

# Big Gingham



“Yeom!” yelped Ingrid, as the creature she called Big Gingham grabbed hold of her little leg and pulled. “That *hurt*, you big galoot!” she added, though not so loud that her captor might hear her and take umbrage. Ingrid needn’t have worried. The stupid face mask she’d been forced to wear muffled most any sound she uttered. Goodness knows she had tried! When Mr. Purdy had hailed Big Gingham on the street and then struck up a conversation with her, Ingrid had managed to momentarily wriggle free from the giantess’ grasp. She tottered over to Mr. Purdy, waving her arms and shrieking. “Help me!” she cried, as she tried to pull off the mask. However, it had been firmly secured to her head by hundreds of Post-It Notes and didn’t budge. Then Big Gingham took one giant step, snagged Ingrid by the hair, and yanked her off her feet. Ingrid screeched again, and this time Mr. Purdy heard her. It was clear that he was bewildered by the outburst, but then he had never seen an animatronic doll, let alone a Model E with the interactive artificial intelligence chip. He was about to ask how it could squirm so realistically when Big Gingham spun on her heels and skipped away. “La la la,” she chirped gaily over her shoulder to Mr. Purdy, simultaneously yanking on Ingrid’s leg. The giantess wore a face mask, too, but, unlike Ingrid’s, it had a built-in long-range telegraph module that allowed her to communicate with warlike alien beings that lived in the sun. Ingrid knew that they had designs on the Earth – especially, for some reason, Kenosha, Wisconsin. She also knew that she was rapidly running out of options with which to thwart Big Gingham’s nefarious scheme. As if to emphasize her predicament, the giantess wrapped both hands around Ingrid’s throat and began to squeeze. However, the Model E’s Reboot button is located atop the tracheal servomotor, and Big Gingham inadvertently pressed that, too. Instantly, Ingrid’s boots were activated and they kicked out *hard*, connecting with the giantess’ chin and knocking her out cold. Immediately, Ingrid destroyed the communications module, and then, overriding her “Do No Harm” prime directive, Big Gingham, too. Sure, the Earth had been saved from certain annihilation, but for the Model E, it was just another day at the office.