

Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> March 2018

LO; To we write a narrative

Alma

The snow glided down like tiny paragliders, dancing like shiny iridescent glitters, layering on the dull roof tops, thoughtlessly. It would leave a soft cold white carpet, covering the pavement majestically. Chimneys puff a eerie smoke all over the abandoned town making sure it smothers every nook and cranny uneasy and unconfutable.

The snow was awakened by a foot step of a little girl, running along the cascading snow along the dark alley. Alone. The only thing that was watching Alma was the menacing clouds hovering over the houses like a gang of pick pockets.

While Alma was happily hoping over the snow she came to a stop. Her eyes had been pulled to a wall littered with names. All illustrated in white chalk that was. Some of little girls some of little boys, and some where even big and some where even small, but Almas was perfect. She proudly stepped back to take a good look at her work. She carelessly dropped the chalk in delight just to be swallowed by the ice.

Alma pulled her red tightly fitted scarf down to smile at her masterpiece of a name, but she felt a spike of cold stab her like a sword. This feeling was not from the cold. She felt uneasy like someone was staring at her. She turned cautiously around to see if someone was there. But no, no one was there except a shop face. beaming eyes were glued onto the peculiar shop a mouth was so wide Alma felt like it was going to eat her whole, like a monsters face the more Alma looks the more features she saw the green around the mouth, the dirty windows but one thing shot out to her. a doll. A doll like no other doll but a doll that was the exact replica of herself. Alma was sure that the shop was empty before hand. From the top of her blue bobble hat to the tip of her grey mittens it was her. Surly.

Eagerly she ran up to the door of the shop. As she peeked she did not see only one doll but hundreds of other dolls this made more and more exited. she slammed the door but no reaction, she pulled and pushed but no budge almost like someone was holding it from the inside. In defeat she threw a snow ball and walked away. Slowly the door creaked open.

~~No leave, you don't know what your getting into~~ said one of the dolls but Alma couldn't hear. She went in-cautious and confused-to go find what she was looking for; the doll. The shop was filled with cobwebs and dust. As she went to reach for the doll she noticed that she had tripped over a small doll all dressed in black and riding a bicycle Alma laughed

~~What a silly doll!~~

She picked it up and as soon as it was up it slammed right into the door banging it repeatedly. Remembering why she had entered she turned around to get her doll but it had gone. Alma violently scanned the shelves until she caught her eye on the doll on the tippy top of the shelf. She climbed and stretched when finally reached the doll.

~~No go now get out of here!~~ The doll said but once again alma couldn't hear.

She bit her gloves of to touch her doll

~~Oh nearly not quit~~

Then finally...

Alma felt her whole body be devoured by a black hole. She had a indescribable pain smother her. Nothing was in her control. She couldn't do anything about it. Then silence. she was breathing heavily. she couldn't move talk or even scream. She found herself staring from the top

Alma who was skipping down the road one after noon

Was no longer a girl, but a doll.

By poppy