

A Light in the Tower

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1:

I don't own Sally, Jack, Dr. Finkelstein or Igor. They're all Tim Burton's property. English is not my first language: although I've done my best to write correctly, maybe you'll spot some errors in the text. If something's not clear, please let me know.

A Light in the Tower
Part One

<I>Safe behind these windows and these parapets of stone
Gazing at the people down below me
All my life I watch them as I hide up here alone
Hungry for the histories they show me
All my life I memorize their faces
Knowing them as they will never know me
All my life I wonder how it feels to pass a day
Not above them
But part of them
And out there
Living in the sun </I>

Out There (Quasimodo's song) , from The Hunchback of Notre Dame

The sunlight of the afternoon fell upon Halloweentown , painting her streets with golden hues. Across the round square, the small kid wrapped in bandages, would be a boy or a girl ?, ran playfully after the fat boy with the stripped T-shirt . The big man with an axe on his head came pushing a cart with bones from the opposite side, and the kids almost hit him. Near the fountain, the two witches brewed something smoky in their cauldron, like always. The man dressed with scales and with red-and-black things on his head spoke something to the wolfman. Thoughtfully, the girl looked up. Her eyes rested on the top of a tall, dark tower that reigned alone against the sky as the absolute mistress of all twisted rooftops lying around and beneath her.

The tower of the Pumpkin King. Jack Skellington, the terrible, fabulous lord of Halloweenland, feared by everyone except perhaps her creator and master, the Doctor Finkelstein.

Sorrowly, Sally tore her eyes off the tower and returned to her sewing. From the window, the world didn't seem as wicked and dangerous as the master said. So terribly dangerous that he didn't dare even to let her go out. She was still too young and too naive; she didn't know enough, too, even to be really useful to him, what about the Halloween activities? If something happened to her, he'd never forgive himself. And then, what would be of him, a poor old man, all alone and helpless in his laborathory?

When he said that, Sally felt so selfish and ungrateful for worrying only about her own fun and neglecting her poor little master, who was like a father for her. She leaned over to embrace him and swear that she'd never abandon him, but the change was instantaneous. He had rudely pushed her away and told her to stop being silly and "do something profitable, for a change", what usually meant to prepare him a soup. She had complied, but as soon as she found herself in the kitchen, she walked towards its small, barred window and looked eagerly, though also with guilt, at the pumpkin sun shining out there.

As all that came back in her mind, she sighed, thinking about the enigma her creator was. She made a knot in her tread and bit off the rest of it, then looked down at her just-repaired thigh. A half-smile twisted the corner of her mouth: muuuch better. She was improving quickly. The master would have a surprise. Perhaps, now his opinion about her would change... Or maybe not. The smile died in Sally's stitched mouth. He'd probably say that she had messed it all up and redo the stitches himself. Sometimes, Sally wondered what the master needed her so much for, because she didn't seem able to do anything right. The soup was always too cold, too hot, too spiced or tasteless; there were always dust and dirty escaping from her most minucious cleanings, and his lab coats never become white enough, as much as she washed them. Rare was the day when she didn't receive at least a criptic; when he said nothing it was pratically a reward.

Sally wondered if that was why he insisted that she wasn't ready to face the outside: if yes, then she probably never would be. Or, when the wonderful day came at last, she would be then too old and had lost all interest about anything beyond the confines of her small cold world, just like the master. Sally tried to figure herself as a taller version of him, going around in a weelchair clad in a white lab coat and black glasses, and shivered. She shook her head self-admonishingly. It was not right to think such bad things about the master; he acted like that for her own good. Deep within, he had a good heart; he was just a little... stern. Her lips twisted in a forced smile. Abruptly, she pulled the skirt over her legs and stood up to reach out for an old wooden comb at her desk before sitting again. As the comb run through her soft long hair, her eyes rested again over the Pumpkin King's tower.

From all things Sally had learned about Halloween, Jack Skellington the Pumpkin King was what fascinated her most. She didn't know much about the misterious monarch, just what she had heard from her reluctant master: that Jack Skellington was a hideous, evil skeleton that traveled through the living world every Halloween night, frightening humans to death and occasionally spilling some blood. Sally used to figure him just like an illustration she had seen once in a book: a yellish, hideous-grinning skeleton wrapped in a black cloak with a hood and carrying a rather sizable reaping

hook. However, as much as that image looked horrid or as much evil as he could be, she could not fear him, for a very particular reason.

