

Alma

The story begins on a snowy afternoon in a Ghost town near a city called Ottawa. A young girl called Alma, a polite girl, always got a smile on her happy face. She was carefully skipping in the deep snow in a dark alleyway. Then she saw a massive chalkboard the size of a miniature helicopter what would fly in the night sky, looking for missing children who had disappeared in the same dark, damp, snowy alleyway. Before she found this humongous chalkboard, she was supposed to go to her friend's house. When she saw the chalkboard, she found a white crayon blending in with the pale, white snow. So, she grabbed the chalk lightly and started to write. Alma wrote her name in her very fancy handwriting, so her name would stand out like the hair on the back of her warm neck. Alma started to shiver even though her mom made sure she would stay warm and delighted. Instead of being happy and delighted she felt scared and nervous when she started to hear a machine run a couple of feet behind her. Alma carefully turned around to see her in the window at first, she thought it was her reflection but as she got closer, she realized she was wearing a scarf and her in the window was not. She slowly got closer to the foggy window because it was hard to see. When she got close, she realized it was a doll, what looked just like her, the same brown hair, the same blue eyes, the same black, fluffy coat. Alma was not scared, she was curious, very curious. Even her big brother said her nosey personality would get her one way or another. Alma happily skipped to the big wonky, wooden door and glimpsed extremely hard at the massive door, window. She could see loads of dolls. Some looked similar, some looked different and some looked familiar. Alma tried to open the door, she used all the strength in her body, but the handle just would not budge, not even a little bit. She kept yanking and yanking but it just would not budge, not even an inch. Alma anxiously folded her arms and stomped as her shoes sunk into the dark deep snow, she realized she could throw a snowball at the window, so she grabbed a snowball with her light brown mittens and threw the snowball at the

door window before stomping off in a tantrum. But, she heard the door slowly creek open and her ears stood up. She stopped and quickly turned and ran in the cold shiny snow with her wet brown wet slimy boots as her beautiful brown hair would get dragged by the freezing cold wind as she looked up at the blue sky happily skipping there. When she got to the door, she barged in like a robber robbing a rich businessman's house or mansion. Alma Slowey but carefully took baby steps getting closer, closer, and closer. Until she stepped on a doll riding a bicycle, he looked like a young Victorian boy with his brown hair and fancy school uniform. When Alama stepped on the doll it mysteriously turned on. The boys peddles went in circles and swirls; Alma picked the Victorian doll, and he turned in more swirls than his peddles did. The door slowly creaked shut while the boy hit his head repeatedly on the grand, funky, door. Alma noticed the doll was dusty because of the old, crooked floor. Alma smiled before turning back to see the identical doll gone. Alma searched everywhere for the doll, all over the shelves, through all the old dolls to the new dolls to grand dolls to the glorious dolls. But the last shelf had the identical doll, Alma frowned and took a step back until her curiosity kicked in. She was that curious that she was no longer scared. The one thing she missed was all the dolls were looking at her, most of them were classical dolls or medieval dolls because they because they had seen it so many times to be honest too many times. When Alma found the doll the bicycle doll tried to distract her or maybe it will help her. Alma smirked before she slowly made her way around the crooked misty dolls. She took a big step on the sofa before going on her tip toes to touch the doll on the nose, and that was the wrong decision. Like making the worse decision in her curious little life got taken away in one little touch. As Almas flesh met the identical doll, Alma's point of view went straight to the doll as if her life were flashing before her eyes. She woke up looking around the room on the tall shelf as all the dolls looked disappointed. Alma started saying in her head "mom! I need you, help!" But she never knew her mom would never hear that voice again.

Just another evening in Canada
a happy girl skipped by...
By Dylan Taylor

Alma

The story begins on a snowy December morning when a little girl called Alma was jumping and skipping down an abandoned alley in the streets of London city. Now her nose was glowing red, and her nose was red. Today she was on the way to the local park with several of her friends but when she came to the abandoned street it seemed she had lost her friends. It grew quieter and the shadows of the buildings loomed over her. She looked around- with a glance she saw some posters, but she moved too quick to what they said- to find a massive chalkboard with many names. Alma found a crumbling piece of chalk and wrote her name with her beautiful, cursive handwriting. All of a sudden, a shiver ran down her spine and she was no longer happy or excited, for now she was terrified. Then she turned around to find.....

Turning around she saw a shop, it looked old, yet Alma had never seen it in her life. In some way it felt like it was calling her. She edged towards the window- getting rid of the fog- "what's that?" she muttered

A small, interesting figure stood in the window. Alma wasn't the type of child to get scared, but she was very curious.

When she investigated through the window, she cupped her hands to see better then realised that the strange figure had long, brown, wavy hair and a ruffled blue coat that touched her knees with a pair of mittens and a navy-blue beanie. Immediately Alma took a glance at herself then she realised it looked just like her, long, brown, wavy hair and a ruffled coat that touched her knees just like the doll. Mittens and a navy-blue beanie. The only thing that was different was their eye colour, Alma had emerald, green eyes but the dolls

were dark and grey. Then she looked down and in the blink of an eye the doll vanished. Alma ran to the door looking through the window. "Aha there you are" she dangled on the rusty door handle, but it wouldn't budge so she pouted and crossed her arms after throwing a snowball at the window. She stopped off and then felt another shiver but this time it was excitement not fear. Halfway down the alley she heard the sound of a door creeping open, she ran back to the shop and with her first step in she saw.....

She saw dozens of shelves ram packed with extradentary dolls. All were different in their own special way. Many of them were looking at her like perhaps they were from a different time in history –there were Victorian dolls especially. They were staring at her in a creepy way, but Alma was to naive to realize. The floor was tiles were creaking under her small feet but the room was quiet.

"there you are!"

Alma reached for her doll that stood on a triangle wooden table with lighter swirls on each corner. Then she leaned in but kicked a Victorian boy- on a bike. Once Alma picked him upright he went towards the door that was door that was creeping shut. The doll rode towards the door and was bumping into it many times like a warning, but Alma thought it was funny. She turned back toward the door and it had vanished. AGAIN!

" were did it go this time?"

Alma searched high and low then,

"there you are how did you get up there?"

Alma rummaged and bumped past the amazing dolls. She scurried up the shelf, it felt like climbing a very tall mountain that never ended. As she made her way up the shelf it wobbled left and right, she had to freeze to make it not fall right on the stoney, rocky floor and fall on her. Finally, she reached the top, she stretched up and up. The Victorian doll was still banging on the door Alma pulled one of her mittens off to feel it better, then she touched the center of the nose.....

She had flash backs of her memory and there was also a doll factory it was like her memory and the doll's memory was getting mixed

with Alma's. Her breath was echoing, and it was like it was bouncing back at her. Her vision seemed bleary, she was frozen in time. The only thing she could move was her eyes no matter how hard she tried it wasn't working. It was like she was inside the doll?

