

5-1-2014

## Dolls

William Elliot

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

---

### Recommended Citation

Elliot, William (2014) "Dolls," *Forces*: Vol. 2014 , Article 36.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2014/iss1/36>

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).

One thing you must know. The representative leaves the room to “get a drink.” When he does, kill him by any means necessary before the door can close. As soon as he leaves the room, you are gassed.

I awoke early from the gas, while they were hauling me off—I am fortunate enough to possess an unnaturally quick metabolism. Those heinous things, humans—or so I thought—in silvery suits and thick, metal mouth guards hauled me off as if I were a piece of machinery. I surprised them and escaped down a nearby hallway.

That was where I saw the “Disassembly Room.” Hundreds of people are torn apart by those strange machines, which send various parts down chutes. I shudder to think what this place does with those parts.

I soon came across a square protrusion in the wall. Like everything else here, it was once perfectly box-shaped, but was now chipped and peeling. A label was slapped above it that read, “Do not press.”

I peeled off the layer to find something more chilling written underneath. It was written by a wild hand, and in a mixture of oil and blood. “HELP.”

I forced the protrusion into the wall, and a door opened in front of me. An icy blast shot out and nearly froze me. This new room was filled with what appeared to be maintenance equipment, but equipment that was advanced beyond our current hardware. Strangely, the entire room was covered in ice. All of the equipment brittle with cold.

I soon found out why.

A man lay curled up in the corner of the room, frozen to death. I recognized him as Government Inspector Mills.

Apparently, the people who run this place found out he was hiding here, so they shut him in and killed him.

I soon found the culprit lying on the ground. After examining it, I realized it was a type of grenade that delivered a chilling blast to its surroundings. The thick door was shut so tight

that little cold could escape the room. This was how Mills had frozen to death.

When I exited the room, I jumped back. A cable ran along the ceiling, and a security camera rode along it, armed with some sort of weapon. The thing buzzed serenely as it passed by the room.

It was then that I made a foolish decision.

I jumped at it from behind. With a shout, I tore it from the cable and smashed it against a wall. The cable vibrated, sending electric pulses along its length. I heard the angry hum of dozens of security devices coming from nearby zones, zooming toward me like a swarm of angry hornets.



**DOLLS** TABITHA BOLSTAD