

Alma

The wind howled and snowflakes fell as a little girl skipped alone through the snowy streets of Paris. As the snow fell, it made a cold blanket on the cobbled ground. The little girl held out her ^{tongue} ~~tough~~ so a snowflake would fall in her mouth. She was completely oblivious to the missing posters on the walls of the deserted shops. Suddenly, she stopped skidding and sliding, her round green eyes fixed on an chalkboard full of hundreds of names. Without a wonder in the world she neatly added her name on it. After writing 'Alma' on the overcrowded chalkboard she dropped the chalk and loosened her scarf, which was wrapped tightly around her neck. She smiled proudly at her name. All of a sudden, she felt like she was being watched so she turned around and hesitated in shock

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Sitting in silence, an old shop unlike any other watched Alma like a hawk. It gave her an eerie feeling inside her. The shop's window looked like an open mouth and the panes looked like a set of sharp teeth. She had the feeling that the shop window could eat her in one go. On the top of the shop, gills stood looking at her like eyes, saggy green patterns looked like scales. It looked so creepy, almost like a monster. The windows were icy and cold as Alma stared at it in satisfaction, to her the shop looked like a toy store but

It had a very unnerving feeling as she walked closer and closer hesitating every step she took. The silence broke as a gasp of disbelief filled the cold winters air. The snow dropped and the wind blew as she stopped at the mouth-like window peering inside the abandoned shop.

Alma pressed her little cold nose against the window making it steam up like a dragon angrily huffing and puffing. She cleared it and saw a doll. Her first bitten chin dropped and her eyes narrowed in confusion as she noticed the doll and her looked alike. The doll had the same clothes; the hat, the ~~gilt~~ gilet and the mittens. Everything was the same but in miniature size. She looked at herself and made a humungous smile appear on her face but the doll had disappeared completely. A frown filled her face as she searched eagerly for the doll, but it was nowhere.

She ran to the door, searching and searching till she saw the doll standing on top of the stool. A n exciting smile of determination spread across her little red face as she tugged the door handle with a great ~~source~~ ^{source} of power.

<sup>dolls
point
of view</sup> "Oh no here comes another child" mumbled someone to the innocent to the little girl standing at the door.
"Don't come in its crowded already!" Groaned another
"She doesn't know what she's doing." again Groaned someone.
Alma tugged and tugged but the door stayed shut. Disappointment

and anger jilted her as she threw a snowball at the old door and walked away. Her hands dragged across the walls as she walked away sad and bored. As she did the door creaked open loudly and she ran over. That's when it happen ...

dolls
point
of view

"Don't come in its already crowded in here." cried something. "Too late now she is in" shouted the unknown. Slowly Alma walked inside, whispers turned into silence as she stared at the dolls in the shop. The dolls on the shelves were big, small and tall as she scanned the room. Suddenly, she remembered what she had come there for and walked towards the doll getting distracted by her feet clanging on the tiled floor. All of a sudden she stood on a pale doll dressed in a black suit on a tricycle and knocked it over. Jumping with surprise, she placed the doll back on three wheels again. It sped towards the door but the door shut quickly and left the doll hanging into the door constantly. She smiled then turned to get the doll she wanted but it was gone again.

Determined, Alma searched under the stool, on the shelves and on the stool, but the doll was nowhere to be found. Sadness jilted her little heart until she saw the doll on the shelves. Climbing eagerly on the sofa and on the shelves, she carefully reached up to touch the doll. As she did a vision of her and thousands of dolls falling filled her brain.

Confused and scared, she looked side to side flickering and clicking. She breathed hard as she knew she was a doll.

All dolls eyes moved fixing on her as if they were ^{satisfied} ^{by her.}

dolls
point
of view

"You Silly girl look what you done now" shouted a doll.

All eyes were on her. A squeak was heard as another doll appeared at the window, it was a girl. Now Alma knew what was going on.