choosing. And I don't mean just a boring graffiti. I want to see some property damage..." Charlotte added with a devilish smirk. "After that, you'll be official KΛΩ members. Is that clear, rookies?" she asked the three girls facing her. "Yes, Miss Charlotte" all three responded as one, following proper sorority protocol.

"It's 10 bucks a gram" the 21-year-old black girl responded to the teenager's whispered question. She came by this old theme park once in a while, even though she was a city girl through and through. But as likely as the sun rising tomorrow, so would teenagers be looking for soft drugs. The two high school kids nodded anxiously, sleeping a 20 in the girl's palm. She then discretely handed them a couple of tiny zip lock bags of marijuana.

The nervous boys left quickly, not wanting to risk being caught in this exchange. But by whom would that happen? Unless a cop had randomly chosen to patrol the park's pathways, they were pretty safe. Chantal parted her straightened, shoulder-length dark hair from her face, as she was leaning against the old-timey, wooden fence-rails that defined each plain, dirt-covered pathway. The whole rural appearance of the park gave it a very state-fair type of quality.

People passed her by, from both directions. "About 30 more minutes and then I'm out" she thought to herself. The sun had set already. Maybe one more score and then she'd bounce home. She had made a bit of cash, and growing up in a poor, inner-city household, "a bit of cash" was just fine. Her "ancient" little scooter, waiting for her on the parking lot, could wait just a little longer. She moved the sole of her sneaker away from the wooden bar she was leaning on. Time to check out a different spot.

Mister Gary moved slowly through his park. His favorite suspenders could go on another day before being thrown in the washer. There was a problem with the pinball machine, again. That damn thing always got stuck. As he made his way towards it, the man spotted a young, black girl, with a jean jacket and some black leggings and sneakers. She appeared suspicious, as if she was doing something illegal.

Mister Gary hated outlaws. In his opinion, the new generation's lack of respect for the law was what had driven this great country to the toilet. Too many godless punks, running around, wreaking havoc.

His instinct was correct. The young girl appeared to be selling narcotics to a couple, around their late 20s. The man shook his head, his nose flaring with anger. It was one thing to see these crooks out on the street, but to have one operating in his dear park?! That was unforgivable. The pinball machine would have to wait.

He made his way towards the girl, disguising his anger. "Hi" he greeted her with a warm, grandfather's smile. "Hello sir" the woman was taken aback, but replied courteously and returned the smile. "You enjoy the park?" he asked her. "I'm the owner". Chantal paused for a second. "Oh, really? You've done a great job, it's really fun" she nodded politely. "How about those animatronics? I make them from scratch, you know?" he kept fishing for compliments. "They are great..." Chantal's fake investment in this conversation was running out. "Come to my cabin, I'll show you the latest I've been working on!" Mister Gary proposed to the young woman. "Uhhh, thank you, I think I'll head home soon, sooo..." Chantal tried to disengage. This chat was taking a weird turn.

"...Unless you want me to call the police, instead" Gary changed his tune and his tone. "Selling drugs to minors is a big offense..." he let the woman know. Chantal froze in her tracks. She was busted. She eyed the old man with angry eyes. She really wanted to just make a run for it, but she was too scared. "Fine!" she replied, fuming.

They both walked towards the corner of the entire park, away from the lights and crowd-noise, through a slim pathway that otherwise ended nowhere. The wooden cabin looked small, essentially one big room. Chantal heart was pounding. She was alone with an old man in a cabin. She didn't need her street-smarts to know things looked really bad.

"What do you want? If you're expecting a blowjob or something, you best call the cops" Chantal stood her ground. "I'm not looking for your sexual services, young miss" the old man replied, with voice again soft and friendly like before. "So, what? You really plan to show me a new doll?" Chantal seemed genuinely confused. "Well, you won't get a chance to see it..." Gary mumbled whilst bending over a cupboard to get something. "What?" Chantal raised her eyebrow, but before she could even process the man's weird sentence, he had lifted a small rifle, pointing right at her. Without missing a beat, the old man fired a tranquilizer dart at her, catching her on the chest. As soon as the dart pierced through her skin, Chantal lost all strength beneath her legs, falling unconscious on the floor.

Mister Gary stepped over her, looking down at her limp form. He hated violence, and never wanted to actually engage with anyone in that way. He had only got violent once in his life, and it was something he deeply regretted and never wanted to repeat. These tranquilizer darts had really helped him in that

regard, saving him from a lot of fighting and struggling. Now, it was time for him to get to work. He would help the girl be of some use to the world.

The next day, the stand of the ring-tossing game had a mascot for the first time, an animatronic doll of black young woman, wearing a shiny, colorful outfit made out of PVC and rings. There was a magenta-colored bra/top, made out of seemingly intertwined rings, the rest of the short dress a bright yellow color, which perfectly matched the doll's straight hair. Her arms were decorated with thick, rings, all different colors, an obvious hint at the game. One hand laid confidently at the waist, the other at head level, with the index finger pointing up at the sky. Around that finger was the moving part of the animatronic, a single, thin ring swirling around endlessly. The doll had a huge, welcoming smile between her glossy, rosy cheeks, offering any passerby a chance at their luck.

"You like her? We just put her up this morning!" the female young worker behind the stand asked the little 8-year old boy, who was gazing at the doll with enthusiastic curiosity. He simply nodded, too shy for words. "Hehe, maybe we'll take her home, then" his mother joked with the girl, the kid already in position for the ring-tossing game.

"Why are we going out of town?" Carla asked from the backseat for the second time, already forgetting the answer she got earlier. She never took her fingers off her phone, constantly refreshing her social media. "I told you. I'm not risking dad finding out about this and cutting me off" Sophie replied, looking outside the passenger window. "All we have to do is find some remote enough place, smash shit up, and then we're in!" she added, excited.

"Don't forget the 'before and after' selfies, like Charlotte specified" Darleen corrected her bestie from the driver's seat. "We have to prove we did the smashing".

Sophie's car burst through the rather empty, suburban roads. Nothing but wheat fields spamming left and right, then more valleys further away. The sun had already set, which was preferable for the girls. Breaking shit up in broad day-light wouldn't be the best idea.

The car's lights were alone in these suburban, empty roads, passing by the random country-house every once in a while. "Can't do that....can't do that..." Sophie was ticking off any place they passed. The girls were getting bored. Carla was napping on the back seat.

After a few more turns, the girls spotted some bright, colorful lights in the distance. "What's that?" Darleen asked out loud, but her inquiry was answered a couple of seconds later, when the car moved closer. It was an amusement park, in the middle of fucking nowhere, oddly enough. Seeing from the departing cars and the people making their way out the front gate, it appeared to be closing for the day.

"That's it!" the black girl exclaimed. "That's the place!" Sophie nodded, as she drove the car towards the furthest corner of the parking space, outside the park. This was ideal. An undoubtedly public space, safely far away from any annoying whistle-blowers, with minimum to none security. It was a perfect target.

"...And here comes the pie!" the young woman said to her loving husband, placing the steaming tray on the table, which was now properly full, with baked goods, a big bowl of salad and the main course, a roasted chicken with some rosemary and sweet-potatoes, that'd make anyone drool. Paige was a natural talent in the kitchen, but Gary didn't marry her just for that.

She was a kind, caring and beautiful woman. She had angelic, blonde hair, their tips barely touching her petite shoulders, which glistened under the sunlight, especially during these hours, since baking all these goodies would cause a bit of sweat. She loved wearing comfy, elegant sundresses, that left her as much of her collarbones and shoulders as her husband allowed. Raised by his parents to be a man of customs, a patriot and a churchgoer, Gary often scolded her for wearing such "revealing" dresses, even though Paige was a modest, self-respecting woman of her times.

"Thank you, honey. It smells terrific!" Gary praised his gal with a big, sincere smile, already seated on his chair. He might sometimes be rough around the edges, but Gary was always grateful for his wife's cooking.

Raised by a father with a military background, Gary was a bit more prudish than most people, expecting his wife to dress respectfully and behave as such. Sure, they sometimes fought over these things and the boundaries that Gary enforced on her, but when it came down to it, Paige really loved him. They had met when she was just 19, and now at 24, she had come to know him inside and out. She liked his brut demeanor, his determined, unwavering confidence. She admired his craftiness and ingenuity. If something was broken, Gary would fix it. If something was missing, Gary would build it. Her husband also did not shy away from more stereotypically "female" practices, like sewing or cutting her hair, which he had gotten really good at. Gary was undoubtedly a hard-worker; he was of the opinion that anything a real man was a self-sufficient man.

But a real man could not be complete without a good woman by his side. And Gary was certain he'd found her. Paige was his soul-mate, his life-partner. He had no doubts about that. Gary wanted to

start trying for a baby, but he was finding some resistance from Paige, who wanted to wait a bit more.

The (currently) two-membered family dug in their delicious meal. Living in the suburbs was great, if only for the peace and tranquility it promised. It was one serene, autumn noon of 1978. The neighborhood the newlyweds were living in was equally idyllic. It all resembled a fairytale, at least in the young man's mind. The spacious house, the nice, lawn garden, the necessary back yard, for when the kids will be too old to be running around the house. To renovate his late pop's theme park was a risky endeavor, but after the first few uphill years, it was now not only back on track, but a very profitable investment. Things were shaping up, just like Gary wanted.

The three girls had to camp inside the car for a few more minutes, watching the last families and friend-groups depart with a content smile. This was a fun time for all of them. They watched as the lights to all the attractions and the stands were, one by one, flicked off, then finally the workers driving off to home.