There were nights when Sally just tossed and turned restlessly in her bed unable to sleep. When that happened, she just sit by her window to practice her sewing under the moonlight. It was rather common then to see a tiny light shining through the windows of the tower, signaling that she wasn't the only sleepless in town. The light remained up there by several hours, even after the ragdoll's eyelids finally become heavy and she went back to her bed. Even the almighty Pumpkin King could suffer with insomnia; and, somehow, that thought comforted Sally. Not that she felt happy because he had a problem, she was actually too sensible to see anyone feeling bad. But it was sort of recomforting to know that the most important being of the Halloween world had something in common with such an insignificant rag girl like her, it sort of eased her solitude. She wondered what he'd be doing up there so late in the night and how did he live. If he spent all the time doing horrible things or there was something good in him. If he had friends... being so terrible and feared by everyone he shouldn't have any, so he should be as lonely as she was. In private, she even dared to call him Jack and to exchange confidences with him. No one had to tell her that was stupid: the real Jack Skellington never would waste his time listening to a simple ragdoll; when much he would cut her in pieces. It was just an innocent fantasy, a waste of time yes, but at least it kept her sane. She never had anyone to talk, to share her feelings, her pains and guilties, the way she felt torn apart between her dreams and her obligations to the man who had given her life. Nothing but these fantasies about a stranger. Maybe they were silly, but still much better than thinking bad things about master, or wondering why she just couldn't be happy with her lif...

"Sally!" a voice rasped suddenly.

She startled and shut the window fast, then turned and stared at the door with anxiety.

"Sally? Are you in there?" the voice insisted.

"Yees" she moaned in reply. The door cringed open and the Doctor Finkelstein wheeled inside. Sally held her breath as she stepped back and against the window's sill, like a child caught with her hand in the jar of cookies.

<I> The world is cruel
The world is wicked
It's I alone whom you can trust in this whole city
I am your only friend
I who keep you, teach you, feed you, dress you
I who look upon you without fear
How can I protect you, boy, unless you
Always stay in here
Away in here?
(...)
Stay in here
Be faithful to me (I am faithful)
Grateful to me (I am grateful)
Do as I say
Obey

And stay

In here </I>

Out There (Frollo's song), from the Hunchback of Notre Dame

The old man stared at his creation for a long moment. The dying sun painted her auburn hair with an halo of gold, leaving her face in the shadows. Still, he could perfectly figure out the haunted look in her eyes and her pursed lips resting off-centeredly from one another. A flaw that he never could fix despite his hability, and that made her usual gloomy expression so pathetic... but also made her strangely beautiful when she smiled. Sally rarely smiled now; however, she used to smile and laugh a lot in her first days of life, even when she stumbled and dived-nose on the floor. Her balance was still precary now, and her movements clumsy...though not completely ungraceful. She also talked too much and almost drove him crazy with her questions about everything; yet her voice was afar the sweetest thing he had ever heard.

Inwardly, the Doctor Finkelstein felt he would never be able to make anything like her again. There was something subtile, invisible still perceptible about his plenty-of-flaws creation that made her unique. This same feeling seemed to sneer at him, whispering into his mind that his ragdoll creation never would be completely his; she was meant for much more than being just his housemaid, and that the proud Doctor just couldn't bear. That was why he concealed her from the world; otherwise he would loose her.

"Step forward " he snapped out "Or are you expecting that an old, sick man like me will crawl to where you are?"

"N-no, no..., of course not." Sally complied, stuttering.

He frowned behind his black glasses:

"Why didn't you respond me when I called the first time?"

"I-I...I didn't hear you. Sorry."

His beaked lips stretched in a baleful smirk:

"You were doing something wrong, weren't you, you little naughty girl?"

"N-nothing, what I could do alone up here?" Sally faked a grin. The old man restrained himself from grinning, too. It was so funny to see the way she flinched and looked away from his stare, like she had committed the worst of the crimes; it was simply... intoxicating. He felt allmighty, almost like he was Jack Skellington himself, instead of an ugly, shrunk and pathetic piece of a man, good only to wait for death, if it wasn't by the fact that he was already dead. And it was only her fault if she didn't behave.

"Sally, Sally" he said as he shook his head "What did we learn about lying?"

