

Bye-bye Love

by John Wentworth Chapin

“Barbie stood naked before the throng, facing all defiantly,” the Narratrix intoned. The crowd of men jeered: a green Power Ranger, a handful of Pokémon, two Batmen, and Bob the Builder, behind them a seething mass of African Safari animals and sharks. Barbie wore only her clear pink heels, her defiance untempered by her precarious stance on a white Lexus convertible. The potential for mayhem was tangible.

“Whore!” cried Papa Smurf, leaping vertically and shaking with righteous zeal. Barbie fell from her makeshift gallows, taking out a Lion and the Polar Bear of Unknown Origin. Barbie quickly hopped back.

“You may call me whore, but I will never bow to your rules.” Barbie pushed her flowing golden locks behind her shoulder.

“Burn the witch!” cried the crowd.

Barbie shook with fury. “I would rather die than live a lie. I could never love Ken. NEVER, I say!”

“A single tear fell down her lovely cheek,” whispered the Narratrix; Barbie was thinking of her one true love, Dora, silent in suicidal repose after her Hummer plummeted off the couch.

Ken soared through the air, collecting Barbie in his well-defined arms. The Narratrix's voice was triumphant: “The crowd howled, cheated.”

“No!” Barbie screamed. “Let me die! Let my love and me reunite in death!”

Ken deposited her on the pouf where the Hulk waited, chest bared. “Be patient, sister,” Ken said. “We can fool them another fifty years.”

The Narratrix blinked back tears. “Fuck NOM,” she hissed.