"Alright, let's get a move on" Sophie opened the car's door, eager to finally do some damage. This was evident by the baseball bat she got from the backseat. She'd stolen it from an ex-boyfriend, and figured it'd be useful in their task. The girls moved stealthily towards the front entrance. They wore the same outfits they had this morning in the sorority, though Darleen had advised everyone to make a stop to switch to sneakers, instead of their tall platforms and heels.

The black girl was the unofficial brains of the group, thought that didn't mean much with the other two Einsteins on her side. While Sophie usually "made things happen" with daddy's cash, Carla was not useful for much, except maybe to talk trash a "rival" bitch. She was great at that.

The three girls passed through the gate, all three pairs of eyes momentarily stuck on the two wooden dolls on either side of the entrance. Their arms were now motionless, but still stuck on the same presenting gesture as always. Still balancing on one leg for eternity, in their cute circus outfits. "What are these Chinese bitches for?" Carla looked puzzled at the life-sized mannequins. "I think they are just to attract customers" Sophie responded, as they all moved forward. The girls didn't have time to waste on silly ornaments.

The park seemed rather spooky, with only the moonlight illuminating it. The previous warmth of this rather big patch of land was now replaced with an unnerving feeling. "I'm gonna open my phone's

flash-light” Darleen said. The ground was kind of uneven, a little rocky at times. She didn’t wanna chip a tooth on a rock and ruin her pretty smile. The group reached a game stand, following the main path. It was the classic “shoot-all-the-cans-off-the-counter” game, the plastic shotgun and the stacked cans, forming a triangle, all visible through the closed, metal-mesh storefront.

Right next to the stand, the three intruders spotted another doll, this time of a woman in some brown, over-the-knee combat boots and a matching camo bodysuit, accentuating her voluptuous curves. The sleek suit ended just below her breasts with straps, a green top underneath the suit half-covering the doll’s ample tits. A military-type belt was around her slim waist and a camo hat on her long, wavy, blonde hair. The doll was holding a replica of that plastic rifle, holding it upwards in a cool, gunslinger pose, her other hand sassily placed on her waist. She had a cool, smug, crooked smile on her face, which was as varnished and shiny as any part of her body that showed some skin.

“Hey, look, another one” Carla pointed to what her two friends had already seen. “She looks... real, doesn’t she?” Carla shoved her face right next to the doll’s really taking all the detailed work in. “Yes, honey, they are good dolls. Can we move on?” Darleen was not worried about getting caught, but was rather restless about the whole creepy vibe of this place. It didn’t look so scary with all the lights and people surrounding it.

“Wish I had this doll’s tits...” Carla laughed at her own joke. Her full set of breasts were impressive. Sophie also stole some curious glances from the hunter chick. “They do look cool” Sophie relented a compliment, always too proud to compliment anything or anyone. But she could not deny both this and the previous dolls at the entrance looked very realistic. “I like her hat” Carla said, grabbing the camouflage hat off the doll’s head and putting it on. “Thank you miss army lady” she giggled as she skipped away, her two friends following behind.

Verruca was never particularly into guns. In fact, she despised hunting and was always an avid animal lover. The 28-year old blondie had gone out of town for a marketing seminar, being an aspiring entrepreneur herself. Later than night she had gone out for drinks with a few people she met there, and they all ended up at the amusement park for a laugh. Verucca was always an open and innocent person, so it went without question, that in her inebriated state, she gave no second thought to joining the kind old man that owned the park for a shot of his finest whiskey, even if that meant leaving her new friends behind for a bit. After all, Verucca always liked meeting new people, even if it was just for a shot and a few words.

Her seminar buddies kept on drinking and partying, eventually leaving the park and forgetting about their new acquaintance. The next morning, when they all woke up hangover in their hostel-rooms, they assumed Verucca had just kept on without them, and was now probably in the same drowsy, head-aching state that they were. Little did they know that Verucca had been dead for a few hours.

The three friends continued their route, now reaching two more dolls, these placed on either side of the area with all the arcades and pinball machines. Matching the blast-from-the-past vibe of this place, both girls were dressed in 70s disco outfits. They appeared to be frozen in time, as they were dancing joyfully. One was a cute black girl with a big afro, wearing a black-and-white, glittery mini-dress, and another was a pretty, Caucasian blonde in a very colorful mini-dress, full of flowers and circles that – like her dance partner’s - screamed 70s fashion. Both dolls had knee-high, white boots on, and bandanas on their heads, that each perfectly matched their outfits.

“Disco giiiiirls!” Carla was getting all the more thrilled with these dolls. “Shhhhhh, be quiet, idiot!” Darleen hushed her, but the Latina slut was already on them like a schoolgirl getting a second Barbie doll for Christmas, right after the first. “Look, they have switches on the back!” Carla exclaimed, discovering something previously obscured by the dolls’ dresses, on the middle of their backs. She flicked the switch on the black doll, and it started dancing, moving both otherwise stone-still arms in unison. Her one arm was “raising the roof” while the other was right by her hips, but the way the both swayed back and forth, it was a really charming robot dance.

“Oh, they are animatronics” Sophie stated, increasingly intrigued. “Soooo cool!” Carla was impressed, though Darleen was starting to roll her eyes. Sure, these dolls were impressive, but she’d prefer if they got “the job” done sooner rather than later. “There’s gotta be a switch on this one, too” Carla moved over to the white disco girl and lo and behold, there it was. It started dancing with the same glitchy rhythm as her counterpart, moving her arms back and forth, in opposite swings. Both the doll’s hands had that dainty, outwards wrist-bent, which made it look even cuter and cheekier.

Trish and Rena loved dancing together. The lesbian girls were relatively late bloomers in discovering their sexuality. They were each other’s first gay crush. The couple of young Canadians (Trish was 25, Rena 23) were vacationing on the rural part of Mid-Western U.S. when they came across this charming amusement park, at the early hours of their road-trip. The park was of course, closed at this time, but the two young adventurers couldn’t resist sneaking in for a fun stroll. It was great, all the out-of-order animatronics looked great, and the park was a joy to walk through.

The two girls were very kind and apologetic, when they came upon the old owner of the place, but he was graceful enough to not scold them, instead inviting them for some tea at his nearby cabin. The couple is still together ever since. They are dancing together every night, for hours on end, albeit without as much physical contact as there once was.

“Here, snap a picture” Sophie flicked the switch on her back off, and stood right next to what was once Rena, now more known as “that white disco girl doll”. She put her arm around the mannequin and matched its warm smile, her other hand resting on the baseball bat that she used like a walking stick. They looked like best friends. Darleen’s phone flashed, taking the photo.

A moment later, Sophie held firmly on the bat with both hand, and took a big swing at the mannequin. The strike at the doll’s hips smashed its right leg right off from the pelvis, with a woody cracking sound. One-legged, the doll dropped face-first to the ground, without putting her swaying hand out to break the fall. “Jeeeee!” Darleen was taken by surprise, but her shocked expression was mixed with a smile of pure fun.

“Here-here-here!” Carla got the memo, giving the black disco girl a nice embrace and putting her cheek right against the doll’s, sticking out her stud-pierced tongue onto the doll’s shiny cheek. Trish remained happily unresponsive to this invasion of her personal space.

Darleen continued her photographer duties then Carla took the bat from Sophie, and smashed the black doll’s face to smithereens. What was once Trish’s face caved in crudely and graphically, the wooden cracks all over her varnished face. Her nose broke right off. The strike itself toppled the doll on its back with force, which also cracked its waist upon falling.

“Yeaaaaah!” Carla cheered and hopped with joy. Darleen took some evidence photos of the ensuing carnage. The girls took some more photos of the arcades and pinballs, before smashing them all to bits and pieces. Things were rolling now. Miss Charlotte would be really pleased.

She’s late, again. He had closed the park and arrived home at 8, and he’d been waiting for her ever since. “Coffee with the girls...” he repeats her words, scoffing and shaking his head. But it’s almost 10, now. He hates it when she stands him up. The sliding of the door breaks the silence; “Hi, honey, sorry I was late”... he hears her voice from the hall, as she’s hanging her coat. “You’re sorry?” Gary responds, trying in vain to contain his anger. “Yeah, what else do you want me to say?” she responds to him, indifferent, as if insulted by his question.

Gary cannot comprehend any of this nonsense. This is not the woman he fell in love with. It’s not the woman he married. Paige was always home in time. Relaxing on the living room with her hubby, watching golden-age movies from the 40s and 50s, was one of Gary’s favorite shared past-times with

his beloved Paige. The movie was now on its 3rd act. No dinner was ready either, a duty that Gary's wife was solely responsible for. No. Her behavior was strange. Something was definitely wrong.

With renewed energy and motivation, the girls reached a row of three stands, the hot-dog, candy and beer stands. Each one had a pretty animatronic damsel to advertise it. The hot-dog girl was a cute girl with bitch-blond hair, and a cute, red, blue and yellow striped, little dress, with the drawing of an appetizing hot-dog on her chest and the playful, if not utterly suggestive caption "I <3 wieners" underneath. The doll gracefully held a hot-dog prop in her one palm, which was usually being "offered" to any passerby for all eternity, but it was now immobile. She had a cheeky, permanent wink going on.

A few feet next to her, was the candy-girl, a pretty, darker skinned girl dressed in a white, ballet-like dress with a frilly skirt of light-blue, pink and white colors. The strapless top of her dress was full of mouthwatering cartoon depiction of candy, in all shapes and colors. The doll's long, straight hair had a vibrant, light blue color, adorned with a pink heart decoration. She held her skirt on both sides with an innocent, warm smile. Switching her on made her bent her knees into a modest curtsy, usually to the amazed looks of all youngsters.

