

CINDY: There's this little glass doll I have sitting on my dresser. It was perfect and beautiful. I had for years; I got it when I was five at one of the cheesy tourist shops along the highway. I think it was called Uncle Ukulele's Treasure Palace or something like that. I would always stare at her before I went to sleep. At how perfect her skin was and how beautiful her eyes were. She seemed to have some fabulous dreams hidden behind those eyes.

One day a friend came over...at least I thought he was a friend... but...he wasn't. While he was there the glass doll fell to the floor and broke. I glued her back together the best I could and put her back on my dresser. She still has some cracks and bruises...but I still see some dreams in her eyes.