

The Story of Gladys's New Playmate

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Gladys who absolutely loved dolls. She collected every doll she could and displayed them on a shelf in her bedroom. On the morning of her seventh birthday, Gladys was playing with her dolls when her mother called her, "Come downstairs, Sweetie, we have to pick up some things for your party."

Gladys didn't want to go shopping, so her mother promised she could pick out anything she wanted for her birthday gift. Gladys agreed (she absolutely loved dolls) and the two were off to the mall. As they passed by the window of a second-hand toy store, the little girl grabbed her mother's arm and asked if they could go inside.

When they entered the shop, the woman told her daughter she could choose any item she wanted. Gladys wandered up and down the aisles of the dusty old toy shop until she eventually came to the doll section. On the top shelf, partially obscured by dusty old boxes, was something that immediately caught her eye.

It was a clown doll with a red nose, red hair, and a yellow and blue hat. The clown's ghostly pale face was twisted into a malicious grimace. One of the clown's gnarled hands seemed to wave at Gladys, but the other was holding up two fingers. Gladys felt like she knew the clown somehow. How else could it have known that it was her 7th birthday! Gladys turned to her mother and squealed, "Mommy, this is the one I want!"

"Are you sure?" asked her mother incredulously. "But, it's so ugly and creepy."

The little girl nodded excitedly. "I want it I want it I want it!"

"Well alright then," said her mother as she took the clown doll down from the shelf and reluctantly brought it over to the counter.

As the cashier rang up the purchase, she turned to Gladys and in a terribly unsettling voice said, "Congratulations. You have a very special new playmate. He'll be your best friend in the world...as long as you never leave it alone."

The mother and daughter didn't pay any attention to her and left, happy with their purchase.

When they got home later that day, Gladys immediately rushed into the living room. The girl was overjoyed with her present and spent the rest of the day playing happily with her new playmate and showing it off to all her friends at the party.

Later that night, when Gladys went to bed, she placed the doll on the top shelf in her bedroom. Her mother kissed her goodnight, "Happy Birthday Sweetie," and shut the bedroom door.

About an hour later, Gladys got up and sneaked downstairs for a snack (there was some ice cream cake left over). With her new playmate tucked under her arm, she quietly made her way to

the kitchen. When she thought she heard her mother's bedroom door open, she quickly ran upstairs (her mother always said that after you're tucked-in, no getting out of bed). She left the clown doll sitting on the counter!

Seconds later, her mother heard the screams. When she ran into Gladys's bedroom, her mother was horrified to find Gladys lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood. Her throat had been sliced open and her eyes had been poked out. There was a sharp knife embedded in her chest.

For a few moments, Gladys's mother couldn't believe what she was seeing. But when she looked down and saw the clown doll sitting beside her daughter's mutilated body, she began screaming in horror. The clown doll was still holding up five fingers on one hand but now it was holding up **THREE** fingers on the other hand!

Adapted from <http://www.scaryforkids.com/clown-doll/>