Lastly, a pretty, redhead Oktoberfest girl was appropriately next to the beer stand. She had her beer ready at hand in her sexy white, brown and green outfit.

Carla wanted to see the doll's come to life. She had to do some "patting" but she found all the switches on the doll's bodies and turned them on. Logically, each switch was located near the doll's moving parts, the creator doing their best to tactfully keep them out of obvious sight.

"Haha, they look so stupid" Sophie chuckled at the abrupt theatrical ensemble of robots doing the same thing over and over again. The girls moved on, leaving the three animatronics "on" offering their services to no one with the same uncanny smile.

Carla, Sophie and Darleen continued their quest of wreaking havoc on the park's small patio, located at an intersection of multiple paths. There, amongst the broken benches and trashed flowerbeds, was a quiet (more so in her presence, since all of Old Gary's dolls were quiet) modestly dressed animatronic doll, especially compared to some of the others. The doll was for lack of a better word, a Prairie woman, a traditional woman of the old, rural way of life. She had a long, cream-white dress down to her ankles, featuring an apron around her waist and a lovely ribbon right above her covered chest. The

mannequin appeared no older than 19, with a skinny, petite body and had her light-brown hair mostly hidden by a cute bonnet.

Contrary to its current state, the doll's body was much less still about a year ago. Namely, it was moving a lot around the area of her hips, usually in crowded nightclubs. Julia was certainly not a fan of tradition, as much as her uptight parents wanted her to be. She would run off from home, dressed in the sluttiest outfit she could put together, and return home at dawn, always hammered. She was well past the rebellious teen stage, and her parents wear equal parts worried and angry at her. It was the summer after graduation, meaning before college, and Julia was preparing ritualistically for the non-stop party. Almost every night was a night-out, starting with the same people, but rarely finishing with the same. Lots of drinks, even more make outs, and some one-night stands. If she wasn't puking from too much booze, Julia would most likely suck your dick, if you played your cards right.

One of these partying nights, Julia got into a random car and ended up at this old theme park, making out with a cute guy on one of the benches at the park's patio. After she finished him off with her hot, pink lips, he went off to join his friends, while she stayed on the bench, texting some of hers. She never saw the shadow approach her, never mind the rifle it was carrying. The dart cut through the wind and hit her right on the side of the neck.

Mister Gary always despised the rowdy, hypersexual youth of today. That went double for females, who had place running around in bars and whatnot, with their privates in public display.

The doll had an old-school broom in both hands, and would mime sweeping the floor with a peaceful smile, whenever she was "turned on". The girls were not very appreciative of her being there. Sophie took a hold of the baseball bat and with little pause, smashed the doll's pretty head with the baseball bat. The swing was so powerful, the head came clean off the doll's neck! "Wooooo" Sophie watched it bounced a couple of days then roll on the wooden floor.

"Take that you farmer bitch, haha" Darleen even got in on the action, getting her urges out on the defenseless doll. They pushed the headless body on the floor and gave it plenty of kicks and stomps, making cracks and dents on the doll's breasts and sides, a true mangling of this human replica. The doll's legs were broken to pieces, one at the knee and the other at the ankle.

The three sorority chicks were now enjoying themselves. They were on a roll of sheer mayhem. Some more classic Fun Park stands were on their way, like the ring-tossing game, where the girls passed by a cheeky black doll with bright blonde hair and a big smile. Then there was the rodeo-bull game. Almost mandatory in the Midwest. After all what could be more American than trying your luck at being a rodeo master? And what better spokesperson for that than a smoking hot cowgirl?

A single strand of hair poked from the side of her red lips which formed a sly smile. A plaid shirt was tied under her chest to reveal her flat belly. Her legs, clad in some tight jean shorts, were seductively crossed as she was comfortably laid back on a large square of hay.

The girls then moved on to the spinning airplane ride and the train rollercoaster, with each sporting their own animatronic spokesperson. The ride of swirling planes had a beautiful, blonde pilot-girl as an attraction. She wore a dark blue short, dress, with golden details and a matching scarf and cap. Elegant stockings hugged her legs. With –some would speculate - plenty of fabric missing from her clothing, she looked more like a sexy air-hostess than an actual pilot. The kids would know no difference, though. She was greeting any new “passengers” with her hand on her pilot’s cap, ready to be tipped off and on ad nauseam.

As for the curvy Latina that was “working” the train, she wore some sexy, blue suspender shorts, black knee-high combat boots and a red scarf to pair with the obligatory blue conductor’s cap on her curly dark hair. She had permanently acquired an “all-aboard” gesture.

The girls marveled at the girl’s realistic features once more. “Why do you think they are so shiny?” Carla asked Darleen. She usually had the answers to her questions.” It’s the varnish, they use it to keep the wood from rotting” she replied, while snapping “before” photos. “Ooooh” Carla nodded. You could see the information entering the Latina’s brain. She was never the smartest in any group. “I really like their skimpy outfits” Sophie commented. “What kind of pilot dresses like that?” she chuckled taking the first swing on the small plane with a loud crack. “You’re one to talk...” Darleen shot her a look of irony. “If I recall, nurses also don’t have their tits and asses out on display, too...” she said with a clear connotation to Sophie, who was now wrecking the second airplane/seat. “That was Halloween! It’s different” the girl defended herself with a smirk, while moving menacingly towards the pilot doll, which looked past Sophie, keeping the same, million-dollar smile, even seconds from her impending doom.

22 year old Tina was never a big fan of planes. She was scared of heights. But she had no problem making the long road-trip from LA to New York. She loved hitting the open highways in her little van, which she had converted into a cute house-on-wheels. The young hippie was never a fan of permanent residence, being always on the move, towards a new adventure, meeting new people and seeing new places. Her long, blonde, braided hair that ended in dreadlocks and her loosely fitting clothing was a trademark look, along with her big, round sunglasses.

Tina thought luck was on her side, when she spotted the amusement park, after her van run out of gas in the middle of nowhere. The old man who owned the park, was kind enough to offer her some free gas from his truck, and invited her over his cabin. "What a decent human being, helping someone in need. Wish more people were like him" Tina thought, while sitting around the man's table, sipping a cup of coffee. That was always her attitude towards the world. She was very much a love-and-peace kind of gal. Her thoughts were interrupted by a flying dart sticking on her shoulder-blade and she face-planted onto the wooden table. Truth was Mister Gary always despised hippies. The way he saw it, they were lazy, leftist scum, and a threat to the American dream he so deeply cherished. Not that he felt bad for any other woman he was "altering". Circumstances played a big role in his options, since the girls needed to be alone and with no one really knowing they were at Gary's park.

But in any case, he certainly didn't care for the blonde hippy. Her disgusting Rasta hair was changed into a wholesome, respecting, western style. Her unwashed mug also needed some makeup.

He had gathered more than enough evidence. All the late returns from her nights-out with the girls. Nights that apparently required a great deal of perfume and perfect makeup. The phone ringing in weird hours, her rushing to pick it up before he had a chance. "It's my friend, Judy" she'd say, even before picking it up. Gary had met Judy, but Paige always seemed so secretive about talking to her friend. She was always lively when talking to her girlfriends. Whenever "Judy" called at home, she was very bashful and quiet, always whispering. She was hiding something from him.

The next time she was out, he followed her. The park was going splendidly well, to the point both of them could afford their own car. He kept a safe distance, careful not to be spotted. Paige's car followed the usual route towards the city. She usually met her friends at a café, 10 minutes from home.

The woman's car passes by the café. Gary keeps track of the red vehicle. The blinker turns on. The car makes a right turn off to a smaller road, seconds later. Gary follows, slowing down. There are a few houses on either side of the road, but there are more sparsely located than Gary's neighborhood. After a few more minutes, he sees Paige's red car stop on the side of the road. He immediately puts the breaks on his car, stopping about 100 yards away.

He watches, hunched behind the wheel. Paige gets out and looks at one particular house; she stops for a second to fluff her hair up with her hands, then walks towards the front door. Things are not looking good. A man opens the door to greet the seductively dressed woman. He appears to be expecting her. As soon as both are inside and the door closes, Gary gets out of the car and approaches.

After searching for a viewpoint, he finds it. The blinds are half-open on the living room and a row of bushes offers some stealth. Gary's worst fears are realized right in front of his eyes. His wife and this

stranger are already kissing passionately, the drinks in their hands only a formality. Gary feels broken by the weight of this betrayal. The indecent couple has moved over to the couch. They usually kept a semblance of a date going on, but now they both just want to tear at each other's' clothes. And that they do. Gary cannot bear the sight of his wife having sex with another man. Overwhelmed with a mixture of anger and sorrow, he leaves. He needs a drink, or five of them.

The three sorority amigos moved on their destructive tour of the "Park of Wonders" passing by the charming merry-go-round and the bumper carts, each one with an alluring animatronic doll to welcome its guests:

The carousel, full of galloping pony-unicorns had a fittingly magical unicorn-princess as a hostess, dressed in an all-pink dress, with a headband with some cute pony ears on her waist-long, pink hair and single horn poking through them. She was posing with her balled fists bent at the wrists and a raised knee, imitating a prancing unicorn.

The bumper-carts featured a cool brunette with a mischievous smirk, posing as a pit-stop girl in a black-and-red racing bodysuit with some chess-pattern details on her belt and sleeves. She was standing with one hand on her hip and the other holding a finish-line flag.

It went without saying that more carnage and property damage ensued. These particular dolls were simply lucky to escape the random terror of the sorority sisters.

