



Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> March 2018  
Lo -To write a narrative



Alma



The absent-minded snow fell through the eerie, dark sky, the fresh snow created a fluffy, soft, white carpet on the horrible, damp, ancient floor. The colourless houses stood scattered around the white, snowy land. In the middle of this stood an enigmatic, old alleyway with a little girl skipping through carelessly.



Jumping from side to side, she came across a chalk board. She leisurely grabbed the snowy, white chalk, the little girl imbedded her signature onto the board, **Alma**, it read. Alma dropped the chalk carelessly as she gazed at her name with pride. Creak! Who's there?! She demanded, she turned, walked and stared. Alma wiped the condensation of the grubby window, her eyes grew wider, her mouth forged into a smile. Blink. She couldn't believe what she saw, it was a doll replica of her. She looked down for split second, the doll disappeared. Where did it go?



Temptation clawed her by the stomach, curiosity surged through her body. She sprinted towards the door, the shop front made her uneasy, but she still tried to get in. she tried and tried to get in but all resulted in fails, Alma gave up, at that moment, the door creaked open.



What! I was sure that the door was locked! She shouted in frustration. She walked in, Alma saw: shelves covered in partially broken dolls; old, dusty, frayed chairs; and finally, her doll.



It stood on a dark, thick wooden table, it studied Alma with its vivacious, ocean blue eyes. Ouch! She peered down there lay a clumsy, mechanical doll she grabbed it with a smile on her face, Alma observed the room. In excitement she saw the doll lay on a dusty shelf.





*Alma pounced onto the dusty sofa, she reached and reached.  
swoosh! Alma got devoured by a unknown darkness, every  
part of her body twisted and turned. She felt paralyzed. The  
girl, who had n care in the world, became a daft doll.*



*I warned her, I warned her but she didn't listen. Its all my  
fault I watched her turn but I never helped...*



*By Praveen*