Then a spinning platform rose up with a new figure it was her friends doll.

"oh no Lilley don't fall for it"

Then a little girl came skipping down the street.....

By Shaylei Perry

Alma

On a very wintery, cold and frost-bitten day, a young girl named Alma was skipping through the streets while listening to the crunch of snow beneath her feet. Her town was a very dark, eerie place but it was not very crowded. When she was skipping unmeaningly she spotted many posters on the wall, but they did not bother her at all. As she reached a very bright area, she noticed a large board that had names on it from many people it was very shocking that she had never seen this before and as she stepped closer, she looked down to reveal a small piece of beatdown chalk that many small dents are positioned in the center from how many people have used it and as she got closer to inspect the board she seen a lovely big spot for her name that was perfect for her to fill it in. So, she picked up the dead piece of the old chalk she signed her name. However, when she did, a cold and mysterious chill went down her back her hair was waving in the wind making it stand on end the chill went down her spine the terrifying sensation made her unable to move she was as frozen as the snow she was just playing in happily. This uneasy feeling was not normal to her, it shocked her at first and she was unable to speak suddenly...

Suddenly she saw a shop which was unusual, Alma had been here before but only with her mother now she was alone in a scary looking alleyway! When she turned to get a closer look, she saw a replica of herself. At first, she thought it was a mirror, but that decision was quickly changed as she looked into the foggy window

that the cold had placed there and in a second, she saw they saw they were completely identical to each other, even the hats. They both were wearing a light pink coat that was peeking out through her baggy green trousers her mother had given her to stay warm. She was incredibly good at that. She was amazed that the doll had every detail! Suddenly, she sprinted to the window while making sure nobody was in the shadows watching her because of the metal door handle but it would not move. She was clinging as hard as her small arms would let her. She finally gave up after a few seconds and was really Aggravated so she got her freezing cold hands and made a snowball with the frost-bitten snow a large piece of snow was thrown towards the door making a large patch that made her so furrowed that she walked away full of annoyance and determination that was now fading away however when she walked away her hands tracing the cold walls were shivering but when she but when she was getting really upset she heard a loud creak that sounded like something was now open. It was a genuinely wonderful thing that made her stop right in her tracks. However, it made her feet hurt for standing in the snow for so long next...

Next, as she started to move away from the shop, an ominous creaking noise made her turn over her shoulder. The door that was just locked, was now open! And nothing was opening it! "Wow..." said Alma, her eyes glimmering with delight.

She was a very brave girl for going into a shop alone, but she could not be stopped going in by anyone, so it did not matter to her. As she crept in, a wave of excitement met her as her eyes again were shining with enthusiasm, she saw her doll again and hesitantly but somehow gracefully walked to her. However, on her way she discovered that when she turned there was no door handle on the inside and there wasn't even a shopkeeper which was very abnormal to regular shops which is why many thoughts were racing through Alma's head many of them were wondering why that place was very unusual, but no bad thoughts could enter her head like there was a barrier that was unable to let any bad things enter. When she got closer to inspect her doll, she saw a Victorian like doll dressed in a

suit although he looked very formal, unlike Alma who was wearing brightly colored clothes, and he was on a white tiny bicycle Alma only noticed him when she tripped over him, and he started to ride around on a bike after she picked him up and put him aside. But the doll raced towards the door and when he was about to escape the door slammed shut into his face that did not stop him from banging into the door, which is exactly what he did. Alma quickly turned around like she was late to go somewhere but could not spot her doll on a stall next to her, giving her a confused look on her face.

"Oh, where are you this time?" Sighed Alma.

She was glancing through all the shelves until she was deeply staring into the large eyes of all the dolls. The dolls were all crammed onto the shelves making it hard to see anything at all except the dolls of other people from all around the world as she snapped back to reality she was still searching for the doll of her dreams. And suddenly she saw it she finally saw her most desired thing ever as a large smile grew, she was now quickly walking towards herself who was on a remarkably high shelf walking towards it there was a chaise that was really helping for her as she was ascending through the other dolls, she finally got what she really wanted a touch of the exquisite porcelain doll but first she removed one of her mittens and she raised herself so high she felt like she was in the clouds. She touched the plastic face of her desired doll... flashed a deathly vision of her life in front of her eyes like she was on the verge of death. After, her life flashed before her eyes an incredible sight happened the doll's life flashed before her eyes again Alma was just trying to get an identical doll to show her mother, but it ended up being a disaster. She finally saw the room she was just in, however this time she felt like she was spinning away from everything and everyone she ever knew it was a feeling she had never felt before. Alma could not move or hear any more, like she was paralysed from all her senses.

She was stuck in her doll! And now looking at all the dolls next to her, they were all looking around like she was. They were children too! As she watched a stall come up to the window with a

doll on it, she was shocked! On a very wintery, cold, and frostbitten day, a young girl named Ana was skipping through the streets while listening to the crunch of snow beneath her feet.

By Elle Kilworth

The Alma Story

Our story begins on a cold winter day. A 9 year old girl called Alma was happily skipping along the path as she skipped she kicked. All the fresh snow off the path soon she got to the middle of the street. She saw a chalk wall with a bunch of people's names on it even one of her friends names were on it so Alma. Decided to write her name on it when she was finished writing she pulled down her scarf. As soon as she did she felt a creepy shiver roll down her spine.

Slowly she turned around to see her reflection in the glass window behind her at least that's what she thought it was. Then she realised it was smaller than her and when she moved what ever was in the window wouldn't so. She curiously walked towards the window as soon as she reached the window she wiped enough steam off the window to see what ever was in the window it was a doll the whole time immediately she looked at the doll and looked down at her self she realised the doll looked exactly like. Her when she looked back up the doll had vanished she peered through the window but she didn't see the doll. Everywhere so she ran to the door she tried to open the door but it was stuck so she pulled it down with all her might but it just wouldn't budge she was so angry so she pick up some snow and crunched it up into a ball and hurled it at the door and stomped as soon as she started to stomp of the door slowly creaked open.

By Kylen Hayden

It didn't look like a normal shop it look like there was no price tag on the doll and no cash register but as soon as alma was just about to touch the doll when she tread on a little boss man on a bike but it seemed it was the only doll that can move and alma picked up the

boss man on the bike anas soon and the tride to exit the door slamed shut and thed oll of almas little doll of her was moved a gen alma she seched and found it and it was on a shelf and alma wasted no time climbed on the couch to the shelf she put a fingor on the dolls noise and she had sum flash back and she and the doll sher the same dody

By Clay Stroud

Alma

,On became Ther was girl called Alma she is very Kind and she likt dolls she had a brother he had been misnd fur tow yeaks it was snauig . Alme falb a chalk board she rots hur nam on the chalk board then she had a cold tingol baln hure back lick somwon was wochng hur and she was verey tlred too.