After a bit of more leisurely walking through the silent paths of the park, the college-girl gang reached the biggest attraction of the theme park, at least in size. It was of course, the sparkling, awe-inspiring Ferris wheel. Well, it wasn't sparkling right now, since all the lights were off, but it still looked beautiful under the moonlight. At the end of the line created by a few metal rails was a gal as U S of A as they came. Long, bright blonde hair, a winning smile on her red-painted lips. She wore an outfit reminiscing of American's favorite Uncle Sam. It was a stripped, red-and-white dress, short enough to please every "dad" at the park, with a tiny blue vest with stars for buttons and a cute bowtie around her neck. The pretty lass had netted stockings showing off her pretty legs and calf-thigh, heeled white boots on her feet.

Once the girls flicked the switch on the girl's back, she started moving her forearm up and down at the elbow, waiving the small Star - Spangled Banner in her hand. "Ugh... can't stand her face" Darleen commented at the very Caucasian, very "apple-pie and 4th of July" vibe "Aunt Sam" was putting out. "Gimme that bat" she said to Carla. That white bitch was gonna pay for every bit of transgression the black girl had faced in her life. Not that Darleen had been raised in the Ghetto per se; she had lived a

pretty privileged life with some minor incidents of racism. But still. The doll looked at Darleen with the same bright smile she saved for everyone, blissfully unaware of her impending doom.

If Lena was conscious, and well...alive, she could at least try to discourage the black girl from wrecking her rigid body to pieces. The irony was palpable in the choice of the 25-year-old's permanent appearance, since "Aunt Sam" was actually a Cockney brawd from London. She was vacationing in the States with her sister, and as much as she was thrilled to live the "authentic" American experience, she was also particularly intolerant of anything that didn't fit with her English way of life. She criticized their oily, fatty foods, making jokes about how fat and rolled her eyes at whoever didn't know basic European geography, mocking the illiterate dumb Americans behind their backs.

This rude behavior didn't stop at Gary's Park either, which the two sisters had stop for a quick visit. They were chatting on the food stand, eating some corndogs. "God these things must be so bad for you! No wonder they are all obese here" Lena had no worries about gathering a hateful stare of two. "Jez Lena, calm down, you'll get as lynched!" her sis Maggie whispered shifting her eyes around. But Gary overheard the blonde disrespectful foreigner. She might have been a looker, but Gary never appreciated any stranger coming into his country and telling him how to run things.

When Maggie went to use the bathroom, Gary found the opportunity to chat the gorgeous, annoying Brit up. She was nice and courteous now, but Gary had made up his mind about her. Soon, the conversation shifted around the pretty hot-dog animatronic a few feet from them. Lena loved these lifelike robots! With the promise of a behind-the-scenes look at how they were made, he escorted her to his cabin. Maggie never saw her sis again after that bathroom break.

Lena might have been an 8 and above on any guy's radar, but what was left now of the red-coat girl was not pleasant to the eye, anymore. Darleen didn't hold back whatsoever. The girl's bat-swings had caved the animatronics' boobs in, outlined very visibly by her foxy dress. The doll's face was deformed horribly. Knees were crudely bent the opposite way, arms broken, belly heavily dented. In the end all that was left was a torso and head. The doll's festive smile on her limbless body now looked like something straight out of a horror movie. "You go girl, fight the power!" Carla cheered during her friend's obvious vend off.

Despite the destruction on the doll's body, not one departing college girl noticed the decaying bones and the dark, rotten muscle tissue, underneath the surface of all the cracks.

It's 2 at night. She didn't even have the decency to return at a "normal" hour. To keep up the act. To pretend. Gary had plenty of drinks, ever since he left that house. That dreaded house. He stays stiff as a brick, sitting at the dining table, with one more glass of whiskey in hand. Ideas of what he wanted to say to her have been bombarding his brain for quite a while now, but he still hasn't settled on anything and has given up trying hours ago.

Finally, the door opens. Paige walks in. She's drunk herself, but tries to maintain a façade of sobriety. "Hey, how come you're not asleep?" she asks, with equal parts curiosity and make-belief worry.

"I couldn't" he says, the anger he tried suppressing all this time bubbling up the surface, as soon as he sees that bitch's face. "Uhhmm...ok...is everything alright?" Paige furrows her brows. Gary does not seem calm in the slightest. "No it's not...ever since you started FUCKING OTHER MEN!!!" his sentence reaches a crescendo of emotion.

"W...what?" the beautiful blonde woman widens her eyes, before quickly reverting into an offended expression. "What are you talking about? I just took longer to..."

"I SAW YOU FUCKING HIM!..." Gary cuts her off. He gets up, his nerves building up. "I FOLLOWED YOU TO HIS PLACE. I SAW EVERYTHING!" his expression was one of angry, righteous conviction.

Then, he went eerily quiet, his sheer anger choking his words. "...You... destroyed everything..." he says under his breath, getting off his chair. Paige now sees the much larger man approaching her aggressively. "I...I can explain...it's...it's not what you think!" the girl's voice starts cracking from nervousness. She has a frightened look on her face, taken by surprise both by her husband's revelation as well as his threatening advances.

Before the petite woman can make more than one backwards step towards the exit, Gary has grabbed her by the collar of her dress and pulls her. She falls down on the hallway floor, her dress torn where his grip was.

Paige is stunned by the sudden violence. Gary might have been rough around the edges sometimes, but he was always a peaceful man, never raising a single hand to her. "I'm sorry, honey, I...i...." her sweet voice can't come up with anything to appease him.

It's unknown whether her husband is even listening. Gary is seeing nothing but red. He's so hurt, so betrayed. He put all his trust, all his hopes and dreams on her, and that slut threw all of them in the trash! In one quick motion, he climbs on top of her, straddling her stomach and wraps her slender neck with both hands. Paige's worried look turns into one of pure terror, as she desperately flails to get him off. At half his weight, there's no way she can overpower him. She looks up into the man's eyes. She does not recognize them. They are filled with rage, with frenzy. They are not Gary's, but a wild, blood-thirsty animal.

Gary has pinned her head down on the floor, and is squeezing her neck with all his might. "Gaaaaaak.....hhhhhh...." the woman can only produce labored, hissing death-rattles, her crashed windpipe unable to form any words. Not "help" not "please" not anything. As much as she bucks and kicks, she can't throw him off her. She can't uncoil his hands from her neck; she reaches as far as they go to try and claw at her husband's face, getting a couple of good scratches in. In response, the man bangs her head on the floors, still strangling her. Then bangs it again, then again!

The woman loses quite a lot of her energy after being head-slammed into the hard floors numerous times. She flails some more, more desperately but also weaker than before. Her face is red like a strawberry, her eyes completely bloodshot. She can't even keep her arms raised. She has no air left to gurgle any last words. A few more seconds and final twitches of her heeled feet later, she falls limp, eye-wide, with her tongue left poking out of her painted, red lips. A purple ring of bruises is visible around her beautiful neck. She's dead.

A panting Gary slowly gets off the limp woman and moves to the kitchen to get a glass of water, leaving his strangled wife on the floor. He is speechless, in utter shock and disbelief. The sound of the water running from the tap is the only thing heard in the house.

Along one of the main paths of the park, our three intrepid antiheros run into a trio of animatronic dolls, lined up in a row. They comprised a group of charming, dancing Can-Can girls, all wearing the same black-and-red, traditional dress, with the long frilly ends that each doll was holding up with both hands, and with the left leg on each doll propped up, currently bending at the knee. Unlike the ones at the entrance, these didn't look identical.

"It's so strange, that all these dolls look different. Not just their color, but their bodies and faces, they are all unique!" Sophie couldn't help but notice. "Maybe they make 'em one at a time by hand" Darleen pondered, while taking photos of Carla, who was busy smashing a nearby wooden toilet stall to smithereens. "Whoever has the patience to do that must be one cuckoo crazy fella" Sophie replied. "Yeah, wouldn't want to meet such a person" Darleen agreed, though both women couldn't take their eyes off all those intricate details that each Can-Can dancer presented. They all wore these gorgeous thigh-high stockings. Each doll had a beautiful black necklace around their slender necks and a cheeky red feather sticking out of their perfectly styled hair.

One doll was a Caucasian brown-haired girl, with short, straight bangs. Another was a pretty dark-skinned, African black-girl with gorgeous green eyes and long wavy dark hair. The last girl looked like South-East Asian.

The metal hinge that all the animatronics had on their moving parts, were on each doll's knee. Unlike the other standalone dolls, these had a cable going from their backs to a single metal box, hidden behind them. Darleen found it and flicked the lone switch that was on the top of the box. Suddenly, all three dolls sprang to life, lifting their already suspended leg straight up in unison, then back down, then up again! All the while a rusty recording of cheery, Can-can music, started playing from the box that was, evidently, also a speaker.

"Close it dammit!" Darleen was getting worried someone might be alerted to their presence with all that noise. "Come on, just look at them dancing!" Sophie giggled. She was having so much fun.

"What's...this noise?" Isabela thinks, waking up from a song she swears she has heard again and again. With her eyes still half-closed, she lifts her head from her futon, the rusty springs creaking with the slightest movement. It's still not enough to wake up Fernanda, her mom, who remains dead-asleep next to her. There is only one bed to share inside the emptied storage room. But both women are very grateful for what Mister Gary has kindly offered to them. 38-year-old Fernanda and her 18-year-old daughter have fled from the violent streets of Mexico three years ago, and have found both shelter and a decent job in the old man's amusement park. They work the booth at the bumper-carts, Fernanda mostly cutting tickets, and Isabella running around kids to pull carts that are stuck in some corner of the course, or more often, on another cart.

