

Thursday 1st March 2018

LO- to write a narrative

The thoughtless snow fell clumsily from the dismal sky. She felt an eerie feeling shoot down her spine. Wind whistled through the labyrinth of dark alleyways. Snowflakes. They were like swans- elegant and beautiful- settling on the distant buildings. Playfully Alma skipped through the crisp, cascading snow, as if it wasn't there.

Looking. Looking at the menacing face glaring her. The captivating window was wooden, bear shaped, dark tinted and frightening. It was fairly organic and could be easily mistaken for a mouth: an open mouth... screaming. On top you could see the most intricate design of carved teeth, they were scattered like marbles. The window felt like it was staring at the steps that the little girl made. As if she was walking into a death trap.

Staring. Staring at all the different names on the board, including hers. A small was planted on her face. A proud smile. Out of nowhere, an uneasy feeling washed through Alma's small body. *Is there something behind me?* She pondered. Turning, she found herself face to face with something. That something... was a doll. Not just any doll. It was an almost identical doll.

Stepping back, wanting to go inside the enticing shop. Without a thought, she strode to the door. Wide eyes and a determined look camouflaged her cold face. Alma pulled the rusty door handle but to no avail. Her eyes scrunched then a annoyed and confused face appeared. Frustrated, she bended down and made a soft, once delicate snow ball and threw it at the ancient entrance.

Walking away, Alma heard a metallic creak piercing the silence. She thought to herself, *wasn't that door locked?* As she entered she noticed the doll. Right in front of her! Then she saw what nearly made her fall. It was a wind up doll. Whilst placing it back on its feet, she made a small smile. Getting back up to see the doll, she saw it was gone! *Where did it go?* She muttered under her breath.

Searching frantically, she spotted it. A wave of relief rushed through her. Making her way up to the 'mini Alma' she looking at the other dolls sitting there, standing there... watching. Biting off her glove, she reached up to the toys button nose. Then it happened...

She felt an eerie her entire body disappear, as though devoured by an unknown black abyss. She could taste fear. The pain was horrid. Not anything could possibly describe how painful it was. Nothing and no one.

Alma was still alive. Opening her eyes, her view was from the top shelf with glass, beady eyes. She was still and voiceless.

The small innocent young child -now regretting her decision- was no longer a girl. Now a doll...

By Nadirah Yr6