,As alma tund arand slowly ther wos a doll that apirb she wos a duplicate now wos ther so she cefley tiptad to the same pinck dadey wumar she looked like Alma. Alma tried to open the door but it wouldn't budge it creaked but it didn't move so Alma stamped in anger she icked the door and stomped off in a tempar ,As Alma stompted off the dare opud she ran to the dare and opened the she went into the shop . Alma luckt arald and sur the dal as she ran to the doll she tript and fell . Almagot dack up she pickt up the doll she nackt avar and put it back at its fet and peuld away to the dale. The dur closed before it cuclde escuped . Alma felt it was gane .

Alma looked through the glass and saw the doll. She ran to the doll. There was No time to wast.Alma climbed up the long shelf it was like a mountain. She finely touched the doll. Alma had a flash back, it was stressful. Alma was hurt, and all the other dolls were looking at her, and they looked confused and disappointed, in the window was a red headed doll.

"ooo that doll looks like me! "The next victim said.

By Lily-Mae Healey

Alma

Our story begins on an unusual snowy morning in London. At this time, everybody in their houses was asleep or just waking up, but one little girl called Alma was already prancing through the cloud like snow. She entered an alleyway, she did not notice the mouth shaped building or the other forgotten dead buildings on the side. Then she noticed a weird chalkboard on the side of a wall passing all the missing children's posters on the wall too! Then she noticed a lot of her friends' names on the wall, so she picked up a piece of chalk from the ground and printed her name on it. As soon as she had done it, she felt a spine-tingling chill behind her. Turning slowly, she finally noticed the mouth-shaped building that had surely not been there before. Nervously, she crept slowly towards the door looking left and right, she suddenly realized that she was lost. She was too carried away jumping in the snow that she did not realize that she had entered a different part of the town. She had no choice but to hope there was a phone in the ghostly shop. Suddenly, she saw a figure in the window of the shop, so she went back to creeping. When she saw the figure, she was utterly surprised. It was a small version of her, but it was a doll! Totally overwhelmed, she looked at herself, red jacket, woolly hat, mittens, and brown trousers. The doll, red jacket, woolly hat, mittens, and brown trousers. Frantically, she went to the door and would keep turning the handle, but it would not budge. In frustration, she would throw a snowball at the door knowing that she would have to find her way back home on her own. Even if she got home her mother would not believe the story of the clone doll. She was better off just waiting for someone to come to find her and bring her back home. "I never should have come here in the first place, now I'm going to freeze to death." All of those thoughts came in a flash. Suddenly, as she was walking away, she heard a silent but not silent creak behind her. Alma turned her head; the door was open. She raced back to the door and pushed it open. Immediately, she felt the ominous gaze all around her when she entered the shop. The same gaze when she

was being watched the Alma doll at the chalk board. She slowly walked towards the weird doll while not noticing there was no door handle in the shop. Carefully approaching, Alma knocked over a boy looking doll on a bike, when she picked up the doll, it frantically pedaled towards the door as fast as he could, but he was too late, the door was shut. The doll kept banging the door trying to escape but it would not work. Alma thought it was funny. Alma then looked back up at the doll, but it had disappeared once more. Back up to where Alma could not reach. The shelf. Alma searched high and low until she finally saw it on a very high shelf at the top of the shop. The boy was still banging his head on the door as if he were trying to distract Alma. Alma climbed onto the chair, as she did not notice the two dolls staring at her. She stretched and stretched until she was millimeters away from the doll, until touch. All the dolls looked at her at that moment, but one of their eyes was closed as if they were hoping for something. [OBJ] A vision of doll parts tumbling around like they were in a washing machine. Cogs, gears, legs, arms, eyes. They were all there. Alma's vision blurry like she had just been knocked out but was just waking up. When she realized what was going on she panted and panted until she noticed that all the dolls looked disappointed in her. She looked around and realized that she was a doll. She tried to speak but she seemed to be frozen in time. All her muscles and limbs were frozen in time too. She was stuck in a place where no one would look for her or even recognize her. Just then, her sister's doll counterpart appeared on the pedestal. The pedestal rose. Alma knew her sister was going to be next in that moment. Alma tried to shout or move but she could not, she could just watch.

By Harry Clarke

Alma

Our story begins on a seemingly unremarkable December morning many years ago. A little girl called Alma was happily skipping down the path. It was a very quiet street. Alma and her friend were playing hide and seek. She was the seeker. As she was skipping down the

path she slid to a stop and found a piece of chalk. The chalk was covered with snow, it was snowing all day. So, Alma picked up the white piece of chalk and wrote her name on the board as well as other children did. She found the perfect space on the board nobody wrote there so she wrote in the middle. She did not know that the place was abandoned. As Alma was looking at the board of names. When she took her scarf off her mouth she heard a squeaking, old, crackling sound. She felt like somebody was behind her all the time. She was terrified. Even more than terrified.

Turning slowly, she noticed the shop. She was sure that there had not been a shop there before. She was completely alone, she was so confused. She was slowly walking to the foggy window looking over her shoulders to make sure nobody was following her. Alma felt like it was a surprise only for her, but she was still puzzled. She could not see anything through the window, so she wiped off the fog of the window with her glove. She noticed it was her and Alma thought it was a reflection. But Alma realised then that it was not because of the background, and it did not copy her. Alma could not believe it. She looked at herself and the doll had the same long, brown hair, the same hazel, fluffy gloves and the exact same clothes as purple hat, white jumper, red scarf, red coat, black trousers, and black and white wellies. Alma did not want to talk in case somebody heard her so she thought, "I cannot believe she looks the same as me, I never knew somebody invented a twin doll the same as me. I am so confused now." But then Alma looked up and the doll was gone. She ran to the door trying to open it, but it was locked. Alma got annoyed so she made a snowball and threw it at the door.....

The door creaked open by itself while Alma was about to leave. She was excited to go inside, so she slowly walked in the shop, still looking over her shoulder just in case.

Alma went inside and she was surprised that there were so many pretty dolls. Some of them looked like her friends who never came back. She was confused about that until a Victorian boy (on a bike) tripped over (with his bike), and Alma picked him up and he rode on

his bike as fast as he could to the door, and he kept on banging the door. The Victorian boy was very tiny. Alma looked around in shock, she mumbled to herself, "Wow the dolls, there is so many that some even have to be on the floor." Alma also realised there are more girls and less boys. She then looked back at the doll what looked like her. But she was..... She was gone..... Where is she now?