"But I am not lying!" the ragdoll shouted in protest. The Doctor frowned and she looked down, muttering: "Sorry."

"What did we learn?" he pressed on.

"I must not tell lies. I must not hide anything from the man who gave me life and taught me everything I know." Sally recited "I must say only the truth: lies are bad. But... I'm telling you the truth! I can swear if you like: I was just combing my hair." she showed the comb still in her hand as a proof.

"Hmmm" the old man studied her face "But you don't have necessarily to comb your hair with the window open." Sally gasped guiltily and he smirked again: "My legs are useless, but my ears are still very good. Even through this thick door."

Sally looked down again and did not respond.

"So?" he insisted.

"Yes." she confessed in a murmur "I was looking through the window, too. It's just... that.... I... I didn't see anything bad in this. You've always told me to keep away from the windows downstairs because they distract me from work. But I'm up here and I had nothing else to do."

"Any excuse is good to do something that we know is not right."

Sally's heart beated stronger. He never had said that the window of her room was also forbidden, and she wisely never had asked him about. Now she'd loose even that, the only pleasure she had, even if it was a clandestine pleasure. She curled up her lip, experiencing a strange new feeling: anger. What was so awful about the world outside that she couldn't even take a glance on it? Almost without feeling, she clenched her fist tight, and the Dr. noticed it. Sensing that he could had overdone with his doctile ragdoll, he chose another tactic. He gloomily shook his head:

"I have noticed you've been rather distracted ultimately. More than usual, I mean. You don't hear when I call, and it always looks like your mind is away in a cloud. And you peep out through every window and crack at hand whenever you think I am not looking at."

Sally shivered, less for being caught peeping than for guessing what was coming for next. Effectively, the old same lecture came, opening with the also same old phrase: "I have done my very best to make us comfortable here."

"I know. You've been always generous to me..." she interrupted him fast, anxious to stop him from pouring it again, but he ignored her:

"But it seems that my best is not enough. It hurts so much to know that my creation, whom I built with these hands, wants to abandon me just to have some fun." he moaned very self-pitifully: "What did I do to deserve this? A poor old man, all alone in this huge, cold tower. What have I done to you treat me like that?" he shook his head and looked very downcast.

Like it always happened, Sally felt selfish and cold-hearted, but this time she was also a little offended that he kept thinking she would do such a foul thing with him, in despite of her evident dedication.

"But... I'm not going to leave you! Why would I? This is my home, and you made me."

You are my only family. I'd just like to take a walk outside. Only once, just to know how it feels. Then I'll come back to you, I promise."

The doctor kept staring at the floor. Sally knelt beside him and tenderly cupped his chin with a hand, making him look at her.

"I am very sorry I've made you think like this. You are very, very patient to me, and you gave me this large, comfortable room to live" her voice wavered a bit at the word ~comfortable~ as her eyes ran by the naked walls and the old furniture "I... can't help. It's stronger than me. I see the sun shining out there, I hear people laughing and singing as they work, the Mayor calling for the Town Meeting, and I just have to see what's happening..."

"Whatever happens out there is none of your concern." he snapped out, so harshly that Sally pulled back, losing her balance and falling seated "And you're not ready to go out. We've been over this. The world of Halloween is vicious and dangerous, and by no way appropriated for a helpless child like you. "

Sally stood up slowly as he lectured; a glint of determination appeared in her eyes: "That was true when you made me" she said for the Dr's surprise and hers "But I'm no longer a child; I'm grown now and I've learned how to take care of myself. And you've always told me that everyone in this world has to contribute in something for the Halloween party if they want to live here. Even you. Why not me? I feel so useless, stuck here all the time...no-no-no, that's not what I mean, I mean... I feel that I should contribute in something for the Halloween, too, like everyone do. I know I can help. Please." she clasped her hands together begginly.

The Dr. stared pretty shocked at her. She never had acted like this before. Not that would change something, though. He composed himself.

"Let's suppose I agree with you." he said warily "What could you do? "

Sally was caught off-guard. She never had thought about that.

"I can... cook." she said tentatively.

"Of course." the old man scoffed "I had forgotten that. You could serve cold soup around, so I'd have the whole Halloweentown to share my stomachaches."

