

Holly the Doll

By Jessica Whelan

Hazel Lopez got everything she thought she wanted, but something was missing.

She stepped into the kitchen and smelt the sugary aroma. "Mom, I said I wanted strawberry jelly, not grape. Do it over." Hazel yelled at her mother, Mrs. Lopez. Mrs. Lopez rolled her eyes and completed her wish. Hazel asked for everything she wanted, and she always got it. Her family was rich. She had an American mom, and a Mexican dad. Her dad worked all the time, at a huge company called Lopez Asset Management, and her mom stayed home completing Hazel's every wish. Hazel was the only child in the house, so it wasn't that easy for her parents to say no. Hazel was spoiled, but she didn't know it. She didn't even go to school, instead she had a tutor named Mrs. Angelo.

She gingerly opened the front door with her light blue gloves and yelled to her mother that she was going to take a walk outside. She ran her fingers through her chestnut hair. Her mocha colored skin blended in with the cinnamon lip gloss she loved to glaze on. It was almost Christmas, and when she took a step outside she could smell chimney smoke and pine trees. The scenery was pretty amazing, with the soft snowflakes bunched up to cover the ground with white, but all Hazel cared about was that there was a missing crystal on her jacket. She was also wondering what to ask her parents for this Christmas. Hazel's family had a tradition every year. The tradition was for Hazel to pick out a very expensive toy, and she and her parents would go out together on Christmas Eve. Last Christmas she got a laptop, and the Christmas before that she got a flat screen television for her bedroom. She decided to walk on Cranberry road, and to look in the clothing stores. Cranberry road was the center of Willbury, the town Hazel lived in. There was a rich side and a poor side, and Hazel lived on the rich side. The center of town was where the rich people and the poor people met up. Being thirteen, she was obsessed with clothes, makeup, and her cell phone. But what she saw today caught her eye. A little girl, about seven, banged on a store window sadly. She saw a small doll, named Holly. It was a Christmas doll, and it was only sold for a limited time. It was very expensive, even in Hazel's case. The little girl didn't have winter clothing, in fact she had rags that showed her pale and bruised skin. Her hair was blonde and messy, and she had the prettiest blue eyes. Hazel went over to see what the matter was.

"Excuse me, but why are you acting so sad?" Hazel asked the melancholy girl.

"Well, uh, this is the doll my little sister wants, and, um, I can't buy it for her." she shook her head. "Can't your parents get it for her?" Hazel asked, confused. "No it's too much money, and they're trying to save up money to get my sister better." the girl replied, wiping her tears with the olive green sleeve, or what was left of it. "Wait; is your little sister sick?" Hazel asked. "Yeah she's uh three. Her name is Amanda, and my name is

Melanie. Amanda has the flu.” Melanie said. “Oh, it will pass. The flu doesn’t take that long.” Hazel told her, not understanding Melanie’s situation.

“I just want to get her that doll in the window.” She pointed to Holly. Holly was a beautiful doll. Her peach skin was lightly painted on, and the eyes were carved. They were the color of the ocean, and Holly’s strawberry blonde hair flowed down on her light blue dress. The dark blue ribbons lay upon her hair so peacefully. They studied the doll for a long time when Melanie spoke up.

“The look on Amanda’s face would be great, and it would just fill me with happiness if I saw her happy; but all I have is \$23.00.” Melanie said turning to leave. Hazel sweetly told her goodbye now feeling the little girl’s pain. The doll was a hundred and fifty dollars. Melanie had no chance. There was only one day until Christmas Eve, but Hazel had a plan. Hazel secretly followed the little girl home and looked at the living conditions. The small cottage was mustard yellow with gray shutters. The grass was dead, and there was no sign of Christmas decorations.

Hazel walked fast to her house not realizing she had been gone an hour. When she got home, she smelt eggnog and peppermint. “Where have you been Hazel Ryan Lopez?” Mrs. Lopez asked, with rosy cheeks from anger. “Oh, I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking.” Hazel replied. Her mother looked at her with a twinkle in her eyes. She expected Hazel to yell back at her, but she was pleasantly surprised.