Alma searched high and searched low until she glimpsed herself high up on the shelf almost making the dolls fall. Alma tried her best for the dolls to not fall because she was scared that they would break. The noise of the boy banging the door grew louder and louder. It distracted Alma but she did not give up. She said to herself, "Come on I'm nearly there." She stretched as far as she could. But then she fell and banged her knee on the wooden shelf. Alma shouted (but quietly), "Ouch that hurts! But I will not give up I will try again." So, Alma climbed up again and tried her best. This time she knocked one of the dolls, but thankfully it did not break, and it landed, but she did not really care about that she mostly cared about the doll. She stretched and stretched, until she successfully touched the doll's nose and she was so happy, but then BOOM!

Something happened Alma had flashbacks, she felt dizzy. Then all she could see was the shop and dolls, but it was blurry. When she blinked it was not blurry anymore. She was in the doll, all she could do was blink and move her eyes. She really regretted her choice. Alma felt miserable. She could even hear her own breathing because she was in plastic, but no other doll could hear her. The dolls all said, "Oh no another one." But Alma could not hear them. Another doll appeared in the window the doll was Alma's friend, the one who she played hide and seek with.

Then a girl in December happily skipped down the path. She found a piece of chalk and wrote her name on the board.....

By Olivia Kluczniak

Our story begins on a seemingly unremarkable December morning many years ago. There was a little girl named Alma, who was happily walking through the street. She was by herself to get some food for

her parents. She saw a wall and decided to sign her name on it. After she signed her name on the wall, she was about to carry on walking, but she felt like she was being watched. She felt a bit weird.

Turning slowly, she noticed the shop and was sure that there had not been a shop there before. She slowly walked to the window, and she could not see that well because it was foggy, she wiped it slowly and saw a doll. It had the same gloves. As hers and looked at herself she found out it was her doll.

She looked back and it disappeared. Alma kept looking for it when she found it and tried to get in but could not. She got mad and picked up a snowball and thrown it at the door.

As she started to move away from the shop an ominous creaking noise made her turn her head to look over her shoulder. Somehow the door was opening and without her touching it she turned around and went inside as she was walking, to the. Doll, she looked at the other dolls she knocked a doll over when alma looked at it it was a boy on a bike with a fancy suit with a tie. She picked him up and put him correctly on his bike, the door was a bit open the doll tried to escape but the door closed. And there was no handle inside. So, she is stuck in there the doll was banging on the door Alma fought it was funny, but he was trying to warn her but she. Did not listen, she looked back at her doll but again it disappeared.

Alma searched high and low until she found it, she glimpsed herself high up amongst the other dolls. Stretched up to reach the doll she was so close to reaching it and went on her toes he kept banging she touched the doll's nose. She had her visions and the dolls visions she started breathing loudly and she was really panicked. She found out she became the doll. A new doll was on the window she did not even know her.

TO be continued ...

By Charlie Tonks

Alma

This story takes place on a December morning many years ago. A sweet little girl called Alma was happily skipping alone in the snow. As Alma was walking back home, she spotted an open Alleyway. She was curious to look inside. She skipped curiously into the Alleyway ready to see what was there. Until she saw a wide grey wall with a group of names scattered all around it. Alma wanted to return back home since her mother gave her a specific time to be back because it would be getting colder. Alma knew it wouldn't hurt if she wrote her name on the grey wall. Alma remembered when her mother reminded her it would be getting snowier and colder. But Alma didn't bother to return home or didn't mind if it was getting cold because she was wearing a pink warm coat and a pair of 2 cotton mittens. As Alma wrote her name on the wall like the others, she had a strange feeling as if someone was watching her. Turning slowly, she noticed the shop. She was sure that there had not been a shop there before. She was completely alone. She crept towards the glass, looking side to side checking if anyone was there with her but she was still alone. She wiped the fog on the glass with her cotton mittens, she was wearing. After getting a better look, she saw a doll instead she saw herself actually "What!? No way that's me" Alma gasped. The doll was wearing the exact same clothes as Alma. Alma stood there staring at the doll investigating why it was there, she was surprised to find a doll the exact same as her. Alma gave another look around to see if anyone else was seeing the same thing as her. When Alma turned back to look at the replica again it had vanished. Alma wasn't scared at all, she only wanted to have the doll.

Alma went to the door of the strange looking shop and tried to budge it open multiple times. Alma was exhausted and fed up so she grabbed the fresh snow that was on the ground and threw it onto the glass door and stormed off. As Alma stormed off the old broken door, she was trying to open it had a loud creaking sound while slowly opening halfway...

As she turned back to the shop door. It was open! Alma headed back towards the shop ready to find her doll. Alma slowly walked inside

the shop looking from left to right. Inside she could see a lot of dolls surrounding her, Alma saw a bunch of familiar faces as if she had seen them before. After looking around for a while Alma spotted her doll on the side of her eye glaring back at her with her deep, grey eyes while sitting on a red, filthy table in the middle of the room. Alma got closer and closer to her replica, Silence filled the shop except for Almas own footsteps. When Alma was near her doll, about to pick it up, A loud squeaking noise came from beneath her feet, it was a little boy dressed as a Victorian, From the Victorian time. He was rapidly riding his little, Black bike Alma picked up the Victorian doll and turned it the right way round. As soon as the Victorian doll got picked up it cycled around Alma heading straight to the door trying to make its escape. Alma did not get scared, she giggled to herself. Instead, Alma thought it was quite funny. When Alma looked back at the doll it had once again vanished

Alma searched high and she searched low until she glimpsed herself high up amongst the other dolls. Alma pulled her body towards the crooked shelf. She kept ascending herself up until she would spot her doll, between 2 dolls stood Alma's replica. Alma reached as high as she could to grab her doll. With the end of her fingertips, she had the doll she truly desired. But she never knew what kind of a disaster she would end up in.

Alma's life flashed before her eyes. Right after Alma touched the doll all that she could think of is dolls that were getting made or destroyed...." What's going on!!" Alma said frightened. Alma felt dizzy and she had horrible flashbacks. All that Alma could do was scream. Alma wanted to scream but to Alma it felt like her lips had been glued together. Alma realized she was in the same position as the doll she was trying to grab. Alma could hear her heavy breathing echoing from inside the doll

Alma's breathing got louder as she panicked. A moment ago, Alma was trying to capture the doll on the shelf and now she has got inside the doll. Alma stood on the shelf in despair crying to go home and see her mother. Alma watched into the distance as the other dolls watching a red headed doll twisting itself above waiting for its next

victim.... On a normal December morning a sweet little girl called Alma was happily skipping alone in the snow....