Sally bit her lip. The master never had a stomachache, not from her food! And despite everything he said about her cookings, she knew that he actually liked them. Why was he doing that to her? Outwardly, however, she tried and calmed down by breathing deeply:

"Okay...maybe I'm not that good in this.... but I can sew, too. I have practiced when there's not work to do, and I've improved a lot..."

A cruel cackle interrupted her.

"Please, Sally. We both know what happened when I tried to teach you to sew. I made you partially unsensitive to pain, so you wouldn't get hurt when I had to fix you. But in consequence you can't use a needle without impalling your fingers."

"Not anymore!" she protested "If you'll only let me show y..."

He kept talking like she hadn't said a word: "The only things that you can do are preparing my food and cleaning up my house. Poorly. What sort of use you'd be out there? To sweep the streets and serve tea? You may do that here. And you don't even know how to interact to people. How to talk and behave in society at the proper way. The Halloweeners are cruel: they would laugh at you, and at me, too. Is that what you want? That I'll become the laugh of everybody?"

"No, of course not!" Sally retorted feverishly "But that's just the point. You've never taught me how to inerr..." she fought with the new word "to inn-terr-ack to other people. How can I learn to behave in society if I never see anybody but you and Igor?"

"Be patient, my dear. You'll learn all that when it's time. Not before." the scientist said in a definitive tone. It was not good in insisting, and Sally slumped her shoulders in defeat. The old man looked satisfied and continued: "But this is not what I came for. I'm receiving a very important visit tonight."

"A...visit?" she looked up, her eyes shining with surprise and interest. The master never received visits, except for the Mayor, who had come once soon after she had been brought to life and her mind was still blank. However, along with other things, Sally had been taught about how to serve and behave in case of visits. "And do you want I make you some tea? I can make some cooks, or maybe those nettle muffins that you lik..."

"You're not going to do anything!" the Doctor snapped. Sally stared at him in confusion and shock.

"I want you to stay quiet and don't make a sound until the visit's gone." he said "I'm receiving someone very important, and I don't want you to embarrass me with your stupid questions, or to stumble and spill tea over us!" he turned away and went toward the door followed closely by a very desperate Sally:

"Please! I'm not going to say a word, believe me!" she begged "Just give me a chance. I promise I will behave..."

He smirked at her: "You may bet that" and closed the door on Sally's face. She stepped back, stunned, nearly losing her balance, but just for a few seconds. The sound of a key turning into the door woke her up from her stupor.

He had locked her away! In her own room!

"NOOO!" the doll pounced her fists over the door, howling in despair "Please, don't! Please let me out! Let me ooooouuut!!!! How will I be ready to meet people if you'll never give me the chance?"

"Shut up! Or I'll disassemble you to make something silent and useful!" it was the distant respost. Then, only silence. Sobbing, Sally rested her forehead over the door, silent tears trailing down her cheeks. Slowly, she slidded to the floor until she was on her knees, and buried her face in her hands. Why was he always so angry about her? Why could she never see anybody? To have fun? Had she done something so awful to

be guarded and trapped like that?

Maybe she had. How many times he had yelled at her for not acting the way he expected:

"I'm burdened with you... You're just an ungrateful, good-for-nothing girl... Stupid oaf, you broke this... ..Even Igor, that is a moron, can do it better than you... ..I don't want you to embarrass me with your stupid questions, or to stumble and spill tea over us..." the master's beratings nagged into her mind, in a cacophony of multiple voices sneering at her. One in special, outstanding among the others like a louder shout:

"I wasted my time and my valuable material in you. By all rights I should have taken you apart, but I did not because I pity you."

She sat resting her back against the door, shutting her eyes tight and plunging her long nails into the palms of her hands. Pity. That was the only thing she deserved.

"I wish you never had built me," she whispered, as more two tears trailed down her cheeks.

She opened her eyes and sniffed.

Her blurred vision focused on the window. It was getting dark and the tower's silhouette was barely visible now, but she didn't even notice it. Slowly, she got up and trudged towards the window to open it up again. She rested her hands upon the sill and looked down.

The smooth light of a street lamp lighted up the sidewalk down there. It was made of squared stony tiles, disposed one beside another in a way to form one circle into another, or a spiral, if you rather. From where Sally was, she only could see the thin line of the spiraled mesmerizing her, a safe and clear solution for her distresses.

Maybe it was the best to do.

