
Puppet Obsession

Ever since I was a child, I have loved playing with puppets. Call it being childish, but I truly enjoy playing with puppets, the feeling of having total control over their limp bodies gave me happiness unlike anything else, more than toys, games, books, or even having friends. I grew up watching the Muppets and Sesame Street and I remember just loving those shows. I loved Kermit the Frog, Elmo, Miss Piggy, Big Bird, Fozzie Bear, Oscar the Grouch, and Statler. What I love most about puppets is that I could make them run, talk, sing, jump, or even dance. I don't know, It just feels better playing with them than with toys. My parents were supportive of me having a liking to puppets at first, as in the early years of my life they would provide me with new puppets every Christmas, as they figured that was an easy way to make me happy. I guess you can call it an obsession.

As the years went on, my obsession over puppets never dwindled, if anything, it grew, much to the dismay of my parents, who had grown tired of buying me puppets year after year, as they assumed that my obsession for puppets would fade away like it would for toys, games, sports, etc. They wanted to give me stuff like books, coloring books, nerf guns, footballs, all the other things parents gave their older boys for Christmas instead of puppets who they deemed was for babies. But I refused. I was always content with my puppets. I loved them. I loved them as much or even more as my own parents.

In elementary school, I would bring one of my puppets to school and I draw pictures of them in art class, and whenever the teacher asked us to write a fictional story, mine were always about my puppets and at times, the muppets. I could tell that the school was concerned about me and my puppets as much as my parents, but I couldn't figure out why. What was so wrong about bringing my puppets to school? What was so wrong about drawing and writing about my interests? I was even further baffled when I was lectured in middle school for writing an essay on the history of puppets. I had to rewrite the entire essay as they told us to write about what we were passionate about and that's what I did. They didn't seem to have a problem with the boy who was writing about the history of dinosaurs, or the girl that wrote about the history of barbie dolls. But they would have a problem with the boy who likes puppets.

My parents went the extra mile to solve my "issue" by taking me to various therapists, who all failed at solving the mystery of why i was obsessed with puppets, and failed further when they tried to stem it. By the time our meetings were over, they would have a look in their eyes like they were suddenly very aware that they were sitting only a few feet from me. I guess scared them, somehow. I didn't want to scare them, I just wanted to play with my puppets in peace! I became resentful towards the world throughout the rest of middle school. Kids would look at me weird and talk behind my back, calling me a freak and names like "Puppet Boy". They were never an issue. My parents were the only issue to me.

By the time I entered high school, I was convinced the world was against me. My father would begin to avoid me, which would lead to him beginning to hate me. He screamed at me daily to stop playing with toys. He would try to hide them, donate them, or even burn my puppets. Didn't matter though, I made new ones. Nobody ever found out where their newborns had gone. When he would find one of them, he would smash them right in front of my face. My mom

wouldn't even dare to stop him. She did talk to him about it later but I know she doesn't care about me and my dad won't stop until my obsession with puppets will stop. My parents don't love me, they never had, and never will.

I hate my life. My life is nothing more but a sad story that nobody would care to read. I'm just a boy, still playing with toys as a teen. Who is hated because of his "weird" interests. My life is really a joke. Not a day goes by where I wish that I wasn't here on this Earth. I want to live in the Muppets' world. Sometimes I considered creating a noose out of my puppet strings back home, and letting go. I amuse myself frequently with images of me dangling limply in my room, forever mocking the things I loved. Except nobody would ever want to play with me. I would be a useless puppet. At least it's my last year in school. I've decided to make it special. My father decided to burn my puppets again, so I'm going to make new ones.

My parents were so peaceful that night, under the covers, sleeping beautifully. They didn't hear me enter, didn't see me standing at the foot of their bed. Sewing the string through their flesh was an oddly satisfying task, my needle sliding through their limbs was surprisingly very smooth. At one point, when they had woken up, I had to wrap the string around each of their necks to stop them from screaming. They were silent after that. I could see the look in their eyes, especially at my dad's, he looked scared for his life. He was probably regretting every time he ever touched my puppets. After hanging them off the ceiling, I happily played with my new puppets all night, with the quiet pattern of blood falling on the carpet around me.