By Emily Gliga

Alma

By Jay Johnson

Our story begins on a seemingly unmarkable December morning many years ago. A girl called Alma was going school as she skipped along the snow until she found a board with a lot of Childrens names on it so she thought she will write her name on the board and then dropped the chalk on the snow but then she heard something behind her then she dared to turn around to see what is behind he. But as she turned around, she saw something in the window crept to the window until she saw a doll with a blue beanie pink jacket, grey trousers but this was odd because they both looked the same. She looked at herself and she was surprised so she looked back up and the doll was gone then she looked through the door and there was the doll on a table. She tried to get in, but it was locked, and she was furious but before she went, she though a snowball at the door until something strange happened The door opened by itself and Alma rushed through the door but as she went to the shop, she saw so many dolls cramped into the selves, but she found her doll on the table but before she could get her doll a toy distract her. The doll that distracts her looked like a young boy on a bike, so Alma picked it up and it looked like it was trying to escape but the door closed on itself before the toy could escape. Alma thought it was funny, so she looked back, and the doll was gone again Alma searched for her doll until she found it. A smile was put on her face as she saw the doll. Then she climbed on the sofa and then she tried to get the doll and she was close of getting it until she touched the dolls nose When she touched it her life flashed before her eyes until she found herself inside the doll and another doll appeared and

another girl was skipping in the snow. Alma now found out this was her doom, and she is now a new guest of the shop.

By Jay Johnson

Our story begins on a seemingly unremarkable December morning many years ago a little girl was skipping down an alley that was filled with snow her name was alma and she liked going outside and playing with the snow the alley was curious when she saw the chalk board, she wrote her name.

Turning slowly, she noticed the shop she was sure that there had not been a shop there before. Alma was suspicious and she went to the shop window. She saw a doll that look the same her and she was confused, it was like looking in a mirror then she look at herself then she look to the doll and the doll was gone! Alma went to the door and she Tried to unlock the door but the door was stuck and she got angry and threw a snowball and she walked away.

As she started to move away from the shop an ominous creaking nose made her look over her shoulder.

And the shop door slowly opened Alma ran to the open door and went in the shop. The shop was silent and full of dolls alma was looking for her doll and she found hear doll the doll was standing on a table. And she stepped on a doll and picked the up and she escape but the door closed when alma got up the doll had gone.

Alma searched high and she searched low until she glimpsed herself up on a shelf amongst the other dolls. Alma looked at the shelf and she saw the doll on and she ran to the shelf and all the dolls saw alma and she clumd and and she touched the doll on the nose.

As alma touched the nose she got flashbacks and she was in the doll now! Then the next victim will be in the doll THE END.

By Altan Beig

Alma

Little Alma was an amazing girl just like everyone else, the thing about her is she is outgoing and does not think before acting. People called her insane, but she did not care. if she could break a bone one purpose just to see how it felt... again. She was skipping happily then she did a fantastic cartwheel she saw an old chalk bord and tried to pick up the chalk and print her name at the same time but in resalt fell "oww" then she got up and signed her name properly when suddenly, the hairs at the back of her neck stood up then she felt she felt... fear for the first time in her life she slowly turned around and saw a familiar silhouette it was a bountiful doll.. No, it was her personal doll it had the same Golden lock the drip down her head in a zig zag design the back layer of her head had a bright magenta hair flowing in the sunset (her back layer of her head was a magenta fading to orange then red like a sunset. She wanted it to be cut though) the doll had the same sunset Medellin hair with matching brunet eyes with the grinds of coffee inside they had the same arm warmers leg warmers earmuffs and everything. She looked back up. The doll was gone. She tried to get in but all she herd was "errrr-erraa-squq"

It would not open. She was Furious then she threw a snowball at the door then stomped away angrily.

Then she heard a creak, the door opened!

"creeeaakkk"

She ran inside in a flash barding the door in the process she pushed a Victorian doll on a bicycle she picked up the Doll the doll banged his head on the door "HAHA" Alma thought to herself. It was only then she realized of creepy the room was it was dark and cramped "BANG!" "The creepy Victorian doll had fallen but she did care she only cared about her doll and her doll only. Then she- her doll was gone! she frantically looked until she saw a Glise of her doll on a shelf she ran and jumped on the pink chaise she tipe toed so high she was millimeter's away

"Boop got your nose-"

*In a flash doll body parts fell on her tumbling and rolling like a kaleidoscope of images legs arms heads torsos eyes cogs and gears she felt like she was going to be sick, but she could not like she was in porcelain she imaged every part of her life as a doll her class dolls her bedroom doll house her mum her dad all dolls
There was once a girl named Giger skipping.*

By Emily Weller

Alma

Our story

begins on a frostbitten day. A girl [called Alma] was skipping happily through the alleyways of the wintry town called Camphill [although there are really no hills to camp on here]. She was skipping until she saw a tall, grey chalkboard, Alma [quite curious] signed her name on it. Having mittens on, she thought she had done an excellent job, she thought "I will show mummy after school." Then she heard cogs turning and turning with shiver down her spine.

She turned around bravely but curiously. It was a doll, but it looked like her. She went past this place yesterday and it was not there, but Alma was a curious girl she liked sticking her nose through doors [not actually]. She slowly walked to the window and the doll she saw earlier was a replica of herself. Red scarf, brown mittens, red hair but Almar's looks white thanks to the snow. Red coat but the only difference was the eye color Almar's was bright green, and the dolls was grey. She looked behind her to see if anyone was there but when she turned back around to see the doll had vanished. She looked frantically for the door when she found it, she frantically tried to open the door, but it would not budge in frustration she thrown a snowball at the door while she was stomping away, she heard a creak. She turned back around to see the door had opened. Alma looked over her shoulder and no one was there. This was her one-time opportunity, and she would not miss it.

She entered the shop bravely but slowly. There it was her twin on a pedestal she walked to doll then she stepped on something. It was another doll, but it was a Victorian doll on a bike Alma put him straight not realizing he closed the door by banging into it. When Alma looked again her replica had vanished.

She looked high and low until she found the one, she desired the most. A huge smile grew across her face. Full of determination she went to the back of the room and ran. The bookshelf felt like a mountain. When she was the closes, you can be touching it she fell. She tried again to fall. But on the third try she touched the nose.

Everything went black. She met visions for the first but last time. She saw doll parts falling. Dolls being made. Her father's funeral and more. Everything was blurry but then when everything went back to normal, it looked like she was wearing a mask. A doll mask. She could not move. She was the doll." Mum save me please mum please! "Alma frantically said while crying. But she could only hear the faint echo of her breath.

On a boiling day in Stocking ford a girl [called Emily] was skipping happily ...

By Charlie Goodyear

Alma

Our story begins on a seemingly unremarkable December morning many years ago. Alma, a little girl who was interested in snow, saw some chalkboard to write her name down, in an alley way. It was not loud, in fact, it was too quiet. Alma was feeling low, and she was shivering and cold because of the snow, she was wearing something warm for the winter and for Christmas day or eve. Alma was very scared about the chalkboard.

