

A Little Doll's Story

(A Christmas Story)

By Josefina V. Reyes



LITTLE girls say, "That is a pretty doll!" Their mothers say, "What a sweet doll!" And am I proud? Of course, I am proud . . . very, very proud. And, my little friends, do you know why I am pretty? It is because I am always happy. You don't know why I am always happy, do you? Well, I'll tell you my story . . . a very little story of a very little doll.

Long, long ago I lived in a little glass case in a big, big shop. Though I was there night after night and day after day, I was always happy. Little girls would peep at me with eyes that said something. Little boys who looked at Big Train beside me would give me smiles and would say, "When I grow bigger, I will buy Sister a doll like that." Once, I still remember, a little girl whispered to her mother, "Ma, isn't that a cute doll?" And her Ma whispered more softly, "Yes, dear, but we have no money for cute dolls today."

But one day a pretty little girl smiled at me. She had on a yellow dress and a big, yellow ribbon on her head. I looked at her, and, I think, I smiled, too. But suddenly her smile changed to something that was not a smile at all, and I heard her cry, "Papa, I want that doll. I want that doll." And she began to sob aloud. "Which one, my dear?" asked a big voice. "There, don't cry, darling, Papa will buy it for you." And soon I heard the sound of keys. Then somebody took me out and covered me with a green something all over my face,

my hands, my feet, and every part of my body. Then two little hands took me very, very gently.

When the cover was taken off my eyes I found myself in a big, nice house. And the little girl with the yellow ribbon was again smiling at me. "You are mine now, little doll. And nobody can take you away from me—not even my cruel, cruel Aunty." Then she took me in her arms and kissed me gently on the hair. I was very, very happy as many, many days passed by. Emma, that was the pretty little girl's name, made for me a very pretty red dress and a red bonnet. "Oh, Dolly," she said, "your dress is as red as your cheeks." And I felt as if my cheeks grew redder than ever.

One day Emma's Papa brought home many, many boxes. He gave them all to Emma, and Emma gave him a big kiss on the head. Then she put me on top of the boxes and carried all of us to the garden. There I saw something very, very nice. Emma called it "Christmas tree." Oh, it had many different lights and . . . it was wonderful. Emma opened all of the boxes, and I saw that she was very happy. Soon she took me and said, "There, Dolly, I have many, many toys. But I love you best, my darling." And she kissed me again. Then she looked up, and I saw that something surprised her. There was a little girl at the door. She had no shoes and her dress was not pretty, but she was smiling. Emma took her by the hand and said, "Why don't you come in, little girl? I have many, many toys and a Christmas tree there. Come, let us play." "Oh, no," said the girl. "I . . . I am poor. Your father . . ." "No, no, Papa is very good. Come, I will give you some chocolates, too." "Oh, no, thank you. Will you . . . will you just let me kiss your doll?" "Kiss? Kiss my doll?" Then she walked slowly back to me and took me in her arms. She kissed me again and again until I felt something wet on my head. She gave me to the girl and said, "There, take her, she is yours now." "You mean . . . she is . . ." "Yes, yours,

My Mother



— I —

She laughs with me when I succeed
In any work be small or big—
She sings with me when I'm glad,
Yet, she weeps more when I feel sad.

— II —

She keeps me watch both day and night—
She teaches me to do things right,
She makes me work, yet, lets me play
To keep me happy all the day.

— III —

When all friends turn away from me—
She stays to keep me company.
She is an angel from above—
My mother dear so full of love.

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Papa will buy me another doll. But, please, love her." The girl was crying when she answered, "Thank you, thank you. I . . . I will love her . . . very, very much, because . . . because, you know she is my only Christmas gift."

And she did. So you see why I am very, very happy . . . and pretty?