



## ALONE

The crystal white snow fell peacefully on to cluttered rooftops upon the grey monotone houses. The damp disease ridden streets were home to more than met the eye. A young girl named Alma skipped happily down the road suspecting nothing bad.

The bitter air forced Alma to wrap up herself in thermal layers. She grabbed her snow camouflaged chalk block and inscribed *Alma*.

“Click!” she shot round turning and seeing something she had never seen before. An identical doll staring at her.

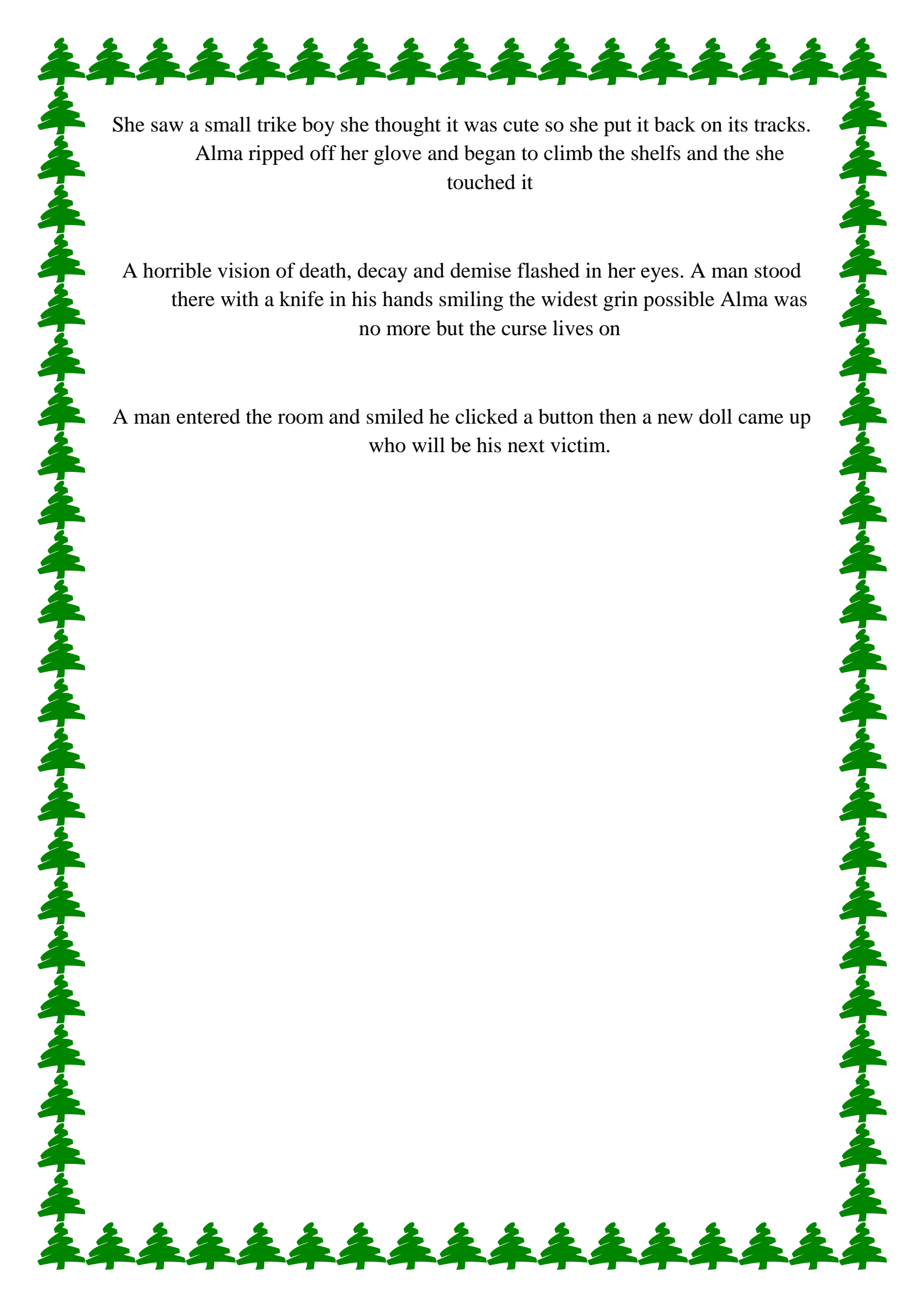
Oh no she saw me ~~it's too~~ **IT'S TOO LATE NOW** oh no I can't stop myself **ahhhhh**.

She was astonished. Her head rearing with questions! Who!? When!? Why!? Where!? And most importantly how? Only one way to find out she ran towards the gapping mouthed shop.

She wiped away the hot vapour to see one of the most magnificent sights she would ever see a shop stacked ceiling high with dolls.

She ran inside rearing to get the **curse**. But there was no keeper at the golden till. She would pay later she thought in her mind. She reached for it but then it disappeared into thin air.

**SHE IS FALLING FOR OUR PLAN SOON SHE WILL REMEMBER!**  
**OH GOD NOOOO GOODBYE!!**



She saw a small trike boy she thought it was cute so she put it back on its tracks.  
Alma ripped off her glove and began to climb the shelves and the she  
touched it

A horrible vision of death, decay and demise flashed in her eyes. A man stood  
there with a knife in his hands smiling the widest grin possible Alma was  
no more but the curse lives on

A man entered the room and smiled he clicked a button then a new doll came up  
who will be his next victim.