Turning slowly, she noticed a shop. She was sure that there had not been a shop there before. Near the shop window, she saw a doll that looked just like her. The doll is a duplicate. Unfortunately, Alma was alone with the dolls inside the doll shop. She looked at herself and when she looked up the vanished to a table, that was a

triangle. Alma was near the door, and she tried to open the door, but she was not strong enough. She was frustrated about it; she threw a snowball at the door, and it opened slowly.

As she started too away from the shop, an ominous creaking noise made her turn her head to look over her shoulder. The door of the shop was opening all by itself. Alma was turning and heading back towards the shop. Alma was happy about the door opening. She was smiling and Alma was looking around for the shopkeeper, but he wasn't there. She saw dolls looking at her. The shop was very, very scary but she stepped in anyways she saw her but tripped over the doll. Her doll vanished.

Alma searched high and she searched low until she glimpsed herself high up on the shelf amongst the other dolls. Alma thought to herself how she got up there? She climbed and climbed to where her duplicate was on the shelf. She climbed and climbed until she touched her doll smoothly as can be on the nose. The doll was just about to fall off the shelf.

As flesh met the China of a button nose, Alma had a flashback. Alma's doll transformed her into a doll. She could only move her eyes, not her other body parts Alma's muscles were pulling up. There was another doll waiting for a person.

Alma had to stay in the doll shop forever and ever. The posh doll had grey eyes and it couldn't move until another person to go inside the doll to move its eyes.

By Paige Cooke

Alma

Our story begins on a seemingly unremarkable December morning many years ago. A very little girl called Alma was gratefully skipping down an alleyway in the snow. When she was in a tight alleyway, she found a big chalkboard full of names and then she found some chalk so then she wrote her name on the board to go with the others. She felt she was being watched by someone. After that she was very scared.

Turning slowly, she noticed the shop. She was sure that there had not been a shop before she had only just noticed the shop behind her. She noticed the doll on the windowsill, so she slowly walked up to the window. It's understandable that it looks a lot like Alma. She was rubbing her mittens on the window to make sure she was not seeing another one of her in the windowsill. She was trying to open the door, but it was locked so she threw a snowball at the door and then the door opened and she ran inside and the door closed a bit she was trying to go closer to the doll and she kicked a toy Bicycle and then she picked the toy up and it was riding to the door but the door closed and Alma was stuck in the shop because there was no door handle on the door.

As she started to move away from the shop, an ominous creaking noise made her turn her head to look over her shoulder. Alma was walking towards the shop door, but it didn't open, so she was getting very angry, so she stomped the snow then she made a snowball and chucked the snowball at the door then she walked away, and the door was slowly opening. So, then she ran back to the shop, so she went inside the shop, and she found a doll, so she walked up to the doll, and she accidentally hit a boy on a bike, so she picked the doll up and it was going towards the door, and it closed.

When she looked down then she looked back up she saw the doll was gone and then she found the doll hiding on the shelf next to another doll. So, she was going towards the shelf, Alma was climbing the sofa she is so close to the doll a little bit further and touch.

Alma was watching everybody and especially the other dolls in the shop. Later Alma finally got out of the shop and was just skipping along the alleyway and seeing what other shops there were on the street.

By Alfie Matts

Alma

Our story begins on an unremarkable December morning many years ago. Alma, a young girl, was dragging her feet in the ice-cold, crunchy

snow. She was playing hide and seek with her sister and hid in an abandoned alley way. No one lived there because of all the missing posters, rumors were that if you went in that alley way, you would not get out. Alma did not notice that because she was too busy getting amazed by a wall filled with names. Without hesitation, she quickly added her own autograph. Just then, Alma got the chills. As if she was being watched by someone. She was sure it was not the snow because her sister wrapped her tight in clothes like a burrito so no snow could touch her. The girl could not tell if a machine was rattling or her heart. Alma never had this feeling, a feeling that she might be in danger.

She turned around. There was a human-like thing inside a tiny shop. Alma slowly crept forwards whilst checking if she was still alone. As she got closer, she realized it was a doll, a terribly similar looking doll. She felt as if she was looking at her own reflection. At that moment, she figured out that the doll was a doll of her! She swiped the fog of the window to get a better look. Alma was wearing a grey hat. The doll was wearing a grey hat. Alma had blonde hair. The doll had blonde hair. Alma looked down to see what her shoes were to see if the doll had the same but just as she looked up, the doll vanished. She started peering through the glass door to see where the doll went. "How can a doll move on her own?" Alma thought, trying to open the door. "Uh, its stuck." Although Alma is a determined child, a locked door would beat her. She carried on playing hide and seek but this time stomping. In anger, she threw a snowball at the door folding her arms after.

Suddenly, Alma heard a creak. She spun round to see the shop door open. Smiling, Alma ran back determined to get the doll. She went in seeing that there is no shopkeeper. Alma did not think too much of it as everything was free. Squinting, because there was no light, Alma gazed at the beautiful dolls jammed next to each other. The dolls were all from different years and styles. Just then, she found her twin. It was right in the center of the shop. The door was slowly shutting but Alma didn't know. She was about to grab the doll, but she knocked over a male doll on a bicycle. Sitting down, she picked

up the male doll and it quickly tried to escape from the open door. But it was too late. The door shut right in front of his face. Even Alma had no escape. There was no door handle inside the shop. As she stood back up, the doll disappeared again!

Alma started scanning the room to find her doll. She searched high and low eventually seeing it cramped up on a shelf. A big smile covered her face. She stepped on the chair starting to mount the shelf. Alma reached and stretched until she felt as if her arm fell off. She attempted one more time and just barely tapped her nose. In shock, Alma had a vision. Something like a nightmare. She felt as if she was on a roller coaster. Very quickly, Alma was inside the doll. She could only move her eyes, which made a clicking noise every time they moved. She was taking short, fast breaths as if she was gasping for air. "Now everything made sense. The bicycle doll went under her feet to not touch the doll. No shopkeeper to persuade her to take the doll. No one lived there because they were turned into dolls! How could I be so stupid?" Alma told herself, "What's that noise? Oh, just another doll getting made. Why does she look like my sister? Wait, no!"

By Julia Woszczyna

Alma

This story starts on a freezing and snowy day in December some years ago. A little girl called Alma was skipping in the solid snow making her footprints visible. But in the snow, there were only Alma's footprints and nobody else's. As she was skipping, she stumbled across a chalk board with her friend's names on it and other people. So, she signed her name in her neatest handwriting right in the middle of the chalkboard. Alma looked at her name, her hair on her neck stood up, and she heard something strange. It felt like someone was touching her. In an instant she turned around, but she just saw a reflection, so she looked closer, but it was not a reflection. It was a doll wearing a blue beanie, red jacket, and mittens but when she looked at herself, she was wearing a blue

beanie, red jacket, and mittens. This puzzled Alma but curiosity took over and she looked even more closely but the doll was not there anymore. Alma tried to go in, but the door was locked, out of rage she made a snowball and threw it at the door, leaving a mark. Then she angrily walked away. But then the door creaked. Alma also heard the noise of the door creaking. Alma rushed in but Alma felt something strange about the shop, but she ignored it. Alma felt an uneasy feeling from all the dolls that looked like people she had seen before. But she had seen her doll, so she wandered to it but stumbled on a bike riding doll. The bike riding doll (that looked like a Victorian), so she put it upright tried to escape in the little gap of the door but failed so it tried to break the door by riding at the door constantly. Alma thought it was funny but then when she looked up her doll was gone. Alma started looking frantically high and low but then she saw it

"how did it get there," chuckled Alma.