She was no use to anyone. At least, if she died, the Dr. could use her pieces to build something better. Maybe then, he could fix up what was wrong in her. She would become smarter and capable and no longer would have impossible dreams, and they finally would be happy together.

The doll raised her eyes up to the tower for an instant and sniffed. She'd never know how the Pumpkin King was... but she'd never know anyway if she remained stuck up there for all the time.

She closed her eyes and breathed deeply before getting the impulse. But at a sudden, she stopped, unbalancing a bit and let out a squeal. Something horrible had occurred her: what if she didn't die? Her limbs kept alive and kicking even when they weren't attached to the rest of her. What if she remained alive even if she got all in pieces down there? Sally shuddered at the thought of her pieces squirming on the ground. Would someone be pity of her and help? If the Halloweeners were as cruel as the master said, they could set fire on her. Or they'd just walk past her pieces lying down there, under the rain and wind, until she rot and died at last. Sally shivered and backed away. That was even worse than being trapped!

Her look fell upon the needle on the desk and she picked it up. She picked up also a small pool of thread and put both in her pocket. Just in case.

Sally started to prepare again for the big jump, but looked down and hesitated. Suddenly, the spiraled ground down there didn't look so attractive. She drummed her fingers on the sill, a bit annoyed about herself for being so coward, but still afraid. As trying to gain some time, she turned and went toward her old desk, from which she

took out a slightly bald feather, an almost empty bottle of ink and a piece of yellowed paper (remains of her early days, when she learned how to write and read). Then, she carefully ignited up a piece of candle and sat to write:

"Dear Master

I know I promised to never leave you, but can't stand it any longer. Hope some day you'll understand. If I won't survive the fall, please use my pieces to make an useful and silent Sally so she'll make you happy, because I couldn't. But if do..."

the ragdoll thoughtfully chewed the end of the feather for a moment "If I'll survive, please forget me and let me live out there. One way or another, it'll be better for both of us.

Forgive me,
Sally.

P.S: There's fresh soup in the fridge. It's not spiced.

P.P.S: I couldn't remove the acid stains from your fave lab coat. I'm very sorry. Maybe the future new Sally can do it.

Gingerly, Sally placed the letter on her pillow, turned around and marched towards the window. She pressed her hands upon the sill, shut her eyes, breathed deeply and ...

And the doorbell rang. Sally blinked, like she had been awoken from a nightmare and looked down in curiosity. From the angle of her window, she couldn't see who was down there, but obviously was the master's announced visit. She could hear him wheeling his way downstairs and past her door as the doorbell rang again.

"It's open!" he screeched. There was a pause, then he spoke again, in a soft, very different tone: "Jack Skellington! Up here, my boy!"

Sally, who was already crouched at the door and almost flattening her head over it, all suicide plans temporarily forgotten, suppressed a gasp. Jack Skellington? Jack Skellington himself was there? Of course, silly! The dr. said he was receiving someone very important. Who'd be more important than the Pumpkin King?

"G'night, doctor!" said a jovial voice that made her doll heart jump "I'm sorry I am so late, but the Mayor got me stuck in the Town Hall."

"The old good Mayor." the dr. replied with fake joviality "Enthusiased as always. But, come on, Jack. Would you like some tea? "

"Maybe later, thank you." Jack said, his voice getting louder as he came up the ramp "Well, doctor, we've got those assignments to see. But I have come specially to abuse of you."

"To abuse of me?" the old man echoed in shock.

"Yeah. I'd like to take a look in your library, if possible."

"Ah."

Sally drunk every word that Jack said. She was simply floored at the sound of his voice. By all odds, he'd supposed to have a horrible, dreary voice, quite suitable for someone who frightened his victims to death. Instead, it was the sweetest sound she ever heard in her eight months of life. Her gloomy room suddenly seemed warm and comfortable, and the master's voice seemed so petty and pathetically old as the King's evolved her like a caress. Like a voice of an... angel. She looked up and blinked. What was an angel? She shook her head and pressed it further against the door.

"Why, Jack, I'll feel honoured to let you see my library" the scientist said forcefully "But I'm afraid you'll find it too poor, compared to yours. I haven't any romances nor the other sort of things you like so much. Only scientific books."

The two men were now talking in front of her door. Sally peeped through the keyhole. If she only could see Jack's face... A person with such a gentle voice couldn't be that bad. She couldn't see anything, however. The key had been left in its hole, making the ragdoll suppress a growl of frustration.