“Ok honey, now get ready for dinner.” Mrs. Lopez calmly told Hazel. “And be sure to wash your hands good.” Hazel ate her pasta and salmon without complaining one bit. Mrs. Lopez again was curious of her strange and new behavior. She liked it. The Christmas tree had sparkling lights, and Hazel stared into the light with ease. “Mom, I know what I want to get for my expensive gift.” Hazel randomly said to her mom. “Ok, what is it?” Mrs. Lopez asked. She thought she was going to ask for something like a new cell phone, or a video camera, something like that. “The limited time Christmas Holly doll. You know the one in the window by Cranberry road.” Hazel replied. “Now why would you want that? You haven’t played with dolls in years. What about a camcorder?” Mrs. Lopez suggested. “Nope, I want Holly.” Hazel whimpered. There was no arguing with Hazel after she whines, so Mrs. Lopez kept the subject hushed. They began talking about what kinds of cookies they were going to make for Christmas.

The next night, Christmas Eve, the family went to the store that had Holly in the window. There was frost on the window pane, as she pointed to the still standing doll. “Mom, Dad, this is great! And in mint condition too! Amanda will absolutely love this doll.” Hazel quickly spoke in fast words. She thought about the happy face the cute three year old girl would make.

“What do you mean honey, Amanda who?” Mr. Lopez asked in utter confusion. He looked at his wife with raised eyebrows. Hazel laughed as she saw her breath against the cold air. She explained the whole story to her shocked parents.

They hugged her, and said how sweet she was. She anticipated giving Melanie's sister, Amanda, the gift. She felt a warm feeling in her heart that she never experienced before. This was the missing part in her life.

"Come on, let's go get Amanda that present!" Hazel said excitedly. "Let's get in the car." Mr. Lopez added. They stepped in the cool leather seats of the car, and Hazel pointed to the house that Melanie lived in. They stepped out in the icy driveway and softly Hazel knocked on the wood front door. No one answered. "Hello? Is anyone in there?" Mrs. Lopez shouted loudly, but no one answered. After a period of time, Hazel told her parents that they should go home. Hazel was disappointed. She left the doll that wasn't wrapped on the front porch. They all went back in the car and drove away. Hazel hoped that Amanda would get the gift.

The next morning the ground was covered with snow. Hazel woke her parents up and they all went down the beige carpeted stairs. Hazel ripped open all of her presents; however, she was more interested to see if Amanda received the Holly doll.

Three days after Christmas, she walked into town again, but now she was a different person. She cared for people so much more. She was touched by Melanie and her life. She looked around to see if Melanie was there, and she was! She was holding Holly, the doll.

"Oh, Melanie!" Hazel shouted to her. Melanie looked up. "Look, I found this Christmas doll on our steps." Melanie told Hazel. She was still in the same rags. "Yeah I gave it to... never mind." Hazel said. She didn't want to tell Melanie it was her. She continued "Did you give the doll to Amanda?" Hazel asked. "Yeah, she loved it! She couldn't stop holding it. She wouldn't let go." Hazel laughed. "How did you get it out of her hands?" Hazel asked, smiling.

"Well Amanda died in her sleep. I mean we all knew that she was going to die, she was very sick." Melanie said, still clutching the doll. "What?" Hazel said, feeling like she was going to melt. She hugged Melanie and gulped back tears.

"This was the doll she was holding when she went to heaven." Melanie sweetly said as she stroked the doll's hair. Hazel froze. It was the feeling you get when you get a bad grade, but only a hundred times worse. Hazel said she had to go. From that point on, she frequently visited Melanie, giving her clothes and toys. The hardest thing for Hazel was that she never saw the happy look on Amanda's face when she saw the doll.

The Lopez family made a new tradition for the future Christmas'. The tradition was instead of Hazel getting an expensive present, she'd give a poor child an expensive present. And every time she did that, she felt great inside. And she never misses the happy faces of the kids getting the present. Hazel will always remember Holly though, Holly the doll.