

Plastic Hearts

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The sun rises over the mansion, the blinding light, almost artificial, glints off its walls and lights up the interior. Its floor to ceiling windows make it look as if there was nothing separating you from the outside world and its vibrant-colored walls will make you dizzy if you are not as obsessed with fuchsia as its owner is.

Barbara wakes up to the sound of loud music. The pop song reverberates through the house and makes the floor tremble. But none of this fazes her because, after years of insisting and making power point presentations to convince her investors, they have finally caved in. She is finally living in the house of her dreams. At last, she has furniture that fits her small frame and enough rooms to invite her friends over.

Barbara gets up and tiptoes to her pastel wardrobe, she stands in front of it for quite some time, but she ends up choosing the same outfit she always wears, since she has reluctantly lent her favourite dress to Theresa. At that moment, someone calls at the door. When she goes down, her friend Theresa is already in the kitchen (which is no surprise since her doors are always open).

“Hi, Theresa!”

“Hi, bestie!” Their limbs intertwine clumsily as they fumble for a hug.

“Sit down, let’s have something to eat!” Barbara points to her new set of chairs.

“You know I can’t sit down with my stiff joints,” says Theresa, annoyed, “I’m not as flexible as you are!”

“Did you go to the doctor about it?”

“Yes, I went to see Dr. Dolly yesterday. She said that it is not a problem, that I was born this way”

“Well, then, nothing to worry about. Let’s get ready for the party!” says Barbara excitedly.

“Isn’t it too early?” asks Theresa.

“It’s our party, we can start whenever we like!”

Out comes the *fashion trunk*, dresses, fabrics and shoes pouring out of it. There are so many options to choose from: handmade dresses, crocheted coats, fabrics to drape on your shoulders as shawls and shoes of all sizes. After careful deliberation, Barbara and Theresa exchange dresses and pick some funky accessories. On a roll, they decide to change their whole look, so they get their hair done by professional hair stylists. Barbara gets pink highlights and Theresa decides on a new haircut. Turns out the hair stylists were not as experienced as expected, since Barbara ends up with half her head highlighted and Theresa looks as though she were about to join a punk-rock band. However, they come out renewed and smiling.

“Come on Barbara, let’s go party!” Says Theresa excitedly after their makeover.

They get into their respective cars, which are hot new models, with colorful wheels and bright flames painted on the doors. They speed away and, in seconds, reach their destination.

As they arrive at the mansion they see that everything has already been arranged outside. The party committee has taken care of everything: the chairs, the guests, the music and, more importantly, the dance floor. The two friends start greeting their guests.

“Hi, Kenny! OMG, what happened to you?” Barbara asks in horror, her eyes directed at his leg, which is bent at a weird angle.

“Oh! Just a pool accident. Don’t worry, it’ll pop back in.” He says with a fixed smile.

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“Look, Barbara! There’s Rachel!” Theresa catches her attention and they make their rounds greeting more guests. Some are their friends and some were brought as fillers. The latter are very strange, some double them in height, some are very hairy and some others have come very inappropriately dressed.

“Why is that guy wearing a cape?” Whispers Theresa. There are several muscled guys dressed in suits that seem more appropriate for a Halloween party.

“Maybe that’s the new fashion where they live” replies Barbara, “they look too serious, let’s invite them to dance!” Music starts sounding from the loudspeakers, everyone rises and starts swaying to the beat.

The party is at its peak: the dance floor is full, everyone is on their feet and even the outsiders are having fun. Suddenly, a distant static roar is heard. The girls know trouble is coming, they have heard that dangerous warning sound many times. Another roar. They start getting restless, not being able to identify where it is coming from. They know they can’t stop the inevitable from happening. There is a stretch of silence, only the music can be heard, which only aggravates their distress. A beat or two pass, the song comes to an end and the girls hold their breath in anticipation.

Then all hell breaks loose. There is screaming, roaring and things falling down as a feral T-rex crashes the party and tries to wrap its plastic jaws around a mermaid.

“Jordie! Why do you always have to spoil our games?” Whines one of the girls, stamping her feet and waving Barbara around in her clutched hand. She starts chasing a little boy with a plastic dinosaur pressed tightly to his chest, which causes it to let out consecutive roaring sounds.

“Our Barbie party’s ruined!” Cries a pigtailed girl sitting on the floor, staring at Theresa’s headless figure and swearing that she will make her brother pay for his crime.