"That's exactly what I need," the King's voice cheered a bit "Mostly of my library is actually composed of fictions, but lacks in technical stuff. About herbs, to be very specific."

"Are you planning to make a potion?"

"More or less. Among other things, I'm looking for is something that'll make me sleep."

Sally's eyes widened up. So her guess that he couldn't sleep was right! Poor Jack.

"Do you suffer with insomnia?" her master asked with apparent concern.

"Yes," Jack sighed "It's all this work and stress, I suppose, and everybody needing me and asking me things every waking moment...well, waking's not a good word. But, everynight I come back home longing for a good nightsleep, and I just toss and turn instead. I've tried everything: bat's warm milk, relaxing exercises, even to read the Mayor's paperwork" he added in chucklingly, then his voice fell again: "But nothing helps. I'm in my wits' end."

"Hmm. Did you ever try Deadly Nightshade?"

"Uh, no. I heard of it, sure, there's no one in town who doesn't know it, I guess. It grows in the graveyard. But isn't it a poison?"

"Yes, it's poison...if you are alive. But we're already dead, aren't we?" the old man cackled "So, the worst that might happen to you is to wake up with a pretty bad headache, and only if you'll use a very strong dose. You can slip some in your usual night tea or in your food. Both taste and smell aren't not pleasant, though, so I suggest you to add something stronger to overpower them. Frog's breath, for example."

Sally grimaced in disgust. Master loved frog's breath and constantly demanded it in his food, but the smell nauseated her. It seemed that Your Majesty didn't like it, too, because the Dr. added in: "Of course, there are other herbs you can use, Jack. None of them'll work as well as Deadly Nightshade, tough."

They chattered a little more, until the Dr. suggested that they went to the library right then, so they would do later whatever assignment they needed. The voices faded away, signaling that the two men were going upstairs. Sally pressed her back against the door and stared dejectedly at the ground. Damn it.

Casually, her gaze fell upon the suicide letter, which she had absently pushed off her desk in her rush to eavesdrop. Her face lightened up. That's it! She pressed her face against the ground to inspect the door underneath. There was a small clamp, not much larger, of course, but maybe large enough to allow the passage of the key. She reached out for the paper...

And stopped.

That wasn't right. Perhaps the Dr. had a real good reason to not allow her to see Jack Skellington. Maybe he was really evil. Maybe he could try to kill her or harm the doctor if he caught her peeping on him. Sally shivered at this. Anyway, even if she managed to see him and go back to her room without being detected, how could she lock up herself again? When the Dr. would come to free her, he'd see the door unlocked and see that she had disobeyed him. He would be so mad at her! He'd never trust on her again.

But, he didn't trust on her anyway, or he wouldn't have locked her away. And she hadn't to stay up there too long. Just a quick look at the King, that's all. She wouldn't disturb him, so the master couldn't say anything. And even if he would... Sally gave a quick glance to the window and swallowed ...she wouldn't be there to be punished. So what did she have to lose?

Her eyes fell again over the paper. The temptation won out.

Quickly but also carefully, Sally passed the paper under the door, making sure that it was placed right under the keyhole. Among her few belongings, she found out a thin, pointed chopstick that she used to keep her nails clean. She introduced the stick in the keyhole and pushed it forward. A metallic bump announced the fall of the key, startling her for a second. She paused, waiting if someone else had heard it, only then loosened her breath and pulled the paper. She felt a small weight at the other side. Yes! Or... no. The clamp wasn't large enough, and both the key and paper got stuck. Oh, no, not now that we're so close! Sally insisted and gave the paper a stronger pulling, but just ripped it off. In despair, she tried to pull the key off with the chopstick; it was too fragile, however, and snapped. Finally, with the help of a rusty scissor, she managed to retrieve the key.

She was free.

To Continue

Note: For who's wondering about, the door of Sally's room still hasn't the heavy crossbar that it had in the movie. The Dr. added it a good time later, for obvious

reasons.

Some phrases of the Dr. Finkelstein are quoted from the early script of The Nightmare Before Christmas. There, Sally was naive and gullible, frequently tricked by the Dr's call-guilties. The script gave me a lot of insight to write this history. Maybe you'll think Sally looks a little doormat here, but just think that all she knows was learned from the Dr, so he's naturally the center of her world...until now. Wink Hope you're enjoying it.