The shifts are as long as the park was open. 12 hours, from 10 in the morning to 10 at night. It is tough, but all their hard work will soon pay off, as in 2 more months, their green-cards will arrive, and they will be officially American citizens. They'll be able to start a new life here, without hiding and depending on the kindness of others.

The young Mexican girl scratches her long, dark wavy hair, which long beautiful despite being messy and knotted. Still dizzy from her rudely interrupted sleep, the girl practically sleepwalks with half-closed eyes out of the storage closet/room. It is located on a large tented area, with all sorts of prototypes for old or upcoming rides and games, spare mechanical parts and all sorts of large things needing storing. She slowly makes her way towards the tent's exit and pulls the tarp aside just enough so she can peak outside.

Only the moon can shine a light on what was going on. Isabella can hear the song clearer now, closer to her. The girl can now make out what it was. It's that silly song of the dancing mannequin dolls. Had she forgotten to turn it off? No way, she always checked that all dolls were turned off. Mister Gary always complained about the batteries dying.

The young Mexican tries to make out any movement, but can't see much. It doesn't help that the sleep in her eyes clouds her view. As she scans around the empty park, she spots someone moving near the haunted house! There are three people, about a hundred yards away from her!

The intruders' form is feminine. The three women appear to be breaking into it, opting for the less conventional way of walking the ride, instead of getting inside the cart. Isabella blinks three/four times to get a clearer picture. All three are young women, probably college girls. There's a curvy black girl with curly dark hair, a skinny Latina with really long straight hair, and a white girl with big boobs and red highlights on her dark straight hair. She is also holding a baseball bat for some reason! They look like they are enjoying themselves, laughing and chatting, despite the obvious trespassing.

"Hey...HEY WAIT!" Isabella exits the tent, moving towards them in the shirt and shorts she uses as pajamas and her flip-flops. "STOP!" she tries to alert them, but her voice always reflected her timid and shy demeanor, missing a few decibels. The three girls never hear her.

As Isabella is closing down the distance between her and the trespassers, who have almost disappeared inside the haunted house, she fails to pay attention to her bumpy path, trips and falls head first on a large rock, knocking herself out cold! The three sorority sisters never register her existence.

Inside the haunted house, the three slutty musketeers of destruction were having fun mockingly fake-screaming at the spooky animatronics dispersed throughout the ride. Darleen, the little scaredy cat of the group, tried to have a few laughs herself, but the claustrophobic dark space didn't help. After breaking some of the scenery and props inside, the girls finally made it out the other side of the enclosed space.

"Hey, what's this?" the always curious Carla pointed at a small cabin, about 40 yards from where they stood. Indeed, her two friends spotted a wooden cabin, in the corner where the fences of the park met. It looked really old and in a bad shape. "An abandoned cabin?! This trip gets spookier and spookier!" Sophie said, dramatically facing Darleen, while flashing her cellphone's light under her face, like a camper telling a scary story. "Haha, very funny" the black girl waived off the teasing. "Come on...it'll be only a little while...I promise it'll be fun" Sophie convinced her friend.

The three girls approached the old cabin carefully. They didn't know if someone was inside, but if there was, it'd be a good idea they weren't alerted. Circling around it, Carla found a half-opened window. The 100-pound girl had no problem climbing inside in no time. Her friends followed.

Inside, the cabin was not how they expected. No dusty ruins or spider webs everywhere. It looked like a very modest, clean little house. "Someone lives here..." Sophie whispered, breaking a bit of sweat. "I don't see anyone around" Carla exclaimed. Though her logic was stupid, Sophie and Darleen realized she was correct. There was no one inside the house. The small bedroom further down a tiny hall was empty. No one in the bathroom, either. Sophie flicks a light-switch on and the girls can finally see clearly. "Look! A hatch!" Darleen pointed at the square-shaped grooves, located on one side of the wooden floors. This adventure was getting cooler by the second!

Of course the three girlfriends had to check out where this thing led to. No reason going back now. The hatch revealed a weak, metal staircase which led down to a basement, double the size of the upstairs.

The three girls were left jaw-dropped. They had found a secret, underground lair of some sorts. There were plenty of racks full of various costumes, shelves with many props, buckets full of strange chemicals and lots and lots of hardware. "Is this where the dolls are being made?" Carla asked what her two friends had already realized.

They took their time exploring the mysterious workspace. There were lots of interesting things begging for a closer look, but being girly girls, all three of them went straight for the costume rack. It was immediately apparent that all outfits were designed for female bodies. No wonder, since they hadn't spotted a male animatronic lying anywhere. "So pretty...we should take some..." Carla was seriously considering the opportunity of stealing the pretty clothing. Some of these outfits would make great Halloween costumes!

The girls dispersed in every corner of the room. There were so much peculiar junk lying around, just waiting to be examined.

"Oh my god, she's gorgeous!" the girls heard Darleen utter standing in front of a large closet with a clear, glass display. Through it, the girl was marveling at a beautiful doll of a woman with perfectly wavy blonde hair. It was secured with care on the back wall of the closet with plastic cord on its wrists, neck and waist. The doll was wearing a very retro, 70s style pink dress, with puffy sleeves, a rectangular modest cut on her chest and a big cute bow on the front of the wide satin ribbon that hugged her waist. The long skirt portion of its outfit was riddled with pink roses till it ended on the calves. A pair of modest, 2-inch pink heels adored her feet and a matching, light, indoor scarf her slender neck. Despite the cold, shiny exterior of its skin, the doll had the warmest, kindest smile a person could have. Unlike the other dolls of the theme park, her smile was not enthusiastic, but calm, demure, full of charm and hope.

"I wish I had her instead of a Barbie when I was little" Sophie said, and she meant it, despite owning literally hundreds of Barbie dolls throughout her prepubescence.

"She looks so pretty" Carla mouthed jaw-dropped. All three girls were mesmerized by the dolls' beauty. "Can you get to it?" the Latina girl desperately wanted to put her hand on that doll. "There's no key" Darleen frowned. The closet was locked.

Carla didn't even stop to think, before grabbing a wrench that was nearby and throwing it at the glass. It shattered with a loud, high-pitched crash. "Now we don't need one" the girl replied with a sassy look. All girls were getting their hands on the perfect doll. Unlike the rough look of the basement, not a speck of dust or dirt was on the doll. It'd been preserved perfectly. That didn't stop the three home invaders from putting their paws all over the blonde beauty.

"I want that scarf" Darleen wanted a memorabilia for herself, too. Carla had already gotten that silly camo hat. "Huh?" As soon as she pulled it off she saw that the doll's neck had a deep purple color previously obscured by the scarf. "What the...?" the girls cocked their heads in confused surprise. "Why is the doll's neck bruised?" Sophie asked Darleen, as if her friend would have any clue.

"WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!" a creaky, aggravated, aged voice caused their hearts to jump up. Carla let out a startled squeal, and all girls turned to face a very pissed off old man. He was standing in front of the staircase, they had climbed down from, holding a weird rifle in his hand. Its barrel was pointing on the floor, but the man's finger was on the trigger.

"We're...we're sorry mister! We didn't know anyone lived her" Sophie lied very convincingly like the cunning fox she was, raising her arms at the sight of the weapon. Her friends mirrored her wisely.

"Get away from there" the man looked even angrier, seeing the college girls sully his most beloved possession of them all. They obeyed instantly, moving away from the smashed closet and the blonde doll. "That's a load of bull-crap if I ever heard some" the man didn't seem to buy their story.

"I suppose you're the ones responsible for all the damages to my park" Gary said. He had heard the ruckus from the song and had gotten out of bed to investigate. "I should bring you to the authorities for breaking into my property and destroying my dolls" he spoke calmer, making some steps towards them.

Gary eyed the three girls for a few seconds, from head to toe. They looked pretty, no question. "Does anyone else know you're here?" Gary asked the three busted young ladies. This was a very informative

question, one a pretty lass should answer carefully if she likes to keep living. “Emmm no?...what does that have to do with anything?” Sophie seemed perplexed by the question, so she didn’t come up with a lie this time around. “Hm” Gary groaned softly.

“Turn around, hands on your head! I need to see what you’ve stolen” the person with the gun commanded. All three girls obeyed, turning their backs on the approaching man, weaving their fingers together on the back of their heads. “Hey, you can’t order us around! I’ll let you know my dad is a lawyer. I’ll sue you!” Darleen exclaimed, feeling degraded, even though she had assumed the position in a pinch.

Before the black girl could utter any other complaints, she heard two soft, plastic-sounding shot-fires, like how a silencer pistol might sound, but even softer. With two simple head-turns, she saw her two friends laying unconscious on the floor next to her. Gary tried to fire all three tranquilizer darts in quick succession, but he missed the third girl.

“AAaaaaa!!!” the black girl screamed and run past the man, heading straight for the staircase. She wasn’t even pondering her actions. This was pure survival instinct. Gary cursed under his breath, reaching to grab her while she was climbing the ladder, but only managed to tear the girl’s dress in his attempt.

Darleen made it at the ground floor, then jumped out of the same window she and her now knocked out friends had entered. This was wrong, things had gone horribly wrong!

Both of them were now both out in the open field between the park and the cabin, under the night sky; Darleen headed somewhere she hoped was the exit of the park. The girl panted and panted, running like she had never run in her life. Gary stopped after a few seconds, rising his rifle like a veteran hunter, patient, collected, with his eyes on the game. He put one eye behind the gun’s sight. The shadow of the running girl was becoming smaller and smaller as she was fleeing to her safety. He took a deep breath and held it, until he pulled the trigger. He watched through the scope the small, feminine shadow fall down and remain on the ground, immobile. He let out a sigh of relief.

