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## The Toys Are Talking

When the last worker turns off the lights and locks the door, things get interesting inside the Fennimore Doll & Toy Museum. Gumby, who with his pal Poky was a TV star back in the 1960's, tiptoes to the window and peers down the street to make sure the coast is clear. He hops up on a cardboard box and clears his throat. "Friends... can you all hear me?"

A muffled voice inside the box replies, "Gumby, you're standing on my leg!"

"Sorry, Kermit," says Gumby as he jumps onto the counter where the cash register used to be. "Listen, everyone, I know some of you are getting tired of being in these boxes, but it won't be much longer now. It sounds like that old church we're moving to is really coming along. The renovations are almost finished. The volunteers have been painting, and they're going to build new cases for all of us."

Gumby turns to a large cardboard box and says very loudly, "I heard there are going to be four or five Star Wars cases in the new museum, so you Ewoks don't need to be afraid. You'll be getting out of there soon!"

"What about us?" shrieks a voice from the top of a case. "When people think of a doll museum they think of my friends and me -- porcelain ladies in beautiful gowns. This dust is just ruining the feathers in my hat!"

"Puh-leez!" replies a blonde Barbie doll. "You old bags are always complaining about something."

"Ladies, ladies," interrupts Gumby, "I saw the workers dismantling the old storage shelves from the basement here and taking them to the new museum to be put up over there. You'll want to be on your best behavior to make sure your new home is in a display case, and not in a box on a storage shelf."

"Mister Gumby!" the old porcelain lady cries indignantly. "I'll have you know my friends and I have graced this prominent case ever since the museum opened, and those workers have no intention of putting us in storage. The idea!"

There is more snickering from the hundreds of Barbies still in their glass cases. A brunette dressed in a stunning evening gown says, "They're making special display cases just for us. Visitors have been coming to Fennimore from all over the country to see our beautifully styled clothes. You all look like an old Ladies' Aid Society meeting!"

Now the entire doll room erupts in bickering, and the porcelain lady even removes her leather shoe and throws it in the direction of the Barbie cases. Poor Gumby can't get their attention, and can only shake his head and mutter, "But I have so much more to tell you all."