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Through A Doll's Eyes

Margaret Syllah

Entry 1

My owner's name is Amy. I was here for Amy's birthday, and they kept saying "Happy 90th birthday" so that helped me realize that she might be 90 years old. I remember when I was with my previous owner on her 1st birthday. She got so many toys, and they looked exactly like me, except they weren't.

My previous owner looked way younger and smaller than Amy, but they were also so much alike. They both love me so much! Amy holds me just like my previous owner did. She wipes my cheek whenever I'm dirty or get dusty, and then she gently caresses my cheeks and forehead. She kisses me so much, too. She likes to keep me close, and whenever they try to take me away from her, she cries for me to come back, just like my previous owner. Her memory isn't always perfect. She forgets that I'm hers sometimes. She also forgets who some of her friends and family are when they visit, but they are always so patient and kind when she says she can't remember.

Entry 2

Amy likes having me by her side at all times, even when she watches TV and falls asleep on the couch. She tries to feed me some of her food, even though I can't eat. When she's having a bad day, she just holds me close and rubs my back. I wish I could hold her back and tell her it's okay. She's so kind to me. The nurses say she loves me, but I already knew that.



Entry 3

Amy's been getting worse lately. She doesn't seem like her happy self. She's in bed longer and has a hard time getting up. She doesn't eat as much either, and she stopped trying to feed me too. She's been getting more bruises on her body and losing her balance. Her family has been visiting her more often, too. Whenever they come, they leave crying. I still watch over her and stay by her side, but I'm more in her chair than in her arms now.

Entry 4

My owner is going to be leaving soon. I don't know when it will be, but I've heard the conversations the nurses have had with each other, and they said it's coming up.

Entry 5

Lately, at night, I hear her making loud noises whenever she breathes, much more often than before. I've been watching her sleep a lot more, each time waiting for her next breath. It always came. I would watch her carefully until she was awake again. The nurses seem to also check in on her more often now, especially when she sleeps. They say she's weaker now and might go soon.

Entry 6

Amy still sleeps for long periods of time, and whenever she's awake, she talks about her husband visiting. I've never seen her husband visit before. The nurses just say "alright" to her, but her family keeps trying to remind her that he's gone.



Entry 7

Amy asked to hold me today as she got ready for bed. I was overjoyed to be held by her again. As her hands shook and trembled, she rubbed my cheek just like she used to. She wiped away the dust that I got in the crevices of my plastic body. It was dark in the room, and the only source of light came from the moon and lamps lit outside. Despite the darkness, I could still see her face so clearly, she was smiling at me as she held me in her arms while I laid in bed with her. She brought her covers up to tuck us both in. We stayed warm together under the covers. I watched her as she closed her eyes to sleep. Her loud breathing sounds fill the quiet room with noise, as she has been doing the past few nights. She looked relaxed and calm and had a slight smile on her face.

Soon enough, her arm went slack around me. Her chest didn't rise as high in between breaths. There were longer pauses between her loud breaths. I still watched her, waiting for her next breath each time, and it always did happen. Until it didn't. And then silence filled the room. Her loud breaths were no more.