Darleen opens her eyes. She can see the ceiling of the basement, but through a clear, but creased surface, not like the glass of the doll's display. There's an immediate urgency for deep breaths, the air around her feeling stale, scarce. The woman blinks a couple of times, trying to get up. She can't, as she finds herself restrained on that long wooden table she had spotted earlier. Her wrists are bound into a pair of joined leather cuffs, which have been linked to the leather cuffs around her ankles by a chain running underneath the table. The chain is so short it's already pretty taut without the girl struggling. The girl can raise either her wrists or her ankles by about an inch. Not both. The girl still has her yellow dress on, though that offers little reassurance.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMmm!" the girl moans with increasing panic, gradually realizing the full scope of her peril. A strip of duct-tape is firmly glued over her lips. A thick, clear plastic bag is over her head, kept there securely with a couple of more coils of tape around her neck. "MMMMmmMMMMMfffff!" Darleen tries to scream, shifting her head all around the room. She needs to tilt her neck backwards to see the basement's entrance; in front of her is nothing but shelved wall with all sorts of tools. No sight of the old man anywhere, but she has no trouble seeing that both her friends are in the same exact predicament, as they lay still unconscious on either side of Darleen. Sophie still in her sexy red top and leather tight pants and Carla in her knitted blouse and slutty white shorts. But the tied plastic bags over their heads mean the clock is also ticking for them, even though they don't know it yet.

"GNN....Gn...GMmm!" the sound of the chain rattling against the bottom corners of the table accompanies the girl's muffled groans, as Darleen pulls on her restraints with all her strength. But nothing works.

Darleen's fuss notifies Gary, who walks down the staircase from upstairs, holding a hot coffee mug. He looks down at the black girl with no emotion, nor contempt, nor lust, just cold indifference. Darleen meets his gaze through the clear plastic, sending him a hateful look. He has seen them all, all the different eyes. Hateful ones, pitiful ones, pleading ones, or simply shocked with disbelief. More often than not, the same victims display all these emotions in the sort time-spam they spend on his workbench.

Gary moves to a chair a few feet away from the table and takes a seat. He appears to be simply waiting. He never was a fan of violence. But something just needed to be done. He had found the least invasive, least graphic way for him to get the job done. No struggling, or fighting or anything like that. For him, that is.

The air inside Darleen's bad has been reduced, her anxious heavy breathing speeding up the process of her extermination. Her desperate shuffling and banging on the table has woken up her friends, who in

turn, come to grips with the harsh fate. Both Carla and Sophie join their friend in anxious, panicking struggling. The claustrophobic nightmare of waking up with a bag over your head only adds to their terror.

Now the basement is a symphony of muffled moaning, wooden thuds, heavy nostril flaring, all along with the light sound of the plastic crackling at every movement joins in. Gary is not amused by the show, sinking deep into his chair, occasionally sipping his coffee. He is just waiting for things to die down.

As the bag is now sticking to each girl's face with every inhale, their finite amount counting down, the suffocating young women try to find the man with their eyes, tilting their necks back. It's evident to them that they can't get free on their own volition; thought that doesn't mean their struggling has subsided at all. They try to implore him, to express remorse. A pair of upside down puppy eyes is better than nothing at all, right? But their pitiful eyes never really reach his. The man doesn't even extend the decency of approaching them, in their last minutes.

After 4-5 more minutes, their struggles have become weaker. Their kicks against the table have lost most of their power, and their moans sound literally out of breath. Their movements are slower, less energetic. It must be exhausting, struggling for your life without any oxygen. Moisture from their sweating has made the inside of their plastic bags humid and their sexualizing clothes are sticking on their shapely, youthful bodies.

The girls are on the final stretch. They violently convulse and twitch in their confined freedom of movement for one last time. Their chests tense up, their lungs straining to find some more air. Some involuntary twitching is their bodies' last effort at getting over this, even though their brain has given up. One after the other, they go limp on the table, just like they were first laid there. Three sets of blank, unmoving pairs of eyes are visible through the plastic.

Gary takes the last, long sip of his coffee. He wasn't expecting to be doll-making throughout the night, but you can't make an appointment for this sort of thing. He goes upstairs to put the coffee mug in its place. He never likes living any cleanup for later. Besides, he has to leave the bags over the girls' heads for about 5 more minutes, to be sure of their clinical death.

After his return, it's time to get to work. If one new doll is tiresome, three might take the whole night, if there's not focus. A towel with all the tools he'll definitely need is placed on the table, a large bucket on the floor by his side.

To start, a pair of sharp, gardening scissors is used to get rid of the girls' clothing, which is currently obstructing his work. He is careful on the skin-tight fabric, making sure to not damage the skin. One by one, Darleen, Sophie and Carla's torn clothes find themselves in a messy pile in the corner of the room. Their underwear join them soon after. They all remain silently detached during this unwarranted undressing. Their bodies are not theirs anymore, only a vessel for his creativity.

Gary unwraps the tape from their necks, removing the plastic bags that caused their asphyxiation, then the tape from their lips. Their lipstick has been blemished by the tape, but he'll redo their whole makeup anyway. He has three blank, naked canvases to work on.

All three girls of various races and skin tones, were now lying bare as their mother brought them into this world, on the cold, wooden table, side by side. Their heads are on the side of the table where the man is standing. He then snaps a pair of latex gloves on and grabs a big scalpel, probably more applicable to farm veterinarians than human doctors. Cuts deeper and saves time.

He starts with Carla, who's first from the left, making an incision on the girl's lower abdomen, then moving up, making sure to go around the girl's cute bellybutton, until he reaches the sternum. He opens the girl's torso like a purse, and starts pulling out organs like a butcher preparing a festive feast. All and any entrails are removed, either by force or by a snap of the scalpel, before being tossed in the large bin. Carla remains staring up into the ceiling throughout the process of being "emptied".

Gary then takes a surgical metal hammer and a metal point and breaks the girl's sternum in half. This allows him access to her stomach, liver, lungs and heart, all of which fly into the bucket in quick succession.

The gory process is repeated for Darleen, then Sophie, until the bucket is full with their now unnecessary organs. He takes a big bag of cotton, and starts filling in the gaps of the bodies' insides. This is to keep the body's natural form until the hardening process. Now, their very apparent wounds have to be stitched back, which wouldn't be a problem if Gary had a very specific vision for the girls' outfit. He usually covered his dolls' midriffs, so no harm no foul. But ever since he'd made that cowgirl doll, he had come up with a solution to his problem. Living, breathing bodies would certainly react horribly to industrial strength glue. But for dead ones, this trick worked like a charm! No seams, no stitches, no problem! Just like new.

The cotton inside the body's torso kept the two opposite pieces of flesh from flopping. They'd be seamlessly fused together in a few minutes.

With the most invasive part of the dollification out of the way, Gary can move on to the much more elegant beautification. It's not convenient though to put the work on their faces from above and upside down. He gently takes Carla's limp body in his arms (bruises are a big concern for him) and carries it over to a nearby chair that's equipped with a subtle feature. Two holes on the chair's back, where a thick, U-shaped wooden tool can pass through. The holes have been purposely drilled on the same height where a sitting person's neck would be. That way Gary has crafted a handy makeup chair, since his "customers" are usually very "sleepy" during their makeup and their heads have no support.

He sits Carla on and passes the apparatus holding her head firmly still. No wobbling or slumping over on one side. The girl's eyes are still open, but they don't really look at anything. He puts on makeup all over her face, then some rouge. Her lips are slightly agape, which doesn't stop him from meticulously applying a nice shade of red lipstick. Gary was always of the opinion that women should pamper themselves to perfection. The same standards he applied to his dolls. Some eyeliner around the girl's unflinching eyes and she is ready.

Well, almost. No guest of the Gary's Fun Park would enjoy seeing this mouth-breathing drugged junkie that Carla looked like now. Gary needed to fix that. That's when his sewing needle and thread came to place. Working like an expert puppeteer, the man lifted the girl's numb, soulless face into a wholesome, full smile. "Their" eyelids also titter towards closing, so a bit of clear glue opens them to the desired, natural amount. And there you have it. Carla now seemed thrilled to be sitting in Gary's makeup chair, despite her nakedness and lack of pulse. Time to bring out the next one...

With all his latest dolls powdered and painted, it's time for the moving parts. An animatronic doll is just a doll if it can't move. He has a certain choreography in mind for these three. The white and south-american one will be on the sides. The black one will be in the middle. The middle needs both arms to be movable, while the sides only the one. This means four motors in total. He grabs the meat cleaver from his shelf:

CHOP *CHOP* *CHOP* *CHOP*

Four arms lay fully separated next to their former owners. Carla is missing her whole right arm, Sophie her left. Darleen is missing both, though Gary doesn't hear any complaints for this injustice. After the necessary wooden-cover measurements, four hinges are attached to the gaps on each girl's shoulder, which connect with their arms. The hinges are then linked to the motor, the batteries stashed inside the shoulder stamps. Their motion needs to be synched, so the sorority girlfriends will share a common switch-box, where their battery cables all diverge towards. But that step is saved for last.

Before that, the bodies need to be preserved. A decaying corpse has but only a handful of hours before irreversible changes ruin its beauty. Gary is not exactly in a hurry, but he can't take his time, either. The annoying thing is he has to reposition the bodies again. He needs access to the entire spectrum of their bodies, from all angles. The table does not help with that. More carrying is in store, especially for an old man. Thankfully these cunts are not heavy.

His usual trick is to hoist them straight by tying their hair from the ceiling. It hasn't failed him so far. You just need the rope to have a firm grasp on a single tuft of the whole hair at once, otherwise some might be pulled off.

