

# MAKER OF DOLLS

A Dramatic Reading

by  
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Dolls have always been associated with little girls, a symbol of happiness; and indeed, long after women have ceased to be little girls, they are fascinated by dolls.

Anna and Chris came to this country many years ago from Bavaria and settled in a small village in the valley of the Allegheny mountains. Chris was a Maker of Dolls, having learned the art many years ago in Germany. Anna dressed them as no doll had ever been dressed.

The village folk accepted Anna and Chris as most unusual Doll Makers; but were more interested in Anna's Bavarian cooking and the friendship of her coffee.

All year, dolls were made in the small shop in back of their home, then in the late fall, were shipped to stores and shops for the Christmas season.

Winter came early in the little village sheltered by the wall of mountains. By December, the snow was deep; all the dolls had been packed and sent to the far corners; not one remained. Anna sat by the fire in the late afternoon, lost in memories of her home so long ago in Bavaria.

ANNA: Oh, someone comes--Chris, is that you? Come in--wait, I will open door.

A moment of silence and Anna looks into the troubled eyes of a young woman, a stranger.

ANNA: You are lost perhaps in the show? Ya, come in.

WOMAN: Thank you. My name is Mary Milland. I have hunted long for you.--You are the maker of the famous Anna dolls?

ANNA: Ya, my husband and I, we make the dolls. I do not know whether they are famous. So long ago when we come to this country, my husband say, "Doll must have name, to sell; everything in America have name." So he call the doll, "Anna."--My name is Anna. Here, have cup of coffee, you are cold.

WOMAN: Thank you. My husband is hunting a place for the night. The coffee is good.--I came to buy a doll for my little girl.

ANNA: Oh, I am sorry, all the dolls are gone. Not one we have left. Ya, I am sorry!

WOMAN: You must--you must! My little girl is very ill. The doctors say she cannot get well. I had a dream; she reached out her hands for a doll--the most beautiful doll, so real. The doll moved, and as it moved, my little girl got up and walked. My neighbor told me about the Anna doll. You must make a doll to make my little girl well.

ANNA: My Chris make wonderful dolls, but not so good to make little girl well. Oh, so upset I am--all the dolls are gone!

WOMAN: We have traveled far to find you. Here is my address--and money. You must make one more doll--please--

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