In a moment of relief, she climbed on the sofa stretching as far as she could taking her mitten off and finally touched her doll. As Alma touched her doll visions like a nightmare were shown and some excruciating pain of being ripped limb by limb as her cries for help grew quieter and quieter. Until she woke up, but she tried to move but couldn't all she could only do move her eyes

"Mum Dad, anyone help me please."

But no one would hear her. Then every doll moved their eyes Another doll appeared, and it looked like Alma's friend as she skipped in the snow.

By Neo Thapa Magar

The story of Alma and the lost children

On a divine day of snow, a little girl called Alama was skipping in the snow, enjoying herself until she saw a massive chalkboard. She picked up a piece of chalk and wrote her name on it. As soon as she dropped the chalk, she felt a sinister feeling down her spine, she thought she was being watched. She was feeling a very alarming chill. So, with no choice she looked behind her and saw something.

She did not properly see it, so she walked towards it and wiped off the mist. It was a replica of herself but as a doll. Someone would think it's a bit peculiar, but Alma was inquisitive. The girl dashed up to the doll shop door and tried opening it. The door just wouldn't budge so she packed up a snowball and threw it at the door and stomped away. As she was stomping angrily as she heard something ominous sound behind her. Alma knew what this was and went back for her doll. The door was taking its time to open but Alma rushed by to get her duplicate. Her doll was on a table, so she tried to get it but got a distraction. It was another doll that seemed to be the only doll that moved. She ignored the distraction and looked up, but the doll had disappeared. She started to search for the doll and found out that it was on a shelf. Alma mantled onto the shelf. She then thrust her arm and touched the nose of the doll. Like a flash she felt a pain on her limbs and back. At first, she thought it was a nightmare but if pain is there it's not a nightmare nor a lucid nightmare. As she took her last breath, she announced a large speech "mom help me please!". On a divine day of snow there was a little girl called Maria skipping in the snow.

By Vince Babos

Alma

Our story begins with an unremarkable December morning Meny years ago A young girl called Alma pranced through the sow full streets of flogabob . She saw a wall with loads of names, so she writes hers but then she gets the coldest of shivers down her spine, but it was not the cold, it was a shiver of fear
Turning slowly, she noticed the shop; she was sure that there had not been a shop there before. But there she remembered this is the way to school then there was a climbing noise that is when the doll appeared Alma shouted "It is a miny me" as she looked at the doll and then her. She wanted that doll but then it disappeared she went to the door, and she gazed at the doll that mysteriously appeared on

the pedestal sat in the middle of the mysterious room the door was locked so out of frustration she threw a snowball at the door and walked away as she turned around, she saw ...

As she turned around, Alma was that happy she excitedly she pushed open the door.

When she looked around, she saw a herd of dolls but then out of the corner of her eye she saw tiny Alma "there you are tiny me" chuckled Alma but then she tripped on a Victorian newspaper boy she places it upright but just as it tries to cycle away the door slams shut and there it lays until someone opens it but when she looked up the doll was gone and she was very confused.

She gazed and pondered around until she spotted it it was crammed onto a shelf with 5 other dolls Alma ran up to the shelf, she stretched that much she nearly pulled a muscle trying to get the doll but finally she reached and touched its tiny china button nose

But then she had flashbacks of her writing her name on the wall she was looking through the eyes of the doll like she was inside the doll, but she was very scared because she is claustrophobic, she was breathing so fast she nearly had a heart attack but then she sees her bff Halie writing her name on the wall then appeared a doll replica of Halie.

By KC-Jane Hyde

Alma

Our story begins on an unremarkable December morning many years ago. A young girl who is called Alma was skipping they can all way stepping in fresh snow and posters of missing Childrens Though the deep snow she was wrapped up warm it was cold like frost bit. Then Alma saw a piece of chalk and found a chalkboard and wrote her name and it in the middle of it. She is 8 years old, and she was on her own with a wot mum and dad. Alma got a Shiven down her spin and

she self like salwar was Shaw be winding her heart was betiding quickly she had aur easily feeling down her spin was shiny. Turning sawfly, she nailed the shop nacrites the shop. She was since there had not been a shop there before. She Sor a doll in the window alma was shocked the doll gust like her. She silly want to the window and Sor the doll. The doll was wearing a Pinkecoot,glugs hat and shoes gust like mine. Alma like down at her sows she was wearing the Sam things as me. When she looked up and look up and she was gone. Alma doll was gone she Looke in the window, but she was not there were, but she was not there it was creasy. Alma tern her head and soared the door opening on its swift alma ram to the door, and she pushed it, opened the door, and went inside.IT was field with dolls, doll and doll all sorts of them in the salves anon tidal and suffers and everywhere she was spook and more feeling's Alma did know what to do.

By Lucy-Anne Cooke

Alma

The story begins on a snowy day in Canada. A girl called Alma was walking peacefully down a street. She found an alley way and she saw that no one was down there. So, she gracefully stepped on the fresh as white as paper snow. The girl flung the snow and kicked it. Alma was calm, looking at her footprints. Then suddenly, the girl saw a chalkboard. It had everyone's signature so Alma decided she would sign her name. As she finished, the girl felt a tingle. It got all cold and felt blank. She knew that it was not because of the cold because she was very warm, and her mother handled that situation. Mysteriously, she felt this rush like she was being watched. Then she felt like someone was touching her.

Turning slowly, she noticed a shop. She was sure that there had not been a shop there before. Alma looked through the window and as she was squinting her eye in the foggy window, she saw a beautiful doll. The doll was wearing a dark red scarf, grey eyes, a pink puffer jacket, brown mittens, a white jumper, blue hat, blonde hair,

and cargo pants. Alma looked at herself she was wearing a dark red scarf, green eyes, a pink puffer jacket, brown mittens, blonde hair, a white jumper, blue hat, and cargo pants. "Hmm something is suspicious, and I cannot figure it out." "WAIT I am wearing the same clothes as that doll I want to take it home!" said the girl. Alma opened the cold door, but it felt like something was blocking the door. She was determined. She gave up, she threw a snowball and stopped away in disappointment. Alma was grumpy; she wanted that doll badly.