Carla is definitely not an issue, with her mermaid-like brown hair. He can fold them onto themselves two and three times, before tying the loop tightly. Then a simple pulley and up she goes, her little toes dangling an inch from the floor. Thank god he put three pulleys on the ceiling for such cases. Darleen and Sophie are soon swaying right next to each other, all facing their "creator".

Gary takes another plastic bucket with a large paint-brush and a rather heavy plastic container from a closet. The old man pours the contents of the container to half-fill the bucket with a shiny, semitransparent, very thick liquid. It looks like honey, but it glistens to the faintest light hitting it, and it's also more orange in color.

There are no more silly accordions or wacky Can-can music anywhere. In Gary's mind, there's only the peaceful process of creation. In his ears, he hears Bach's Air suite no3 in D major.

We watch in slow-motion as the man dips the brush in the bucket, getting it nice and coated and starts running it across young tender flesh. He traces every millimeter of the girls' bodies, every nook and cranny every, valley and hill. Then he dumps his brush again and the process repeats. A work as mundane as a factory worker's, but at the same time, as fulfilling as painting a masterpiece.

Sophie, Darleen and Carla's nude bodies are slowly coated in this thick varnish, from the edge of their smallest toe to the back of their ears in this gooey substance. Not even their most sacred parts avoid the man's brush. Their young – shaved – pussies are all coated in orange honey, their juice hips and their asses, their breasts and nipples. Their bodies now shine brightly under the tired, overworked bulb-lights of this basement. Gary's very own varnish recipe will make sure that their pretty exterior stays protected from the cruel forces of time. He leaves them hanging for about 45 minutes and goes upstairs.

When he returns, the beauty-preserving varnish has dried, becoming one with their skin. Finally, it's time for the girls to get into their new roles, ones they'll inhabit permanently. No recasting in Gary's park. Gary had the outfits ready, and was just waiting for the right chance to use them. The coincidence of them being college-girls only solidified his convictions for this choice. The three girls would make a charming, dazzling cheerleader squad! Their three identical outfits had the same of "U S A! U S A!" that the park often exuded.

Gary was no doubt a proud patriot. The girls should be honored just to be wearing the white, red and blue. But that didn't mean their cheerleading outfits were particularly modest. Not in the slightest. What's a good cheerleader without a little extra skin. As far as Gary remembered from his younger years, cheerleaders were always young, attractive females who danced, cheered, and flaunted some skin for the crowd during the game's downtime. He never understood those sissies that became male cheerleaders, and just danced around like idiots. Gary was more than anything fond of the good ol' times.

Sophie, Carla and Darleen's outfit consists of a small top that resembled a slightly more modest bikini top. It has some small vertical white and red lines at the bottom, the "cups" of the top being blue with the mandatory white stars all over them. Some sexy, tiny red shorts and white, calf-high boots completed the undoubtedly stimulating look. All the dressing up is made easier with the girls' hovering position. No underwear is of course needed. That's just their little secret, one that only Mister Gary knows.

As the sun is just starting to rise from behind the mountains, Gary has put his three new dolls down, brushed and fluffed their hair with some old-school hairspray for a steady look. They all look at him with the same uncanny smile. It's that advertising smile, the one that's too good to be true. But they are active advertisers for his park, so it only makes sense. Tomorrow will be their first day at "work". He takes a large trash bag and tosses all their torn clothes, purses and phones inside. They won't be needing them anymore.

"Ow.....fuuuuck" Isabela's eyes opened from the first sunrays hitting her and she gets up. She immediately rubbed her head, which hurt considerably; a small bloody wound on her forehead had already closed hours ago. She had spent the night out on the rocky ground, courtesy of her clumsiness.

The young Mexican girl walked back towards her tent/home. There was a water hose somewhere there, and she held it over her head. The cold water felt great, it even dulled her headache. "What happened last night?" that thought triggered suddenly memories to flood the girl's brain. There was a

noise, then she spotted three girls, the girls were breaking things all around the park, she....she tried to stop them...then...

“Bellaaaaaa?” her mother’s voice sounded from their little storage/bedroom. “Bellaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” Fernanda yelled her daughter’s nickname once again. She was the only one using that nickname; it was something personal, something intimate. “What is it!?” the girl found her mother in bed, looking for her. “Why aren’t you in bed? You drove me sick with worry” her mother asked in broken English. Her grammar was great, her accent still needed some work. “I’m ok mum” Isabella said, trying to hide the bump on her head. It would just make her mother needlessly worried and overprotecting. Aren’t all mothers, though?

The afternoon arrived uneventfully. Thursday was not a bad day, but not the most quiet either. Isabella was watching four kids crashing on each other all over the rectangular track. Fernanda was solving a crossword in Spanish. Isabella had gotten her some in English to help with her vocabulary, but she preferred her own.

“Hello Senior Gary” Isabella heard her mother greet their boss, as he was approaching them. “Haven’t seen you all day” the kind Mexican woman said with a smile. “Hi ladies” the old man said, still half-catching his breath. He was wearing a wife-beater, and looked sweaty. “I was installing some new things. Isabelle... come with me for a second” the man waived the young girl over. He had Americanized her name within the first week of the family arriving. She followed suit behind him, leaving her mom to deal with the annoying kids crying over a way-too harsh collision.

“What is it Mister Gary” Isabella asked the man in a perfect US accent, trailing only a couple of feet behind him. The internet videos she was seeing every day had given her plenty of practice to “assimilate” into this new place. “It’s this family at the entrance, they’re all yapping in Spanish, I need you to translate...” he said. Mister Gary never had the will to learn a second language. He already spoke the “global language” as he often said, so why bother with anything else?

As they passed by numerous attractions, Isabella spotted that in front of the Ferris wheel, now stood not the one, but three new animatronics, lined up facing the walking crowd. They were all dressed like cheerleaders, in appropriately scarce clothing, holding fluffy red pom-poms in both hands. They were doing a synchronized dance/cheer all with that ever-present, characteristic glee that defined Gary’s dolls. The ones on the sides, a pretty Caucasian dark-haired girl with red highlights and a lovely Puerto-Rican looking girl with really long, brown hair, were moving their one, straightened arm from shoulder level to high towards the sky, their other arm cheekily resting on their waists. The middle cheerleader,

an equally beautiful black girl, was raising both her pom-poms in the sky, in unison with her teammates, before lowering them to a T-pose, the repeating ad nauseam.

Isabella did a double-take as she and mister Gary passed by them. These dolls, their faces, they looked familiar. Didn't she see three girls of that complexion breaking into the park last night? Or was just a weird dream her mind had conjured up while sleeping on the dirt. Whether true or an amalgamation of her mind, the girl's she'd seen were too far from her to be sure.

"Uhhmm, new animatronics, mister?" she said. "Oh, yes, installed them just this morning. What do you think?" he said, fishing for a compliment. "They're great..." Isabella responded, but her mind was running elsewhere. "What happened to the old one?"

"Oh, right!" Gary said. "I forgot to mention this, but last night, someone broke into the park. All kinds of machines and dolls were mangled to pieces" Gary said, shaking his head in reliving disbelief. "Oh, I see...." Isabella felt numb at hearing this. So it WAS TRUE after all. There were intruders! That meant...Her mind was not playing tricks at her. She DID saw these women last night! None of this made sense. How can a woman be a doll at the same time?...

-Ola...perdóneme? Puedes escucharme ?...OLA !"

-Si! Lo siento...

Isabella was startled back in reality by the family's confused inquiries. "You ok, kid?" Gary was also standing next to her. "You looked like you were in a trance or something" he said with a worrying look. "Yeah..."the young girl tried to gather her head in one place, still appearing groggy. She took a deep breath then addressed the impatient family of six. "Cuál parece ser el problema?"

Throughout the following days, Isabella could not let go of that bizarre turn of events. She was busy at her post for most of the day, but any chance she'd get she would go straight to the new Ferris wheel attraction. She tried to seem inconspicuous, but she could avoid a couple of weird looks she got, just for the sheer amount of time she spend closely observing the three dolls, while also desperately trying to retrieve from her memory the likeness of the three invaders. There was a black girl, she was sure of that, and a white one, and one with really looong hair. The coincidences were piling up. Something really weird was going on here. Even her boss spotted her a couple of times just staring at them with an investigative, brain-squeezing look on her face. "Everything ok kid?" he'd say, and Isabella would simply nod and leave towards a pretend-chore.

No leads had been retrieved regarding the breaking in, even though it was evident that Mister Gary had lost a lot of money in these damages. You'd think that at least a typical investigation would take place. But no, nothing. As far as he had told her and every other park-worker, there were no witnesses or clues as to who would choose to do this and why.

But Isabella new better than that. She knew she wasn't crazy. The initial discard of the events of that dark night had changed into a very firm conviction. An almost certain belief. She had seen these girls out there!

After a week of wallowing in this, Isabella confided to her mother about it. She was skeptical. She didn't understand what her daughter was insinuating, probably because Isabella herself had not arrive at any solid conclusion.

"I don't know mum, it just seems odd. Like maybe we should alert the police. I did see someone that night. Who knows where they might be?" Isabella was throwing out everything, just looking for support. "No, no policia!" Are you crazy? They'll send us back home. With have no papers here, nothing!" Fernanda was right. Notifying the authorities was a bad idea. She implored her daughter to just let go of this whole thing, whatever it might have been.

This back and forth continued for days, with Isabella asking her mom for help, and her mother pleading to her to change her mind. Jeopardizing their much-anticipated green cards was not worth getting involved with things that didn't concern them. But Isabella could not do that. Her conscience did not allow her. She had to get to the bottom of this.

