

Play Things

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An innocent family caught in a supernatural bind.

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This is just a small part of the story Play Things, I hope you enjoy... As I play with my old dolly I hear the front-door downstairs creek open. I climb swiftly to my feet and walk down the hall to see whom is in my home. My eyes find a family, the family looks happy! With a happy mommy smiling lovingly at her husband and three children, the daddy is looking about my house, the two teens look bored and the little girl hugs my dolly close to her chest. It looks my dolly but its cleaner and newer. "Maggie dear, why don't you run along and pick your bedroom first?" The mommy's voice is small and musical, not at all like the rough and loud voice my mother had always used with me. Maggie flutters up the stairs and wonders past me, I turn and follow her curiously. She looks about my age maybe just, maybe....No, I cant not after Amy! I had tried to reach out to Amy but, she wasn't the right person to help me, to save me. Amy got frightened because I had been too forward with her, with Maggie I must tread lightly, become her friend then tell her the truth. She may want to help me. Maggie wanders into my bedroom and bends to retrieve my dolly from the floor. She then studies it, comparing it to her own doll. She looks about my room and she smiles, "Mommy I want this room!" Soon after she has called out her mother appears in the door way. "Alright darling, I'll let your father know where to bring your boxes but, your going to have to unpack by yourself. Your thirteen now Maggie, time to be a little more responsible." The mother turns and disappears from the entry way and, I hear her speaking softly to her husband. So, Maggie is my age, this is perfect! It means the body transfer will go much more smoothly. My train of thought is halted by a feeling I've learned fairly well as of late. The woozy and nauseous feeling is back this time with a pounding in my skull that knocks me out cold. When I come to its dark out and Maggie is fast asleep. I'm getting too weak I need to take Maggie's body, now! The issue is I need Maggie to surrender her body I can not just take it. She is solid asleep so, now is the time to make my first move. I walk shakily to Maggie and place my hand on her forehead and concentrate hard on my task. I am trying to get into her dreams and make her dream of me. In my head I can see her dream beginning...She sees the attic and me huddling crying, beaten, bruised and vulnerable in the corner. My head lifts so she can see my bloody and battered face, I look broken. My lips part and my trembling voice whispers, "Help me please! Help me!" Maggie steps further into the room and kneels before me, "I'll help you. How can I help you? My name is Maggie, what's yours?" The concern in her voice would have made me feel quilt over wishing to steal her body from her but,

I've been around a long time! I have to make some tough choices over the past years, ones that will always have to live with. I will live with those decisions inside Maggie's body! I made my voice as innocent and scared as possible when I answered, "Katrina."