As she stopped the doll shop door slowly creaked open. Alma quickly ran back in exactment to get that doll. The girl happily skipped in and realised the dolls had no prices, there were no cash registers, no shop keepers, and no light. She did not care though. As she slowly walked to the doll, she tripped over something. It was a mysterious, Victorian wooden doll. Alma picked it up and the doll was on a bicycle. He rode away and ran to the door. She did not care but had a giggle. The girl grabbed the doll and suddenly, the door closed. Alma thought, "How did that happen OH it's probably just the wind." She looked back up and the doll disappeared. "What is going on did this doll Cam flagged herself or what?" Stressed Alma. Alma looked everywhere where was that doll? She looked everywhere and finally Alma found it. Her smile was the biggest she ever had. She had to climb a couch, so she raised up and nearly touched it. Alma tried it one more time and she got it. Then all of the dolls started to look at her. As she was touching the doll's nose.

When she touched the nose, a massive rush came like a hurricane crashing down. A bunch of memories came and flash backs of her and random creepy dolls and spooky memories. She felt so dizzy. She transformed into that same looking doll. Alma was breathing so loudly the other dolls heard her. She was worried about how she was going to tell her mother. Every doll looked at her "Why would you do that?" in their head. Suddenly another doll appeared. She was wearing rich clothes and had red hair. The next girl happily skipped and wrote her name

By Zuzanna Walesa

Our story begins on a seemingly unremarkable December morning of 2009. An average young girl named Alma was walking through fresh white snow. As Alma was walking through the streets of Wales, she saw a board of names, so Alma signed her name on the board. Alma stepped back to admire the names and her name. Suddenly she felt that all her hair on her neck stood up. She could feel her heart beating.

Turning steadily, she noticed the shop. She was sure there was never a shop there before. She noticed a silhouette, but the more she got closer the more detail she saw, but when she got to the window, she noticed that it was her. No, it was not a mirror, it was a replica of her, just smaller and it was 3D. When she swiped the fog off, she realized the doll had mittens and she had mittens. When she looked down and back up the doll was gone. Alma peered through the windows, then she saw her doll and went to the entrance. When Alma tried to open the door, it was locked. Alma got so furious she picked up snow, crunched it into a snowball and threw it at the door, turned around and dragged her feet through the snow. Then the door creaked open.

Alma heard the creaking, so she turned around to see that the shop door was opening by itself. Alma was amazed. She checked if she was alone, and she was right, so like any curious girl would do, Alma went into the shop.

She slowly went into the shop looking at all the dolls without realizing the door slowly creaking shut. She was about to grab the Alma doll, but a Victorian looking child distracted her, so Alma picked up the doll and put it up right. When she looked back up her doll was gone.

Alma searched high and low until she glimpsed herself high up a shelf amongst the other dolls, so before she knew it, she was walking towards the shelf. The noise of the boy thrashing got louder. She was stretching inches, millimeters away and then Alma touched the nose of the doll with her bare hand.

As the finger touched the porcelain nose time seemed to freeze still. There were pictures of her and doll parts arms, legs, eyes, cogs, and gears. Alma felt dizzy like a child on a roller-coaster that wants to get off, but the child cannot until someone frees her

Alma's breathing grew louder. At one point she has been on a couch reaching for the doll and the second moment she was looking through the glass eyes of the doll. Looking through the glass eyes of the doll she saw another doll appeared on a mechanized stall wearing a flower red coat and red curled hair.

*To be continued
In the next story!*

By Phillip Wnuczek

ALMA

The story begins on Wednesday 7th of June 1980 where this young girl playing in the snow on the streets of Wales. It looked so fun and she was headi started to look for the doll.

She saw lots of shelves so she decided to search one by one while the guy in the suit was still hitting the door. Then she thought it would be on one of the top shelves so she dragged a velvet be ng to her Dads house. but Alma wanted to take a different turn so she did but Alma went past a wall of children that were missing. But she noticed they all had the same last name although they didn't look the same. Alma was a bit confused then she walked over to a wall that had lots of names on so she looked for something to write with then wrote her name. Alma was wearing a pink jacket with a jumper and green joggers on. After a while, she started to get this feeling in the back of her neck so Alma wondered what it was. After, she pulled a weird face because something or someone was looking at her.

Turning slowly, she could see a doll looking at her, but Alma thought she was looking at a mirror but she wasn't. The doll was wearing a pink jacket and green joggers with a jumper warm almost but she was inside. Then Alma looked at her self and saw a pink jacket and green joggers with a jumper to keep herself warm. The

doll and Alma h was stomping away but it was weird because no body was on the other side of the door .So she slowly walked up to the door with a smile on her face. Alma put her hands on the door while she was looking at the gap where it opened .she wanted to go and see how much doll cost .As she was walking in she noticed that there was no workers at the desk (it looked abandoned) so she thought that was ok .But then she saw that all of the dolls were all stacked up on shelves with dust on all of them . Alma walked over very carefully like something was going to jump out on her . She went in to look at the doll that looked like her . She accidentally stepped on a little boy on a tricycle .It turned on so she picked it up and placed it on the floor .Then it did something strange .It started to cycle to the door but the door slammed shut while he was trying to tell her to get out . Alma noticed that the boy was in a suit that looked really fancy ,Like he was the manger . She kept looking at the doll that was cycling into the door . Then Alma looked back at herself and tried to get the doll .she didn't see the doll she ad brown hair with highlights .She finally found the doll that she has been wanting but she didn't know how much it was . So she got some money from her pocket and went to open the door .But it would not budge .So she thought it was because of how cold it was so she gave it 5 minutes .Then tried again but it still didn't move so she walked to get some snow balls . Then came back and then she throw them at the glass .But she she got angry because it was not opening so she sat down and waited until she got so bored that she stood up in stomped away in frustration .As she was stomping away she put her hand on the wall because it felt nice .

The door creaked open while she nch over to the last shelf that she hasn't looked at .Alma put her foot on the bench and stepped on the bench she was balancing on a little wooden plank . There were lots of dolls on the bench but it didn't distract her except this doll with a twin that had on eye . She had to move these 3 dolls her doll was some were at the back .So she moved it and then pulled her doll to the front of the shelf so she could see the price then something happened .

Alma touched the tip of her nose and have a really strange flash back it was like my whole body twisted the way it shouldn't .It was weird .Then Alma thought that she was turning into a doll .”What's goings on ?”Alma thought .She started to open her eyes and saw a piece of glass like she was in the doll. Then saw the dolls that were on the shelf with her staring into her eyes like they did not want her there .Alma was trying to move her arms and legs but she couldn't.

Then the little pillow that Alma saw when she looked at the doll through the window at the start . It had another doll that had a flower red coat and red hair .

To be continued

The end !

By Ryver Haynes