It was 4 in the afternoon. She knew Mister Gary would not be in his cabin for the next hour, being busy with the new arcades that had just arrived to replace the broken ones. This was as good a time as any! The girl snuck her way toward the relatively remote cabin. She tried the door, but found it locked. No bother. A hair-pin always did the trick. The young girl was never a thief, but these talents always proved useful at the right time. A soft click later, she was inside.

She scouted the place for any clues. Just an ordinary small cabin. She moved onto the bedroom and then placed her hand over her mouth to stifle a scream...

On one bedside of the small room, was laying a beautiful, naked, life-sized doll of a blonde woman in her mid-twenties. She didn't have that overly pleasant smile that Gary's animatronic dolls always had. She looked so serene, her skin shining in the faint light coming through the drapes, thanks to the thick varnish coating over it. Her exquisite breasts, her perky nipples, her pubis, all was there, in front of the 16-year-old's eyes. The sheets did nothing to cover the doll's nudity, only covering one of legs.

Gary had never stopped loving his wife, even though he was solely responsible for her life ending. She was his first "reincarnation" of sorts. He was dabbling with crafting during those times, as a result of his involvement with the park, particularly with preservatives for his withering mascots and dolls, which were always short-lived, by humidity, heat, and the simple decaying of their structure. That's when he had created this unique mixture that worked very effectively. The thought of never seeing his love again, of losing her forever, was too much to bear. He had to give it a try.

Now, she would remain as he wanted to remember her. Classy, elegant, proud, and with a permanent, radiant beauty, untouched by time. But more importantly, right by him. That was his Paige. Maybe not the most accurate representation of her, who, like another Eve, had betrayed her purpose and with that her husband's love and her holy marriage. But the best Paige. His own Paige.

Isabella was lost for words. No doll should ever look as real as this does! There was something terrible happening in this house. Her mind screamed for her to get out of here. But the girl was simultaneously still drawn to the sight of the golden-haired, bear naked woman on that bed. She couldn't take her eyes of this doll.

As Isabella made slow, backwards steps out of the room, she never noticed the silent presence looming behind her. Not until she felt her back bumping into something...

The Mexican girl had uncovered his secret. This was bad, but at least things were under control. For the most part. There was still her damn mother!

He couldn't let her live. There was no other way. She had to go, too.

"Fernanda, come over here, I need to speak to you" Gary nonchalantly waived the woman over. She was watering the plants across the pathways, but left it all to follow her boss. "Senior Gary, have you seen Isabella? She's been gone for a while, now..." the naïve woman asked. "I've sent her to some

errands, she won't take long" Gary answered without even facing the woman. But he did scout the area, inconspicuously. No one was around. He didn't need any more witnesses.

"I've never visited your cabin senior Gary. It's very beautiful" the pretty mother said, as soon as she stepped into the man's humble home. "Thank you dear. I should have invited you earlier" Gary said, already opening his top kitchen cabinet to bring out two coffee cups. Fernanda was shy, waiting with her hands stoically together in front of her. He waived to the woman to take a seat on the round table and sat opposite, both facing towards the same direction.

A couple of silent sips followed. The Mexican woman was in a dark, rose-covered dress that had been worn far too many times, her dark-brown hair cascaded down her shoulders. She was getting increasingly uncomfortable with the lack of any discussion or task assigned to her. Senior Gary rarely chatted with her, unless he needed something work-related. She could only keep being respectfully quiet, waiting for her older supervisor to speak. All the while, Gary sat relaxed, gazing out the window at a clear, peaceful sky. Almost as if the woman wasn't there.

After a few seconds, Gary took another sip of his drink. "Women..." he addressed her, but while still keeping his eyes on the beautiful rural view. "They have lost their way..." he now turned to face Fernanda with a knowing look. "You can tell me whatever you like, but 50-60 years ago, women had class. They earned respect, by respecting their men".

Fernanda thought it was best to avoid participating in this one-way conversation. "Now, they are all just a bunch of street-women, showing off their sex to the first random passerby. No values, no ethics, nothing..."

Fernanda had some thoughts, but kept them all to herself, as she was nervously sipping her coffee during the man's pauses. "You, too..." Gary said, taking one big sip then standing up and moving towards a drawer on a dusty, old piece of furniture. "You might think you are good and honest. But when that dreaded time comes, you won't be able to help it. Your nature is corrupted. God is missing from it" he said as he took out a small rifle from the drawer. Fernanda watched with increased discomfort, as the man sat back down where he was before, the rifle resting on his knees.

The Mexican lady's heart was starting to pound. Things looked....odd. Her instincts were firing away for her to get up and leave. "What do you need that gun for, senior?" she asked trying to disguise her

trembling voice with a more casual tone. "... And that's how you trick men..." Gary seemed to ignore her question.

"You are not even aware of your own wickedness... your own impurity..." he kept saying. His voice was peaceful, collected, despite the profoundly cruel things he was saying.

"Senior?...." Fernanda was now inquiring with more volume in her voice, more urgently. "Senior Gary?..." she said again, with no response. "At the end of the day, the only thing of value you have is your beauty. And that is just as fleeting... so I need to bottle it, to preserve it..." the man kept his soft rant, his single listener of questionable consent. The woman's heart was about to burst from her chest.

One more, deafening pause filled the room. Fernanda's eyes scanned hectically across the room. The front door was wide open, a few feet from her chair. All the other doors looked closed, if not locked. The man, seated at the opposite site of the table, rifle still resting on his knees, was still, unassuming even.

One more second passed. Then another. Then one more. Fernanda sprang from her chair, making a run for the only exit! Without even getting off his chair, the man fired his rifle at her back and the woman collapsed right under his doorframe.

Fernanda awoke in a suffocating bubble of plastic, cuffed and tape-gagged on a wooden table. The sight of her very dead daughter beside her, still bagged and gagged like she was, sent chills up her spine and caused a muffled shriek that thankfully no one except Gary heard. He was just happy to have figured out what the theme of his next two dolls would be.

It's another busy afternoon at Ol' Gary's theme park. Kids getting their sugar-high with some cotton-candy, adults making their offspring a little less boring by downing a few pints, and all the fun and games in between.

"Sir, thank you for the opportunity. I could not imagine working at a better place. I mean...how can you ever be in a bad mood with all this joy around you?" young Elisha told her new (and first ever) boss. Gary liked Elisha. Sure, she talked a lot, but she was high-spirited and willing to help with anything. And this was all this job took. It wasn't rocket science.

“I’m sure you’ll make a great addition to our personnel, milady” the old man humored the 13-year-old girl’s formal disposition with a smile. It was her first summer job, and Gary had let her hold the ticket-counter at the bumper-carts, since the position had been recently emptied.

Things were working again like clockwork, after the destructive incident of the past few months. But Gary had put all this behind. Whenever a patron learned off this unfortunate event, he always tried to cheer him up with something along the lines of “I bet these punks have been busted as we speak, even if it’s for something else” or “these people are lost souls, karma will eventually catch up to them” or “these scum always get their comeuppance”. Gary always nodded thanking them. They could not imagine how right they already were.

“Your dolls also look amazing, sir. They are so beautiful!” Elisha kept rumbling on. “Thank you” he replied kindly. “I’m sure when you grow up prettier than any of them!” the old man said, bowing like a knight and departing.

Gary walked among the cheerful crowd. People needing to let loose, to not worry about work, their work-outs, their diets and just enjoy the moment. That’s what amusement parks were made for. Gary passed by the beautiful, spinning Ferris wheel. It was never fuller. His patriotic cheerleading squad, always cheering in unison with their cute pom-poms and minimal clothing, was constantly shifting eyes towards the Ferris wheel, bringing in more and more customers.

The old continued his leisurely walk, reaching the quieter, bench-filled part of the park. People were sitting there to enjoy a nice hotdog, catch their breath from all the rides, or just relax. The prairie doll that was accompanying the park’s guests here had been broken to bits, but Gary had found a really nice replacement. Two, actually.

On one side of the round square, was an adorable mariachi girl with a guitar in her arms, singing alongside her chair-ridden grandma. The grandma doll wasn’t moving itself, appearing to be knitting, but the wooden chair was actually rocking back and forth thanks to a motor on its base. The aged woman, with comically drawn wrinkles and a dark grandma dress, had her face covered with a veil, like grandmas usually do.

Next to her, in the traditional black uniform was a young doll, a beautiful girl with dark hair. Her face was beautifully painted white with big blue “eye-holes” and lots of pretty little details, like a romantic

idea of a skeleton. It was a reference to the famous Mexican celebration that was “Dia de Muertos” or the “Day of the Dead”. The doll’s outfit consisted of a white shirt with a red ribbon on the collar and a tiny black jacket on top, with big red roses on each side. A matching pair of black shorts and some black 1-inch heeled shoes on the girl’s feet. The obligatory black sombrero decorated the doll’s head.

The mariachi doll had two motors/hinges that caused her to come to life. One on her left elbow, helping her strum her guitar, and another at the base of her neck, causing her to tilt her neck from one side to the other, giving the impression that she was shifting her happy “gaze” all around the square.

Lots of loyal guests of the park knew the two workers, at least by face. But with both Isabella and Fernanda’s identities obscured, no one could see past their new personas to recognize them. Their footsteps were lost, just like their hopes of the American dream.

Gary watched from afar the little kids, gathering around the charming pair of the mariachi girl and her grandma. There were looking at them with genuine awe. His creations were effective. He smiled and looked down at his watch. It was coffee-time! He thought that Paige hadn’t gotten out of her showcase in a while. He always liked sharing a hot, fresh pot with his beloved wife.