

Dolls

Peacefully, snowflakes fell upon London rooftops covering them like a winters blanket. Like a stream, the bitter breeze occupied every nook and cranny while transporting clouds to the east. Each day would be ridiculous, with employees getting dragged back and forward, car engines moaning constantly like children and grumpy mums, dads and caretakers trying to get children to school. But not today. Today was Christmas!

The only life in this ramshackle street was a young girl no more than eight years old who had just appeared from around the bend. This petite child happily skipped along the uneven path. As the sun shone from behind the clouds it made her radiant, green eyes and rose bud lips glow like a torch in the night. Her blonde hair was carefully tucked up in her sky blue bobble hat while her pink gilet rested on her shoulders.

At the end of the path she skidded to a halt and was faced with a blackboard. It was covered in names. Why? Who were these people? They definitely weren't around (or were they?). She hesitated for a moment before her name was written on the board – *Alma*.

Alma admired her name for some time before she had a feeling someone was watching her every move. Anxiously, she turned to find an exact image of her behind a shop window. She looked down at her clothes and in the blink of an eye the doll had gone!

In anger, Alma stomped to the door and frantically gripped the handle and pushed but it didn't open. Furiously, she threw a large snowball at the door. While her hand was rubbing along the wall the door opened with ease. Grinning, Alma strolled inside. In no time she spotted the doll the same as before but it had departed from the stool to the table. When she reached out for the doll, Alma fell on her knees to find a small wooden doll on a bicycle lying on its side. Alma, picked it up and placed it up right

and it pedalled faster than ever towards the door but it had unfortunately shut. Alma, not caring about that, turned to find the doll had vanished. Confused, she started looking for it but it didn't take her long. The doll, with its sky blue hat, pink gilet and pure gold hair, stood on the third shelf.

Alma raced towards the doll but a few obstacles were in the way: a sofa, shelves and last but not least the rest of the dolls. Some were wooden but most were china. Nothing would stop Alma from getting that doll, nothing. As Alma leaped on to the orange sofa two twin dolls glared at her with a cheeky grin on their faces. Alma didn't take any notice of that and carried on with what she was doing. When Alma was half way up the shelves she reached out for the doll.

Suddenly, a vision ran through her head – broken dolls! Thankfully it was over. Something was different: a glass ring covered both eyes, she was stiff and looking down at the shop. Alma was the doll. Feeling like one of the family, she glanced at her new friends while another doll stood waiting for its next victim...